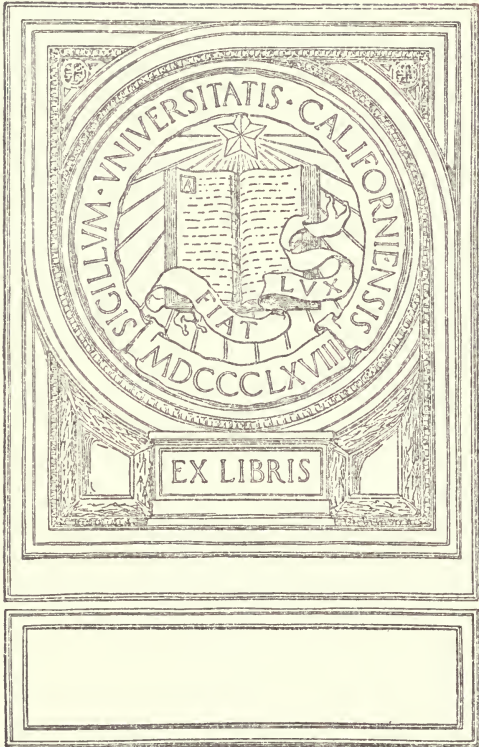


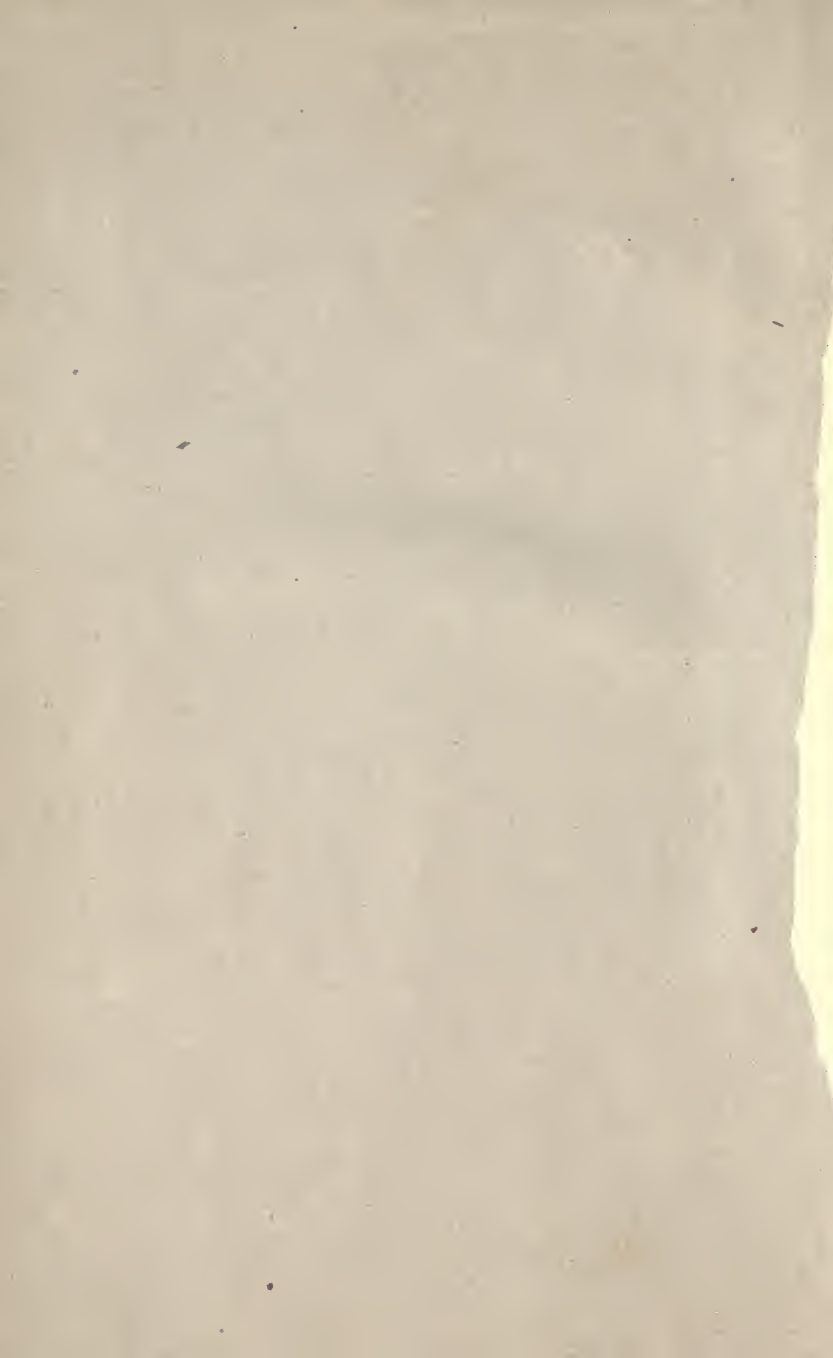


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Massachusetts Infantry, 35<sup>th</sup> Regt.  
" 1862-1865.

# HISTORY

OF THE

## THIRTY-FIFTH REGIMENT

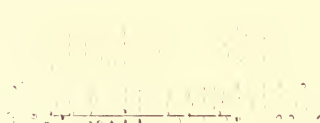
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS,

1862-1865.

*WITH A ROSTER.*

BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.



BOSTON:

MILLS, KNIGHT & Co., PRINTERS, 115 CONGRESS STREET.

1884.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS narrative was prepared by the committee whose names are undersigned, to gratify the wish of the surviving members for some connected account of the services of the regiment, to exhibit to relatives and friends, and to provide a book of handy reference for their own convenience.

All the descriptions are by members who were present at the scenes described ; imagination has no part in the account.

Criticisms of generalship have been avoided except where it was necessary to allude to the matter to explain the spirit prevailing among the men. Lists of wounded in action have not been given in the body of the narrative ; to obtain *accurate* lists would call for more time than the Committee could devote to the work.

The whole story of Reno's Brigade is told in the

M198517

“History of the Twenty-First Massachusetts Regiment,” by General Charles F. Walcott, whose book appeared from the press while this was in preparation. Upon the issue of that work, it seemed, at first, hardly worth while to proceed with this; but, as the Twenty-First was not with us in Mississippi, and General Walcott, although admirably full in the brigade history, does not, of course, cover the internal history of the Thirty-Fifth, it was thought best to go on with this, omitting herein most of the general orders, etc., given in that book. Of course every member of the Thirty-Fifth will wish to possess, if he have not already, a copy of the history of the Twenty-First, to fill up the story of the old brigade, and a copy of Rev. Augustus Woodbury’s “History of the Ninth Army Corps” to explain the wider movements.

In place of maps and illustrations, material for which, of merit superior to any we could obtain without great expense, is within reach of all, we have inserted between the chapters blank pages, upon which the owner can attach such photographs, etc., as may be in his possession, and thus add a personal character to the volume.

A regimental history must lack the general interest of that of an army, while it misses much of the intense sympathy called forth by a personal narrative; on this account it may appear, after all, that “the half has not

been told." The committee will feel satisfied if the members agree that even a quarter part has found its way into the pages of this book..

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BOSTON, January 1, 1884.





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## ROSTER.

## CHAPTER I.

LYNNFIELD AND ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, 1862.

THE famous Seven Days' fighting of the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan, before Richmond, ended July 1, 1862. During the hot days of that long summer, the stayers-at-home read with the deepest interest of the "Change of Base" to the James River, or listened to the living story from the lips of some wounded hero. Whether the movement was to be considered a success or a defeat, this at least was clear, that the army must be heavily reënforced; and, accordingly, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand volunteers for three years. Governor Andrew issued an official address, dated July 2, stating the pressing need for more troops and the terms of enlistment, and ending with these words: "Massachusetts, which has never slumbered nor slept, must now arise to still higher efforts, and pledge to all the duties of patriotism, with renewed devotion, the individual efforts, the united hearts, heads and hands of all her people." To many hearts this summons came with a solemn power that could not be resisted.

Among the regiments formed of the men who enlisted in answer to this call was the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

The first mention of the regiment which we have found is contained in the following advertisement, which appeared in the Boston Journal, under date of the fourth of July:—

“Attention, Recruits! A few more good men are wanted to fill up Captain Andrews’ Company, Fort Warren Battalion. Under the last urgent call of the President, this battalion will probably be increased and make the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, so that there will be a chance for actual service. The following inducements are offered to all wishing to enlist :

- “ \$25 bounty in advance ; also,
- “ \$13, one month’s pay in advance ;
- “ \$12 per month State aid ; and
- “ \$75 bounty at close of war.

“Men of Massachusetts, citizens, patriots, rally under the glorious flag of our country. Let the Old Bay State lead the van. Let our people rush forth in their might. Let us swell the Union ranks, and maintain our proud position, that Massachusetts is ever foremost when duty calls.

“Apply at once to the Recruiting Offices, No. 71 Union Street, Boston, or corner of Park and School Streets, Chelsea.”

Another notice, dated the fifth, began as follows : “ Fall in, Recruits! Captain Dolan, Lieutenants Baldwin and Hudson are rapidly filling their company with first-class recruits for duty at Fort Warren ;” and, after giving the terms as above, it adds : “ Our country’s call must be obeyed ; her necessities must be our first and only consideration now ; she needs every one of her sons to defend her holy cause, and the sooner you are ready to aid her the sooner will her cause be gained. This battalion will probably be recruited to the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, and go to the seat of war.” Thus, by the system of general recruiting, was begun the formation of companies A and

D of the Thirty-Fifth ; but the organization of the regiment did not begin until a month later.

The Government apportioned the number of men called for among the loyal States according to population, and the State divided its quota among the cities and towns according to the last annual return of men liable to do military duty under the laws of the Commonwealth. As soon as the quotas were announced, each municipality devoted its energies to finding, enlisting and forwarding the men to camp. Every motive was appealed to, and all sorts of inducements offered to the able-bodied men of the community to enlist. Patriotism was aroused by eloquent orators ; emotions were stirred by music, banners, processions and grand rallies of the people ; and thus excitement was kept constantly ablaze. In many places bounties were offered in addition to those above mentioned, and promises of private aid to families were frequent. This continued through July, and about the first of August most of the three years' volunteers were ready for camp.

In the cities and larger towns full companies were formed from the quotas, and fellow citizens were selected for officers. The companies of the Thirty-Fifth formed in this way were : B, from Newburyport ; C, from Chelsea ; G, from Haverhill ; H, from Weymouth ; and K from Roxbury. The quotas of smaller places united and formed companies under officers of their preference ; thus were made up companies : E, from Randolph, Stoughton, etc. ; F, from Rockport, Danvers, North Andover, etc. ; and I from Dedham, Weston, Needham, etc. The following extract from the "Memorial of Major Park" will serve as an example of the superior class of men obtained at this time :

"The permit to recruit the company, K, was accompanied with a condition, 'provided it could be done in six

days.' In *five* days they had enrolled one hundred and fifty names, from whom to select the one hundred and one. Eighty of those who finally composed the company were between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and but two were over forty. About one-half of the company were married men. All signed their names in clear, legible handwriting. More than forty of them had been graduates of the Washington Public School at Roxbury. Thirteen were teachers in a Sunday School."

The camp for recruits in the eastern part of the State was located at Lynnfield, in Essex County, on the north side of the railroad, and bordering on Humphrey's Pond, now called Suntaug Lake, and was named Camp Stanton after the Secretary of War. The steep slope towards the water was shaded by a heavy growth of pine trees, and the pond offered facilities for bathing and washing. Two companies of the Thirty-Second Regiment and the Thirty-Third Regiment occupied the east part of the field, and a battery the west end. Men enlisted for the Thirty-Fifth were at first quartered about the middle, near the cottage, used as a surgeon's office, etc., and the barn used for a guard-house. They occupied wall tents, "A" tents, or old militia tents, and in consideration of their delicacy were furnished with straw to lie upon, but no blankets until accepted for service. Food was served from cook-houses, under direction of Mr. Haines, then of the Thirty-Second Regiment, subsequently quartermaster of the Thirty-Fifth; but as the ration, though ample, seemed to most of the men coarse and unpalatable, they procured additional eatables from home or outside the camp. Squads for companies A, D and the combination companies were the first upon the ground, towards the end of July. The full companies arrived nearly together: Company C on the fourth of



August, G and K on the fifth, B and H on the eighth. Camp guards around the field were maintained from the first, and passes were required to get in or out of the rather crowded enclosure.

The enlisted men before going to Lynnfield passed a preliminary examination of their physical qualifications, to prevent loss of expenses upon rejected men. Upon arrival in camp they were again, and more thoroughly, inspected by the surgeons. It was amusing afterwards to recall how much the men dreaded rejection and the loss of the chance for actual service promised in the advertisement above. The recruit was stripped, pounded on the chest, made to walk and hop, had his ears pulled, eyes and teeth examined, and was otherwise tortured, until he had shown his paces, and was then accepted or rejected summarily. Few were rejected. If accepted, the next thing in order was his uniform. He went to the quartermaster's office; a gray, woollen blanket, marked U. S., was spread upon the floor, into which were tossed a light-blue overcoat, rubber blanket, cap, dress coat, blouse, trousers, shoes, socks, drawers, shirts, knapsack, haversack, canteen, tin dipper, plate and knife and fork. The four corners of the blanket were brought together, and the man was ordered to shoulder the bundle and betake himself to his tent, shed his citizen's dress, and assume the appearance of a soldier. The materials of the articles were good, but of a very coarse texture, suited to the rough usage of the field. There were four sizes of most of the clothing, and he whom none of these fitted was obliged to fit himself to the size. Some of the companies last to arrive fell short of a full uniform, and were not supplied until after their arrival at the front.

A few of the men had experience as soldiers, in the militia or in actual service; these were the heroes of the hour. Most of the recruits were somewhat acquainted

with the manual of arms and company drill, acquired in the many drill companies which the excitement of the war had originated. As soon as sergeants and corporals of companies were appointed, these exercises were practised as opportunity offered. There were several dress parades and guard mountings by portions of the regiment, and one battalion drill under Adjutant Wales, on the twentieth, in marching in line of battle.

The commissioned officers had little time to attend to these matters. They were fully occupied in filling up their companies, settling their private affairs, and making needful preparations; and, in addition, they were burdened with an amount of clerical work—the red tape system of a time of peace—sufficient to last a month. A person inexperienced in military affairs has little notion of the amount of writing to be done in the formation and management of a regiment. There are reports and rolls of all sorts—daily, monthly, bi-monthly, quarterly and annually—relating to the men, their descriptions, bounties, pay, rations, ordnance, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, muster-in, muster-out, furloughs, etc., *ad infinitum*, to the Government, State and town authorities: all to be studied out and prepared in good style and with unfailing accuracy. The school of the army is a school of much penmanship, as well as other learning. Their care also was that their best men did not become impatient and enlist in some other organization, to get sooner to the front, or that their worst men did not run the guards to secure another bounty. For no sooner was the call for three years' men nearly filled than another call was issued for men for nine months' service, and, in addition to the shorter term, there was the attraction of a double bounty. The mercenary class at once saw the advantage and tried to exchange; the patriot class, especially those having

families, grimly endured, while they felt the inequality of treatment ; among the survivors it needs but little rubbing to find a sore spot there still. The men were generally allowed a short furlough, to close up their home affairs and take leave of relatives and friends ; so that, upon the whole, it is remarkable that so much information concerning the new sphere of life was acquired in so short a time ; but all were eager to learn, and worked laboriously day and night.

On the fourteenth of August the Thirty-Third Regiment left for the seat of war, and, after the ground had been swept, the Thirty-Fifth moved into the Sibley tents thus vacated. Companies took their places in regular order according to the army regulations and seniority of captains, from right to left, as follows :

Right, — A, D, E, F, B, G, C, H, I, K, — Left,

and the regiment assumed an organized appearance. The members began to get acquainted with each other and their officers, and learned the lettering of the companies. It will be noticed that, as far as possible, the letters of the companies correspond with the initial letter of the surname of the captain commanding, as follows :

Co. A,	Capt. Andrews,	Lieuts. Hood	and Stickney.
“ B,	“ Bartlett,	“ Hodges	“ Collins.
“ C,	“ Cheever,	“ Blanchard	“ Mirick.
“ D,	“ Dolan,	“ Baldwin	“ Hudson.
“ E,	“ Niles,	“ Palmer	“ Ingell.
“ F,	“ Oliver,	“ Preston	“ Williams.
“ G,	“ Gibson,	“ Brooks	“ Washburn.
“ H,	“ Pratt,	“ Lyon	“ Burrell.
“ I,	“ Willard,	“ Lathrop	“ Hill.
“ K,	“ King,	“ Park	“ Blake.

In this list, and in other cases hereafter, when, to avoid repetition, the names of members of the regiment are not given in full, they may be found by reference to the roster.

The field and staff officers were: Colonel, Edward A. Wild, of Brookline; Major, Sumner Carruth, of Chelsea; Adjutant, Nathaniel Wales, of Dorchester; Surgeon, Francis M. Lincoln, of Boston; Assistant Surgeons, George N. Munsell, of Harwich, and Albert W. Clark, of Woburn; Chaplain, Henry F. H. Miller, of Norton; Quartermaster, Samuel W. Haines, of Newburyport; Sergeant-Major, Augustus Hatch, of Boston; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Albert F. Upton, of Boston; Commissary-Sergeant, Edwin N. Merrill, of Haverhill; Hospital Steward, George F. Wood, of Plymouth; Principal Musician, Daniel Vining, of Weymouth. The regiment never had a band attached, although an attempt to recruit one was made at Lynnfield; it depended for music upon brigade bands, its own drum corps, or Company K's Glee Club, which furnished excellent vocal music, associated with many scenes both of the solemn and of the festive kind.

Colonel Wild had served as captain of Company A of the First Massachusetts Regiment, in Hooker's Division, at Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, in Lower Maryland, and on the Peninsula. He had been wounded before Richmond, and was assigned at first to the Thirty-Second Regiment as major, then to the command of Camp Stanton, and afterwards to the Thirty-Fifth. He started with us for the front carrying his arm in a sling.

Major Carruth, previously Captain of Company H, First Massachusetts, had the same military experience with our colonel, and had also returned home wounded (his arm shattered at Fair Oakes), to be promoted to our regiment. After Colonel Wild's promotion, he continued to be our permanent commander to the end of the war. No lieutenant-

colonel was appointed at Lynnfield. Adjutant Wales had served in the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, under Colonel Stevenson.

Of the line officers, Captain Andrews had seen service in the West; Captain Bartlett had been Captain of Company A, Eighth Massachusetts, with Lieutenants Hodges and Collins among his lieutenants; Captain Niles had held the same rank in Company D, Fourth Massachusetts, with Lieutenant Palmer among his corporals; Captain Gibson had been first sergeant of Company A, First Massachusetts, and Lieutenant Washburn had been a member of the same company; Captain Oliver had experience in the Fourteenth Massachusetts, and Lieutenant Lyon in Company H of the Twelfth Massachusetts; Sergeant-Major Hatch had been a sergeant of Company B, First Massachusetts, and afterwards a second-lieutenant in a New York regiment. Experienced soldiers were few in the Thirty-Fifth, and no member had received a West Point education.

The men being assembled and clothed, the next duty was the "muster-in" of the companies. This ceremony was performed in detail, from the ninth to the nineteenth of August, by Lieutenant Elder of the United States Army. Standing in line the roll was called, each man responding to his name, then the oath was administered: "You do solemnly swear that you will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that you will serve them faithfully and honestly against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever, and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over you, according to the rules and articles for the government of armies of the United States. So help you God."

Few of the officers and men had ever seen the blue

book containing the United States army regulations, and most never acquired more than a cursory knowledge of its contents; but they took the oath, trusting to be able to comply with the intention, if not the letter of it. The term of service was "for three years or during the war"—language open to misconstruction; the Government claiming the words to include an enlistment for the whole war, the men that it was for three years if the war should last so long. The war ended during the third year of the regiment's term of service.

On the twentieth the arms were distributed. These were nine hundred and sixty Enfield rifles of English make. They were somewhat defective, the cones being too much case-hardened and quite brittle, so that a large number were turned into the Washington Arsenal within three weeks; nevertheless, so great was the scarcity of weapons at the time, the regiment was thought very fortunate to get them. The different belts, plates and boxes, constituting the accoutrements, were given out at the same time, or upon the following day. Some twenty thousand rounds of ammunition were drawn in Boston, but none were distributed; nor were any experiments tried to test the power of the rifles.

Being now fully armed and equipped, it was supposed that a few days at least of camp duty and drill would be allowed before active service; the demand, however, for more troops at Washington was so imperative no delay could be permitted, and, much to the disappointment of the men and grief of their friends, orders were received to proceed immediately to the front, and the regiment started accordingly on the twenty-second of August—Friday.

There had been little sleep the previous night; it was a rainy morning, and falling into regimental line in the mud was not pleasant. In addition to the burden of clothing,



equipments, arms and rations furnished by the Government, each man had tried to include in his pack a private assortment of writing cases, revolvers, toilet articles, water filters, Bibles and other books, and a general assortment of such medicines or comforts as he or his friends could suggest; and now, having by the aid of his companions slung the mass upon his back, was deliberating upon the question how far it would be possible to struggle along under it all. But patience and endurance are the first lessons of a soldier; so, while waiting for the cars, the men, dreading the task of reslinging and hooking their knapsacks, and having no dry spot to drop them upon, amused themselves chaffing each other's loads, and devising ways of propping them up with their rifles to relieve their shoulders. That regimental line of one thousand and thirteen men looked a mile long; it was our "Old Thirty-Fifth."

One o'clock came before the long train filled with blue coats started for Boston, by way of Salem. Arrived in the city, the regiment marched by the right flank through Blackstone and North Streets, Merchants Row, State, Court, Tremont and Beacon Streets to the State House, cheered and cheering as we went—another regiment off to the war! At the State House all looked for Governor Andrew—no departure without his consecrating words seemed in due form—but he was otherwise engaged; so hurriedly receiving a blue silk regimental flag and the small, white, State flag the march was resumed. The blue flag bore the arms of the United States, with the motto *E pluribus unum*, in token that we were to bear it in the cause of the Union, one and indivisible. The white flag was emblazoned with the State arms, the uplifted sword, and the motto *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*, signifying that we drew the sword to gain enduring peace in a free land. They were good words to fight under. A national flag, the stars

and stripes, was not received until many months afterwards.

Relatives and friends crowded the way for parting words, as we hastened on to the Old Colony Railway Station. It was an exciting time. Into the cars we jammed, some sick, some pale with sorrow, some roaring with laughter, others shouting a last farewell to friends—a perfect pandemonium—as the engine fastened on and the heavy train moved slowly out of the station.

“Swift as the summons came they left  
The plow mid-furrow standing still,  
The half ground corn-grist in the mill,  
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft;  
They went where duty seemed to call,—  
. . . . They only knew they could but die,  
And death was not the worst of all.”

We left Boston about five in the afternoon, and reaching Fall River about ten o'clock went on board the steamboat Bay State. Every carpet had been taken up, all furniture removed, and there were no beds in the berths. Men turned in on the slats in the main and in the ladies' cabin; that is, those who could get there. The officers had state-rooms, with beds but no blankets, and only one sheet. The rest found space upon the decks to spread blankets, although some hesitated to unroll the packs put together so carefully; but most were soon drowning their cares in sleep. One Walsh, an old marine, with wits enlivened by whiskey, gave to the wakeful ones a spirited free exhibition of the bayonet drill, dancing about and whirling his rifle, bayonet fixed, over the sleepers. The boat arrived at Jersey City at ten in the morning, and by noon we were on the way across New Jersey to Philadelphia, reaching there about six in the evening.

Our reception in Philadelphia was most cordial; greater

hospitality was never experienced. The regiment was entertained at the far-famed Cooper's Shop. All Eastern soldiers remember with gratitude this welcome oasis between their homes and the front; a little of the accustomed properly cooked food, spread upon neatly arranged tables, was relished exceedingly; and with the Thirty-Fifth the saying, "As nice as the Philadelphia Cooper's Shop," long endured as a standard of superlative comparison.

Summary justice was dealt out by the colonel's orders to the stealthy vendors of whiskey. Company K, with details from other companies, was ordered to clean out rum shops, kept open to soldiers contrary to orders; bottles, demijohns, etc., were soon emptied of their contents. The colonel thus describes the affair:

"In the immediate neighborhood of the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, where we were supplied with a meal by the hospitality of the citizens, there is a large number of drinking shops, which have been a pest to every regiment passing through. I personally ordered the proprietor of each establishment to sell no liquor to my men, warning him of consequences, and at the same time setting a guard at his door. Soon after, detecting them enticing men in at back doors to drink and fill canteens, I ordered the stock to be cleaned out at two places, a hotel and a saloon. The order was summarily and thoroughly carried out by my men. No serious personal violence was committed, although we had occasion to overawe a large party of zouaves and other bullies. The police followed me with two writs of arrest, which I declined to accede to, but warned them that if they caused us any delay I should be obliged to take aldermen and all with me to Washington. All this not from any wanton disrespect for municipal law, but on the ground that in time of armed rebellion the exi-

gencies of the military service must take precedence of all else."

Marching through the city to take the cars for Baltimore, about nine in the evening, Company K brought up the rear with fixed bayonets. The people along the route turned out to a man, woman and baby. "Good bye!" "God bless you!" "Come back safe!" were the constant exclamations. Women brought out water, and did all they could to make the men comfortable; in fact, it was quite an ovation. Before getting into the cars all canteens were examined, and drinks stronger than water were emptied into the gutter.

Packed in the cars the men tried to sleep sitting erect amid the racket, but it was a restless effort. The riotous reception of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment in Baltimore a year before was still fresh in our thoughts, and in the excited state of the popular mind we looked for some active demonstrations of unfriendly feeling; but, on the contrary, the regiment marched quietly through the city before the people had fairly awakened from their Sunday morning naps. Now and then a small flag would be waved; but generally the people whom we met stared with indifference, or, at the worst, with sinister looks only: we had had our row with the roughs of Philadelphia. After a breakfast at the Soldier's Rest, box cars with rough, pine benches were filled inside and upon the roofs, about eleven o'clock; and now, as Uncle Sam's cattle, we jolted on towards Washington, through hot and dusty Maryland. At Baltimore things had first taken a noticeably foreign look; the windows about the station were crowded with woolly heads and black faces, with wondering eyes, while some of the dark hued, Indian-looking whites who strolled among us we deemed to be spies in the enemy's service.

We reached Washington about two in the afternoon, August 24, and went at first to the barracks near the Capitol, where another meal was offered—a feed this time, not a collation, and further proof that we were now to be classed as Government live stock—the slop-coffee in wooden buckets, and old boiled horse, could not be stomached; some, however, worried down a crust of sour bread buttered with patriotic words: it went down hard, nevertheless. But when at five o'clock the regiment formed column, platoon front, with full ranks, and marched down the grand Pennsylvania Avenue, drums beating and colors flying, the soldier's pride in his regiment awakened, and we stepped off cheerily, and did our best to keep the lines exact and distances correct. Nevertheless, when the avenue was passed and the drums stopped it seemed as if our legs would stop also.

The Thirty-Fifth was assigned to the command of Brigadier-General Casey, and ordered to camp beyond Arlington Heights. We kept on by the White House, and crossed the Potomac River above at Georgetown, on the Aqueduct Bridge, and came down again on the further bank. As we stepped off the bridge upon the "sacred soil" of Old Virginia, some one struck up the song of "Old John Brown," in which the whole column joined; then, mindful that it was Sunday evening, they followed with psalm tunes, and the Arlington Hills echoed to the old Puritan music. Darkness and dust together swallowed us up, and still the column kept on. Some of the officers continued the regular orders, "Right—shoulder—shift! Left—shoulder—shift!" but the weary men carried their guns anyhow, and darkness concealed the delinquency. The heat and fatigue began to tell, and some stragglers appeared; the column began to lose shape. We struck the road from the Long Bridge to Hunter's Chapel, and turning sharply to the

right pushed along, encouraged by the words, "Only half a mile more, boys!" repeated *ad nauseam*. At Hunter's Chapel the regiment turned into a field on the left, and got orders to stack arms and rest for the night; the suddenness with which knapsacks were unslung was very observable. A few gathered rails for fires and roasted green corn, but most, worn out, wrapped themselves in blankets and slept with the ashes-like soil of the Old Dominion for a bed and a knapsack or cartridge box for a pillow.

Such a looking set as we were on awakening! stiff and sore, daubed with dust, the newness gone from the uniforms, — a sorry sight indeed. Ah! pity the sorrows of the raw recruit while being broken in — yet a dry bed, a warm night, and sleep undisturbed are three of the soldier's luxuries. We found our bivouac to be nearly opposite Hunter's Chapel, in advance of Forts Craig and Richardson, on the Columbia Turnpike, and upon ground occupied the previous winter by Blenker's Division of the Army of the Potomac. The men lay about resting and cleaning up all the morning of the twenty-fifth, and receiving a lot of "A" tents, by the energetic efforts of Quartermaster Haines, pitched them in regular camp further to the south of the road, calling the spot Camp Casey. A few cartridges were distributed and instruction given in loading with the minie ball, a new thing then, calibre .577.

Next day the Thirty-Fifth was transferred to the command of General Whipple, and by him (on the thirtieth) assigned to Van Volkenburg's Brigade; drill was commenced, and an order of camp duty issued. At leisure moments the pedlers' carts drew swarms, eager to obtain watermelons and peaches in exchange for sticky postage-stamps, of which every one carried a wad in his pocket, for gold and



silver money had disappeared when the greenbacks were issued. Others wandered off to see the neighboring forts, or bathe in the creek in front, or inspect the corduroy roads or mud huts of last winter, now covered with rank grass; and some mused over the white railing of the little cemetery, and read the strange German names of those of Blenker's men who, thus early in the war, had found rest here.

On the same day (twenty-sixth) we broke camp and retired about half a mile to within the line of the forts. Tents were again pitched between the Turnpike and Fort Craig, the officers' tents being among peach trees, and the place designated Camp Whipple. There was hardly room for dress parade, which we here learned to go through decently; and Colonel Wild gave the regiment an afternoon of drill in marching at double-quick in line of battle with the bayonet. These last days of August were full of great events occurring in front of our camps, so quietly occupied, for out at Manassas and Centreville "Stonewall" Jackson and his men were for several days between Washington and the army of General Pope. Fitz Hugh Lee, on the twenty-seventh, captured stores at Burke's Station, within twelve miles of Alexandria. If Old Stonewall had been in sufficient force to turn towards Washington our position would have been more lively. It became sufficiently exciting very soon. Sixty rounds of cartridges per man were distributed, and night alarms, with beating of the long roll, practised.

Distant cannonade was heard daily, and pickets were posted along the turnpike to the front. Company I had a tour of duty, August 29, on guard at Fort Runion and the Long Bridge, where they saw the cavalry men who had been stampeded at Manassas and the droves of cattle hurried over the Potomac to Washington; evidently "something

was up" in front, which did not look like victory. The regiment was set to work digging intrenchments of regular profile, flanking the forts; but the connection with the commissary department was not well established, or army rations too coarse, consequently our diet was poor, and digging came hard; men declared they had come out to fight and not to handle the pick and shovel.

The liveliest incident was the narrow escape of Lieutenant Hood. He says: "I was lieutenant of the pickets around Arlington Heights, and received, August 29, a despatch from General McClellan directing me to detail twenty-five extra men and march to Hunter's Chapel, and await one of his staff. I did so, and we extended the picket line to Ball's Cross Roads; then McClellan made his headquarters at Lee's mansion, the Arlington House. At midnight the pickets were heard, and 'boots to saddle' sounded; I went to the Cross Roads, and finding troops going into camp I assisted their officer in posting pickets. On my return one of my pickets took me for a reb, never made me dismount, but kept his gun and bayonet in my face as we walked along; he stumbled and pricked my horse, and let me have it in face and eyes; then ran and cocked his gun again without loading, but it wouldn't shoot worth a cent; then the other picket came for me; I dismounted, sung out that I was their officer and gave the countersign. My men promised, if I would let them off, to do better next time. I understood better picket duty, but they may have meant shoot straighter. When I got to camp I found my face blackened with powder."

The lieutenant was afterwards very severely wounded at Antietam.

At Camp Whipple, Major Carruth, now promoted to lieutenant-colonel, arrived about the fifth of September, bringing commissions for Captain Willard to be major,

First-Lieutenant Lathrop to be a captain, and Second-Lieutenant Hill to be a first-lieutenant; also Lieutenant Pope joined the regiment about the same time. Six four-horse army wagons were issued to Quartermaster Haines for transportation of baggage.

Ambulance trains from the front moved towards Washington, with the slow motion which betokened wounded men within; and stragglers and portions of the Army of the Potomac passed through camp, notably Meagher's Brigade, of Sumner's Corps, sun-browned heroes of the Peninsula, their clothes weather-stained and worn, flags tattered and ranks thin, telling a tale of hard service, and presenting an appearance which quite shocked us; there were even some wounded men among them. Soon after these came visitors from General Pope's Army of Virginia, with tales of narrow escapes and death of friends in the battles about Groveton, called Second Bull Run. Surely the crisis had now come, all the armies were about us, and we were in good position to participate. We gazed over to the city upon the half-finished dome of the Capitol, and wondered if it would ever be completed—it looked doubtful. But our short time for preparation was spent; ready or not ready it was time for the Thirty-Fifth to take the field, to keep it until the end.



## CHAPTER II.

### MARYLAND AND THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN, 1862.

GENERAL LEE, with the Confederate army, bore away from Washington in a north-west direction, and crossed the Potomac River into Maryland, between September 4 and 7, at the fords near Leesburg, and encamped in the vicinity of Frederick City. His whereabouts were to us a subject of conjecture for several days. General Pope was relieved from the command of our army by General McClellan, who devoted himself to the task of reorganizing the force, while moving it towards Frederick to meet General Lee and protect Washington and Baltimore. The Thirty-Fifth was now transferred to the command of General Burnside, already north of the Potomac, and orders were received in the morning of the sixth of September to be ready to march in light order, knapsacks and sick men to be left behind, and tents left standing. Between five and six in the evening the regiment fell in and moved down to the Long Bridge, crossed, and passed through the streets of Washington. At that hour the people were at leisure, and doors and windows were crowded with spectators. Expectation of battle was vivid, and cheers followed the troops as they hurried through the darkening streets, accompanied by the rumble of heavy wagons and tramp of many feet. A part of the regiment turned off to the arsenal to exchange muskets; the rest marched up Seventh Street, due north, into the

dust and pale moonlight of the country roads, the night air hot, but excitement cooling as the city was left behind. On we pushed until past midnight, tramp, tramp, by quiet farms and sleeping countrymen. Men began to express fatigue in emphatic words, then straggling began, and rebukes were of no avail. The rear had almost mingled with the head of the column when, at half-past one o'clock, the order came to halt for the night; and, footsore and weary, the men sought shelter in an oak grove beside the road, and, gathering a few dried leaves, rolled themselves in such coverings as they had and slept.

At sunrise (seventh), after a wash in the horse-trough opposite, men scattered around among the neighboring houses in search of a breakfast; we had not yet learned to subsist upon army rations. He was a lucky fellow who found a cook not already overcrowded with applicants. A move of about four miles only was made this day; it was Sunday, and excessively hot. We turned into some woods on the left of the road near Leesboro, and waited for the stragglers to come up. One of these poor fellows having slept under a wayside hedge, striking into the road in the morning, came face to face with General Burnside; making his best salute the man boldly inquired whether the general had seen the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts anywhere. "Oh, yes," replied the urbane general dryly, "you'll find them all the way from here to Washington!" Such are the effects of a night march upon new troops. It should be said, however, that the other regiments upon the road straggled as badly as our boys; but ours were more noticeable because we were so full in numbers.

At this camp Colonel Wild instructed us in the duties of a soldier on the march; condemning straggling, permitting foraging only when the commissary had forgotten us, and then only for needful food; forbidding extravagance in

burning rail fences, and adding directions in regard to the care of the wounded in battle,—the enemy to be whipped first and the disabled to be cared for afterward,—they were words of experience and were well heeded. Thenceforward the rear company marching with fixed bayonets made straggling unprofitable.

On the eighth the regiment moved only a mile and joined the brigade, of which we were for the next year and a half to form a part. It was the Second Brigade—Reno's own—of the Second Division (General Sturgis's) of the Ninth Army Corps (General Burnside's), now commanded by our proper brigadier, General Jesse L. Reno. General Burnside was in command of the right wing of the army, including General Hooker's First Corps with his own. Our brigade, now under the leadership of Colonel Ferrero, was composed of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, Fifty-First New York and Fifty-First Pennsylvania regiments. We were carefully informed by the older members that it was called "The Bloody Second Brigade," and it was certain death to belong to it. With mouths open with amazement we swallowed the startling information; but the old veterans were not very far beside the truth after all. They had served in North Carolina and in General Pope's battles in Virginia, with great distinction and with heavy losses.

The brigade marched about twelve miles on the ninth to Brookville, a pretty Maryland village, headquarters of General Burnside. From here Major Willard and Chaplain Miller were sent back with one of the wagons to Arlington, to strike the tents and care for the sick, many of whom afterwards found their way into the dismal Convalescent Camp at Alexandria. No movement of the brigade was made on the tenth, but immense bodies of troops passed our camp.

The small supply of pork and hard bread, which fastidious appetites had placed in our haversacks at Arlington, was now exhausted. Coffee without milk or sugar, so bitter at first, had become pleasant; raw salt pork was a luxury, with a fine nutty flavor; and hard bread took the place it never afterwards gave up, as the first essential of a soldier's life. The trees along the road were loaded with green apples, and many of the men experimented with a diet of sour apple sauce. Stray fowls were thrown into the pot and devoured almost before they could utter their last expiring clack. We began to understand the saying, that an army moves upon its stomach.

After this, for a couple of days, the regiment plodded along with the brigade. Hot days, dusty roads and bruised feet make the bivouac on the ground at night a welcome rest. The discomfort of marching in close ranks, with perhaps a train of wagons or artillery in the middle of the road, and another column of troops on the other side, all hurrying forward, sometimes at double-quick, must be tried for a few days to be duly appreciated. Experience was gained daily. Lazy fellows found that a pound weight or so of water in a canteen was a heavy lug, and learned to beg their drink of neighbors and go light themselves. The never ended discussion was begun whether, if in light marching order, a choice must lie between an overcoat or a blanket, which should be carried along. Also the boys discovered that, in view of unexpected orders to move, it was advisable to heat their pots of water first, then put in the precious coffee, and woe to him who mixed his coffee in the cold water, hoping for time to boil it; if he did not get an order to march, or detail for picket, some stumbler would be sure to kick the burning rails and upset the magnificent array of blackening tin dippers—but then was not the air blue with maledictions!



The left and centre of the army took the shorter course through Rockville and nearer the Potomac. We of the right wing struck off north along the Patuxent, through Unity, then, on the eleventh, north-westward to Damascus. Here Fred. F. Blakely, of Company C, lost the forefinger of his right hand, by the accidental discharge of his gun while on duty; our first wounded man. As the infantry moved on, sounds of cannon were heard and sometimes the cavalry in advance came into view, or we passed a field-piece unlimbered by the roadside, ready to open fire; but all conflict seemed to keep just ahead. On the twelfth, halting at noon at New Market, to allow another division to precede us on the turnpike from Baltimore to Frederick, we heard that the enemy's cavalry had left the town that morning. Following on, we reached the neighborhood of Frederick at night, the last part of the way between the hills solemnized by the heavy booming of cannon in front. These old turnpikes in Maryland are the best of roads, well macadamized with broken limestone; and the stone bridge over the Monocacy River, which the Confederates tried to blow up, is striking for its solidity and foreign appearance. The regiment turned into the fields north of the road, on the west bank of the river, and finding abundant straw the men made a comfortable bivouac. There had been a skirmish at the bridge that day, and several of our cavalry were killed and wounded.

On the following morning, the thirteenth, while awaiting orders, the rise of ground west of us was covered with men, perched upon the rail fence, watching the distant fight between our cavalry and the retiring enemy. The prospect from the hill, including the city and the distant Catoctin Hills, was worth viewing, without its exciting incidents. By companies, the regiment filed out to the river bank and fired the new Enfields for the first time,

not much to our satisfaction ; the cones of some snapped off at the base, rendering such arms useless, for we had no tools to extract the stumps ; and the ammunition seemed to fit loosely, so that some were disgusted when their bullets dropped into the water a few rods from the muzzle. Several men were found who had never fired a gun.

By the middle of the afternoon the skirmish in front had abated, and orders came to move forward. Who that was present will ever forget the cheerful welcome received as the heavy columns of troops passed through Frederick City, flags and handkerchiefs waving, and friendly faces greeting the soldiers from all sides !

“ Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.”

At a corner of the streets General McClellan with his staff reviewed the troops, and cheer after cheer rent the air as the regiments passed. This welcome from patriotic Marylanders made the soldiers feel as if they were to fight upon their own soil, and greatly inspirited the army unused to such moral support. The song of “ Maryland, My Maryland,” was ever after a Union song. Our regiment sang together “ Marching Along ” and “ Old John Brown,” with grand effect, as we swung through the streets ; but when we halted for a few moments in the outskirts, some of the cynical elders of the brigade suggested : “ Save your breath, boys ; you’ll need it ahead there ! ” Too true ! for we never sang together on the march afterwards, we had no heart for it, it seemed like tempting evil fortune.

Darkness gathered, but the march was continued. The road was ascending, passing over the Catoctin range of hills, outliers of the Blue Ridge. The scenery from these by day-light is described as surpassingly fine ; but, as we

stumbled along at a quick pace over the heaps of broken stone, dropped there for road mending—some of the men so tired as to be walking in their sleep—we minded little of the charm about us. The waning moon rose and was reaching the zenith, when, late at night, descending the hills we found ourselves in the valley near Middletown. Here a halt was called, arms stacked, packs unslung, and a few moments found the tired men wrapped in sleep. Company D had the ill luck to be detailed for picket on this the night before our first battle.

Waking stiff and sore to a beautiful Sunday morning (September 14), the first thought was breakfast. Some cattle were driven up and killed in the neighboring field, and we tried broiling collops of steaming fresh beef upon our ramrods. Some of the men visited the houses in the town in search of eatables, but with little success. The irrepressible Walsh returned with a tea-kettle and cabbage—of course he was a tailor as well as a marine—and set to work boiling the vegetable. While this was passing artillery firing commenced, and white puffs of smoke began to rise between us and the range of blue hills, called the South Mountain, about one thousand feet high, bounding our view on the west; to which, however, we gave little attention. Two o'clock in the afternoon came, and with it the order to "fall-in." The regiment was about eight hundred strong, with Colonel Wild in command. Walsh had not time to cook his cabbage; so he slung it, kettle and all, to his belt, in hopes of a chance to finish it.

We passed through the quiet town, houses and churches ominously silent and deserted, and out into the country, meeting the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiments, with other troops, resting by the roadside; they laughed at our announcement that we, such raw troops,

were going into battle. The wooden bridge over a small stream was destroyed, the timbers still smoking, but we found no difficulty in fording. We stopped there a moment to load our guns. As we proceeded ambulances met us, returning with wounded men. The sound of firing in front grew louder, and we could distinguish the rattle of musketry and see a line of smoke rising half way up the hills. "Now, men, forward! right — shoulder — shift! quick time! double quick!" came the orders. We left the road, crossed the fields, jumping brooks, and were soon close upon our batteries, which were fuming like furnaces, and sending shells into Turner's Pass on the right and up into the woods on the left.

A brief halt was made at the battery; then the order came to hurry up the old Sharpsburg road, at Fox's Gap, to the left. Away we went to the foot of the hills; the rear companies with difficulty closing up, so swift the advance. It was about half past three o'clock. The cheering and rattle of musketry were lively above us, and evidently our movement meant work. Half way up the hill we met a wounded man borne in a stretcher upon the shoulders of his friends. He shouted to us, as we breathlessly hurried by: "Forward, boys, forward! We're driving them! Don't let this scare you; give 'em hell! They can't stand cold steel!" We passed a low weather-stained house, and came into line of battle in its little cornfield, to the left, facing the woods just below the summit of the hill.

"Throw off your packs!" Away go our bundles, never to be seen again. "Fix bayonets!" The rattle of the steel replies. "Right face! Forward by file left! Double quick! Charge!" And Company A led off gallantly up into the thick woods in front, and through them into the open field upon the summit, the proper scene of the action.

Again we came into line, then forward across the field to the wall on the west side fronting a log-house and more woods, the right of the regiment resting, as it advanced, upon a sunken road in which lay many dead and wounded Confederates. A few scattering shots from the forest in front saluted our appearance in the field. The momentary halt gave Walsh an opportunity to deposit his precious kettle in the corner of the wall, he now looking for warmer work.

Immediately we started by the right flank and passed on the double-quick the cross-roads made by the sunken road, passing over the hill, meeting the road following the ridge and leading to Rohrersville. Here stood Colonel Wild, full of the fire of battle, urging us on with the most vehement words. As we passed the colonel we saw several dead and wounded of the enemy, lying by a pile of their abandoned knapsacks, and either one of these wounded men, or some one in the shrubbery behind them, fired a shot which took effect in our ranks. Our boys rushed fiercely at them with the bayonet; but at the call of mercy, "Hold, men, don't strike a wounded man!" they threw up the steel. That little scene among the trees, with the dead and wounded, their cadaverous faces and pale gray clothing, arms thrown up for mercy, and the little cloud of smoke dissipating above, left a vivid impression.

We kept along the ridge road to the north a little way, then faced the forest, and, with bayonets at a charge, tried to push through the tangled mass of vines and brambles, in line of battle, on down the west side of the mountain. The thicket was so close that only here and there could a passage be forced through, and, as a consequence, the regiment, instead of advancing in line, broke into sections or smaller parties, which moved forward by flank, — dressing on any point was impracticable. With bayonets forward,

watching the front, anticipating momentarily a crossing of steel with the foe, but meeting no one, down we went. Some ways down we halted; the movement had been so quick most were glad to rest a moment and recover breath. The sun in the west shone brightly among the trees, the bee hummed among the grasses, all sounds of battle near us had ceased. We had penetrated far within the original Confederate line, and the foe in this front had fled down the road to the left. If any remained in position we were well within their left flank. Knowing nothing of positions, however, and in doubt what to do, the sections, coming more together, marched back up the hill into the ridge road again.

Here was a scene of unavoidable confusion, as the different parties came out of the woods and sought to recover their positions in the line. Such a shouting of company letters, "Company A!" "Company B!" "Company C!" etc., was never heard before nor since. Soon, having settled into something like a line, so as to be under command, the column, consisting of about half the regiment, the rest going back by another route, moved back by flank to and across the sunken road, and then south upon the field on the summit. There the rest of our brigade appeared, drawn up in two lines,—Fifty-First New York and Fifty-First Pennsylvania in front, Twenty-First Massachusetts in rear,—and our left companies commenced forming in rear of the line of the Twenty-First, and extending to the right, about twenty feet in front of the easterly boundary of the field. The sun was just down.

While this position was being taken, suddenly a sharp fire of musketry burst upon us from the wood to our front and right, out of which we had just come. The surprise was complete. The darkening forest was lined with flashes of the hostile guns, and their bullets cut the earth about

our feet; the ground descending towards the enemy. Instantly some of the men threw forward their rifles and returned the fire, aiming over the heads of the line in front. Orders were confused, some shouting, "Fire! fire!" Others, more calm, "Cease firing!" The latter quickly prevailed, although, after a momentary interval, while they were reloading or a new line coming up, the enemy's musketry was continued, and men of our regiment were being hit; and our line was drawn back into the edge of the forest, east of the field, so as to be less exposed. It was in this sudden attack that General Reno received a mortal wound, and our colonel lost his arm.

When word spread that Colonel Wild was hit, there was some hesitation as to who should succeed him, the lieutenant-colonel not being found at first. Captain Andrews took command and led the regiment still further back into the woods, so as to be protected while lying down by the crest of the hill. It was quite dark; the rest of the brigade in our front and left kept up a steady, rattling fire of musketry; and so did the Confederates in our front, but they did not advance, being content to expend their ammunition on the trees over our heads; so we lay and listened to the steady whizzing of the bullets above us.

Had the enemy come out into the open field on our right in force they would have flanked our position, and recovered the ground they had lost in the afternoon; but they hesitated to advance in the darkness, and kept blazing away without effecting anything until, having used up their powder, their fire slackened and they retired. Meanwhile our leader, fearing such a movement upon our right, drew out the regiment from the woods into the sunken road, which we found encumbered with dead and wounded Confederates. Here, while the enemy's musketry was dying away, we lay with bayonets fixed, peering into the darkness



over the stone wall, which bounded the road on the north side, awaiting the flank attack which did not come. Some of the poor fellows in the road had strength enough to speak, and beg for water or a change of position, which was willingly rendered them. When the contest had ceased General Sturgis sent up a section of artillery; and, to let the guns pass, our men moved the wounded and dead from the road upon the bank, sometimes in the darkness placing several bodies together, which lead observers in the morning to report to the newspapers that "the rebels were piled in heaps as high as the wall." We then marched into the field north of the sunken road and stacked arms, with orders to rest behind the stacks, but be ready for action at any moment; videttes were sent forward to the rail fence fronting the western wood. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and quite cold upon the hill top. The men were bathed in perspiration from the exertion and excitement of battle, but a renewal of the attack being feared few were permitted to return down the hill to the cornfield in search of the blankets and coats thrown off before the first charge; some returned and reported nothing there—friends in the rear had made way with the goods. No fires were allowed, so we tried to keep warm walking about, and by turns endeavoring to catch a little sleep, lying four across four, until the welcome sun arose. The fatigues of the day and of the previous night's march made even these naps a precious relief.

In the morning some made a breakfast upon the small round biscuit with which the haversacks of the dead Confederates about us were filled; others preferred to go hungry rather than do anything which seemed like robbing the dead. Whether Walsh recovered his kettle of cabbage was never reported. Down the east side of the hill, in our rear, where the Confederate line of battle had lain the



day before, along a stone wall, the ground was gray with the knapsacks and blankets they had thrown off in the fight and left behind in their hasty departure. From these, with a good deal of fastidious examination for those little creatures which love to lodge in the clothing of veteran armies, we selected blankets to supply those we had lost. The dead lay with faces upturned, already black with dissolution, and objected not to the necessary appropriation. Those who went over the field said that the Confederate dead lay thicker to the left in the woods, but the horrors beside us sufficed.

We noticed here and there a tall fellow in blue, with the regulation Kossuth hat, betokening Western troops, for the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac always wore the cloth cap. They were the dead of the Seventeenth Michigan, who, with the Seventy-Ninth New York (Highlanders), had preceded us in the charge the afternoon before and had broken the line of the enemy at the sunken road, thus accounting for our so undisputed advance over the field. The wounded man we had met on the hill-side was one of theirs, and his words of cheer were a true statement of the condition of the action at the moment. General Cox's Kanawha Division had secured and held a place of vantage, from which these two regiments had made their gallant and successful charge.

General McClellan and staff passed up over the field, and were received with cheers and every demonstration of victory. Then our satisfaction was chilled by news that our noble General Reno was dead, — an irreparable loss to the Ninth Corps, — an officer whose name cannot be repeated without a pang of sorrow!

Colonel Wild's arm was amputated at the shoulder, and the loss unfitted him for severe field service, though he afterwards won additional honor as general in command

of the well-known Wild's African Brigade. The Thirty-Fifth was fated to lose its commanding officer in successive actions; he was the first to fall. The other officers wounded were Captain B. F. Pratt, Second-Lieutenant Charles F. Williams, Jr. (mortally), and First-Lieutenant William Hill. Of the enlisted men, there were five killed or who died of their wounds soon after: Addison Tarr, of Company A (the first man killed in battle in the Thirty-Fifth); Andrew J. Nash, of B; George S. Sloan, of E; George F. Whiting, of I; and Joseph W. Cobb, of K. There were some dozen to twenty others wounded.

The men of the regiment who fired at the time of the sudden attack were rightly blamed for doing so without the colonel's orders, but such occurrences are not easily avoided; even veteran troops, when unexpectedly assaulted in a wooded country, will, if they think they see an opening for a shot, return the fire without orders, for the noise of the attack drowns the commander's voice, it can never be known how far the enemy will advance, and the ball or the bayonet is the only thing to stop them. The marvel was not that our raw men blazed away, but that they could be stopped, and remain steady while the enemy's fire continued.

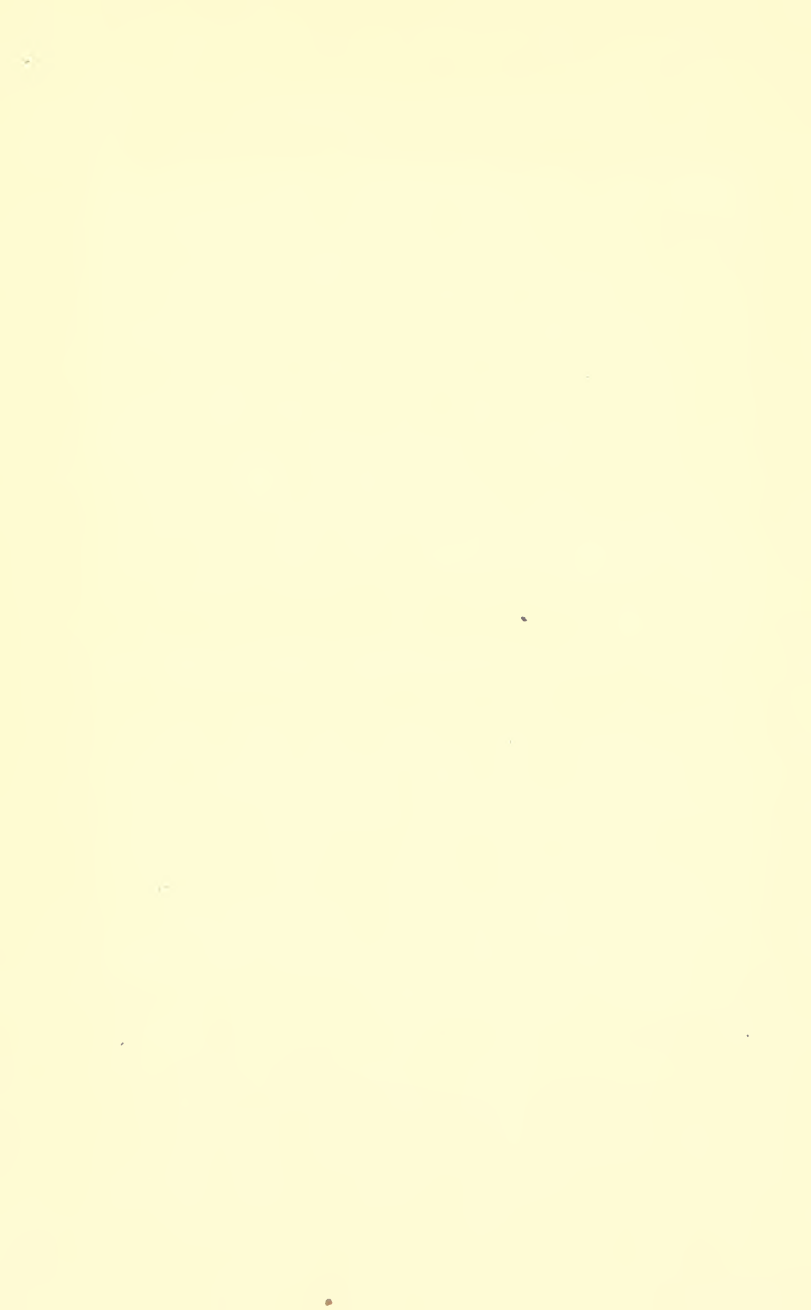
The troops of Generals Hooker and Meade had fought the enemy bravely and successfully on the hills north of Turner's Pass, and General Gibbon in the Pass itself. Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes, of the Twenty-Third Ohio, late President Hayes, was wounded somewhere on the ridge south of our point of attack. The Confederates had now retired from the whole front to behind Antietam Creek.

Colonel Taylor, in his book, "Four Years with General Lee," gives the forces engaged on the Confederate side at South Mountain as follows: D. H. Hill had the brigades of Rhodes, Garland, Colquitt, Anderson and Ripley, num-

bering in all less than five thousand. About 3 P. M. he was reënforced by the brigades of Drayton and Anderson, numbering nineteen hundred, and late in the day was joined by Longstreet, with the brigades of Evans, Pickett, Kemper, Jenkins, Hood and Whiting; only four of these, however, numbering three thousand, became seriously engaged, and they not until dark. The troops of Garland, G. B. Anderson, Ripley, Drayton and G. T. Anderson are elsewhere stated to have been engaged at Fox's Gap, and of these the Twenty-Third North Carolina claimed to have killed General Reno. The brigades of G. T. Anderson and Drayton appear to have been the ones which left their dead and wounded in the sunken road and their knapsacks behind the walls, and Longstreet's men to have made the attack at dark.

Captain Phisterer, in his "Statistical Record," gives the total losses at South Mountain: Union, 2,325; Confederate, 4,343.

The importance to the National cause of this victory at South Mountain, won by dash and courage from an enemy strongly posted and elated with recent successes, can with difficulty be estimated now. It was our first important advantage after a series of disastrous battles. The effect in restoring to the army confidence in its powers, and in encouraging a disappointed people, was visible at once in the spirit and disposition of the men and in the tone of the newspapers and letters from home.



## CHAPTER III.

### ANTIETAM.

ON the fifteenth of September the Confederate army was divided: General Lee with Longstreet's and other divisions, including the troops of D. H. Hill just driven from South Mountain, had withdrawn into the angle formed by the Potomac River and the Antietam Creek, and lay upon the gently swelling hills in front of the village of Sharpsburg, waiting to concentrate his army and for his trains to cross the river into Virginia; General Jackson was distant from Lee about seventeen miles, at Harper's Ferry, gathering in his prisoners and spoils; for, at eight o'clock this morning, the garrison of Harper's Ferry, some ten thousand men, with abundant stores, had surrendered to Old Stonewall, who, by a masterly surround and occupation of the commanding heights, had compelled a surrender sooner than was thought possible. The officer who succeeded General Miles, who was killed at the moment of capitulation, was our afterwards friend and division commander, General Julius White, of Indiana. The news of this loss reached us next day, and caused almost as much depression as our victory had given elation.

The weather was fine and favorable for the movements of the armies; but the men of our regiment, after the two nights of broken rest and fatigues of battle, were happy to lie upon the field during the morning and let the warm sun thaw out limbs stiffened by the frosts of the previous night.

General J. D. Cox, of the Kanawha Division, took command of the Ninth Corps. Lieutenant Hudson had been detailed upon the staff of Colonel Ferrero before the battle. He says he had forty minutes' chase after the Thirty-Fifth the afternoon before, and was unable to catch up with it; which shows the swiftness of our march from Middletown.

Having gathered up the stragglers, and looked after the dead and wounded, the regiment formed, about two in the afternoon, and took the road down the west slope of the mountain. The sun seemed to brighten as we left that scene of horror. It is said by those now living upon the spot that a portion of the dead were buried by throwing them into the well near the log-house at the cross roads. The valley we entered was green and fertile, and dotted with comfortable houses, many having a Dutch look, like their owners' names. One of our men, Greenleaf F. Jellison, of Company C, accidentally shot himself in the foot soon after we started. In a field by the road-side two young bulls, a black and a red, seized with a desire to ape the folly of their betters, or taking advantage of broken fences to clear off old scores, were having a pitched battle. Our boys named one "Mac," the other "Bob Lee," and declared that the former got the better of the contest. So the auspices were propitious.

Approaching the banks of the Antietam at dark, a line of batteries appeared, posted along the ridge in front; they were warmly engaged, sending shot and shell across the stream at the enemy, whom the rise of ground concealed from us. The regiment, at first, turned in on the right of the road and stacked arms; then resumed them and, moving further along the road, turned into a cornfield on the left, where, with other troops massed there, we remained in bivouac all night and the following day. The sixteenth was a beautiful day, and sitting upon a bundle,

leaning one's back against a stack of arms and reading old papers, would have been quite comfortable had it not been for the shells and solid shot which our friends on the further side of the creek kept dropping into the field, generally without effect other than noise and dust, but occasionally maiming some poor fellow, causing a pause in the reading. During the day Generals McClellan and Burnside passed with numerous staffs, reconnoitring the front and drawing the enemy's fire effectually.

At sundown we moved forward to the south and over the ridge. The brigade formed *en masse*, and with the straw from a large stack near by the men made a luxurious bivouac. The scene from this position was very fine. In front was the valley through which the Antietam ran to join the Potomac somewhere to our south-east. Beyond the creek the hills rose to a considerable elevation, crowned with hay-stacks and the houses of Sharpsburg, among which rested the Confederate army, with its batteries frowning along the front. The country upon our right was hidden from view by hills on our side of the creek. Behind us were the batteries of Benjamin, Durell, and others on the ridge. It was a clear evening; all seemed to breathe awhile and rest for the dread contest of the morrow. Artillery was fired for some time from the enemy's line, a few shots towards us, but most of them to the south-east, where the trains of light and bursting shells looked like signals towards Harper's Ferry. We had a peaceful night's rest. At midnight much needed rations were brought up from the trains by the exertions of our afterwards quartermaster, Cutter.

Before the men had turned out on the morning of the seventeenth the roar of battle came swelling down from the right, and men exclaimed: "Boys, listen to the music! They have gone in on the right!" Beyond the Antietam,

above us, the corps of Generals Hooker, Mansfield, Sumner and Franklin successively assailed the Confederate left wing about Dunker Church, suffering and inflicting losses in killed and wounded unprecedented at that period of the war. The localities, times of entering the action by different divisions, and work done by each are much disputed; and it does not belong to this story to try to explain them. The high ground between shut off the scene from our view; we heard only the thunder of the mingled artillery and small arms as the tide of contest rose and fell. Let it suffice here to say that the fight in that direction lasted from daylight to noon, that the field was a sea of blood, and the results indecisive.

In our front there was quiet in the early morning, except an occasional picket shot down in the misty bed of the creek. Directions were issued to have all canteens filled, as the day was likely to be warm; and men scattered with back loads of canteens in search of wells. The crowding about these and constant plying of the buckets muddied the water, and yet he was fortunate who filled up with that mixture. Firing began near us, and the word spread that the regiment was falling in; there was a rush from all directions to the ranks. When formed, about ten o'clock, we marched by the left flank through the fields and clumps of wood to the southward,—Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth at the head, Lieutenant Hudson, an aide of Colonel Ferrero, acting as guide,—coming out on the wooded bluff immediately overlooking the valley of the Antietam. Here one of our batteries was engaged in a duel with a Confederate battery upon the opposite hills. The enemy's shell flew about us, at our feet and among the trees, but harmlessly; our experience of yesterday had familiarized us somewhat with this long bowling. When, however, one of our shot struck and exploded a caisson on the other side our cheers



were loud and long, and were replied to by a rather feeble yell from our antagonists.

It was near eleven o'clock, and a brisk contest had been going on for some time upon the creek below us; but the trees and smoke concealed all from view. We could hear our men shouting and their foes yelling, amid the rattle of small arms; it seemed hot work down there. These were the unsuccessful movements to secure the bridge-crossing, first by General Crook's brigade of the Kanawha Division, afterwards by the Sixth New Hampshire and Second Maryland of the First Brigade (General Nagle's) of our division. At length the order came for us to move forward. We descended the hill by the left flank, and passed between the stalks of tall corn on the level, meeting several men holding an arm or some member from which the red blood was dripping. The air was close and stifling. While this was being done, the following interesting conversation took place between General Sturgis and Lieutenant Hudson, aide: "Colonel Ferrero wishes to know what to do with the regiments." Sturgis replied: "Have him move those regiments (the three older ones) down to the stream immediately, and take the bridge!" "And what with this new Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts?" "Tell him to move it across the bridge and up the hill in line of battle. There must be no delay; General Burnside is waiting for this to be done now!" "Isn't that artillery aimed at the position?" "Yes; but that shall be stopped."

We reached the bank of the stream near a large spreading tree, where the water flowed dark and cool under the overhanging foliage. At this point the creek ran nearly from west to east. The opposite bank was high with an abrupt rocky ascent, studded with trees, and completely commanding the side upon which we were. Here the regiment halted awhile; bundles were thrown off and piled,

and a guard set over them ; and bayonets were fixed. Not a shot was fired at us from the other bank, the enemy's attention being drawn to the fight above us, where the sounds of battle still continued, seeming to increase as we came nearer.

The country road ran up stream, close to the north bank of the creek, and was bounded on the northerly side by a fence and ploughed field, in which stood an old barn. Beyond the field and a fence, which formed its west boundary, was a wooded knoll, or two little knolls, facing the opening of the bridge, and behind these Nagle's men were posted. Colonel Ferrero ordered the Fifty-First Pennsylvania to move forward by the right flank to Nagle's position, then down with a yell and rush over the bridge. The Twenty-First Massachusetts was placed in the ploughed field along the fence bounding the road, and ordered to open fire at the enemy across the creek ; which they did warmly. Company A of our regiment was detailed to take position on the left of the Twenty-First, and commence firing in the same manner. The Fifty-First New York was posted on the right of the Twenty-First, but at right angles to it, facing up stream towards the bridge. The Fifty-First Pennsylvania proceeded as ordered, made a dash from the knoll to the opening of the bridge, stopped there and commenced firing. Our artillery was aimed at the further end of the bridge, and had to be quieted before the Fifty-First could proceed.

Colonel Ferrero moved diagonally across the ploughed field to behind the knolls, and the Thirty-Fifth followed. Colonel Ferrero sent Lieutenant Hudson from the knolls to Colonel Hartranft, commanding the Fifty-First Pennsylvania, to ask why he did not cross the bridge at once. Colonel Hartranft was found at the right parapet with his colors. When the order was communicated to him, he

said: "Does he wish it?" "Yes, sir." "Very well." The Fifty-First Pennsylvania then started, the men firing upwards and setting up a yell as a signal for our artillery to cease firing on the bridge. Lieutenant Hudson then asked Lieutenant-Colonel Potter, commanding the Fifty-First New York, to follow. He assented, and his regiment hurried after the Pennsylvanians. Most of our regiment, Company D being now the head of the column, had passed the fence near the knolls, when the shouting and din of the conflict, now close at hand to our left, was redoubled. It was the charge of the two regiments in accordance with the above orders. Colonel Ferrero said to Lieutenant Hudson: "Hudson, tell your colonel to cross the bridge immediately, move along the road to the right, form in line and advance up the hill!" The lieutenant did so.

"Forward!" came the order to us. "Double quick!" And we rushed around between the little knolls and out of the little grove, Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth leading, into an open space facing the entrance to a stone bridge, with parapets, crossing the creek. Here was a startling scene of battle; clouds of smoke overhung; along the creek, below the bridge, the Twenty-First Massachusetts and our Company A were actively engaged with the enemy posted behind trees, rails and stones, upon the rocky acclivity across the stream; dead and wounded men in blue lay about, some still tossing and writhing in their agony; the bridge was filled with men of the Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Fifty-First New York, who had preceded us, some kneeling behind the parapets of the bridge and firing up at the gray coats, others crowding forward to the further end of the bridge and also firing upward.

Our regiment came partly into line, as if to open fire along the bank at the bridge; then, by the colonel's commands, swung by the right again and joined the throng

hurrying on to the further bank, the third regiment to cross. Confederate sharpshooters dropped or slid from the overhanging trees in which they had been hidden—one clinging to a branch the moment before he fell. It is said that Colonel Ferrero seized a musket and fired among them. In a shorter time than it takes to tell it we had crowded across the bridge and filed into the road to the right, where the two regiments which had preceded us were halted. The line of the regiment was formed quickly and steadily, facing the hill, which here rose more gently than below the bridge. Men in gray came down the hill, holding up both hands, or waving a dirty white rag, and were sent to the rear as prisoners. They belonged to Georgia regiments, of Toombs's Brigade, of General D. R. Jones's Division.

The halt here was but for a few moments; then the Thirty-Fifth was ordered forward up the hill, with a promise that other regiments should follow in support. Accordingly we advanced up the steep, climbing with difficulty the high rail fences, at first in line of battle, then swinging into column and moving by the right flank as we neared the top. The regiment reached the bare brow of the hill—the first to appear there—and moved some distance by the right flank to the higher part of the rise. Before us, towards Sharpsburg, the enemy were scattering back to their artillery upon the hills on the hither side of the town. The hostile battery, which we had been watching an hour before, now, close at hand, opened upon us at once, and sent the iron whizzing around us, shells taking effect in Companies D and H, cutting Luther F. Read in two, killing David W. Cushing, and severely wounding Lieutenant Baldwin.\*

\*The commander of that battery, Moody, was subsequently a prisoner under charge of Lieut. Baldwin, at Fort Warren.

It was but high noon. If supports had been up, as promised, the whole could have gone forward, kept the already started enemy upon the go, and, as the zouaves did at a later hour, driven the exposed gunners from their artillery with less loss than afterwards befel,—for we, at least, were green enough to go anywhere without hesitation; and the subsequent Confederate reënforcements from Harper's Ferry might have come too late. But we knew nothing of the importance of prompt action at that hour; to stand still upon the exposed hill-top would be murder; moreover, General Sturgis had orders to hold back his division—most of the regiments being out of ammunition—and let the rear pass in front of him. Accordingly our colonel, seeing no supports behind him, ordered the regiment to retire under the brow of the hill and lie down. The shells hurtled around us as we climbed the fence in retreat; yet many, indignant at the notion of falling back, and fearing more the bayonets of their compatriots while getting over the fence than the missiles of the enemy, waited a bit, until the line had crossed, before following. The Confederate General D. H. Hill says he caused his guns to open upon an “imposing force of Yankees” at twelve hundred yards distance, and routed them by artillery fire alone, unaided by musketry. It is possible that this imposing force was the Thirty-Fifth going up and retiring as above. But they were neither routed nor flurried, and would have gone forward as readily then, when they saw the enemy running, as afterwards when our men fell back. As we thus came back over the fence our batteries, mistaking us for the enemy, commenced firing into us. Colonel Carruth waved his hat, without effect; then his voice rang out, “Unfurl those colors and wave them! Steady—not too high!” We had only the blue and the white flags, no stars and stripes. No more shots came

from the rear. Just under the crest of the hill we halted and lay down upon the dried grass of the field.

Behind us was the deep valley of the bed of the creek, into which the Confederate shells, passing over us, went crashing among the trees about the bridge, almost making the crossing there impracticable. On our left regiments were soon seen coming up, the Twenty-First Massachusetts among the first, followed by our Company A, which now rejoined the regiment; its position in rear of the Twenty-First having given the men of that regiment grounds for their subsequent belief that they crossed before the Thirty-Fifth. In front we, except the few videttes thrown forward, could see nothing, the hill concealing all in that direction; but to our right the view was quite unobstructed, the land being lower for some distance, then rising gently to the haystacks and houses of the town. This space was unoccupied at first; it was the interval in the centre of the battle-field which separated the right and left wings of the army. The sounds of battle had subsided in the direction of the right wing. We learned afterwards that their fight was for the most part over, thus early in the day. A shell, skimming the crest of the hill, stole a haversack from a man's back as he lay upon the ground, and sent it flying towards the stream below, exciting merriment in spite of the gravity of the situation. The whirring of the shells above us had a drowsing effect, and some of our men dozed; others munched hard bread and conversed in low tones; some went for water by detail, filling canteens from the warm, soft water of the creek. At such a time men's characters reveal themselves: the religiously disposed bends his thoughts on Heaven; the less devout watches the ants busy as usual at their never-ending labors, and wishes he could be as small as they for a few hours; while the more thoughtless cuts his tobacco and

enjoys its soothing influence. We lay thus several hours while the troops were coming over. It was slow work passing Wilcox's Division and Hawkins's Brigade through the narrow defile of the stone bridge, only twelve feet wide, and under cross fire of artillery. No fords were used near the bridge, if any practicable ones existed there; even the name of the stream was unknown at first. Colonel Ferrero had offered to try to ford below the bridge in the morning, but the attempt was discouraged.

Regiments moved over the hill to the left, and some from behind passed steadily over us through our ranks, some of the men seeming to prefer to join us for awhile, but their officers preventing. On the right we saw for the first time a line of skirmishers go forward in good style, firing and loading. It was a pretty sight. They reached the haystacks, and presently these burst into flame; cheering was heard in front, and it began to look like victory. A Confederate battery was captured by the Ninth New York (Hawkins's Zouaves) and held a short time. It was the crisis of the battle; at this hour the Confederate line was badly broken—as we learn from writers who were present on that side—their men had scattered into the town and could not be rallied. Orders had been issued for our brigade to be relieved, and sent down to the road by the bridge. Lieutenant Hudson, aide, was on the way to transmit them to Colonel Carruth; but the order from General Cox, corps commander, mentioned below, arrived first, to quite a contrary purport. For now came a turn in affairs. It was between four and five o'clock. The light troops of A. P. Hill, Confederate general, which had left Harper's Ferry in the morning, marching in haste, had arrived at the nick of time for them; and, catching our left, General Rodman's



Division, somewhat disorganized by its successful advance, took them upon the flank and pressed them back irresistibly. Back came our line as swiftly as it had advanced, but more scattered, the Zouaves badly cut up. There was danger that the enemy would follow and overtake the whole in a mass at the bridge head; they must be stopped at any cost. Colonel Ferrero had ordered our colonel to form a line across the ravine, below and on our right, and stop all stragglers, which had been obeyed.

One of our batteries had come over the bridge and opened fire in front of us. Now, out of ammunition, one section of it limbered up hurriedly, and prepared to fall back. General Cox, seeing the danger of panic, gave the order, "Send that big regiment over the hill!" Lieutenant Hudson told the general of Colonel Ferrero's order. General Cox replied: "Yes, I know that, but the regiment must move at once; you see the need of haste." A line of skirmishers along the brow of the next hill were shooting minies uncomfortably our way. As soon as the order was passed, Colonel Carruth started up: "Attention! Thirty-Fifth." We rose up at once and faced the front, forming forward a little, the companies moving to their positions. "Left—face! Forward—march!" Hardly had the regiment faced and moved a little distance when the battery came dashing full speed into us, breaking our line for a moment, but the men undismayed closed up immediately. A little way to the left, then facing to the front, with a hurrah, the regiment went at a double quick, in line of battle, over the hill and down the slope into the valley towards Sharpsburg.

We passed the remnants of the first line and kept on to a rail fence, partly broken down, enclosing a lane, into which some of the men climbed. Here we halted, and, laying our rifles upon the rails, opened fire at will upon



the enemy coming on to follow up their success. On our left the other regiments of our brigade — said to be almost out of ammunition — were also engaged or lying down waiting to repel the foe with the bayonet; but the line in that direction bent back exposing our flank. Behind us was the slope of the hill down which we had come; in front was a ploughed field, sloping up to a wall of the most solid construction, about two hundred yards off; on the left front, cornfields with the high stalks and waving blades uncut. Beyond these the hill rose more steeply to the summit, upon which were the enemy's batteries. Behind the wall and in the cornfield was the Confederate infantry; their right overlapping our left, making a cross fire upon our left companies.

Our first fire was a rattling volley; then came the momentary interval occupied in loading. The rifles were, of course, muzzle loaders, with iron ramrods; the cartridges were new and the brown paper of the toughest description, so that strong fingers were required to tear out the conical ball and the little paper cup of gunpowder. Emptying these into the muzzle and ramming home and capping the piece took time — seemingly a long time in the hurry of action — and to discharge sixty rounds in this way occupies an hour or more of intense exertion. The men finding this difficulty settled down to the work steadily, loading and firing, aiming now to the wall, then to the cornfield, and then elevating the sight pieces and trying for the cannoneers about the hostile guns. It was a steady roll of musketry. The officers directed the aim of the men, Captain Cheever's quaint phrase being, "Pop away! boys, Pop away!" the file closers refraining from firing at first, but watching their men as Colonel Wild in his instructions had directed.

The enemy had not been idle, our men being hit behind

our battery—where N. I. Sweeney, of Company C, fell—and while we were advancing, and now at the fence. The force of a minie ball or piece of shell striking any solid portion of the person is astonishing; it comes like a blow from a sledge hammer, and the recipient finds himself sprawling on the ground before he is conscious of being hit; then he feels about for the wound, the benumbing blow deadening sensation for a few moments. Unless struck in the head or about the heart men mortally wounded live some time, often in great pain, and toss about upon the ground. So now, while we were firing, men began to fall headlong, or drop their guns and seize some portion of their bodies; arms dripping with blood were held up to be stanchied, and ghastly faces were turned to a friend for a last word. The dropping shot and pieces of shell from the enemy raised the dust in little puffs in the ploughed land before and on the slope behind us. Now and then our men or the Confederates raised a shout or yell at some well-aimed missile, a flag was waved or the enemy's field pieces changed position. It was work in dead earnest and intensely exciting. The rising white smoke was quickly wafted away. One spoke to his comrade, turned aside and, looking back, saw him weltering upon the ground; but there was no time for thought then—load and fire!—load and fire!

Our regiment being so large and so steadily engaged drew special attention from the Confederate batteries and line. The bullets, zip! zip! close to the ear, shells burst with sulphurous smoke, and pieces flew in every direction. Our wounded accumulated rapidly, and the motionless bodies of the dead, upon the back or face, with pallid faces and arms thrown out. Some men repeated as they fired a set phrase or oath, expressive of their feelings. The color guard especially suffered. Color-Sergeant Moses

C. Bartlett was wounded and sent to the rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth was disabled by a wound in the side of the neck, near the jugular vein, and obliged to leave the field. Captain King, acting major, walked along the line directing the aim of the men to the cornfield, in which the enemy were apparently forming for a charge, their flags waving in the setting sun, — he even took a gun and fired it. Cheers were raised, but all were too busy to waste much breath. The rifles with repeated discharges began to get too hot to hold. Many of them became clogged by the dirt from the powder, and the ball could not be forced home; but there were serviceable ones left upon the ground, dropped by the dead and wounded. Thus a man used two or three guns before his ammunition was expended.

While this was going on Colonel Ferrero's aides, Lieutenants Walcott and Hudson, were with General Sturgis at the bridge. Lieutenant Walcott said: "General, our regiments can't hold that position any longer; to my certain knowledge they are mostly out of ammunition, and some have been quite so for nearly an hour." To which the general replied: "By —, they must hold it; we've nothing else to hold it with!" About the same time General Burnside was calling upon General McClellan for reënforcements, but without success.

As the sun went down the weight of fire of the Confederate infantry increased rather than slackened, showing additional troops for them; but none came for us. Word was passed that we were to be relieved by some Connecticut regiments, and glances were cast behind to see if they were advancing. Ammunition was failing us, and Captains Andrews (acting lieutenant-colonel), King and Lathrop passed along the line, opening the boxes of the fallen and distributing the cartridges found. A steady,

but much weaker fire was continued, for our line had grown woefully thin, and the disabled seemed as numerous as the fighting men. It grew dark apace, and the flashes of the guns of the Confederate line twinkled like a display of fireworks.

No relief came. Our line had dwindled to a skirmish line. Captain King, struck in seven places, was helped off the field with the colors. The last cartridge was expended. No communication from the rear had been received for some time—we seemed to be facing the enemy alone—it could be endured no longer. Word was passed in an undertone, “Fall back to the hill!” and the relics of the regiment, amid a perfect storm of bullets, retreated to the hill. Officers and men had done all that could be asked of them.

The enemy did not follow. The object of the advance of our brigade had been secured, his forward movement stopped, and the position gained on the west bank saved. General McClellan had sent word to Burnside, “Hold the bridge at all hazards; if that is lost all is lost.” The bridge was held. It was twilight. Behind the hill regiments were drawn up in solid lines—the relief that did not come to us. Seeing their steady appearance, our men stopped and came together. Most of them went down to the creek to drink and wash the powder and blood stains from their hands and faces, which were a sight to behold; then formed in remnants of companies and marched up the road, ascending the precipitous cliff to the left. At a bend in the road some thoughtful commissary—blessed be his name—had placed a barrel partly filled with chunks of boiled fresh beef. Each man as he passed dipped into this and moved on, munching a huge piece for his late dinner. Arrived at the top of the hill, an ammunition wagon was found and cartridge boxes replen-

ished. It was too dark for further contest, and the conflict had died away; the enemy also had got all of fighting they wanted for the day. Arms were stacked, and the men rested. Captain Cheever lay here upon a blanket, injured by some missile at the time the regiment retired behind the brow of the hill, when first we ascended it after crossing; but he had, nevertheless, continued in command of his company until now. Inquiries for friends passed around; hands were shaken when chums met, as if after a long absence; and low talk was busy about the events of the day. It had been an afternoon in the valley of death.

In the evening Captain Lathrop and Lieutenant Hudson, receiving information of wounded men within reach from Corporal Whitman\* (for he and several of Company G appear to have been the last fighting men to leave the rail fence), tried, with a squad of men, to make their way in the intense darkness down to the fence to care for the wounded; but the party was stopped by a line of pickets from the Fifty-First Pennsylvania, who had orders to permit no movement to be made which could possibly renew the action. The officers were permitted to go beyond the pickets, but were cautioned not to go far, and they did not reach the fence. However, several of the wounded were found who had crawled up to the pickets, and these were placed in blankets, men holding the corners, and slowly and painfully carried down the hill and across the bridge to the temporary hospitals in the barns thereabouts. Returning to the regiment, so overcome with fatigue as scarcely to be able to drag one foot after the other, they found the men asleep behind their stacks of arms; and, rolling such covers as could be found about them, they

\* Corporal Frank M. Whitman received, February 21, 1874, from the Secretary of War, one of the bronze "Medals of Honor" conferred upon enlisted men only in cases of distinguished gallantry, in accordance with an Act of Congress.

also dropped at once into the sleep of utter exhaustion — only the guards, and those kept awake by the pain of wounds, noticed the showers during the night.

The next morning was quiet for some time. We had now in the daylight an opportunity to note the losses of the regiment: Companies B, G and K were each represented only by a small group of men, their three or four stacks of arms seeming incredibly small. No field or staff officer appeared except Adjutant Wales, who had been struck by a ball but not wounded. He had left the hospital to join the regiment, with an Enfield rifle in hand, "to get a lick at the rebs," as he told Lieutenant Hudson. Assistant Surgeon Munsell had been wounded at the field hospital by a piece of shell. Of the line officers, Captains Bartlett and Niles were killed or mortally wounded at the rail fence; Captains King, Cheever and Oliver were disabled by wounds; Lieutenant Palmer was killed, and Lieutenants Hood, Hodges, Baldwin, Ingell, Brooks, Park and Blake were in the list of wounded. We had lost Captain Pratt and Lieutenants Williams and Hill at South Mountain. Only Captains Andrews and Lathrop and some half dozen lieutenants remained for duty with the regiment that morning.

Of the enlisted men the following were killed outright, or died of their wounds soon afterwards:

Company A — Sergeant Edward Peggren; Corporal Robert L. Lincoln.

Company B — Corporal William C. Colby; musician, Benjamin H. Rogers; privates, Joseph Cossar, David R. Hinckley, George W. Hodgdon, Jeremiah Long, Jr., Caleb C. Pike and Alphonso P. Reed.

Company C — Sergeant Henry Bowen; privates, George W. Alden, Joseph M. Goulding, John A. Lane, Joseph T. Pratt, Nathaniel I. Sweeney and Charles E. Dam.

Company D — Luther F. Read.

Company E — Privates, George Henry, Loren R. Brackett, Levi A. Brandage, Richard H. Cox, Philip Donnehoe, Joseph V. Sloan and James T. F. Smith.

Company F — Corporal Thomas Clay; privates, Ambrose Hinds, Charles E. M. Welch and Joseph Wood.

Company G — Privates, Stephen C. Adams, Herbert M. Drew, George W. Ellis, Henry O. George, Andrew J. Gile, William Hackett, Henry A. Hoyt, Harrison W. Sargent, Charles H. Tarbox, Watson S. Williams, Clarence H. Woodman, George A. Young and Augustus W. Dresser.

Company H — Privates, David W. Cushing, William Pike, Charles H. Robbins, William W. Smith and Nathan F. Winslow.

Company I — Corporal Edmund E. Hatton; privates, Ralph A. Jones, Charles Sulkoski, Nathan C. Treadwell, Patrick Walsh and Joseph P. White.

Company K — Sergeant Alfred C. Earle; Corporal Roscoe Bradley; privates, Dearborn S. Blake, Francis D. Brown, Henry H. Cleveland, Tappan S. Eaton, Leander W. Faunce, Horace Goodwin, Horatio B. Hackett, Charles Inhof, Joseph Lambert, James Rust, Ivori R. Stillings, Charles T. Wenborn, Ai B. Smith and Byley Lyford.

These were the sixty-nine heroes who laid down their lives for that terrible day's work. Company B was the color company. Companies G and K were subjected to a cross fire, which accounts for their great loss. There were also some one hundred and fifty men wounded, and some missing; making in all, at South Mountain and Antietam, of the officers and men seventy-eight dead and about one hundred and seventy-five wounded. Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred men only were for duty behind the stacks of arms on the eighteenth of September.

At first the regiment seemed wiped out, but many re-

joined in course of the day who had gone off with the wounded or on detail duty. Men found their clothing and equipments bored by bullets in every conceivable way. He was the exception who had not some curiosity of the kind to exhibit. One man found a bullet hole through the flesh of his thigh, which he was not aware of in the excitement until he went to the creek to wash. Thrilling accounts were given of the deaths of the fallen, or of adventures in the fight. Walsh, the man with the tea kettle, lay dead by the rail fence with the other noble fellows.

The troops were withdrawn a little under the crest of the hill, after the Confederates had observed us and sent several shells about our ears, without harm, as a morning greeting. It was showery, and the soil became slippery mud at once. The order of last night was continued, to do nothing likely to renew the action. If our generals had all they wanted of fighting we were content, we also had a sufficiency; and, although the regiment would have done its duty, the men had no present hunger for battle. There was little movement upon either side; both parties were repairing damages.

The losses to the armies had been, according to Captain Phisterer,— Union: killed, 2,010; wounded, 9,416; missing, 1,043; total, 12,469. Confederate total, 25,899.

At evening our brigade was at length relieved by fresh troops, and we marched back over the bridge to get rations and our packs, which had been left on the east side, as above mentioned, before the bridge was taken. That night we slept in an apple orchard near the crossing.

Next day it was found that General Lee had withdrawn his army to the south side of the Potomac. Our brigade was formed, and marched over the bridge again and across the battle-field. On the field Colonel Ferrero read his



commission as a brigadier-general, just received. It was accepted as a recognition of the services of the brigade in the battle, and the announcement was greeted by loud cheering and congratulations, especially among the older regiments. We then passed the rail fence, where the dead still lay, the stone wall and the cornfield, where the enemy had been, and the station of their batteries on the hill, marked by the bodies of the horses killed in the action. We then turned to the left, away from Sharpsburg, and, after a few miles, came out upon the high land overlooking the Antietam, near the Iron-works, and here made our bivouac. We staid upon these hills until the twenty-sixth, looking out upon the beautiful amphitheatre of hills through which ran the placid Antietam.

On Sunday, the twenty-first, by direction of General Burnside, special services were held in memory of the dead, with prayers, addresses and sacred hymns, which were very impressive and affecting.

The regiment was for a day or two under command of Captain J. G. Wright, Acting Major of the Fifty-First New York ; afterwards, for several days, Captain Andrews commanded. Chaplain Miller arrived on the twenty-second ; and, on the following day, Major Willard returned from Washington, quite troubled in mind because he had no share in our first battles. The first mail of letters for two weeks, except a few on the twenty-first, was opened, and late newspapers reached camp. We learned of the great slaughter done and suffered by our right wing, the death of General Mansfield, wound of General Hooker, and the other losses. Also some of the Fifth Corps came into camp and told of the disastrous reconnoissance by a division of that corps across the Potomac, a short distance from our station.

We now began to think seriously and estimate the task in hand. We numbered eight or nine officers and three hundred and forty-eight men with the regiment. It was but one month since we had left Lynnfield, and two-thirds of our number were gone; at this rate how many would be left at the end of the three years? The patriotic fervor which had sustained us did not effervesce so noticeably, but began to weaken somewhat in the presence of such stern realities. As one man expressed it, "patriotism was played out," meaning that the hurrah-boys spirit had evaporated. We had seen the slain of the Confederates on South Mountain and our own dead at Antietam, and the grave fact that we had engaged to be, and had become, slayers of our fellowmen stared us in the face, without the glamour of flash oratory and colored lights about it. The thoughtful ones compared this fact with the religious teachings of New England, and found it hard to reconcile their duty with the gospel of the peaceful Jesus. Truly, one should not be nurtured among the doves if he is fated to contend with the eagles. The depression which usually affects the mind for a time after the excitement of severe battle was upon us.

The less easily impressed found amusement in bathing in the creek, hunting for paw-paws, and even horse-racing was tried, until the quartermaster objected to it as deleterious to Government property. Some found relief by visiting the hospitals and caring for friends. Our hearts were not yet hardened to the battle, nor had we learned to submit patiently to the long delays in camp. We were cheered by the calls of visitors from home. In this camp Mayor Fay, of Chelsea, and Miss Gilson were introduced to the regiment. They were ministering angels to our wounded on this and many subsequent occasions. Rev. J. G. Bartholomew and Messrs. A. Josselyn and William Barton, of

Roxbury, visited camp about the first of October and tasted life in the bivouac. Mrs. N. A. Moulton and Eben Manson, of Newburyport, left home immediately after the battle of Antietam, taking with them two trunks filled with lint, bandages, and delicacies for the sick and wounded. They visited all the hospitals where men of the Thirty-Fifth could be found; and, while they were searching for wounded men from Company B, they did not overlook those from other companies. They visited the field hospitals at Antietam, and came to the regiment when we were at the Iron-works.

The Kanawha Division and General J. D. Cox, our corps commander, left the Ninth Corps to return to their department west of the mountains. They were of good fighting material, and are entitled to the first honors of South Mountain. It was General Cox and his men who, early in the day, turning a reconnoissance into a battle, gained and held the south side of the pass until support arrived to secure the victory.

On the twenty-sixth we moved by way of the Iron-works to the more level ground on the east side of the Antietam, and went into regular camp near a brick house, making shelters of rails and corn stalks. Camp duty, with all the formalities, sick call, orderlie's call, morning company drill, and afternoon battalion movements and dress parade, was undertaken in earnest under Major Willard. Our first grand review of the Ninth Army Corps was held October 3, in the fields north of our camp ground, the President, Lincoln himself, riding past, accompanied by Generals McClellan, Burnside and others—all smiling and apparently on the best of terms with each other.

The nights were growing cold and frosty, and the thin Confederate blankets, which many had not been able to exchange, were a poor protection from the weather. We

were pleased, therefore, to receive, on the fifth, wall tents for the officers and shelter tents for the men, the latter being the first of the kind we had possessed. They were pieces of stout drilling or light duck cloth, about five feet and a half square, with buttons and holes along three of the edges. By joining two, four, or six of these, and laying them over a ridge pole supported by two crotched stakes, a low tent was made, much more comfortable as an abode than one would imagine. Each man carried his piece upon his pack on the march, and every night the little shelters sprang up like mushrooms, almost as soon as the halt was ordered. These were the only roofs over our heads until the end of our service, with brief exceptions; and many a soldier will remember, almost with affection, his little square of weather-stained, scorched or patched shelter tent, which protected him from the cold rains and snows of winter and the burning suns of summer.

On the seventh of October the regiment again broke camp and climbed the mountains, eastward, over roads rough and full of obstacles, descending into Pleasant Valley—a spot fittingly named—and camped near the opening of the valley, under Maryland Heights, three or four miles from Harper's Ferry. The rough life in our rude huts of rails had the natural effect upon the personal appearance of our men, and at the inspection held immediately after our arrival we were honored with the information that ours was the dirtiest regiment in the brigade. To think that we could have so soon rivalled, even surpassed the veterans in their most noticeable characteristic! The major felt hurt, and worked incessantly and effectually to remedy the deformity.

Our ranks gradually swelled by the return of convalescents. A lot of knapsacks—five hundred selected at random from the one thousand which the regiment left at

Arlington — were sent up from Washington, and some lucky men found their own among them. A change of underclothing had become extremely desirable. On the tenth the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment, afterwards our fast friends, joined the brigade. They were remarkable for their colonel — the cordial Walter Harriman — for their dark-blue overcoats, handsome new Springfield rifles, and, last but not least, their brass band. Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth returned on the thirteenth of October and took command, his wound being sufficiently healed. The most earnest efforts were now made by him to improve the regiment in field movements, especially the drill in formations against cavalry, by fours, by platoons, etc. Our first brigade drill under General Ferrero was held on the twentieth of the month.

The spirit of the men improved ; strength returned with the cooling air, better food and constant exercise ; and the army was ready for the field again. The health of the men of the regiment was remarkably good ; there was no case of dangerous disease in the hospital of the regiment. There had been no death by disease in the regiment since its organization.

Meanwhile General Lee's army lay in the Shenandoah Valley, along the banks of the Opequan, waiting for the Union forces to cross the Potomac.



## CHAPTER IV.

FALL CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA — SKIRMISH AT FAUQUIER  
SULPHUR SPRINGS, 1862.

SINCE leaving Arlington the weather had been dry, with occasional showers, which had caused no special discomfort; but, on the twenty-sixth of October, a heavy rain storm prevailed, swelling the brooks and softening the roads. Fortunately for us we now had shelter tents. Orders were received in the rain to be ready to move, and, at noon of the twenty-seventh, the brigade fell into column and left the Pleasant Valley—now dreary after the autumnal rain. We marched directly to the Potomac, passing under the canal by a stone culvert, through which a swollen brook also found a passage. A short distance down the river, at Berlin, a pontoon-bridge had been thrown across, composed of the very boats afterwards so famous for not being at Fredericksburg at the time they were wanted. They were the first we had seen, and, with the usual precautionary order to break step, we passed the famous river and trod again upon Virginia soil; this time no jubilant song announced the fact, but the step was steadier and more soldierly. The Maryland campaign had left but about four hundred men for duty with the regiment.

Our brigade was among the first to cross, the Ninth Corps, now under General Wilcox, going over this bridge, followed by the First Corps. The Second and Fifth Corps passed through Harper's Ferry and Snicker's Gap, and the

Sixth Corps crossed at another point. Moving slowly along through Lovettsville and the fine country thereabouts, we halted several days near Wheatland at the end of the month, to make out our first pay-rolls; a difficult task, so many had been the changes since leaving Lynnfield.

There was a charm in those autumnal days along the Blue Ridge which it is pleasant to recall; the purple hills lying upon our right, the foliage blazing forth in ruddy hues, the soft sunlight, the hazy air, and the picturesque columns of cavalry, infantry and artillery, in glittering array, filling the roads—all pleased or soothed the senses. The evening camp-fires shone out cheerily, while the boys gathered around and told stories, cracked jokes, or discussed the movements in progress. Some will remember the acrid smoke from the wood fires thereabouts, making the eyelids sore and causing much manœuvring to get to windward of the blaze. General Pleasanton's cavalry preceded the infantry, and occupied the different passes, called gaps, in the mountains as the army advanced. Thus we came opposite and passed successively Snicker's Gap, Ashby's Gap, Manassas Gap and Chester Gap—famous scenes of cavalry fights and of Stuart's and Mosby's raids—and by the eighth of November had reached the country in front of Thornton's Gap.

The itinerary of each day's march is as follows: October 27, crossed at Berlin and camped near Lovettsville. October 28, remained in same place and laid out camp with company streets. October 29, knapsack drill at 10 A. M.; marched in afternoon through Lovettsville, about eight miles, bivouac; Companies G, I and K in woods, in support of a battery. October 30, reveille at 3 A. M.; marched at 7 A. M., for two hours, about four miles, to Wheatland; making out pay-rolls rest of day and night.



October 31, at Wheatland all day; picket duty; muster for pay; order to pack up at 10 P. M.; did not march. November 1, brigade drill in the afternoon; the Ninth Corps under Burnside again, with Second and Twelfth Corps. November 2 (Sunday), marched at 10 A. M., and until 5.30 P. M., fifteen miles; cannonade ahead all day; bivouac in field by side of wood near Bloomfield, called Cornstalk Camp; General Hancock, in Snicker's Gap, repulsed the enemy. November 3, pitched tents at 11 A. M.; began a forced march a little before 3 P. M. of seven miles; stopped in woods to load rifles; passed through Bloomfield, and camped at 5.30 P. M. November 4, marched at 9 A. M., about six miles, and camped near Upperville; firing heard all day. November 5, reveille at 4.30 A. M.; marched from 8 A. M. to 12 M.; passed through Upperville, crossed Manassas Railroad at Piedmont and camped near there; firing heard all day; many stone walls by the road. November 6, left camp at 9 A. M., but waited in the road until 11.15 A. M.; then marched fifteen miles in five hours; camped near Orleans; cold and windy. November 7, snow all day; marched from 4 P. M. until 6 P. M., halted in mud hole, then marched back five miles to the right road; water froze in canteens; cavalry pickets left ground as we came up to bivouac in woods.

By day the artillery of the cavalry would be heard ahead, while we hurried forward to give support if needed, or waited until they had reconnoitred the country in front. By night some details would lie out on picket towards the Blue Ridge, in the moonlight; the baaing of a calf or squealing of a captured pig would be smothered with difficulty; the rattling of sabres upon stirrups and clatter of hoofs of an approaching squadron would be heard, the vidette's challenge, the reply, the whispered countersign, and "Pass, friends!"—all the romantic accompaniments of cam-

paingning. But it was not all brightness, for on the seventh, near Orleans, the clouds hung gray with flurries of snow all day, and at night it increased to a driving snow storm. The scene was dismal and wintry as the darkness gathered around the column plodding along over the whitened ground amid the falling snow-flakes — picturesque, indeed, but foretoking future hardship. The spirits of the men were not enlivened when, after halting and jerking along until late in the evening down a muddy cut towards Hedge-man's River, or some such branch of the North Fork of the Rappahannock, word was received from ahead that we were upon the wrong road, the bridge was down, and the rough track of five miles must be retraced. On such occasions soldiers are apt to indulge in language more strong than choice ; the right to grumble is reserved in the terms of enlistment. The mud hole was nicknamed on the spot Ferrero's Gap. Recovering the right road, the brigade went into bivouac along it beside bright fires of oak rails.

During this campaign the war was waged "with the gloves on," and orders were very strict against depre-dation. On this night a staff officer rode among the groups of shivering men about the wagons, repeating, "Take the top rail only, men ; the top rail only !" Accordingly each man took his turn in going for a top rail, the fires did not lack for fuel, and, strange to relate, in the morning few even of the bottom rails were left — in course of the night even these had become top rails. It would be a sad sight to a land owner, but a comical one to the disinterested spectator to see, the moment a regi-ment went into camp and ranks were broken, with what speed the men rushed to the nearest rail fence, and how the rails, like Birnam wood, seemed to take legs and the whole fence come marching back to the stacks of arms.

But on this night other events were occurring of greater importance to the future of the army and ourselves. By orders from Washington General McClellan was relieved of the command of the army, and General Burnside was directed to succeed him. The news of this change took the troops by surprise, and was almost as great a shock to the men as if the general commanding had been assassinated. General McClellan seemed as much a constituent part of the Army of the Potomac as General Lee formed of his army, and the affection for him, both among the officers and the rank and file, was grievously wounded. Of General Burnside we new troops knew little; all we did know was to his advantage as a man and an officer, and we were proud of him as our corps commander, hitherto always successful; but soldiers in our army saw their general seldom and never intimately. There was a feeling in the Ninth Corps that we, in spite of ourselves, were partakers in the guilt of this unpopular change, since our favorite general had taken precedence by it, and that it would create a coldness between the men of the other corps of the army and our own, which had not been a sharer in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, but until this event was being rapidly assimilated with it.

The change was important to us personally, because if General Burnside had remained a corps commander only we, probably, should always have remained in the Army of the Potomac.

On the eighth the vanguard of the army seemed to have outmarched the supply trains; rations were insufficient, and cattle were killed, and beef, broiled upon the coals and eaten without bread, was the only food obtainable to stay the sharp hunger of the men. The mountains bend away to the west near Chester Gap, so that our southerly course lay further away from them. Passing

Waterloo we crossed the Upper Rappahannock at Millville, where the bridge was broken, and the Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts kept on, west, to the further end of the village of Amissville, conspicuous for several painted houses with green blinds and trailing roses still in bloom, while the rest of the brigade turned more southerly to Jefferson. At this time two divisions of Stonewall Jackson's Corps were yet in the Shenandoah Valley, while Lee and Longstreet were about Culpeper. General McClellan, writing of his intentions in this campaign, says:—

“I did expect that by striking in between Culpeper Court House and Little Washington I could either separate their army and beat them in detail, or else force them to concentrate as far back as Gordonsville, and thus place the Army of the Potomac in position either to adopt the Fredericksburg line of advance upon Richmond or be removed to the Peninsula, etc.”

The cavalry, with our division in support, was apparently in execution of this scheme, and we were now practically between the widely separated wings of the Confederate army and far in advance of our base. All was quiet about us, however, on Sunday the ninth, although the inhabitants seemed to view us askance, as if anticipating our early departure, if not capture. Service was held in the little wayside church, without steeple, near our camp ground, by our chaplain, assisted by others. A private of the Fifty-First died suddenly here; he was said to have been poisoned, a common report in the early days of the war. At dress-parade the official order changing the commander of the army was read. About dark that evening our First Brigade relieved the two regiments at Amissville, and we made a quick march over a rough road to Jefferson and

took position with our brigade on some rising ground overlooking the country to the westward.

In the morning heavy firing was heard in our front, and orders were received to pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice. The Twenty-First Massachusetts, Fifty-First New York and Eleventh New Hampshire marched off in the direction of the noise, the Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts remaining in camp waiting further orders. A little before noon the three regiments came back, reporting that the enemy had "skedaddled." Distant firing continued during the day. The affair was probably a reconnoissance of the Confederates to ascertain our position and strength. They were working down opposite us through the highlands. We could see the Blue Ridge Mountains from camp, their tops covered with snow. Rations continued scanty, and the men tried to quiet the pangs of hunger with unripe persimmons, a puckery diet, not suited to make "living off the country" a favorite system with us. The place was memorable for the immense flock of crows which darkened the air in their flight out and returning to their roosts.

After the Confederates retired, our brigade staff seemed well assured of the security of our position; not so, some of the regimental commanders, who of their own accord kept pickets out along their fronts. At 11 P. M. of the eleventh there was a stir in rear of our brigade, caused by the arrival of a reconnoitring party, sent from our rear to find out who we were. We having crossed above and come down the west side of the North Fork of the Rappahannock, our presence in their front was unknown to the division of our army posted on the river, and the sound of our firing was quite unaccountable to them. Word was sent to General Burnside, and orders came for

us to return to the north bank of the river. We were roused quietly at half-past one in the morning of the twelfth, and at 4 A. M. stole off in the darkness upon the road to the rear, recrossing the Rappahannock at Fauquier White Sulphur Springs by climbing over trees felled into the river, the bridge having been destroyed during General Pope's campaign of the previous summer. We had had a narrow escape from a serious and unprepared-for attack, if not surprise, by General Stuart, whose adjutant-general informed our lieutenant-colonel—his unwilling guest a few nights afterwards—that Stuart's troops had prepared to give us a lively time at daylight with their whole force, and would very likely have captured most of our brigade.

At the Springs we were entirely out of rations for a day, but there was corn for the animals, and we watched them crunching it, and tried cracking the grains with our teeth; we had not yet learned how to satisfactorily appease our appetite if we could lay hands upon an ear of corn. Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth and Adjutant Wales, enticed by hunger, next day recrossed the river to Miller's house—not the white mansion-house visible from camp, but beyond it—about half a mile distant, where three men of the Fifty-First Pennsylvania were posted; our outer pickets and cavalry being nearly half a mile further out. While they were eating, a Confederate major, with a squad of cavalry, coming in through a gap in our line of posts, surrounded the house, captured our officers and the three Pennsylvanians, and marched them off to Richmond, not to return until the following spring. As they passed out they saw our pickets, and the major said to our officers, "If they fire on us we may be your prisoners"; but our men did not fire. Our officers were exonerated from blame in the matter by a letter from General Sturgis.

The disturbance caused upon the opposite bank by this

capture was noticed from our camp, but its cause was not immediately comprehended. As soon as the alarm was given our battery opened upon the houses, and the regiments were ordered to fall in. The Thirty-Fifth, under Major Willard, crossed to the west bank and skirmished up to the houses where our officers had been waylaid; lines were formed and parties sent out, but nothing was discovered of the missing ones or their captors. The regiment remained on the spot all night. No fires were permitted, and as, in the hurry, many had brought no overcoats, there was much suffering from cold until a detail of men was sent to camp for them. The boys remember this as one of the nights when Jack Frost had unobstructed sway. There was no alarm during the night, and in the morning the regiment returned to camp, feeling rather lonesome without their trusted Carruth and frolicsome Wales.

The retirement of the brigade from Jefferson may have given the Confederates a hint that with a change of commanders a change of plan of campaign might occur. In fact, on the fourteenth, while we were returning from our reconnoissance, General Halleck was telegraphing to General Burnside the President's consent to the plan of advance upon Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, adding the words, "He thinks it will succeed if you move rapidly, otherwise not."

Early in the morning of November 15 we received orders to march, and broke camp; but, it being the turn of the Thirty-Fifth to march in rear, we waited until the whole Second Division had passed before moving. There were two roads down the river towards Fayetteville, one of which led back from the Rappahannock, the other passed the Springs and ruined hotels and, as it approached the river, turned to the left, in full view from the opposite



bank. No secrecy was attempted in the movement, as one would naturally expect. The whole division took the road nearest to the river, followed by the ambulances and train of wagons. The high canvas covers of the wagons shone out conspicuously as they traversed the hills bordering the lowlands of the river-bed. As we came near the river we saw our cavalry pickets rushing down the hill on the opposite side, and suspected danger. The Confederate force on the west bank, said to be part of Stuart's cavalry, was tempted by the display of our flank march to further the President's recommendation with a shower of shells from a battery planted near Hoffman's house. A more rapid movement of trains was never seen, in fact it was quite a stampede, as the bursting missiles came whizzing about the ears of the teamsters, who never were fond of the picket line. We also would have been content to follow the brigade at a lively pace in pursuance of the President's advice. But two of the wagons got overturned at the brook or mud hole east of the Springs and were destroyed; the rear of the train had to be turned back upon the other road, and our general began to think that Stuart was having all the fun to himself. So he posted Durell's battery and two guns of Roemer's along the ridge, with orders to silence their opponents across the river, and ordered the Thirty-Fifth back towards the Springs to support the guns. Then ensued a brilliant display of artillery practice, the positions on both sides being excellent, and the cannoneers working their pieces with a fury that darkened the sky with smoke and made the air quiver with the explosions.

There was a little hut upon the hill exposed to the enemy's fire, and during the shelling the door was flung open and a man rushed out carrying a child, followed by



a woman bearing another. The fright had so overcome the poor woman that she fell headlong in the road before her door—it was a pitiful sight. She was raised immediately and escaped to the woods unhurt. At the same time the ambulances were passing, in one of which, upon the front seat, was Miss Gilson, of Chelsea, riding calmly along amid the bursting shells—not the only time the regiment saw this lady present under fire.

After the wagons had passed the regiment was posted under the ridge occupied by the artillery, and ordered to lie down. Lieutenant McIlvaine, of Durell's Battery, was mortally wounded, and carried by us, and one of the gunners had his arm torn off. Only one of our regiment was struck by a shell and he was not badly hurt, which was wonderful, so many shells struck around, about and, apparently, even among the men. It was said that the enemy also fired pieces of railroad iron, but they may have been oblong or percussion shells which had acquired an end-over-end motion after first striking the ground.

Some mounted men appeared towards the ford of the river, as if attempting to cross; a company of the Seventh Rhode Island was on picket there. The Thirty-Fifth was now ordered back to the Springs, and lay down at the opening of the road. Lieutenants Stickney and Hudson were sent forward to dispute the crossing. Chaplain Miller showed himself quite cool in danger while observing the enemy from this position, so the day was notable also as the only occasion when we saw a chaplain in action. General Burns's Division came up on our right, and Lieutenant Benjamin planted his twenty-pounders upon the hill near the Springs. When he opened, the enemy felt a sudden call in the direction of Culpeper, the cross fire was too much for them, they decamped and we saw no more of Stuart or his battery. During this skirmish Major

Willard commanded, Captain Andrews acted as lieutenant-colonel, Lieutenant Blanchard commanding Company A, and Captain Lathrop acted as major.\*

We started after the brigade, but had not gone far when the regiment was halted, then sent to the right into the woods, on picket at Lawson's Ford. There we spent an uncomfortable night, without fires, on account of the nearness of the enemy. To the soldier lack of fire means lack of his pot of coffee by the cheerful blaze after a hard day's work, and is not willingly endured whatever the danger. There was at least one flame alight down by the brook that night, over which some chops of a young pig were sizzling with dry corn parching in the fat. During the night Quartermaster Haines, with Upton and Cutter, came up to the regiment, bringing needed rations from the commissary wagons.

On the following day (Sunday, the sixteenth) we resumed the march, joined the brigade at Fayetteville and kept on to camp near Warronton Junction, on the railroad, passing through masses of the infantry of the other divisions of the army of which we had seen but little for some time. This was one of the hardest marches of the campaign, and, by a singular coincidence, it happened upon the very day upon which President Lincoln issued his famous order in regard to the observance of Sunday in the army. At the Junction the morning of the seventeenth opened with rain, which, with intervals of drizzle, continued for several days. Rations had been so scanty that an order of Major Willard for one hard bread apiece, extra, was received with cheers. We started again in the afternoon towards Fredericksburg, and pushed along rapidly through the fields beside the road, which was left for the passage of the artillery and wagons, and, in the same way, through the

\* An account of this skirmish is printed in 6 Rebellion Record, 195.

mud and drizzle on the eighteenth, leaving camp about 7 A. M. and marching until noon. Many troops were in motion. General Burnside passed, on the way to Falmouth. On the nineteenth, in a down-pour of rain, the brigade reached Falmouth, and marched through its one street with the band playing "Yankee Doodle," and so came out upon the open plateau near the Rappahannock, opposite the upper part of the city of Fredericksburg. General Sumner with the Second Corps had preceded us, and we were probably the last of his Grand Division to arrive. The plain was blue with lines of troops between us and the river; the waters of which ran turbid with the recent rains, and foaming among the rocks, where had been an easy ford in the drier seasons.

At that time there was but a small Confederate force in Fredericksburg; the movement, so far as concerned their unpreparedness here, seeming to have been successful, notwithstanding the hint of motion this way which we had given them at the Sulphur Springs. As we approached Falmouth the report was circulated that the army would cross the river at once, keep on direct to Richmond, and be there at Christmas. Something of the sort was our general's intention, but, on arrival at the point of passage, the pontoons were not in readiness, and no means were at hand for crossing the trains. We waited near the railroad some time, the boys occupying the moments so decisive of the campaign in plucking up wild garlic, which grew abundantly there and was a novelty to us. The brigade then marched to the plateau above the railroad, and went into camp in the wide fields south of the Phillips House, a handsome mansion in the modern style and a prominent landmark, afterwards the headquarters of General Sumner and chief signal station of the army, where the powerful telescopes and observation balloons were objects of interest.

Everything was wet; it continued to rain all day the twentieth and twenty-first, and, in pitching camp in company streets, some dried a spot to lie upon by first building fires upon the ground for the tent. Fences disappeared at once, and our fuel henceforth was the green pitch pine, with some beech wood near the river where the pickets were. We lay until the twenty-fourth in this uncomfortable, ill-drained location, the weather at last turning cold and freezing the rough ground. The only memorable event there was that, after the usual inspection and service on Sunday the twenty-third, the regiment formed by divisions-in-mass on centre division, and, after the chaplain had read the Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Andrew, Major Willard required the whole regiment to repeat in unison the final words, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" We did so, but felt all the time that the Old Commonwealth was safe enough at home, and what most needed saving, or a little Thanksgiving comfort, was the Thirty-Fifth Regiment.

The day after this ceremony (the twenty-fourth) the brigade moved to a drier position, north-east of the Phillips House, and formed camp in a hollow square, the Fifty-First New York and Fifty-First Pennsylvania being on the west side, the Twenty-First Massachusetts on the south, we on the east and the Eleventh New Hampshire on the north. The space in the centre was used for drills and dress-parade. The Eleventh had a brass band which played for evening parades, each regiment facing inward in front of its camp and all going through the form together. In the absence of Adjutant Wales, Lieutenants Blanchard and Stickney, successively, performed the duties of that office. The brigade was reviewed by General Sumner on the twenty-sixth. About the same date First Sergeant Oscar R. Livingstone was promoted to the rank

of second lieutenant, Sergeant-Major Hatch was promoted to second lieutenant, and Sergeant S. G. Berry succeeded him as sergeant-major of the regiment.

On the twenty-seventh (Thanksgiving Day) a brigade service was held at 10 A. M. The chaplain of the Eleventh New Hampshire read the proclamation of that State and made appropriate remarks, the band played a few pieces, and three hymns were sung. The services were quite interesting.

From the Phillips House a wide view could be had of the city of Fredericksburg opposite. The streets of the city were regularly laid out, running parallel with the river and at right angles to it, making blocks, most of the buildings being of wood, except upon the principal streets where brick was generally used. Rumors came to us of a cavalry charge through the town, and a good deal was said about flags of truce and agreements not to fire upon the city and its evacuation by the inhabitants. Behind the buildings of the city, upon the hills, earthworks and batteries began to appear, and General Lee and his army were plainly preparing to receive us, when, if ever, our time to cross here should come.

Details were made for picket along the river bank — the tour of duty being twenty-four hours — and no firing allowed at the men in gray opposite. On the thirtieth the regiment had one hundred and sixty men on this duty. Fatigue parties were also sent to the rear, road making, where they learned how to lay corduroy, with a foundation of logs and cross pieces of smaller timber, the only means of keeping the wagons above ground in that bottomless country. These workers reported about the first of December that they had seen the pontoon boats a little way to the rear of our camp, in the hollow; accordingly we began to look for a move, which we did not relish just

then for we were anticipating a first visit from the paymaster—money having been among the things lost to sight but to memory dear for some time past.

A ration of potatoes was issued—an article we had nearly forgotten the use of—and company streets were ordered swept in the morning of December 4; and, as a matter of course after such preparation to stay, orders came, while we were on battalion drill in the afternoon, to move at half-past four, and we packed up in a bad humor. The march was but a short distance, only about three miles south, down the river to the rear of a battery, which we were sent to guard and had some difficulty in finding. It was Battery B, Second Battalion, New York Artillery; the guns, four Parrott twenty-pounders. Camp was located and tents pitched in a storm of rain, with hail and snow.

Thenceforward for a week, sentries were kept constantly on duty pacing the parapet of the little earthwork of the battery, overlooking the level ground below, the river flowing in its deep bed, and the lower part of the city and the plain over which General Franklin's left wing of the army afterwards made its advance. The officer of the battery said he had been in that position since November 20, entirely without support. Next day Captain Lathrop, sent out by the major to see if there were any troops near us, met pickets some ways back from our camp, who said that they were the outer pickets, and they knew nothing of our regiment and the battery being outside of them.

On the sixth three inches of snow fell; it was freezing in true New England style, and the weather was as genuine an importation from Massachusetts as the regiment itself. The men not on guard duty employed themselves in cutting wood, a constant labor in a winter camp, and some engaged in logging up their tents, orders or permission to do so

having been given about the eighth of December. The slang word in that camp was "promptly," everything had to be done promptly, from turning out at dress-parade to dealing out the messes of baked beans. In the "Memoir of Major Willard" there are given at length interesting letters from him, describing the night duty at the battery, the watch fires of the enemy, the logging up, and the worn out shoes and almost bare feet of some of the men from their rough tramp along the Blue Ridge. Members of the regiment received new boots by mail, which was then considered a novel use for the postal service. The sutler came on the ninth, a certain forerunner of the paymaster, who arrived next day, paying off the companies at different hours from the tenth to the twelfth.

Meanwhile General Burnside had been endeavoring to devise a way to get at the Confederates on something like an equal footing, if possible. He concluded to try to seize the heights behind the city by surprise, success to depend upon the "promptness" of execution. Where we were, the river was bordered by plains or table-lands rising like terraces, one above another. The highest plateau approached the river nearest on the east bank, giving our artillery full command of the city and the plain below it. Down stream the hills were further back, and General Lee anticipated our crossing at Port Royal rather than in the face of his batteries at the city, and sent Stonewall Jackson down there. Our general made feints in that direction, hoping to make General Lee carelessly secure at the city, to the extent of diminishing his force there and rendering the opposition to be met back of the city easy to be overcome.

On the ninth and tenth the woods behind our camp became filled with infantry and artillery of Franklin's Grand Division — the First and Sixth Corps — among



whom we again recognized the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiments. The whole army was massing at the river, the infantry under cover of the trees; but, as soon as it was dark on the tenth, three batteries took positions along the heights where our battery was. The night was very cold and the ground frozen; the rumbling of the gun carriages and cries of the drivers to their horses made a great noise, and must have been heard by the enemy.

The paymaster was busy at Major Willard's headquarters until midnight of the tenth distributing the crisp greenbacks, some of the boys said to put us in good humor for the fight, as if a soldier could possibly be in a mind for a death struggle with his pockets full of cash. It was whispered that the pontoons had been run down to the bank in the darkness, and the crossing would be attempted at three o'clock in the morning.

The opinion prevalent in an army, its morale, powerfully influences the success of its campaigns, and commanders of armies composed of "thinking bayonets" are specially solicitous to bring this opinion to concert with their plans; failing in this they hesitate before perilous action. The past year's experience in the conduct of war in Virginia had convinced many of the thinking men in the service that it was expecting too much of the army to suppose it would be able by direct assault to force back General Lee from his position upon the Rappahannock, and the successive lines of the Mattaponi, North and South Annas, Pamunkey and Chickahominy, to Richmond, amid the storms, snows and mud of winter, with rivers and swamps swollen by rains; the season seemed to forbid undertaking such a campaign, if ever advisable. General Burnside was more sanguine of success, for he, with subordinate armies at Roanoke Island, Newberne, South Mountain and An-



tietam Bridge, had given the Confederates the odds of position and had uniformly won. He naturally reasoned that what had been done on a small scale could be done on a larger, if equal energy were displayed; moreover, he hoped to effect a surprise. The general, therefore, with an army more or less disaffected towards his purpose, was about to attempt the first step in this herculean labor.



## CHAPTER V.

FREDERICKSBURG, AND WINTER NEAR FALMOUTH, 1862-63.

THE opening of the contest at Fredericksburg was as impressive as it was unfortunate. All the companies except K had been paid before midnight, and the men had been asleep in their little shelters a few hours when there arose from the darkness and fog of the river the heavy boom of signal guns, continued with occasional shots, volleys and shouts of combatants. At last a crossing was being attempted, and the engineers were trying to lay the pontoon bridges. Many a man's heart beat faster at the dread sound. More than one soldier bent his knee upon the pine boughs of his rough bed and prayed for strength to do his duty manfully, and that God would give the victory to the cause which seemed so righteous. And yet—could it be right to attack, with fire and shells, a city filled with homes only partly abandoned?—how could a victory follow, when the best of our men were shocked by a devastation so opposed to their principles; when the meanest spirit among our opponents could not but be made a hero by the sight of his own city laid waste?—thus, morally also, we were placed in a wrong position at the very beginning.

The regiment was awakened at three in the morning. At dawn, orders were received for us to join the brigade at the Phillips House. By count, we had seventeen officers and three hundred and fifty-three men in line. They were

to take blankets and shelter tents only, in a roll across the shoulders, and two days' rations. The ground was frozen and slippery in damp places, the morning bright overhead, foggy in the river-bed. The lower bridges for Franklin's crossing had been successfully laid, but the upper ones, opposite the city, were not—the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters had been too hot for the engineers to work under. We learned of this delay on our arrival at the brigade, which had intended to cross upon the upper bridge; pending its completion, therefore, we had nothing to do but wait, sitting upon boards or tufts of grass near the Phillips House. Many of the members improved the opportunity to drop a few lines home, and send off the surplus of greenbacks, just received, by our ever-to-be-remembered friend, Mayor Fay, of Chelsea.

Our artillery—some one hundred and fifty guns of various calibre—opened all along our lines upon the unfortunate city, for the purpose, as was said, of driving out the Mississippi sharpshooters hidden in the houses opposite the bridges; and, if noise could compel them, they would have left in a hurry, for of all the thunder of artillery heard by the regiment during the war this seemed the loudest. It was a constant, booming roar, rising and falling in a peculiar way, occasioned, some said, by the echoes from the city, or along the river headlands; gun-boats were mentioned at the time, but there were no vessels so near to the city. Only houses were injured; the sharpshooters, though silenced for awhile, remained until volunteers from the Seventh Michigan, Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts and Eighty-Ninth New York crossed in boats and gallantly drove them out of the city. All this was invisible to us, on account of the lowness of the river-bed; only the rattle of the musketry and sounds of the contest were audible to us.

It was early dark in the afternoon when the bridges were completed, too late for any important further action. The regiment was ordered back to the battery, and plodded along through the now soft mud, to find their quarters laid waste and the camp ground cut up by passing artillery and wagons. Hardly were arms stacked when the order came for the regiment to return to the Phillips House, with a view to crossing the river that night. In an ill humor the men fell in and retraced the heavy track across the sea of mud. The glow of burning buildings in the opposite city could be seen through the fog. It was quite dark; changes of positions of troops had been made; the head of the column got bewildered and wandered around over the open plain, with frequent halts to discuss localities, in a way to distract tired men carrying abundant luggage. At last our station was reached, only to find the order countermanded, with direction to return again to the battery—could the English language furnish words to express our emotions! It was a wearisome tramp back to camp, and, when arrived there, it was difficult to find a dry spot large enough to spread a blanket. One man noticed the long hole in the ground, which had been dug and used for an oven to bake some company's beans, and, raking out the ashes, he made a luxurious bed, remarking, "There'd be many a poor fellow over there to-morrow night would be glad of such a nice, comfortable grave to bury himself in!"

Next morning (the twelfth) the regiment, under Major Willard—Captain Andrews having been appointed acting lieutenant-colonel and Captain Lathrop acting major—taking the road by the river side, instead of upon the high land, reached the upper pontoons and crossed to join the brigade, which was found massed on the bank above the bridges, sheltered from the enemy's artillery by the river

bank and the houses of the city. As we passed over we noted the holes in the pontoon boats made by the bullets of the enemy the day before. Arms were stacked, packs unslung and piled, and the men, a few at a time, wandered up into the city to see the sights, while the remainder devoted themselves to gazing between the houses at the enemy's earthworks beyond the plain back of the town, or sat upon the bank watching the dropping of the shot into the river, aimed by guess at the pontoons, and passing over our heads to plunge their cold hearts into the frigid waters of the Rappahannock. The bottom of that river must be iron-clad. We had hardly been in Fredericksburg an hour when we saw Mayor Fay and Miss Gilson coming on foot over the pontoon bridge. As regiments came down the east bank to cross, their flags and glistening steel would attract the eyes of the Confederate gunners, and well-aimed shots would cause a ducking of heads and swaying from side to side in the ranks, quite amusing to see when the missile did not take effect, but serious when it did. The visitors to the main streets returned, generally bringing some useless article which the inhabitants had not removed, and which had attracted the soldier's fancy, but which he was not allowed to retain by the provost-guard. Tobacco was discovered in great abundance, in various shapes of pig, plug and twist. Several had found old-fashioned calico dresses and bonnets and came back dressed in them, cutting a swell appearance and exciting much mirth. It was a sickening mixture of death and frivolity.

Lieutenant Hudson and members of Company D from Wayland happened upon the body of Reverend Arthur B. Fuller, former Chaplain of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment, which they at once identified and cared for. This noble spirit, while on his way the day before to take

passage for Washington, had been caught in the enthusiasm at the moment of the crossing in boats, joined as a volunteer in the assault, rifle in hand, and was killed in the streets of the city. His body had lain among the unrecognized dead until discovered by the members of our regiment. The watches and valuable parcels entrusted to him for conveyance home had been rifled from his body by the plundering followers of the army.

Darkness and fog settled down; another night of uncertainty for us and of preparation for the enemy was coming on, and, with the soldiers' wise thought for the comfort of the present moment, the men gathered boards and old doors from the houses and fences, and laid them in lines behind the stacks of arms, for dry but rather hard beds, and slept. No fires were permitted during the darkness.

The morning of the thirteenth was foggy, as usual. In other wars, and on several occasions during this, fog and darkness were taken advantage of, to enable an assaulting force to approach the enemy's works. In this case, as the individual courage of the men was to be relied upon, and not leadership, and the purpose was so obvious to every one, it is possible that the Union loss would have been less, and chance of success greater, had the troops been massed under cover of this mysterious obscurity, near enough for a charge upon the works at a run. On the left of the army a brilliant dash was made during the morning, with success at first; a movement very like the many left-flank moves at Petersburg, with similar results: confusion by advancing in a wooded country, an exposed flank, and a return discomfited to the starting point. General Meade took a prominent part in the movement, and the chivalrous Bayard was killed.

During the morning our brigade moved up into the

principal street, and, with halts, southerly to near the railroad track and station. Here, towards noon, there was a rest for an hour or so in the street under cover of the houses. Rations of raw salt pork were distributed. The artillery of the enemy, distant about half a mile, had a complete rake of the streets running at right angles to the river; and we watched their shots, the puffs of smoke from the guns, the bursting of the shells near at hand, and the showers of pieces clattering along the streets and upon the sides of the houses, at which last part of the performance we drew back our heads and relied upon our ears. From our position we could see no movement of their infantry; but there was no appearance of our general having effected his purpose of catching General Lee asleep. Occasionally a solid shot or percussion shell would come smashing through the buildings in front, scattering the plaster and clouds of lime dust. Such pounding was as harmless to us as our bombardment of two days before had been to them. We saw a brigade, or division, in good order come from near the railway station and move to our right among the houses, as if to make an assault, which we could not see; they had green in their caps, and were said to be General Meagher's men. The ground, over which we looked, westward to the enemy's lines was a rolling plain, cut just at our left by the railroad running south-west, then south, its cutting deepening as it neared their position. Houses, trees and fences were scattered over the plain. The sun shone brightly upon the scene.

About one o'clock the major called, "Attention!" The men fell in with compressed lips—the time had come. We marched by the right flank across the railroad, a grade crossing, moved a block south of it, then turning sharp to the west towards the enemy came again to the



railroad beyond the station house, and recrossed to the north side. We passed several dead men, one entirely disembowelled and horribly mangled. Here we faced to the front; General Ferrero appeared for a moment, and gave the word to our commander. Major Willard, starting in front and drawing up his powerful frame to its full height, waving his huge cavalry sabre, gave the order in his sonorous voice, "Forward — Thirty-Fifth! On centre — dress! Remember Antietam!" and set the example himself by leading on. The regiment kept a good line, and, at a double-quick, rapidly neared the Confederates. Their shells struck all about; some would burst directly in front; there was time to see the explosion, and expect the fragments before they came; the dirt thrown up made the ground seem travelling backward; a man had time to wonder why he was not hit by the whizzing pieces. The sharp hiss of the more dangerous rifle-ball soon became more noticeable. In advancing, the left of the regiment kept along the railroad; and, as that bent to the south, the course was upon a road running directly to the south end of Marye's Heights.

Major Willard, thus leading and encouraging us, doing all that a heroic man could to further our general's plan, was struck by a bullet in the body, and fell upon the field, mortally wounded. The regiment, with the impetus he had given it, passed on, getting breathless with the run and their burdens, men dropping by the enemy's fire all along. We reached a wire fence, enclosing the yard of a white-washed cottage. This fence broke the formation of the line, the wires catching a man by some of his many bags and bundles, and persisting in holding him until he unslung the impedimenta, or was extricated; the right of the regiment had to break through a board fence. Getting through these obstructions, and passing to the side of the

house towards the enemy, we found a little ridge — a hardly noticeable swell in the plain — on the hither side of which the men stopped and lay down to recover breath and reform. Then, advancing to the crest, we found it occupied by men of the Fifty-First Pennsylvania on the left, and the Twenty-First Massachusetts and Eleventh New Hampshire, and troops of the Second Corps, on the right. They were firing at the enemy, and called to us to open also, which we did at once, mingling with them for the purpose.

The Confederates were distant about two hundred and fifty yards. The ground sank down into a considerable hollow from our ridge, then rose to their position, which was at the foot of and upon a steep bank, where the upper plateau, upon which Mr. Marye's house stood, meets the lower. In our front was the south portion of Marye's Heights, so called, and we fired directly towards the spot now occupied by the National Cemetery. We could not distinguish their men well, the color of their clothes and hats being so like the soil of the bank, but aimed at the line of puffs of white smoke from their rifles or the battery behind them. Their infantry was in the sunken road which ran along the base of the bank, covered by the stone bank-wall, since partly or wholly removed, to build, it is said, the porter's lodge at the cemetery.

On our left there were, at first, no troops ; our regiment appeared to be the extreme left of our assaulting line thereabouts. A board fence, running at right angles to the front, separated the left from the right of the regiment. Through this fence a heavy shot from the right occasionally tore a hole, one of them striking a poor fellow in the bowels cut him nearly in two, tore off the leg of another man and dashed it against the fence, then passed on its way, spattering the men near by with blood and fragments

of flesh. The reports of the enemy's guns and the bursting of their shells seemed almost together, we were so near them; and the difficulty they found in depressing their guns was our safety. Sergeant William H. Allen was color-bearer; the regimental flag was torn by bullets, and the staff, cut half through by a ball, broke in two.

We received no orders to advance beyond this ridge, nor was any attempt made to do so, in this part of the line, until nearly dark. No general officer came near the troops for a long time. To all appearances we could have gone considerably nearer the heights, with some such a rush into the hollow as at Antietam, and with similar loss, but the exigency of the battle did not force us to it; our line, at first, would have been too thin to take the works, and the men wisely preferred the ridge to such another valley of death. It was reported at the time along the line that a canal ran in the depression in front, which was not the fact; the real canal was to the right, and nearer the city. The men loaded and fired deliberately, aiming and calculating every shot—but this was not the way to take Marye's Heights. Most of the shots fired at us went too high; but there were sufficient lower down to keep up the excitement, men of our regiment and of the others falling all the time. Soon other lines of regiments—General Nagle's brigade of our corps and General Carroll's brigade of the Third Corps—came up behind us, the men stopping as we had done, breathless, and remaining there, kneeling or lying down, in good lines, but massed closely.

After firing an hour or so our ammunition was expended, and our men drew back from the ridge, inviting the troops behind to move up and continue the firing, which they did. Lying on the hither side of the now muddy slope, we had nothing to do but watch the enemy's missiles and our

troops coming up to reënforce, when we had too many men already, if no further advance was to be made. The cottage behind us caught the enemy's bullets in a manner remarkable to witness; one could tell the height of the thickest of the shower by a glance at the peppered wall. A west chimney seemed to catch everything going, and brick dust flew from it continually; at last, it had crumbled so, the upper part came rattling down amid the shouts of the beholders. The declining sun behind the Confederate lines illuminated the field towards the city, and it was a splendid sight to see the admirably kept lines of battle of our reënforcements, as they came towards us, wavering a little to close up gaps, which the enemy's shells, passing over heads, ploughed in their ranks. One full regiment, or brigade, came on with drum corps beating the charge in superb style. But they all stopped on reaching our position, and lay or stooped down. Columns in mass might have had momentum sufficient to pass the ridge and go down into the hollow, but regiments in line seemed powerless to get past us when once they had stopped for breath after their long run.

A general rode up on horseback to the cottage fence, and waved his hat to the men. It was General Griffin of the Fifth Corps. The cheers with which he was received drowned the sounds of battle. His division had been sent to relieve ours. The Twenty-Second Massachusetts was part of that division; and, taking position along the ridge at our left, they fired by volleys at the word of command, as if upon drill, in an admirable manner. It was near sunset when the Confederate line was relieved or reënforced, for we could see the forms of their men dark against the red western sky. The musketry from our lines redoubled at the sight. The Twenty-Second or Eighteenth Massachusetts, also of Colonel Barnes's brigade—it was impos-

sible to distinguish the regiments there, unless acquainted with the officers (corps badges had not come into use)—was forming column with the leading files over the ridge at this time; they made a charge to the front, but had to come back, leaving their dead in the hollow. Captain Andrews had taken command of our regiment, and, the brigade being relieved, he formed such of the men as could be got together in the mass of troops now gathered behind the ridge, and waiting for darkness lead us back to the city. We had been six hours in line of battle. The field over which we retired was strown with the dead and wounded, and equipments and equipage of all sorts; anything picked up in the darkness, to replace goods lost, was, more likely than not, found dabbled with blood when brought to the light.

The losses in General Sturgis's division had been about one thousand. In General Ferrero's brigade, eighty-three killed and four hundred and thirty wounded; of whom the Eleventh New Hampshire (their first battle) lost thirty killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. The casualties in our regiment were ten killed and about sixty wounded. The slaughter upon our right—where the troops are said to have been more exposed and to have approached nearer the enemy—was greater, General Hancock's division losing two thousand men, General French's twelve hundred—of General Couch's Second Corps—and others in proportion. The total loss in the Union army was 12,353; in the Confederate army, 4,576; as computed by Captain Phisterer.

The names of the killed in the Thirty-Fifth were: Major Sidney Willard; First Lieutenant William Hill, then commanding Company K (both originally officers of Company I); John W. Hodges, of Company C; Avery A. Capen and Isaiah Hunt, of Company E; First Sergeant Daniel

Lamson, of Company H; Corporal John E. McKew and George C. Bunker, of Company I; Oliver S. Currier and Oliver P. Robinson, of Company K.

Lieutenant Hill was a young man from mercantile life, who had been wounded at South Mountain, and was not very generally known in the regiment. Lieutenant Hatch was wounded in the knee, apparently his only vulnerable spot.

Our great and irreparable loss was in Major Willard, an officer who lacked only the experience he was so solicitous to obtain, to have made as fine a soldier, in appearance or acquirements, as the army could produce. Intellectually, morally and physically, he was the beau ideal of a commander of men. It is one of the compensations of the service that it acquaints us with such men, who elevate our conceptions of humanity, yet, too often, leave us only their examples and not their living presence to admire. He died in Fredericksburg the next day; his last words being, "Tell them I tried to do my duty to my country and the regiment." No words can do fit honor to such sacrifice. The motto of the Independent Cadets, with whom he received his military instruction, is "*Monstrat viam.*"

The night, fortunately for the wounded upon the field, was quite warm for the season. We spent it, as before, by the river bank. Some of the officers and men gathered in a house, where services were held. Lieutenant Mirick read from the Bible, and a private soldier offered prayer. In the morning the stragglers were collected, and ammunition was distributed. Small rations of whiskey were dealt out, whether to counteract the fatigue and depression of the defeat or to prepare us for another attempt is not known; for it was during this day that General Burnside, bitterly disappointed at the failure of the assault,—which he at first attributed to slackness in his subordinate gen-

erals—resolved to form the Ninth Corps, consisting of some eighteen old regiments and some new ones, and, placing himself at their head, march to death or victory; but the cooler heads of Generals Sumner, Franklin, Hooker and others dissuaded him. The chance for important results from such an attempt was small; the men were glad to be spared a second trial of such a kind. A mail was received, and the home letters were read during the suspense of waiting. At noon men had found flour in the city, and, as the movement appeared to be abandoned, all who could find utensils busied themselves frying batter cakes for dinner. In such close contact lie, in war, the sublimities of death in the grand assault and the meaner duties by which the life of the soldier is sustained.

It came on very dark at night; orders to “fall-in” were received, and the brigade marched back through the city, as before, to the railway station, where the streets were crowded with moving troops changing positions. Thence, under cover of the darkness, we moved silently out to the position of the day before along the ridge near the two houses, and lay down upon the frozen mud, or, if one were lucky, upon a board from the fence, and, rifle in hand, waited in suspense for any movement from our foes. A counter assault was dreaded in the bad position and rather discouraged condition of the army. We felt how much depended upon our holding the ridge to the death, and the uncertainty of the result of a night attack upon our single line made the situation one of terrible anxiety. The Confederates tried the line, but, finding us ready, desisted. Their generals discussed a plan of attack upon the city, but abandoned it—information which would have been welcome to us that night. The men threw up a little parapet of earth and rubbish, particularly upon the left of the regiment, which was most exposed, which did good



service as a shelter from the sharpshooters when daylight came again.

During the day the situation remained the same, both sides hesitating to take the initiative. Their marksmen were very watchful and quick to fire at any part of the person exposed above the ridge, while our men were forbidden to use their rifles unless attacked. Few moved more than once or twice during the whole day, but some, with the dare-devil recklessness of their kind, would jump up and run a few steps to enjoy the excitement of drawing fire. Another terrible night came on, and it was getting quite past longer endurance when, at midnight, after twenty-eight hours of as trying picket duty as the regiment ever endured, the brigade was relieved, and the men, stiff and unnerved from their enforced quiet, fell in and marched through the now deserted streets of the desolate city to the pontoon bridges, where they crossed at once, much to their astonishment, for it was the first intimation they had received that the city was to be evacuated by our army. After crossing the river the regiment marched to its barren but welcome camp near the battery, reaching it about three o'clock in the rainy morning of the sixteenth of December.

At that time we supposed ourselves to have been among the last to leave the city, but General Hooker testifies that "it was late when I got the order to withdraw my command, between three and four o'clock in the morning, and it was between eight and nine o'clock when the last troops were withdrawn. The enemy did not seem to realize but that there were troops in the houses. I withdrew my exterior lines of pickets last of all, and they were not followed by the enemy."

The great event was over, and success had not perched upon our standards. Our opponents at Marye's Heights had been of Longstreet's Corps, as previously at South



Mountain and Antietam Bridge, and this time they got the better of us. The enterprise had been carried out with less energy than General Burnside had intended, owing, apparently, to lack of explicit orders on the left wing and lack of commanders with the men on the right ; but the losses had been sufficient to excuse to the country all further movement of the army that winter. The general, however, eager for results, declined to go into winter quarters, and continued his plans for action ; as a consequence, keeping the men in a state of constant uneasiness, and hindering them from trying to improve their temporary camps and quarters. The winter months were, therefore, full of discouragement and discomfort.

On the seventeenth of December, at 8 A. M., the regiment left the camp in rear of the battery and returned to its position in the square with the brigade, described in the last chapter. On joining the brigade, Captain Lathrop was sent, under a flag of truce, in command of a detail of fifty men of the brigade (ten from the Thirty-Fifth) to assist in burying the dead on the battle-field of Fredericksburg. The detail was allowed to approach the stone wall as near as there were any bodies found lying. They buried one hundred and eight men that afternoon, nearly all of them stark naked, their clothing stripped off by the enemy.

The regiment found the locality of the camp cleared of every kind of material for camp making—rails gone, trees cut down, even the roots dug for fuel, the whole place a waste of loamy undulating field land. The low shelter tents were pitched in company streets, and beds were made of grass, pine-needles and pieces of cracker boxes. Green pitch-pine wood was brought by wagons and fatigue parties from a distance for the cooks' smoky fires. If any one would indulge in the luxury of a fire for himself he had to bring his fuel upon his back a mile or so.

The food was abundant but coarse : fat salt-pork, fresh beef, beans, hard bread — old and weevilly, baked for McClellan's campaign, each box marked "White House" — and, occasionally, potatoes or rice, with, of course, coffee and brown sugar. We had learned to make little bags to hold the rations of ground coffee, sugar and salt. The cooking utensils were the three or four iron pots of the cook and our fire-blackened tin dippers, one of which each man carried slung to his greasy haversack ; there were also two or three small frying-pans to a company, which some provident men had acquired on the route hither or in the opposite city. The beans would be cooked by stewing or baking in the iron pots ; these partially cleansed and then the coffee boiled in them. The beans were eaten out of the tin dippers, and afterwards the coffee was drunk from them ; if there were no beans it was beef soup ; what the coffee tasted like one may hardly imagine — it was called coffee from habit rather than from any resemblance to it in smell or taste. It required a day's manœuvring to get the utensils and hot water to wash a woollen shirt — the washerwoman never called at the back door there ; the man who owned more than one whole shirt was a fop. Sutlers were few at first, being kept back by orders or the rough roads ; in their absence we had to depend upon the cookies of our friends of the Eleventh New Hampshire. Active games or sports were hardly attempted ; the mud was a hindrance, even if there had been spirit for them among the men.

We were too lately from home to take these things as a matter of course and make the best of them, as old soldiers do ; it takes a year's service to make a veteran. December and January are hard months for human nature to endure even in comfortable circumstances around the domestic hearth ; our condition upon that Falmouth plain,

in the situation we have described, could not but be miserable. Turn which way one would, it was cold comfort everywhere for body or mind, and all tended to dejection. The wind swept across the open fields and searched our very marrow. The newspapers and letters from home, if cheery, made the contrast of our position more gloomy; if they were depressed, so were we, and we threw them aside. It was not pleasant to review the battles of the past, or anticipate similar ones in the future. The country was struggling through the great division of parties upon the question of Emancipation, and party spirit and abuse added to the darkness of the surroundings. At night, sleep was happy release from care, but even then cold compelled most of the men to turn out once or twice to the fire to warm up.

The best relief was work — to keep at something all the time. Those who did so became veteran soldiers. Those who lay about the cooks' fires listlessly, or coiled up in blankets in their little tents, soon found the way to the surgeon's tent, the hospital and, often, to their graves. The lying upon cold ground, indigestible food and low spirits soon affected the health of the men, and the "sick-call" of the surgeon was attended by a motley throng with woe-begone faces, most of them really ill, but some of them under suspicions of their first sergeants and the doctors as chronic hospital "bummers," as they were called. The word "bummer" was used in this sense in the Army of the Potomac long before Sherman's foragers adopted it and made it famous. The bugler's sick-call was interpreted as follows: "To the doc-tor! To the doc-tor! Come get your pills—for aches and ills! Come get your pills—of the doc-tor!" If there was a pause out of place, or a false note, it was because the bugler had a hair in his mouth and had stopped to swear a bit — at which the boys jeered.

Camp duty was carried out according to the usual programme, when the weather permitted, with regular morning and afternoon drills and evening parades, with music from the Eleventh New Hampshire Band. A tour of picket duty for twenty-four hours took the regiment, or heavy details from it, to the Rappahannock about once a week. Near the river, below Falmouth, are deep curving gullies or canyons, in which the reserves lay, while the videttes paced the road along the river. In these ravines grew quantities of laurel bush, and all who could whittle tried carving laurel-wood pipes and ornaments; some of the results were quite elaborate and valuable. The men in gray upon the opposite bank seemed to be busy very much as we were, enduring as philosophically as possible the winter months and keeping a watchful eye upon our movements. Some attempts were made at trading with little rafts freighted with coffee for tobacco, until the commerce was declared contraband by orders from headquarters.

December 23, General Sumner reviewed the Right Grand Division; most of the Thirty-Fifth were excused, having just come off picket; the band of the Thirty-Third Massachusetts played very finely. December 24, one hundred men from the regiment on picket; Captain Andrews had a battalion drill with only sixty-four men present. December 25 (Christmas Day), baked beans for breakfast; no drills; only duty was dress-parade; pies, forty cents each! December 26, brigade drill in the afternoon. December 29, orders to have three days' rations on hand, but countermanded; the Signal Corps balloon was up. December 30, Quartermaster Haines, having received his discharge, started for home; Quartermaster-Sergeant Upton was commissioned quartermaster of the regiment, and Sergeant Cutter was appointed quartermaster-sergeant, with Jesse Holmes as clerk.

On New Year's Eve the band visited the headquarters of each regiment of the brigade, and, while the hilarity of the occasion was at full tide, some of the unsanctified tried to tempt our chaplain from his steadfast ways; but, although there was some boisterous fun, they did not succeed. Speaking of this gentleman reminds us of the prayers which it was his duty to extemporize, bareheaded in the freezing air, in front of the regiment, as part of the exercises of evening parade. Doubtless each man receives much or little good from such services, according to his nature; to some of us it seemed that so much petitioning for the souls of such as should perish in the coming "battel" did not tend to encourage the weak-kneed, and might have been abbreviated. The creed of the soldiers at the front was very simple; they felt that our cause was as near the cause of good and of God as it could well be — the Confederates probably thought the same of theirs — and each felt an entire confidence that it would be well with those who lost their lives. "Poor fellow, it's all right with him now," they said of the fallen, and they believed it. Most of them despised anything like whining; they preferred to turn their thoughts from the event of their own death, and dwell upon their purpose and the means of accomplishing it, leaving personal results to the Dispenser of all. So our chaplain found his situation rather a cold one — his duty as postmaster of the regiment was also unpleasant to him — and he did not remain long with us, but chose rather to enter actively into service as captain in a colored regiment, where he served with credit through the war. After he left we had no chaplain, and seldom heard a religious service; but the men were kept so constantly sobered by events that additional restraint was not often needed. Why ask for a chaplain when we had a Pope constantly present with us, for example and edification?

For some time Christmas boxes were delayed in Washington, pending our movements, until they accumulated in piles as big as the pyramids, and almost as old. Their contents, mostly eatables, perished or acquired a strong musty flavor, rather disappointing to the receiver when they reached camp. One must be a new recruit, in such a place, on such a diet, to fully appreciate and enjoy home goodies. It is almost laughable now to think how much the boys prized their boxes from home.

Furloughs were not granted to the men, for the reason that we were not in winter quarters—another source of vexation; for what was the use of winning honors if we were not to be permitted, once in a while, to display our heroic selves before the eyes of admiring relatives and friends.

January 6, 1863, there was a grand review of the Ninth Corps, at 2 P. M., before Generals Burnside, Sumner and Wilcox. January 14, E. Jernagan, of Company E, died; our first death by disease in camp since we had been in service. January 15, the regiment was under command of Captain Andrews, with Captain Pratt acting lieutenant-colonel and Captain Lathrop acting major; Lieutenant C. A. Blanchard was acting adjutant. There were two captains in command of companies; three companies were commanded by first lieutenants, three by second lieutenants, and two by first sergeants. There were two hundred and seventy-five non-commissioned officers and privates for duty, sixty-eight men on extra duty, away from the regiment, fifty on daily duty with the regiment; total for duty, three hundred and ninety-three. There were still eight hundred and six names borne on the rolls as belonging to the regiment. The few officers present, however, received full credit, for when the Adjutant-General's Report (Massachusetts) was printed it was found to contain the following

eulogium : "Among the many good regiments that Massachusetts has sent forward, few, if any, surpass the Thirty-Fifth, especially in its officers," which, it is hoped, was fully deserved. At all events the men learned how to take care of themselves in a way which was always afterwards noticeable ; so that, at a subsequent time, when a field officer of ours on staff duty informed the general of the division that he felt it his duty to quit the staff and return to the regiment—then almost without officers—the general remarked, "Oh, don't bother yourself on that account, your regiment runs itself !"

On the sixteenth of January Shepard G. Wiggin, of Company A, died of lung fever in the regimental hospital. On the same day we were under orders to move, with three days' rations ; also on the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and on the twentieth the orders were to march at four o'clock next morning ; but these were countermanded at ten o'clock the same evening. This was the occasion of the famous attempt to effect a lodgment on Lee's left flank by a crossing at Banks's Ford above us, which was frustrated by the severe storm, and got the name of the "Mud-march." Sumner's Grand Division, being in sight of the Confederate look-outs opposite, remained undisturbed, as a mask for the rest of the army as it moved up to the ford, and consequently did not get word to start before the weather vetoed the movement ; for which we were duly thankful, for our quarters, wretched as they were, would have been much worse had we, by a move, lost the little store of comforts we had collected. The Confederates, well informed of the predicament of our army caught in the storm abroad in the fields of miry clay and impassable roads, posted up a sign : "Burnside stuck in the mud !" in derision of our helplessness.

The pickets, however, had a share in the bad weather



on the river bank on the twenty-first; those who were present will remember the miseries of the situation. The rain was mingled with sleet; the pine-bough shelters in the ravines were soaked with moisture, and made such cold shower-baths the men preferred to stand or walk about in the mud on the banks of the brook which drained the gully. There was absolutely no place to sit which was not soaked with the wet, nor dry fuel there for fires. The troops present seemed to be in greater numbers than usual, and more gray-coats were opposite; each anticipating that the other might try to cross at Falmouth. In the road below the hill was an immense cannon, stalled in the mud, and abandoned until fair weather should enable it to be extricated. We wandered upon the hill above the little town, and found there passing the Twentieth Massachusetts, with whom we discussed the situation; among them was the lamented Lieutenant Ropes, afterwards killed at Gettysburg.

At night the reserve guard was assembled in a little dilapidated church on the hill, from which all the pews and furniture had been removed; and for light and warmth the men, after placing beds of plaster five or six inches deep here and there upon the floor for fireplaces, built fires upon them with fuel from the neighboring fences. In course of the night these fires burned round holes through the flooring, but did not ignite the building further; the mud was tracked in to quite a depth and helped to prevent the fires spreading. The enemy opposite, by accident or intention—perhaps fearing our immediate crossing, and wishing to light up the scene or remove an obstacle to their artillery range—burned a long brick factory for our amusement; and the fire, the rain, the turbid river, and gathered troops made an impressive spectacle. In the morning the men waded through a sea



of mud to camp. After such a tour of duty, even the poorest camp quarters seemed comfortable.

In the obscurity of that stormy night, Albert W. Davenport, of Company B, on his way with the relief guard to his vidette post, slipped, unseen by his comrades, from the path along the verge of the cliff, and was drowned in the river below, his cries being unheard in the tempest. His absence was not discovered until the sergeant reached his last posts and found his squad one man short. It was a sad, lonely ending to life. His body was found by men of the Second Maryland, a few days afterwards, and brought to the regiment. A little enclosed lot in rear of camp was used as a place of interment.

While Jacob G. Clarkson, of Company A, was drawing his gun by the muzzle from under the eaves of his shelter tent the charge exploded, injuring his thumb; chloroform was administered to him at the hospital tent, and he died under its influence.

January 23, Franklin's men were straggling back from the mud-march; many of them stopped a few moments in camp as they passed. On the same day there was a row between some of the men of our brigade and the sutler, whom they undertook to "clean out;" two shots were fired, and the crowd scattered. The roll was called to discover absentees from quarters, but none of our men appeared to have had an active part in the business.

There were several severe storms of rain and snow in January, and, after the return from the mud-march, orders for winter quarters were issued, and the men set about making their camps as comfortable as possible. Pine logs were brought from long distances, the tents raised and banked up, and little chimneys built of sticks and clayey mud, surmounted by a barrel. Sutlers and boxes from home came in greater abundance.

January 26, General Burnside was relieved of the command of the army, and General Hooker succeeded to his place. January 28 and 29, snow fell to quite a depth and lay drifted in the company streets, nearly covering some of the low tents; the snow-flakes blew in between the seams of the tent cloth and spread upon the blankets of the sleepers, but comrades were found all right when dug out in the morning; Lieutenant Park, wounded at Antietam, returned to duty with the regiment; Lieutenant Burrell left us, and was unable afterwards to rejoin the regiment on account of physical disability. February 4, James T. Andrews, of Company A, the captain's cousin, died in camp. February 7, Sergeant William H. Matthews, of Company C, Sergeant of the Ambulance Corps, fell a victim to the hardships of the campaign and died of fever.

Other members of the regiment were transferred to general hospitals about Washington, and died there from diseases acquired in camp. Among them were: Francis J. Nash, of Company B; Henry Keiley, of Company E; James Rowe, of Company H; Frederick A. Hews, of Company I. Charles B. Blanchard, of Company H, who was taken prisoner near Wheatland, Virginia, died in Richmond.

With the assumption of command by General Hooker, General Sedgwick — afterwards the famous chief of the Sixth Corps — was assigned, for a few days, to the command of the Ninth Corps. After him, for a short time, General William F. Smith commanded the corps. He was afterwards at the head of the Eighteenth Corps, at Petersburg, and, it is said, was at one time urged by General Grant for chief of the Army of the Potomac, in place of General Meade; but this was before the attack on Petersburg. On the third of February, General Hooker

wanted to have General Smith appointed permanent commander of our corps. Halleck replied: "Major-General Burnside is the permanent commander of the Ninth Army Corps; but make such temporary changes as you may deem proper." General Smith was relieved, at Newport News, by General Parke.

About the first of February the weather became milder for several days; the influence of spring was soon felt, hope revived with the season, and the memory of the dark days of December grew less oppressive. New supplies of food, even soft bread once, and more vegetables, appeared from the commissary's; and General Hooker, dropping all thoughts of present action, devoted his whole attention to the improvement of his command. But we were not to share his defeat at Chancellorsville, or the hard-won victory of General Meade at Gettysburg. General Burnside had expressed to the Government a wish that the Ninth Corps might be sent to the department to which it was intended to assign him; and General Hooker, under the advices quoted above, was not loath to part with a body of troops belonging so exclusively to his predecessor. Rumor of change, as usual, had been busy for some time, but was little credited; when, therefore, we broke camp on the ninth of February, and marched to the box-cars for transfer to Acquia Creek, a smile lighted up many a face, which had been clouded for weeks. Any change, especially from scenes connected with defeat, is pleasant to the soldier; and, as the plains of Falmouth and the steeples of Fredericksburg passed out of view, we seemed to ourselves new men. We little thought that when, next year, we should again see those spires it would be from the heights where now the enemy's lines were so securely established.



## CHAPTER VI.

NEWPORT NEWS, AND SPRING IN KENTUCKY, 1863.

THE Ninth Corps had been formed, in July, 1862, of troops which had taken part in the Sherman Expedition to South Carolina and the Burnside Expedition to North Carolina, and, after the successful occupation of parts of the seaboard of those states, had held the country gained. They had been called thence to reënforce General McClellan upon the Peninsula, stopped at Newport News, and ordered to Acquia Creek. From there two divisions were sent to join General Pope, the third remaining until the first days of September with General Burnside; and, afterwards, they had followed the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac in the course we have thus far traced. The fate of the Corps was to be sent about wherever there was a call for assistance; and it soon, very naturally, acquired the name of "The Big Class in Geography." Appearances were now in favor of its return to North Carolina, and the first movement was in that direction.

From the wharf at Acquia Creek the Fifty-First Pennsylvania, Twenty-First Massachusetts and Thirty-Fifth went on board the steamer *Louisiana*, which lay in the stream all day (February 9), receiving baggage, etc. At five o'clock next morning we were steaming steadily down the Potomac, amid the jarring of machinery and the swashing of water alongside—a change of circumstances so complete as to be quite bewildering. The

steamer had in tow two schooners, containing the Fifty-First New York and Eleventh New Hampshire. Headlands of red earth or sand, crowned with dark pitch-pines, appeared ahead and were passed, successively; and, at night, the broad waters of Chesapeake Bay opened out: thence, the course was directly south to Fortress Monroe. On the morning of the eleventh the famous fortress lay upon our beam; the noted Union gun, an immense cannon of which great things were expected, conspicuous upon the beach. Upon our other side the tide water rushed and foamed among the rocks of the ill-reputed Rip Raps. All around us the ships of war were riding at anchor, in pleasant contrast with the scenery to which we had of late been accustomed. Our crowded quarters upon the straw between decks had, by this time, been sufficiently examined, and the orders from General Dix were received with satisfaction, to proceed to the entrance of James River and land at Newport News.

At first view, Newport News had the appearance of a place where nothing new ever occurred or was likely to happen. A sandy plain, fifteen or twenty feet above the river, with a few old barracks, and some earthworks and ditches, constructed by General Butler's troops; a gray sky, with spits of rain, made up the desolate picture. Beyond the plain was a swamp, with immense southern pitch-pines—the only striking feature of the scenery—scattered through it, and crossings leading out to Big Bethel and Hampton, in which direction the pickets were posted while we remained here. And yet, lonely as the spot seemed, it had been the scene of stirring events; for, on the ninth of March, less than a year before, had occurred here the naval battle between the iron-clad Merrimac and consorts of the Confederate Navy and the Union wooden frigates Cumberland and Congress, which revolutionized the system

of naval warfare throughout the world. The topmasts of the Cumberland and the charred timbers of the hull of the Congress still marked the spot, a warning to all who would accept it of the danger of being behind the age in the art of war.

The Third Division occupied the barracks; the rest of the corps encamped outside the entrenchments. Our camp was formed in brigade line, facing the river, with the swamp in rear; the older regiments upon the right, the Eleventh New Hampshire upon our left. At first we had our low shelter tents only, but, on the nineteenth, "A" tents were distributed, one to every five of the men, which made extremely close quarters. Some of these tents, owing to the increasing scarcity of cotton, were made entirely of hemp cloth, and were about as useful as sieves for keeping out rain; the fibre did not swell with moisture sufficiently to make the cloth water-tight, as canvas does. At the same time changes were made in the position of some of the companies in the regimental line: K, left flank company, was transferred to the right wing, and H, from the right wing, was made left flank company.

Here for six weeks we enjoyed what seemed, after Falmouth, the fat of the land. Soft bread was issued in large loaves—a luxury never elsewhere so plentifully enjoyed by the regiment. The locality is famous for fish and oysters, and our men, bred within view of salt water, relished these luxuries with appetites sharpened by the sea breezes. The colored pedlers from the back country opened a market at the east end of camp, and those boys who were in funds lived high, while the penniless majority were permitted to enjoy a free view of the tantalizing display. There were shops on the most extensive scale at the landing wharf, and these, with the other attractions, soon cleaned out the last scraps of postal currency in the regiment.

On the twenty-First of February, Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth and Adjutant Wales returned to us from Parole Camp, Annapolis, having been exchanged. They received a rousing welcome, and were serenaded by the Glee Club of Company K ; all were glad to greet them personally, and to feel that the Thirty-Fifth was made whole again. Captains commanding cannot secure the respect which the men readily yield to a field officer ; and, in various ways, in dealing with brigade headquarters and the department, a regiment with full field and staff gets more attention. Promotions had occurred : Captain King was commissioned major of the regiment ; First Lieutenants Baldwin, Preston, Hood and Blanchard had become captains ; Second Lieutenants Hudson, Stickney, Ingell, Blake and Burrell had become first lieutenants ; Sergeants Gottlieb, Wilkins, Dean, Atkinson, Floyd, T. D. Hodges, Dunbar, Hawes and Morrill were commissioned second lieutenants ; but these latter, from various causes, did not remain long on duty with the regiment, so that the number of officers present continued limited. Berry was sergeant-major ; Cutter, quartermaster-sergeant ; and Plummer, commissary-sergeant, with Rice as assistant. Promotions among the non-commissioned officers were also very numerous. On the first of March Chaplain Miller preached his farewell sermon to the regiment, he having tendered his resignation. Captains Andrews, Pratt and Adjutant Wales, successively, acted as major or lieutenant-colonel.

The colonel and adjutant at once commenced work upon the drill and discipline of the command. The officers were schooled by the colonel in tactics and battalion movements. The sergeants were thoroughly drilled in the manual of arms by the adjutant ; and they, in squads, set up the men of their companies with an effect at once noticeable at dress-parade. The regiment became so expert that



General Ferrero rode over at evening to witness the performance, which was as well timed and correct as the motion of a perfect machine. Any superiority of this kind flatters the pride of the men in their regiment; we had been so hardly used hitherto, there was danger of losing the *esprit de corps* which unites soldiers to their colors with affection superior to death. Some complained of wasted labor, saying that no rebel force was ever known to be frightened by such an exhibition, however excellent; but the effect above stated was worth the trouble. To offset the show, the officers, notably Lieutenant Pope, drilled their companies as skirmishers, with the bugle-calls, and in the bayonet exercise. Had it been allowable to expend some of the abundant ammunition in target practice, for which the regiment was never better situated, the employment of time could not have been more advantageous. But, although the Government had adopted rifled arms, target practice was never encouraged; men learned the use of their weapons in battle or by stealth; the usual reason given for the interdict was, that so much firing would occasion an alarm, which was generally true with us, but not at Newport News.

February 25, there was a grand review in presence of General Dix and many ladies from Fortress Monroe. The column included thirty-five regiments and eight batteries.

The temperature was milder than at Falmouth—we had but two cold snaps with snow—but the location proved unhealthy, owing to the stirring of the malarious swamp in rear, when cutting the wood for camp purposes. The embalming agents visited camp, and set up their machinery; but we preferred to be excused their well-intentioned manipulations. The Eleventh New Hampshire, robust looking men, but who had not in childhood been through

the diseases of that age, suffered seriously from what was called black measles. Typhoid fever took from among us: Zachariah Damon, of Company D; Charles W. Cole, of Company F; Sergeant David K. Hall and Corporal John G. Dymond, of Company I. Thus this ground, like most of the spots upon which the regiment staid any length of time, was marked by the graves of some of our number. The funeral ceremonies, if time permitted, were in military form, with beat of drum, reversed arms, reading of scripture and the parting volley. The little enclosing fences and head-boards must long ago have gone to decay, and the rain levelled the raised earth; but there they rest, along the line, from the ocean to the Mississippi. Of our dead, also, Longfellow's lines now read truly:

“‘A soldier of the Union mustered out’  
 Is the inscription on an unknown grave  
 At Newport News, beside the salt sea wave,  
 Nameless and dateless, . . . . .  
 Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea  
 In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame  
 I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn  
 When I remember, thou hast given for me  
 All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,  
 And I can give thee nothing in return.”

It is permitted us to linger over these memories now, but in those days the stern duties before us demanded quick forgetfulness of the past.

On the thirteenth of March the Third Division, Getty's, formerly Rodman's, was transferred across the river, and never rejoined the corps. General Longstreet came down to see what was going on, and, in April, Getty's Division had hard fighting at Suffolk, under General Peck. Our movement to the mouth of the James was thought by General Lee to be the beginning of a transfer of the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula. The Ninth New York,

Hawkins's Zouaves, remained behind as a provost-guard, and formed a conspicuous object on drill in front of our camp, at all hours of the day, their jaunty uniforms, full ranks and accurate movements exciting our admiration. The Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Fifty-First New York moved into the barracks vacated by the Third Division. From time to time we had brigade drills, with more or less — rather less — success.

On the same day Captain Lathrop, who had been dangerously ill with malarial fever, in camp, since the second, was conveyed to the steamboat for transfer to Philadelphia; he recovered, but with health so much impaired that he was obliged to resign, and he never rejoined the regiment. Captain Cheever, who had rejoined after Antietam, found himself unable to sustain the hardships of the winter campaign, and did not again serve actively with the regiment.

There was a brigade ball, on the fourteenth, on board the steamboat City of Hudson, in commemoration of the victory at Newbern, N. C., with ladies present from Fortress Monroe, the only festivity of the kind in which our officers participated while in the service.

On Sunday, the fifteenth of March, Dr. Munsell's father conducted a religious service with the regiment, and preached a sermon from the text, "What I do now, ye know not; but shall know hereafter"; the musical club furnished the psalmody.

The weeks flew swiftly by. Occasional cannonading was heard across the river, and hints were thrown out that our future might lie in that direction. We were sitting, as it were, upon the very door-step of Richmond, and not even the wildest imagination could suggest that, before we should enter that city, we must make an excursion to the far West.

After an easterly storm, with snow, on the twentieth, rumor took the incredible shape that the Ninth Corps was to be sent to the Department of the Ohio, to the command of which General Burnside had been assigned. It seemed such a travesty of Greeley's "Go West, young man!" we doubted. But, on the twenty-fifth, the brigade got marching orders, and on the twenty-sixth we were off, after a day of saturnalia, while waiting amid the ruins of camp, after the tents had been struck. Many will remember Card's antics with the distracted pedler's tip-cart, and the mock dress parade with the big jug for colonel and the little demijohnnie for adjutant. We embarked on the steamer John Brooks, and were soon on the way up Chesapeake Bay, leaving the grim fortress and the Peninsula behind, with faces turned to distant scenes and adventures. Captain Dolan resigned just before departure, and Lieutenant Collins was so much injured by a blow from a musket, in a fracas on the boat, as to necessitate leaving him in Baltimore for treatment; he never rejoined the regiment.

Landing at Baltimore, about noon of the twenty-seventh, the brigade marched across the city to the north-west railroad station. So much had we changed since our first passage through these streets that appearances, which had seemed foreign and almost hostile then, appeared now homelike and friendly; the service had converted us, at least, from provincials to true Union men. Our usual luxurious conveyances—box-cars—were filled, some forty men to each. Even straw was provided in some, to prevent their bones wearing holes in the clothes of such as found room to stretch out at length; packing sardines was nothing to it. The train did not get fairly started until midnight; and, when moving, any uncommonly heavy jolt would be followed by a chorus of dashes and exclamation

points. In the morning the men found that riding upon the car-tops was as comfortable as within, barring the cinders and tunnels, and certainly better for viewing the scenery, for cattle do not require windows in their cars. Those were merry times, passing through the towns, the boys on top shouting and waving caps and flags, the citizens rushing to doors and windows to respond, small children astonished out of their wits, dogs barking, horses frightened, and a lively time generally. Travellers upon the country roads laughed at the chaff of the men, and thought the train bore the liveliest freight that had passed for many a day. Bound for the Great West, what cared we? It was all in the three years' enlistment!

The route lay, on the twenty-eighth, through York, Harrisburg — so near the yet unheard of fields of Gettysburg — and on, by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, through Altoona and the picturesque mountain scenery of Western Pennsylvania, to Pittsburg on the twenty-ninth. There was snow in the hill country, and everything was bleak and cold compared with the mild climate of South-eastern Virginia we had just left. At some of the towns rye coffee was handed in, which was warming, but an unpleasant substitute for real coffee, which we had no opportunity to prepare. At Pittsburg a collation was generously furnished by the citizens, in a hall adorned with flags and mottoes. We became sensible of our terrible appearance, when some of the ladies of the city, being informed that the men were not so rough in manners as in looks, summoned courage to attend upon us. As we had not seen ourselves in a mirror for six months, a first view was comically surprising — was it possible that the reflections were correct images of the former delicate youths, now browned and smoke stained, hirsute and thread-bare? Yea, verily; and yet, after all, there is a great deal of comfort to human

nature in feeling that one can lie in the dusty road, and get as begrimed as he pleases, without shocking the proprieties of his associates. Common joys and common sorrows made us one, and the customs and costumes of the world had become as strange to us as we to them.

Leaving Pittsburg, we passed across the State of Ohio, through Columbus and Xenia, to Cincinnati. The snow was left behind, ploughed fields appeared, the air became more spring-like; we rapidly moved into a warmer climate. Arriving at the latter city at 7.30 P. M. of the thirtieth, the troops marched to the Union Market, Fifth Street, and enjoyed an excellent collation furnished by the ladies. Many eastern people were living there and came about, examining the ranks for friends, and the greetings and meetings were very interesting and cordial, though the soldiers, perhaps, considered it fortunate that the darkness of evening made their travel stains picturesque rather than offensive. After lunch, the brigade crossed the Ohio River to Covington in Kentucky, and stacked arms in the street for the night. The boys, finding the night air chill, tore down a side fence and soon had a blaze upon the pavement, rather to the astonishment of the citizens. Unrolling blankets the men lay down upon the sidewalks, with heads to the wall and feet to the gutter, and found the new quarters, at least, not so cramped as the box-cars.

Next morning (March 31) Lieutenant Ingell, opening his eyes long after sunrise, found himself the observed of all observers among the market women and people passing to the ferry over the small strip of the sidewalk that was left between his big feet and the curbstone. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it the custom in this great and enlightened West for ladies to promenade thus through a gentleman's bed-chamber before he is up in the morning?" Whereupon he roused out, and made his toilet by

combing his moustache. At night, quarters were provided in halls and market places.

We found that General Burnside's Department included not only Ohio, but also several other States north of the Ohio River and parts of Kentucky and Tennessee. After a day's waiting for orders, our division, the Second, was assigned to Eastern Kentucky; the First Division went further to the west, into Central Kentucky, about Middleburg and Columbia. During the autumn before — while we were in Pleasant Valley — Central Kentucky had been the scene of an active campaign between the armies of Generals Buell and Bragg. General Kirby Smith had come in from the south-east by way of Cumberland Gap, and Bragg had entered from the south near Columbia. The movements had culminated at Perryville, south-west of Camp Nelson, where the Confederates were worsted, and they then left the State. While we were at Falmouth, General Rosecrans, succeeding Buell, had fought with Bragg's army the sanguinary battle of Stone's River, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and he was now waiting there until the railroads could be completed in his rear before advancing upon Chattanooga. Our duty was to be, to help block the road to any repetition of the operations of the previous autumn, and to assist in covering the railroad communications of Rosecrans. We were also to discourage guerillas and prepare for a campaign, on our own account, into East Tennessee, with the assistance of the Twenty-Third Corps, then in process of formation.

Our first movement was by rail, on April 1, to Paris, in Bourbon County — suggestive name — where camp was located on the fair grounds. The commissary began to issue hard bread of the Cincinnati brand, an important event to us whose chief article of food it was; for this bread was so superior in size, flavor and edible qualities



that its appearance must be reckoned one of the pleasant incidents upon our arrival in the West. It was substantial evidence that the war was here conducted upon business principles rather than by routine. Bacon-sides were issued in place of pork, but were not quite so much to our taste.

The people about us were found to be about evenly divided between Union and Confederate sympathies, the same family furnishing members to both causes. Political contests were bitter, and often not confined to words alone. The officers of the regiment enjoyed flirtation with the fair Kentucky belles, and many a gilt button was exchanged for a smile from some fair one, who wanted this memento from a hero's breast to pin upon her own. The handsome captain of Company G lost nearly all his buttons in this way.

The Kentucky turnpikes are thoroughly macadamized with broken limestone, and are as hard as rock, which we discovered upon our first march, on the third, from Paris to Mount Sterling, twenty-two miles. The feet of the men, accustomed to the soft mud or sand of our late camp grounds, were now subjected to a pounding which made them swell so as to be almost disabled; it was hard work for the sergeants to get their details for picket that night. Next morning, passing through the town, the regiment went into camp with the brigade upon one of those admirable sites which can hardly be equalled outside of that beautiful State. The blue-grass sward under foot was thick and close as a lawn, and starred with spring flowers; the trees were lofty, symmetrical and overarching, and not a particle of brush or undergrowth was there to mar the park-like appearance. The rail fences enclosing the grounds seemed sacred without the order forbidding their use for firewood; the rails were often of handsome black walnut. The Twenty-First Massachusetts was, after a few days in camp, moved into the town of Mount Sterling to



act as provost-guard; and the members so won the commendation of the townspeople that the regiment remained there several months, while the rest of the brigade was upon its travels. The business part of the town had been raided and burned a short time before our arrival.

Hitherto, the Thirty-Fifth had been without a national color, the stars and stripes. While at this camp, April 8, Major William S. King joined, from home, bringing a fine silk flag; he received a cordial welcome, and was serenaded by the glee club and brigade band. It was remarkable that when we had last seen him he was being carried from the field at Antietam with our blue silk flag in charge; now he reappeared, unable yet from wounds to take the field, but still flag in hand. The new color was sent from Boston by Colonel Wild, and was his last memento to the regiment. Major King, soon afterwards promoted to lieutenant-colonel, was made chief-of-staff of the Second Division until July 1, when he was appointed Provost-Marshal General of Kentucky, and, subsequently, in August, Military Commandant of the District of Lexington. From the last duty he was relieved, April 5, 1864, and ordered to Boston, as superintendent of recruiting service in Massachusetts, which position he held until commissioned colonel of the Fourth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Regiment. On account of his disability after Antietam, the men in the ranks of the regiment saw little of him; but no officer took a deeper interest in the Thirty-Fifth or its men, wherever he met them, than Colonel King. At the close of the war he was brevetted brigadier-general.

Reports reached headquarters of suspicious characters lurking about the neighborhood, and Adjutant Wales, with Lieutenant Hatch and twenty-five volunteers, went in pursuit, on the twelfth, capturing two men belonging to Hum-

phrey Marshall's cavalry, whom they turned over to the provost-marshal. A raid, on a larger scale, was made (thirteenth and fourteenth) by the Fifty-First New York and Twenty-First Massachusetts to a place called Sharpsburg, about sixteen miles out, after guerillas. They were gone a day, and returned with twenty citizens and thirty horses.

One of the vexations of the service was the long delay, after orders to march, before the actual start. In exceptional cases, the order to "pack up and be ready to march in half an hour" was fulfilled according to the programme, but more often the order came for preparation at some unseasonable time, at evening or midnight; there would be half an hour of haste, all would be ready, then would follow hours or days of waiting for the momentarily expected command to "fall in." It was the uncomfortable result of the transmission of orders through the corps, division and brigade headquarters to the regiment. The lesson of patience is thus well learned by the soldier; high resolve and self-sacrificing spirit sustain him at the start, but, after experiencing the countless irritations of army discipline, it all settles down finally into a dogged determination to hang on and endure all things. So on the sixteenth the regiment was packed up all night, in order to get off at the hour of four the next morning! Such things are easily borne in the presence of the enemy, but in such a place as we then were the unnecessary loss of sleep made the men angry.

The march of eighteen miles was westward to Winchester, a pretty village, where we camped upon another of those charming park-like grounds, remaining two weeks. The paymaster made his welcome visit on the eighteenth, and, in his wake, gathered shoals of pedlers, with country produce, chicken and squirrel pies, fancy biscuits and

roasted geese, the best of Old Kentucky viands ; the boys did not go hungry. A new sutler appeared, one Gostoffer, a careful man, but one not wise to attach his fortunes to such a peripatetic organization. He did not get all that the paymaster left, for the colonel rode over to Lexington and expressed home, to the families of the members of the regiment, the goodly sum of \$12,000 of their pay. Allotment rolls were prepared and sent to Massachusetts, by which a portion of the pay of the men was made over directly to families from the paymaster there, and risk of loss by mail or express avoided.

The trim surroundings affected the men, and their personal appearance received extra care ; even the paper collar appeared, a certain indication of soft times, and Sunday church-going became quite a matter of course. General Sturgis reviewed the Second Brigade, and, as part of the ceremony, marched us through the town, battery and all, making a fine pageant. Tableaux were presented in town, for the benefit of the hospitals, in which the glee club took part, singing "Joys that we've tasted," "Lovely Night," and other airs, with frequent applause. Evening dress-parades and Sunday inspections were executed with the "snap" and punctiliousness our late drill had taught. It was the first camp in which the Thirty-Fifth enacted the part of a "crack" regiment, in the presence of admiring spectators and lady friends. On the twenty-seventh of April, Major King, Adjutant Wales, Lieutenant Hatch and twenty-five men went upon a scout, but returned unsuccessful — the birds had flown.

Pickets and guards were distributed through the country about camp, for Morgan's cavalry was a quickly moving body, and a certain amount of watchfulness had to be maintained even in these peaceful scenes. A pleasing trick of the men — to secure some of the coveted whiskey

with which that district of Kentucky abounded — was for the picket to arrange with some colored brother to fetch a jug of the corn-juice to an appointed place, where the greenbacks would be present and the officers absent, carefully warning him to beware of the provost-guard; thereupon a volunteer provost, of duly informed friends from camp, were, by a remarkable coincidence, sure to pounce upon the victim at the appointed spot, and, with hearts as hard as adamant, sure to confiscate the ardent, to the countryman's dismay. The jug would be borne to camp in an innocent looking sack, to await the return of the pickets; but, alas! sometimes the jug mysteriously leaked, while waiting, and the thirsty pickets found themselves as badly gulled as their sable friend. It used to be said that certain old lovers of whiskey, as soon as tents were pitched upon new ground, could strike a bee-line for the nearest supply with unfailing certainty.

Colonel Wild was promoted to the grade of brigadier-general, to date April 25; Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth succeeded to the vacancy. Captain Andrews resigned, after constant service with the regiment, having succeeded to command, as senior captain, in two battles, and, also, during several months in camp, in the unavoidable absence of his superiors. Adjutant Wales sent in his resignation on the twenty-fourth; but, at the colonel's solicitation, withdrew it. First Lieutenant Park was, soon after, commissioned captain, Second Lieutenant Pope, first lieutenant, and Sergeants Meserve and Tobey, second lieutenants. The medical staff suffered an entire change: Surgeon Lincoln and Assistant Surgeons Munsell and Clark resigning, and Surgeon Snow, who joined here, succeeding, with Assistant Surgeon Roche in July. Alfred Williams became our ever-faithful hospital steward. There was a little fun at regimental headquarters over

this appointment of a steward. The future wearer of the golden "caduceus," as unassuming a man as could be found in the regiment, was summoned to the colonel's tent, unwarned of what was in store for him; there he found the colonel and Surgeon Snow, with grave faces, in deep cogitation over a sealed envelope, which, in fact, contained the warrant of appointment. After some words from the officers upon the sternness of the requirements of discipline, the victim, whose countenance the while expressed every degree of astonishment and mortification, was informed that the envelope, which was handed to him, contained certain charges against him, and that he might retire to his quarters and prepare his defence. Somewhat dazed he departed, but soon returned, having discovered the point of the joke upon tearing the cover, and with beaming face, amid a general laugh, expressed his willingness to answer the charge, and do honor to the appointment, by the exercise of his utmost skill, then and thereafter, upon any of the group who might desire an amputation, blue pill or dose of castor oil.

Quartermaster Upton suffered a broken arm by a fall from a strange horse, and, while he was laid up, Lieutenant Hawes was appointed to act in his place. An order assigning the officers, present and absent, was issued as follows :

Company A—Captain, S. H. Andrews, succeeded by Captain E. G. Park; first lieutenant, J. W. Ingell; second lieutenant, Joseph Gottlieb.

Company B—Captain, C. A. Blanchard; first lieutenant, Gamaliel Hodges; second lieutenant, N. W. Collins.

Company C—Captain, T. P. Cheever; first lieutenant, F. B. Mirick; second lieutenant, J. S. Tobey.

Company D—Captain ——; first lieutenant, John W. Hudson; second lieutenant, T. D. Hodges.

Company E—Captain, D. J. Preston; first lieutenant, J. B. Stickney; second lieutenant, M. B. Hawes.

Company F—Captain, S. C. Oliver; first lieutenant, A. Hatch; second lieutenant, A. Floyd.

Company G—Captain, William Gibson; first lieutenant, William Washburn, Jr.; second lieutenant, ——.

Company H—Captain, B. F. Pratt; first lieutenant, George P. Lyons; second lieutenant, J. W. Dean.

Company I—Captain, John Lathrop; first lieutenant, Oliver Burrell; second lieutenant, ——.

Company K—Captain, E. G. Hood; first lieutenant, A. A. Pope; second lieutenant, W. N. Meserve.

Some of these officers temporarily served in different companies from the above, in the absence of the permanent officers. The brigade at this time was commanded by Colonel Hartranft, of the Fifty-First Pennsylvania.

On the fourth of May the command began the march to the south side of the Kentucky River, averaging about fifteen miles travel each day. The following is a brief itinerary: May 4, marched at 8 A. M. to within seven miles of Lexington; wet day; camp near a brook. May 5, marched at 7 A. M. through Lexington and five miles beyond; showers; camped near a brick church on the left of the road. May 6, marched at 7 A. M. through Nicholasville, by the site of the future Camp Nelson, across the Kentucky River at Hickman's Bridge—surrounded by fine, almost sublime scenery—and went into camp in the mud upon a hill near some log cabins; rained all night. May 7, roads muddy; through Camp Dick Robinson to Lancaster, and camped on a hill side. May 8, cloudy; marched at 8 A. M.; road, hilly and rough; camp at Paint Lick Creek, near a fine spring; the place is also called Lowell. May 9, cleaning up and inspection. May 10, reveille at 5 A. M.; marched at eight back to Lan-

caster. We always camped in the south or south-east suburbs of the places near which we were posted; that being the direction from which raids were anticipated.

Our way on this journey lay through the paradise of nature about Lexington, in the month of flowers, and the hot sun and heavy knapsacks were forgotten in admiration of that charming rural country. When passing through towns column was formed, company or platoon front, and, with drums beating and colors displayed, we did our best to impress upon the natives our soldierly character and warlike disposition to defend the defenceless and carry woe to the foeman. What a gallant show our heroes made on such occasions! At the crossing of the Kentucky River the weather was rainy, the dust upon the hard road became a thin skim of mud, which penetrated the shoes, worn by the grinding rock, and cut and galled the feet badly. An army brogan, made in imitation of a moccasin for use on soft prairie land, was not stiff enough in the sole for such work, and gave out after a few days' wear. The quartermaster, however, found such easy hauling for the teams that, contrary to his usual gentle negative, when offered a foot-sore man's pack to carry he even smiled upon such applicants, and answered, "Oh yes, pile them on; if they will stick, the mules will pull them all!"

This reminds us that we have not yet mentioned that useful masked battery, the army mule, for whom all men in the ranks had a fellow feeling—his treatment and that of the common soldier were so much alike; each was expected to have endless endurance, and to be willing to take any amount of punishment without flinching. His cheerful voice was the accompaniment of our dreams, "haw-he! haw-he! haw-he!" a sound, when first heard, so strange as to strike the hearer dumb with terror. But the boys soon learned that it was the signal of trains with



supplies, and welcomed it as the most melodious of voices. If the doctrine of the transmigration of souls were true, what sinners those mules must have been in the former stages of their existence !

At Lancaster the colonel was, if possible, more exacting than ever ; nothing could suit him which was not done on time or at the double-quick. Coming back from Paint Lick special stress was laid upon falling out ; the men kept the ranks and files perfectly, and the ten miles were paced off at a rate by the watch, which gave even him satisfaction. Drills were in quick time or the double-quick. Shelter tents were struck, knapsacks packed, line formed, the regiment countermarched, company streets laid out anew and tents up again — all in the space of twenty minutes. In truth, and without exaggeration, the Thirty-Fifth had at this time, under efficient tutelage, become a model regiment in drill, discipline, dress, and arrangement of camp. General Sturgis, accompanied by his staff, after viewing one of the parades of the regiment, remarked, "That beats the regulars !" The thorough instruction then received was never forgotten ; but, through whatever hardships the men passed, when better times came around a few days of favorable surroundings quickly restored the regiment to its high standard.

Kentucky, being loyal, was not affected by the Emancipation Proclamation, and still continued to be a slave State ; naturally, the runaway slaves sought service in the army as attendants upon officers. General Burnside issued an order, forbidding officers or men "to impede the service of civil process having in view the recovery of slaves of citizens of the State, to abet their escape, or employ them against the consent of owners." This was an offset to his famous order, containing the words, "It must be distinctly understood that treason, expressed or implied, will not be



tolerated in this department." A negro boy, called "Mace," had attached himself to our regiment, and a frequent call from the officers' tents was, "Mace! Mace! where is that d—d Mace!" One day a person, claiming to be his owner, came upon the ground, and at headquarters was invited to inspect the camp in quest of his delinquent chattel. Of course, Mace was as scarce as usual; the trembling wretch, knowing where the softest heart beat, albeit under the roughest exterior, lay hid under Lieutenant Ingell's bed, upon which reposed the massive frame of its owner. In due course, the claimant lifted the flap of the tent and looked in; no negro was visible, but Ingell reclined there, revolver in hand, with all the ferocity of expression he could summon flashing from his eyes, one glance of which was sufficient to satisfy the hunter that, whether the prey was there or not, it would be better not to disturb such a couchant lion; and he retired without discovering the ebony. Ingell subjected himself to the danger of arrest and punishment, but when did the dear old boy ever estimate personal consequences when his sympathies were appealed to by any one! He is said to have remarked that "no one, whether from heaven or hell, could search that tent!" It is to be remembered, also, that this was in the heart of Old Kentucky, the home of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," and every dark skin in distress seemed entitled to claim kinship with that old hero.

At Lancaster the turnpike divides. The road to the south-east passes through Crab Orchard to Cumberland Gap, becoming rougher and wilder as it proceeds. The road to the south leads to Stanford and Somerset, near Mill Springs—the scene of General Thomas's victory over Zollicoffer—and traverses a more settled country upon the Cumberland River; both roads, however, terminate in East Tennessee. It was to be our fortune in the future

to go to Tennessee by the first route and return by the second; at present, however, we took but a step upon each.

On the twenty-third of May, the brigade left Lancaster for Crab Orchard, some twelve miles, over very dusty roads, stopping over Sunday upon the banks of Dick's River, a bright, clear stream, in which the boys enjoyed a welcome bath. Camp had hardly been laid out on Monday evening, at Crab Orchard, when an unexpected summons came to proceed at once to Stanford. The distance was only a dozen miles, but the cross-road was deep with dust, which rose in suffocating clouds, making the night darker and marching irksome, so that the men reached Stanford in a charming state of ill temper. Camps were passed all along, rather to our surprise, for up to this time we had met no troops other than the Ninth Corps.

Preparations were making at Stanford for a grand advance of all the forces into East Tennessee, by this road through Somerset. Meanwhile, we camped quietly on one of those charming lawns, this time almost under the eaves of a mansion house, in which the officers' messes obtained luxurious fare, with even an imp of darkness to keep the flies from their elevated noses with a peacock-feather brush. The enlisted men, whom the increasing warmth of summer affected with a desire for something lighter than the standard bacon sides and hard bread, sought a change of food at the tables of hospitable citizens for a modest consideration. In short, it began to be evident that we were waxing fat enough to kill. Take a sample from Company H: "Ho, there, James!" called the sergeant, "you are detailed for picket!" "Picket, sergeant, picket! why, I ca-a-n't go, sergeant; I ca-a-n't go!" "Ca-a-n't go; why not?" "Why, I ca-a-n't go, sergeant, I haven't had my coffee!"

While here a slave auction occurred in town; a woman and twin boys of eleven years were sold. The woman brought four hundred and five dollars; the boys were bid off for three hundred and fifty and three hundred and five dollars. This took place while the provost-guard in the place was Company C, under Lieutenant Tobey, from the patriotic city of Chelsea, from directly under the shadow of the State House of that abolition State, Massachusetts, and not a word or act of remonstrance! Clearly the habit of obedience to orders without question was becoming deeply impressed, and, perhaps, upon a nearer view of the "institution" it appeared less repulsive, especially when compared with the condition of an enlisted man in the ranks.

While the regiment was out on skirmish drill one afternoon, General Ferrero came riding by in his usual dashing, McClellan style, and announced that his commission as brigadier-general had been confirmed. He seemed highly pleased to return to the brigade, and the men received him with loud hurrahs, for it was always pleasant to see accustomed faces back in their old places. Lieutenant T. D. Hodges left the regiment to accept promotion in General Wild's African Brigade.

Orders were received to have eight days' rations constantly on hand — five in knapsack, three in haversack — and all overcoats and superfluous clothing to be sent back to Camp Nelson, in view of a forced march into East Tennessee; but, here again, fate had other things in store for us before we should cross the Cumberland. The customary command, "Pack up and be ready to march immediately," reached us late in the afternoon of June 3, while the regiment was on battalion drill; and, as if there was an attack somewhere in the neighborhood, we seized our luggage, fell in and moved out upon the road at a quick

pace — the attack to be met was only about nine hundred miles away by the route to be travelled. The head of column turned north instead of south, and then curiosity was highly excited to know “where we were bound”; the only reply was “The Army of the Potomac or Vicksburg, it is not known which”; and it was not until next day that word was passed along the line that we were bound for Vicksburg — Vicksburg! Hades rather! — the place, the climate, and the warfare thereabouts had at that time the reputation associated with the fiery pit of Gehenna. General Grant was besieging Vicksburg and needed more force; we were to be lent to him for a time.

We kept on the road until one in the morning; then turned into a church-yard for a short nap upon the unmown grass. At sunrise we were up and on again, and all day until four in the afternoon, when we reached Nicholasville, thirty-four miles in twenty-two hours, including halts for rest — no joke to a soldier marching in close ranks, under a hot sun, weighted with arms and knapsack. It seemed as if the spirit of Grant had seized us at the very start, to show how marches were to be made when he should grasp the reins. At Nicholasville, while the baggage was being loaded, a locomotive exploded. Among the men injured was John Leverett, of Company C, who was so severely scalded that he died next day.

Crowding into the box cars at 9 P. M., foot-sore and dusty, we selected the least uncomfortable position attainable, and, speeding all night along the rails, were crossing the river into Cincinnati at ten o'clock next morning. Arms were stacked in the street near the Sanitary Commission Rooms, while waiting for food and transportation, and the men were plied with attentions by the hospitable citizens. Hot dinners were offered; oranges were distributed; small boys were started at a run with pails of foaming beer to

try how far they could get among the men before their cargo was captured; altogether it was a festive time. Mirth and fun grew fast and furious, for we were bound for Vicksburg; and the soldier drowns care of the future in present joy. At night we were again packed in the box cars upon the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and were traversing the broad cornfields of Indiana, passing through Seymour and Mitchell, and over the bridge across the Wabash at Vincennes.



## CHAPTER VII.

MIDSUMMER IN MISSISSIPPI—VICKSBURG AND JACKSON, 1863.

ON the sixth of June we were crossing the State of Illinois, the level country stretching out like an ocean to the horizon. Men on the car-tops practised shooting on the wing at the pigs in the groves beside the track, until it was found that the sport was growing into a general fusillade and had to be stopped. Warm greetings were extended to the troops by the inhabitants all along the route. At one station the ladies were more than usually attractive and very demonstrative in waving their white handkerchiefs. Attracted by a flutter in the rear of the officers' car, the colonel found Lieutenants Hatch and Washburn vigorously shaking in the air a gray blanket of the largest size. "What's this, what's this, gentlemen?" "Oh," replied Hatch, "don't you comprehend? there are the ladies; here are we; this is the regimental pocket-handkerchief — long may it wave!"

At Sandoval we changed direction from due west to south, taking the Illinois Central Railroad. While waiting for the train in the afternoon, the colonel — to take the cramps out of us and keep all hands from mischief — ordered a battalion drill. Perhaps the smooth, seemingly limitless prairie offered a field for the exercise too opportune to be neglected. The men groaned, but were soon at work, changing direction, forming in mass, etc., on the broadest parade-ground ever occupied. At Centralia, in the

evening, pans of hot beef-steaks were passed into the cars, and devoured as ravenously as by the animals in a menagerie — a name, by the way, which the Richmond papers adopted in mentioning the Ninth Corps, “Burnside’s Travelling Menagerie.”

In the morning of June 7 we were at the jumping-off place — Cairo — disembarking from the cars upon the levee, at the mouth of the Ohio. This town, like the land of Egypt from which it derives its name, is subject to overflows, against which the citizens guard their lands by broad dykes, upon which the streets are laid out, giving the place a unique appearance, and, at least at the time we saw it, entitling it to the name of the biggest mud-hole we had met with up to date. The cooks built fires upon the river bank and put the salt-pork on to boil, while the men bathed in the tepid waters of the Ohio, diving off the great coal barges. Tents were pitched for one night along the muddy levee. The immense steamboat *Imperial*, with decks tier above tier, was assigned to transport General Ferrero and staff, the Eleventh New Hampshire, Benjamin’s Battery, “E,” Second United States Artillery and our regiment, and late in the afternoon of the eighth we were on board, with a mass of freight, and swung with the current out of the Ohio upon the broad Mississippi, whose winding course we were to follow for some five hundred miles.

The great river, the Father of Waters, is impressive only when we consider its volume, the great distance it flows, and the vast extent of country which its branches water. Like many other marvels, a partial view is tame and ineffective. The banks are but little elevated above the water, and stretch off interminably, for the most part still clothed with forest, the soil of blue clay or sand, with occasional banks of red or yellow earth. The stream



meanders about so that in some of its windings it is difficult to tell whether a steamboat, of which the smoke may be visible over the trees, is coming up or following down. But as we keep on day after day, and think that, after all, we are traversing but a small portion of its course, we begin to appreciate the majesty of the great river :

“ Far down the beautiful river,  
Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi ;  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forest,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like  
Cotton woods nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the  
current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand bars  
Lay in the stream.”

The names of places, then familiar to readers of the war news, served as mile-posts to mark our descent: Columbus, with General Polk's old fortifications, where we ran aground and stuck all night; Belmont, opposite, where General Grant made his first essay in the war; Island Number 10, which we passed on the ninth, the scene of General Pope's victory; Memphis, reached on the tenth, famous for its gun-boat fight; Helena, where we hitched up to the bank on the twelfth, which was, within a few weeks after our visit, to be attacked and bravely defended; Milliken's Bend, on the thirteenth, and other places — at first, the states of Missouri and Arkansas on the west, Kentucky and Tennessee on the east, and now, as we approach our goal, Louisiana on the west and Mississippi on the east.

Events on board were few, and card playing was resorted to by many for amusement. The paymaster entertained us one evening at Memphis with a greenback reception,

and next day our sutler, Gostoffer, who at such times clung closer than a brother, having us cornered on board, exacted his dues for past luxuries. At Memphis we stopped for coal, and at evening the levee was bright with twinkling fires of the cooks preparing the rations. A certain degree of reckless feeling seemed to inspire all on board; the body of a drowned soldier, who had probably fallen in while intoxicated, was rolling in the water, between the boats and the shore, and no one seemed to feel moved to give it burial.

After leaving Memphis, the eleven crowded steamboats kept within sight of each other for protection. General Parke commanded on the *Silver Moon*, which occasionally sounded its calliope. Details were made to picket the hurricane deck, and these guards lay, rifle in hand, to return with a volley any shot from the wooded shore which lurking bushwhackers might send us. Our loaded boat drew eight feet of water, and as there was but nine in the channel the pilot was afraid to run in the night below Helena, so the bows of the boat were run upon the bank and pickets were sent ashore to prevent surprise. The lead was thrown for soundings, and the boys caught the lingo, "A quarter less three," "And a half six," etc., which on many a rainy night afterwards, in bivouac or plodding in the mud, served as a call which never failed to raise a laugh. The water in the stream was of a gray color, and when allowed to settle deposited fine sand, leaving the upper part clear and palatable for drinking.

We reached Sherman's Landing, below Young's Point, on the fourteenth of June, and disembarked upon the forest-covered western bank, at the north end of the great ditch or cut-off, which, commenced by General Williams in 1862, and worked upon by the army of General Grant in the February preceding our landing, was intended to turn the

river and afford a passage to the fleet, harmlessly, past Vicksburg. The soil was clayey and hard to dig through, the dams broke unexpectedly and drove out the workmen, and the river still ran undisturbed in its own channel. Since the war the river has worn a channel through this peninsula, at a point between this wrongly located ditch and the city front. Down stream, looking south-east, lay in plain view the buildings of the city of Vicksburg, situated upon the high east bank, the court-house towering conspicuously. Below us, under the right bank, were our mortar-boats, enclosed rafts, each carrying a mortar of the largest size, from which was thrown every few minutes a shell into the doomed city. While the siege lasted these ugly fellows kept up an incessant knocking at the front door, while Grant and Sherman thundered at the rear. Almost directly opposite our landing-place was the mouth of the Yazoo River.

General Grant, having tried ineffectually — as had General Sherman previously — to gain the rear of the city by movements up the Yazoo, and failing in the cut-offs and other schemes for getting by, had conceived the admirable plan of taking the city in rear from the south. Gun-boats and transports had run the gauntlet of Confederate batteries at the city and below, and were then used to ferry the army across at Bruinsburg, below Bayou Pierre and the mouth of the Big Black River, which flow in from the north-east below the city, as the Yazoo does above. The general then led his forces up the Big Black, making a detour to Jackson, to turn back the Confederate army of General Johnston — the Fifty-Ninth Indiana being first in the city — and then coming back upon General Pemberton enclosed him with his forces in Vicksburg. The fighting had been sanguinary at Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion's Hill and Big Black Bridge, but always in favor of the Union

cause, and greatly to the honor of the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, the troops engaged. Upon arriving behind the city Grant had ordered the usual grand assault, on the twenty-second of May, which, as usual, was a failure; and since then regular approaches had been made and a complete state of siege maintained. We were not wanted to aid in the operations upon the lines facing the city, there was sufficient force present for that purpose; our assistance was needed upon the reverse face, looking to the east, where General Johnston threatened an advance upon the rear of the troops fronting the city. General Sherman had command of the left wing of the army—including the force fronting Johnston—and to him our two divisions were assigned.

Our landing below Young's Point was made in accordance with a first intention of placing our divisions at the extreme south end of the city, which was the weakest part of the circle of investment; accordingly, on the fifteenth of June, we crossed the Vicksburg and Shreveport Railroad, on the Louisiana shore, through the swamp, south, to the river bank below the city, at a point opposite Warrenton. The landing-place was crowded with negroes of both sexes, who had attached themselves to the army, the men enlisting in the loyal Louisiana and Mississippi regiments then forming; they were a ragged and forlorn-looking crowd. We, with the Seventh-Ninth New York and Eighth Michigan, had boarded the steamboat *Forest Queen*, and were examining the shot-holes and damages she had sustained while running the batteries, when orders came to disembark and camp in a cotton-wood grove on the river bank. No sooner were tents pitched than a command arrived to return to Sherman's Landing, which was done, part of the way after dark, and very dark it was. The men did not object to the trip, as they had a good

look at a Louisiana swamp, going and returning, and another view of the city from below. The most noticeable thing in the swamp was the trailing moss upon the trees, which gave them the appearance of being hung in mourning, and added a gloom to the forest which affected the wayfarer. Vines with flaming trumpet flowers somewhat relieved the sombre obscurity.

At noon, next day, we went aboard the Omaha, and, in a heavy thunder storm, paddled up the Yazoo to Haines's Bluff. The boat was crowded with men, and as no landing was permitted until morning it was difficult to find space to sit down, not to mention the luxury of lying at full length. The heavy cannon, which had made the approach to this point impracticable to our gun-boats, were still resting in the earthworks, where the Confederates had so hastily abandoned them when Grant came in their rear. In the morning, the Western troops, who had occupied this point, marching away as we landed, we proceeded inland, about five miles, to Milldale, where camp was formed as well as the narrow vale in which we were located would permit, near a fine spring of water. The first days were given to examining the country and eating blackberries, until the lines could be laid out which we were to construct and defend if need be. One morning, while the morning report books were under discussion, a heavy explosion was heard in the direction of the city, followed by heavier firing than ordinary, said to have been the explosion of a mine under one of the enemy's forts. Upon another morning General Grant visited our encampment, and called upon General Parke, who commanded our corps, to which a division of the Sixteenth Corps had been temporarily added. General Potter led our division and General Ferrero our brigade.

The district back of Vicksburg, called Walnut Hills, is

cut by deep dells or ravines, like immense furrows, in all directions. One goes up, then down, repeatedly, unless following a ridge. Even the city itself is located upon the same system, and the cuttings of the streets to grade, through the ridges, served the citizens for convenient banks, in which they dug the caves which sheltered them from the mortar-firing above mentioned. Where we were it was only necessary to throw up a breastwork upon the ridge selected, cut down the trees, which grew thickly upon the outer side, for a slashing or abatis; plant the artillery at commanding angles, and a line was established which was impregnable. General Johnston knew the difficulties of the approach and kept a respectful distance, near Birdsong's Ferry, inclining rather to the south, down the Big Black — which ran across our front — in hopes of succoring Pemberton, whose sortie, if made, would aim naturally in that direction. As soon as the work of digging this line was commenced, we moved a mile nearer the Yazoo landing, and pitched tents upon a side hill, in order to be near the scene of our labors. The heat of the sun was excessive; fortunately, we were able to keep in shade except when on the ridge handling the pick and spade in the trenches — then the labor was very arduous.

The luxuries of the place were blackberries and wild plums; later on, peaches, figs and paw-paws. None of us ever saw these fruits in greater abundance; so, in the intervals of digging and camp duty, the boys feasted upon these, while the constant booming in the direction of the city warned the berry-pickers that they were only playing at peace. And even among the bushes one had to keep his eyes open for bees and hornets, which also love sweets, and the snakes, which were of prodigious size and fatness. Several new insect torments here introduced themselves, peculiar to the climate, but the mosquitoes were not so

troublesome as sometimes further north. The colonel commenced instructing the sergeants in tactics, and, there being no level ground for battalion manœuvres, to employ the time usefully turned his critical eye upon the officers' company books and accounts. This course of clerical drill produced valuable fruits, when at the end of their service the officers came to settle with the auditor at Washington for the losses and mishaps of such varied campaigns. Captain Blanchard left for home, having resigned; but he was afterwards restored to his rank and returned to the regiment.

On the twenty-ninth we moved still further south-east, about eight miles—a hot march—to McCalls, or Oak Ridge; and a sandy waterless ridge it was. In the deep dells barrels were sunk; these slowly collected from the soil our drinking water, which was cool, though one often had to wait a long while for a canteen-full. In the bright moonlight nights the heavy masses of foliage and dark shadows gave these ravines a very charming appearance. Here we relieved some of Sherman's men, tall and straight fellows, with their imposing felt hats, some armed with Henry repeating rifles. They were full of stories about the fights at Champion's Hill and other places, and we listened with interest. To be sure the losses at Fredericksburg alone in one day had been many more than theirs during their whole campaign, but Eastern soldiers were not inclined to boast of that day, and the Western vim and self-confidence were so different from the tone of the Eastern army it was a pleasure to listen to their talk. We accepted in silence the epithets of "Holiday Soldiers," etc., trusting to the course of events, rather than our tongues, to prove our mettle. They had served well in a magnificent campaign, and they were right to feel proud of their share in it. At Oak Ridge we adopted from these Western men the custom of raising beds and tents some



two feet from the ground for the sake of coolness. The usual bi-monthly muster for pay — to compare the number of men with the number on the rolls — took place here, and digging was resumed.

On the fourth of July we were enlivened by the arrival of mails and rations, which kept us so busy we scarcely noticed that the sounds of cannonading towards the city had ceased. In course of the day, however, the rumor was circulated that General Pemberton had surrendered, and in the afternoon the news was officially confirmed amid great rejoicing. The total losses to the Confederates had been over 40,000 men, of whom 31,000 were the garrison of Vicksburg, and one hundred and seventy-two pieces of artillery, with arms and munitions for 60,000 men; altogether, the most damaging single blow the Confederate cause suffered during the war. There was no attempt at a triumph, and no troops, except General Logan's division for a guard, marched into the city; on the contrary, the orders confirming the news also directed an immediate march eastward to meet Johnston; and, before we could fairly realize the victory, we were upon the road, leaving camp about six that evening, the men feeling eager for a more active share in such achievements, and, if ever such words are true, spoiling for a fight.

However, the excitement had time to cool a little during the following two days while the corps lay massed by the road side, waiting for the construction of a bridge over the Big Black, at Birdsong's Ferry, by the leading brigade, of which the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts formed a part. Here Assistant Surgeons Roche and Coburn joined, but the latter was never mustered in, the regiment had become too reduced in numbers to be entitled to two assistants. Quartermaster Upton also returned, his arm having healed, and took position on the division staff.



General Sherman's plan of action is briefly stated in the following order, circulated here :

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 52.

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITION,

"CAMP AT FLOX, July 6, 1863.

"IV.—The movement (of this division) will begin at four o'clock P. M. of July 6 (to-day). VI.—All commanders will hold their troops in perfect order for battle at all times, and *on encountering the enemy will engage him at once.* VII.—Private pillage and plunder must cease ; our supplies are now ample ; . . . . the people of the country should be protected as far as possible against wanton acts of irresponsible parties, etc.

"By order of MAJ. GEN. SHERMAN,

"R. M. SAWYER, *A. A. G.*

"Official: G. H. MCKIBBEN, *A. A. G.*"

Drinking water became an item of chief interest at once, and continued to be during the march. The soil was porous and quickly absorbed rain, the rivers were swampy, and the water said to be poisonous or malarious. Small streams or springs there were none ; the people stored their drinking water in huge brick cisterns under ground. There were occasional clayey pond-holes where the rain collected, which were our source of supply ; and the water from them was sufficiently muddy and vile without the flavoring extracted from the dead mule, which usually lay stewing in the sun in the middle of the hole. The story was that the retreating enemy had placed them there purposely ; but this, like many similar tales, was crediting them with too thoughtful a malignity. As the troops passed, cotton presses, stored with bales of cotton, then of almost priceless value at the North, were seen wastefully burning, from lack of means of transportation. The

old cotton-fields were planted with corn, now almost fit for roasting, which formed an important part of our sustenance upon the trip. The people have a way, thereabouts, of girdling the immense trees instead of cutting them down, and, thereafter, the slowly decaying trunks—barkless and for the most part branchless—stand, like ghosts, among the corn, forming a melancholy feature of the scenery.

About two in the afternoon of July 7 the bridge was ready and we crossed the river. In the bottom lands—some cotton-fields—the sun beat down with power untempered by the slightest breath of air. The effect was overpowering; stout men dropped in the ranks as if shot, and even the toughest gasped for breath and staggered on to the upland, where there was some shade. The men affirm that they never, before nor since, experienced such torrid heat. The afterpiece was a thunder storm of great fury, the flashing of the lightning and rolling of the thunder being continuous instead of in explosions in the normal way. Nevertheless, we kept upon the road, the grateful rain pouring upon our soaked caps and down our backs in bucketfuls. The mud in the road was unfathomable. At midnight a halt was called, and, the storm having passed over, we turned off the road in the pitchy darkness, and, perched upon rails or brush, slept who could. Next morning we had to wait for the road to dry, to be passable for the artillery, and the start came again at mid-day; whereupon the heat was so great as to compel a halt until the sun should sink sufficiently to be borne, and thus the march again drew out until midnight; this time the air being so warm and close as to induce drowsiness, so that after every halt the men who had insensibly dropped asleep had to be roused—altogether, marching in such devitalized air was trying work.

During the night of the tempest Lieutenant M. B. Hawes, acting quartermaster, with the wagon train, was accidentally killed. The following account of the storm and of the lieutenant's death was written a few days after by one who was near him at the time :

“It now became so dark I could not see my mare Sallie's head. By this time the wind increased to a gale and it never rained faster. Such vivid flashes of lightning and such peals of thunder I never saw or heard. I found it impossible to control Sallie on her back, so dismounted, and then I had my hands full. The lightning struck all around us, and boughs were falling in all directions. The storm, or rather tempest, lasted about two hours, and, more or less, all night. During the storm a bough fell and struck Lieutenant Hawes, killing him instantly. He was sitting in his wagon, only two or three wagons in rear of ours. Lieutenant Hawes was a splendid fellow, promoted from the ranks, and was one of the most promising officers in the regiment, and would, no doubt, soon have been again promoted. I spoke with him only about an hour before he was dead. He was always cheerful, with a pleasant word for everybody. I understood the quartermaster of an Ohio regiment was also killed. Lieutenant Hawes was buried next morning under a tree near the place where he was killed.”

We plodded along, during the eighth and ninth, towards Jackson, through the cornfields and by-roads, the artillery and trains occupying the best track, the forces of General Johnston retiring as the Federals advanced. Sherman's army of about 50,000 men marched in three columns, of which our corps formed the left and most northerly. Our route was by rough side roads; but, thereby, we escaped the worst of the dust. We passed the plantation of Joe

and Jefferson Davis, but hurried by so fast no opportunity was given for an examination of a place where the President of the Confederacy had plotted rebellion long before the war began. It was said that stragglers opened Jeff's library to free circulation, with no penalty for books not returned. As we approached Jackson, the Confederate cavalry was encountered, and the artillery began shelling them, while the troops were massed in an opening to await the result. A large house was in flames near by, and some of the men who strolled in that direction returned with small articles they had picked up, rather to the disgust of others who were not yet hardened even by the scenes in Fredericksburg to approve useless plundering. Generals Sherman and Parke issued rigorous orders, forbidding everything of the kind—we had been accustomed to keep even the apple trees under guard in Virginia. As the war progressed, however, and especially under Sherman and Sheridan and certain Confederate raiders, this leniency towards private property was less regarded—it is a difficult thing to manage in civil war. The afternoon was to us a specimen scene from Sherman's future "March to the Sea."

On the tenth, crossing the wide ocean—it was like nothing else—of cornfields west of the city, we struck the road leading north to Canton, and at evening were in line of battle, facing the city lying south of us, and in this position lay upon our arms all night. The right (Ord's Corps) and centre (Steele's Corps) of the army enclosed the south and west sides of the town; to the east was Pearl River, which the cavalry was expected to watch. General Johnston had about 30,000 men for duty.

At dawn our troops were in line, advancing, the First Division in front with skirmishers deployed. While moving up, an officer in a uniform coat, faded from blue to

bottle green, rode quietly by, attended by one or two others. He was General Sherman—even then an object of curiosity; but where was the immense staff, the flash and glitter, which we were accustomed to associate with the chief of a great army? Evidently our present commander had come out to see and not to be seen.

Reaching and passing the buildings of the State Asylum for the Insane and the grove near it—which served for our hospital and where Company K was detailed for guard—we traversed the grounds and sweet-potato patches, and halted upon a wooded hill-side. The Second Michigan was skirmishing in front upon a ridge facing the enemy's intrenchments, and our duty for the day was simply to be ready in case they should need support. The heat was intense and, added to their previous exertions, overpowered some dozen of the men, and so affected even the colonel that he was obliged to retire to the hospital. During the day an occasional chance bullet visited us, one hitting Folsom, of Company I—who was noted for catching stray balls—but they did not come often enough to prevent the men from falling asleep. In the absence of field officers Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, of the Fifty-First New York, was assigned to command the regiment. He proved to be an able officer, of pleasant manners, and so won our regard that he never afterwards could approach the quarters of the Thirty-Fifth without being cheered by the men.\*

Before daybreak of the twelfth, the Thirty-Fifth moved forward noiselessly, and at sunrise relieved the Seventeenth Michigan upon the skirmish line. The right of the regiment rested upon a ridge close to the Canton road; here Adjutant Wales, inspecting our skirmish line, discovered a gap of about two hundred yards between our right—which was the right of the Ninth Corps—and the left of the

\* Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell died at Aurora, Indiana, on January 16, 1884.

Western troops; reporting the fact to Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, the adjutant was ordered to report to General Ferrero, who, finding that we had one company (K) not on the skirmish line, ordered him to put it in the interval, which he did by deploying it as skirmishers behind the hill and then advancing. The Confederates made it warm for K's men when they appeared on the crest of the hill. General Ferrero and Captain McKibben were present at the time. At this point—the Canton road—there was a Confederate battery in a covering work made of earth and bales of cotton; the space between the opposing lines was low ground cleared of trees and underbush, except what had been left for abatis. The enemy's lines of entrenchment retired on both sides of the battery, sweeping back to enclose the town, and were occupied by his infantry (Loring's division, mostly Mississippi troops), with pickets and sharpshooters lying in the woods in their front. In short, it was such a line as we had been making at Milldale to receive them, and which they had declined to attack.

The centre and left of the regiment was stretched out as skirmishers for some quarter of a mile to the left, all but the right companies being in thick woods with much underbrush. As this was our first experience in such bushwhacking business, the day's operations were very interesting as well as exciting. The men lay low or kept behind trees, exchanging shots with their opponents—who lurked under cover in the same way—and watched the artillery duel. Lieutenant Benjamin, with his favorite twenty-pounders, opened upon the enemy; once or twice, while getting the range, dropping a shell short into our line, in the pleasant way the gunners had of letting the infantry know that they had artillery support. The Confederates who manned the cotton battery were the noisiest lot we ever listened to; we were so close as to easily hear

everything, their words of command, the discharges, and the yells which they gave every time, with the compliments they sent with the shot. The noise they made seemed to keep up their courage, and as for their missiles they went whirring overhead in search of the lunatics in the asylum. General Sherman posted about one hundred guns in good positions, which commanded the city in every part, but, as ammunition was short, delayed opening fire until the supply trains should come up. At night the men were ordered to fix bayonets and receive any sallying party with cold steel. The only event was the missing of our lines by men returning from the rear in the darkness; Sergeant Luther S. Bailey, of Company G, in this way wandered over to the Confederates and was taken prisoner.

At daylight, July 13, we were, in turn, relieved by the Seventh Rhode Island. In coming forward for the purpose, they made what seemed to us rather too much racket with orders and tin pots rattling upon bayonets. The enemy thought it an advance of our lines, and commenced shooting in a brisk manner at once, keeping up a more steady firing all day, to the damage of the Seventh, who lost some fifteen killed and wounded. As they had started the game we were content to let them play it out, and retired into the reserve line to cook the longed-for coffee.

The following is a sample of the events which were happening along the line in such work: One of our sergeants, having in his usual systematic way done up his morning "chores," which consisted of carefully combing his hair, shaking and folding his rubber blanket, reading his morning chapter in the Bible, and disposing of a bit of hard bread and a sip of water—all the time moving about without regard to shelter, as if there was not a sharpshooter within a thousand miles—at length, ready



to be relieved, received the salutations of the sergeant of the Seventh, who had come to take his place, and, holding his rifle across his breast in his left hand, with his right pointed out the localities where the Confederate pickets were hidden; a shot came at the instant, passed through the body of the sergeant of the Seventh, killing him, and smashed the lower band of the rifle of our sergeant, doing him no harm. The marvel was that our man was not fired at before, when he was shaking his blanket.

The enemy continued very uneasy all day; the Thirty-Fifth lay in support as upon the first day, this time in rear of the Sixth New Hampshire; but the rumpus in front was so continuous as to prevent catching much of the precious sleep which the men now needed extremely. At one time during the day the efforts of the enemy were so violent as to appear like an attempt to break our front line; the humming of the bullets was quite lively, and the regiment formed, moved into position, and even charged forward a little way; but, finally, the Confederates desisted and the lines quieted down. It is possible that the capture of Bailey, informing them that they had Massachusetts men in their front, had excited their spite. By the next morning (fourteenth) the men were so used up, from lack of rest and food and the heat, a day was given for a respite, and the regiment marched to the rear of the Asylum. Many of the boys took a plunge in a mud-hole near by, which was more cooling than cleansing. It was so dry and warm the men slept anywhere upon the ground without covering; few carried more luggage than a shelter tent or piece of rubber blanket for protection in case of rain. On the fifteenth, Captain Pratt and fifty men went on a scout south-eastward towards Pearl River, in support of the engineers, who were investigating that weak point in our investment.



At half-past one in the morning of the sixteenth we moved up to the reserve post, relieved the Twenty-Seventh Michigan in support of skirmishers, and lay in the road running under the ridge the whole day, reading old papers, etc., with an occasional chance shot or shell from the enemy, or an order to fall in, fix bayonets, etc., to relieve the dullness of waiting. During the day our skirmishers were advanced and the enemy were driven into their intrenchments, where they appeared to be in full force, quieting the suspicions entertained by our generals that an evacuation was in progress. At night we got about two hours' sleep, and then crept forward quietly and relieved the Forty-Sixth New York (Germans) on the skirmish line. The position was nearly the same as on the twelfth, and therefore the broken Dutch instructions of our predecessors were little needed. It was about two o'clock, quite dark, and some care was required to post the men without noise. Having selected cover and a hard bread to munch we waited patiently for dawn, or for some venturesome foeman to expose himself. A bright light appeared over the city, the bells rang for fire, and there was a great stir; then the glow died out, and all was quiet. The cocks began to crow and the birds commenced to sing. There was an alarm about the centre of the regiment and the musketry was brisk for a few moments, but nothing came of it.

Soon it was gray dawn, but still no shots from the enemy; it began to look suspicious. Lieutenant Ingell was eager for an advance, and sent back to ask permission to go forward. General Ferrero was on the alert, and the order was passed along the line to send out a few men to try and draw the enemy's fire. They went out, discharged their pieces and returned, and no hostile shot replied. At the battery something was seen waving like a signal, and,

as light increased, it was found to be a white flag displayed by a colored man, who asked if he could come over, and was answered in the affirmative. He was met half way by Sergeant-Major Berry and an officer of the Forty-Sixth New York, each bearing a white flag; they learned that the city was being evacuated. The information spread quickly; the order was given to move upon the works. The right companies, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, with the flags, at once dashed up the road to the cotton battery, sending word along the line to rally on the colors. They found the battery almost deserted, waved the colors in token of success, and hastened forward through the city to the State Capitol, upon which the Confederate flag still floated. Adjutant Wales, Sergeant-Major Berry and Color-Sergeant A. J. White hurried in front; in haste they climbed to the top of the stately edifice, and the rising sun saluted the national flag, which Colonel Wild had so lately sent from home, surmounting the stars and bars upon the Capitol! Adjutant Wales secured the Confederate flag. Meanwhile the left companies advanced in skirmish line through the woods and up to the works in their front, also meeting no opposition from the enemy. At their point of entrance there remained in position a thirty-two pounder cannon, with shells beside it. They made directly to the Capitol—the Eleventh New Hampshire coming on in a handsome line upon the left—and found the rest of the regiment there, with our glorious banner floating above in the morning light.

Our men had many adventures that morning in the capture of prisoners, etc., which served to amuse the circles about the camp-fires in after days. The regiment collected one hundred and fifty-seven prisoners, including one officer. The last of the retreating enemy were hurrying off, over Pearl River, to Eastern Mississippi. It was

a happy moment! One may imagine the pleasurable feelings which comes over a poor, half-starved devil—who has laid out, in prospect, a day of hard picket duty, with, perhaps, wounds or death—to find all this passed away, the enemy gone, and himself standing upon the earthworks which have cost them so much labor, and the victory gained with so little loss. The Thirty-Fifth was the first regiment of the army to enter the city; the first men over the Confederate works were Sergeant Joseph E. Hood, Corporal Newell Davis, Dennison Hooper, Jonathan Whitehouse and one other, all belonging to our company F.

The centre and right wing of the army entered the town, marching up the broad main avenue to the Capitol in triumphal columns. Our men, who were scattered about for a few hours—two companies to collect stragglers of the enemy, and Companies D, G, H and I as safeguards upon the property of citizens—secured, most of them, at least one good meal of broiled chicken and corn bread from the breakfast tables of the people they were protecting. We were soon relieved and returned over the scene of our past labors, to the neighborhood of the Insane Asylum, and given time to rest.

The casualties in the regiment, by the enemy, had been Corporal Stephen R. Willis and Private Henry S. Hollis, both of Company H, died of wounds, and eight others wounded. The loss to the army was chiefly in General Lauman's division, which through some misunderstanding made an assault not intended by the general, and lost some three hundred killed and wounded and two hundred prisoners, with the colors of the Twenty-Eighth, Forty-First and Fifty-Third Illinois regiments—a bloody mistake! Of our share of the glory Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, Adjutant Wales, Sergeant-Major Berry and Color-Sergeant White secured the greater part, of whom the last two after-

wards lost their lives at Petersburg, Va., as did also Sergeant Fiske, the bearer of the regimental flag. But we must not forget that the alertness shown to improve the moment was the result of Colonel Carruth's thorough drill during the past months, of which he, unfortunately, did not here gather the reward. The members of the regiment thought it rather a hard joke upon them when the Northern papers gave the honors to the Thirty-Fifth *Missouri*, the editors thinking, probably, that it was not possible for a Massachusetts regiment to have been present here—the armies of Grant and Sherman were well known to be composed originally of Western troops.

The victory was, however, rather a barren one. General Johnston retreated into a district whither it was not possible for us to follow him in the heats of midsummer, and the fruits were through the increase of demoralization in his ranks and the clearing of the country rather than in substantial trophies. General Sherman proceeded to make Jackson as useless as possible to the Confederate cause, by destroying all public property and tearing up the rails on the roads out of the city for miles in every direction. Our First Division devoted a couple of days to the track north to Canton; and by watching their operations we learned the method of making the rails worthless, by bending them when heated in a fire made of the ties which had supported them.

The occasion having now passed for which the Ninth Corps had been sent south, a return to Kentucky was directed forthwith, and we began to retrace our steps to the banks of the Yazoo. The distance by the road is only some fifty miles, but, owing to the burning sun, the dust, and the haste with which the first days' marches were pushed, it proved the most exhausting journey in the experience of the regiment. Rations were in short quantity, and

were supplemented with green corn, unripe peaches and apples. The day's march would begin at daylight, a halt would be made at noon, and the march continued until after dark. The first day (July 20) we made twenty miles, and went into bivouac in a large field with the First Division, near Clinton. The second day we rose at half-past three o'clock, and accomplished fifteen miles with great difficulty. It was the hottest day of the season, dust rose in suffocating clouds—so that one could hardly see his file leader—and the fever and thirst were unendurable. Weak men, overcome, threw themselves down by the roadside in desperation; strong men fell, and lay struggling and frothing at the mouth; the ambulances and wagons were filled with the helpless. Those days cost the regiment more good men than a battle.

On the twenty-second but seven miles were made, most of the day being spent in a grove beside the road to enable the column to close up. That evening the Big Black was recrossed by a lower bridge, and, as before, we got a thorough sousing from one of the tropical thunder storms, which for opening the flood-gates of heaven and displaying its artillery are unexcelled. A good shower bath all around did not come amiss, but its cleansing effects were lost by the following night's bivouac in the mud of an old cotton-field. A short march of eight miles in the morning brought the "never-fell-outs" into the old camp at Milldale on the hillside. Some stragglers were stopped by guerillas and lost their watches, but were themselves released. The rest came along in squads, and a ragged, mud-bespattered lot they were, but right glad to ground arms at the spring and quench a thirst made insatiable by past deprivation. Whoever would learn to appreciate good water should make a forced march in that country in July, and the thought thereof will make him thirsty forevermore.

Different reasons were given to account for the hurry of the return. Some said it was done upon a wager; others declared it was the scarcity of water, "the distance between drinks," and not their frequency, which induced haste; and another suggestion was, the wish to catch the first boats up-river; so many troops were being shifted or returned to their posts transportation was hard to obtain — the first to get back to Vicksburg would be the first sent North. We did not gain anything by it, for we had to wait for steamboats until the sixth of August, with nothing to do but a little picket duty up the Yazoo.

The following communication was read at Milldale, relative to the division of the Sixteenth Corps, which had been serving with us:

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, 16TH A. C.

"JACKSON, MISS., July 20, 1863.

"MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. PARKE, Com'd'g 9th A. C.:

"*Sir*,—Your order transferring our division to the Fifteenth Army Corps is just received. Permit me, in behalf of the division I command, to tender to you our thanks for your uniform kindness to us and for the interest you have manifested in our welfare during our temporary assignment to duty with your corps. I am happy to assure you that the opportunity offered us to witness the conduct of the Eastern troops of your command has convinced us that they possess valor and discipline which we may well emulate. Longer association would, we doubt not, have matured and strengthened the friendship so auspiciously begun. Our best wishes for your welfare and success will constantly attend you.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"WM. S. SMITH,

"*Brig.-Gen. Com'd'g First Division.*"

Those days at Milldale were too warm for any but the most moderate exertion; usually, about four in the afternoon, there would be a shower of more or less violence, everything remaining wet and steaming until morning. The deep trench we had dug for a rifle-pit on the summit of our hill collected such a body of water that finally it burst forth, came rushing down the steep, and swept away several tents, scattering the contents all abroad, to the no small discomfort of the inmates and amusement of their comrades.

Many of the regiment were ill, prostrated by the climate, but those who retained health enjoyed themselves in a quiet way. From the cane-brakes near at hand long, thick canes were collected and dragged to camp; these were cut into proper lengths, wattled together and supported upon crotched stakes, making an elastic bedstead. Upon this were spread rolls of the trailing moss from the trees, and, high above all, the shelter tent, or a fly, was spread for a canopy, making a luxurious resting-place. The magnolia trees were in blossom, and the mocking-bird occasionally favored us with his song. The contents of the mails from home were devoured with interest, and ample leisure for discussion of the news from Port Hudson, Gettysburg, the draft—with lists of exempts, for disability, which excited no little merriment—and the return home and festive receptions of the nine months' men. After reading the latter, the boys adopted a saying, often repeated in times of special hardship, "We'll make this all right when we get on to Boston Common," to which the emphatic rejoinder would be, "That's so!"

One of the companies received a box from home, which, intended to reach them in the past winter at Falmouth, had lain buried in some express office, and when unearthed had followed us down here. Considerable curiosity was



manifested to see its contents. When opened it displayed a lot of woollen mittens! a splendid pair for every man in the company, from the good ladies at home. How the boys roared—could fortune have timed a gift more inopportunistically!

The insatiable ramblers, who are found in every company, explored the neighborhood for figs and peaches, now ripe and plentiful. Some, even, got an opportunity to visit Vicksburg, and examine the captured works and spoils of victory. Boats, crowded with paroled Confederates, moved up the Yazoo, looking as gray as so many cargoes of millers—good natured, for the most part, and ready for a stop to be put to the fighting. It appeared near the end to us, for the Mississippi ran unfettered to the sea. General Lee had again returned discomfitted to Virginia, and our armies were in good condition and better spirits than at any time since the war began. It seemed as though a general forward movement would crush in the sides of the sham edifice.

The worst effect of the situation with us was the malaria and fever. Rations of quinine and whiskey were dealt out as regularly as roll-call. Among the victims to disease at Milldale were: Henry Kiley, of Company D; Sergeant Charles E. Gannett, of Company H; Corporal John F. Spofford, of Company F, and David Phalan, of Company I. These found graves in the cathedral shades of the Southern forest, where the drooping moss waves its banners above, and the magnolia casts its pure petals upon their resting places. Others: George H. Bacon, of Company A; John H. Birch and Samuel G. Wright, of Company I, died on the passage up river, or at the hospitals along the return route.

The small number of officers present was lessened by the departure of Captains Pratt and Preston, who had accepted promotions—the former to lieutenant-colonel,



the latter to major—in General Wild's African Brigade in North Carolina. With them went Corporal Francis A. Bicknell, of Company H, William M. Titcomb, of Company I, and Amory O. Balch, of Company K, who had received commissions in the same corps. Doctor Snow was brigade surgeon, and Quartermaster Upton was on the staff at corps headquarters. Quartermaster-Sergeant Cutter was acting regimental quartermaster. Adjutant Wales received a commission as major of the regiment.

Before our departure General Grant issued an order containing the following: "In returning the Ninth Corps to its former command, it is with pleasure that the general commanding acknowledges its valuable services in the campaign just closed. Arriving at Vicksburg opportunely, taking a position to hold at bay Johnston's army, then threatening the forces investing the city, it was ready and eager to assume the offensive at any moment. After the fall of Vicksburg, it formed a part of the army which drove Johnston from his position near the Big Black River into his intrenchments at Jackson, and, after a siege of eight days, compelled him to fly in disorder from the Mississippi Valley. The endurance, valor and general good conduct of the Ninth Corps are admired by all, and its valuable coöperation in achieving the final triumph of the campaign is gratefully acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee. Major-General Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners and guidons 'Vicksburg' and 'Jackson.'" It is not surprising that our men felt grateful to General Grant, and rejoiced, with a sort of fellow-feeling, in the subsequent brilliant campaigns of Grant and Sherman and their gallant armies.

On the sixth of August the regiment marched down to Haines's Bluff and on board the steamboat Planet, which

was already crowded with the Eleventh New Hampshire, Fifty-First and Seventy-Ninth New York, and a company of the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania. General Welsh, commanding the First Division, and staff were also on board. The general, who had entered the service as colonel of the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania, was now ill with a disease — incurred in the campaign — which proved fatal.

The progress up the river was similar to the journey down, but slower, and the depth of water less, requiring careful pilotage. The Planet was very much inferior to the old Imperial, and our quarters were uncomfortably crowded. When all the deck space, outside and in, was occupied there was hardly room for each man to lie down, and when a man had appropriated his six feet of plank, by depositing his pack or spreading his shelter tent over it, he kept it all the way, rain or shine. We stopped at Helena and, on the ninth, at Memphis to coal-up. The very sick were sent ashore to Overton Hospital. The able-bodied were given a few hours ashore to stretch their legs; it is sad to relate that some, having discovered "tangle-foot" whiskey, returned to the boat with legs less steady from the stretching. The boys brought back all the soft bread they could carry, and the decks were stacked with loaves. The bread alone — no one thought of butter it was so long since any had been seen — was a welcome change from hard-tack and bacon-sides. Excellent coffee was made by turning the steam from the boiler of the steamboat into the mixture of ground coffee and cold water. There was a pretty little green park, or square, in Memphis, with a monument to General Jackson, bearing the motto, "The Federal Union it must and shall be preserved." Some Secessionist had chiselled off the word "Federal," with which attempted improvement the face of Jackson did not appear well pleased.

We reached Cairo at daybreak on the morning of the twelfth, and at 6 P. M. took the box cars for Cincinnati, passing over the former route through Centralia, Sandoval and Vincennes. If we were a hard-looking set when we first passed this way, we were a deal rougher returning; but our welcome along the road was more hearty than ever; even the coarsest food of every-day life, offered along the way, was luxury after such a campaign. Arrived at Cincinnati, August 14, the boys said they felt as if they had got home. The regiment created a sensation in the streets by displaying the Confederate flag taken at Jackson, upside down on our flag-staff, and the jest was received with unbounded applause. With the victories, East and West, the people were feeling quite happy.

We crossed immediately to Covington, and went into camp near the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Ohio, a six months' regiment, with whom we at once fraternized. From them the boys caught several Western phrases, which were constantly repeated, and, no doubt, they did the same with our odd sayings. They were new troops, and were astonished to see the dispatch with which our men levelled a board fence, cut stakes and poles, pitched their shelters, made fires, and had coffee boiling and all comfortable in a few moments. Pedlers flocked about camp, but as our pocket-books were empty their show of cakes and fruits was more tantalizing than gratifying. To save fences, the quartermaster drew wood for fuel from Government for the first time since leaving Massachusetts.

On the fifteenth a detail of men was sent to assist the officers of a battery, who, by the disabling of their men, had been left helpless with their guns, caissons and horses upon the Cincinnati side. Florian Matz, of Company I, a veteran hostler, proved himself a useful man in this movement.

Our stay near the great city was brief. A guard was required to accompany a train of two hundred wagons to Hickman's Bridge, and the general, to our vexation, selected the 'Thirty-Fifth for the duty. All who were unable to make a quick march—some seven of the officers and eighty of the men—were sent to Camp Dennison, or forwarded by rail to Nicholasville. When the "invincibles" were drawn up in line they were found to number but six officers and two hundred and twenty-five men—truly, the climate of Mississippi had done its work thoroughly! The six officers were Adjutant Wales, Assistant Surgeon Roche, Lieutenants Ingell, Pope, Tobey and Meserve. Captain Sims, of the Fifty-First New York, was detailed to command, but relieved next day by Captain Stuart, whose style of discipline was not favorably received by the boys.

The first day's march (August 18) was to Snow's Pond, fifteen miles, where we met the train; after that, the men were given the privilege of riding or walking as they chose, and they took turns at each—the army wagon has no springs, and riding in it is little better than walking. Many took a lesson in mule driving, and improved their acquaintance with that near relation of ours. The day's march on the nineteenth was but eleven miles to Crittenden, there being no watering-place for some distance ahead. The afternoon was spent in boiling corn and bacon, and devouring as much as each man could stuff; as good an antidote for malaria, perhaps, as the doctor could furnish. The location of camp was upon the edge of a large cornfield, and the owner seemed to have no objection to contributing a part of his crop to the Union cause.

On the twentieth, thirty-one miles to Big Eagle Creek. On the twenty-first Captain Stuart, Sergeant Hodgdon and a detail of men captured two supposed guerillas, of

whose hiding place they were informed by a colored man ; these prisoners were carried to Georgetown and delivered to the authorities ; we marched eleven miles to Dry Run, and camped on the Osborne estate, Scott County ; one of the drivers insulted Captain Stuart, who fired his pistol over the man's head, and tied him up under guard until morning. On the twenty-second we went twenty-one miles out of our way, through Georgetown and its rural surroundings, to Paris, to load the wagons with forage. Sunday, the twenty-third, we rested ; the day was saddened by the funeral of John Davis, of Company H, who died the night before, and was buried at Paris. The men will always remember the kindness of Dr. Griffith, of Paris, who replenished their stock of tobacco on credit, trusting to obtain payment at our future camp, when the regiment should be paid off.

On the twenty-fourth we made twenty miles to the ponds beyond Lexington, Adjutant Wales stopping in the city to get mustered in as major. On the twenty-fifth the train passed through Nicholasville, and the regiment parted from it, three miles beyond, at a place afterwards called Camp Parke, where Lieutenant Mirick, acting assistant quartermaster on General Fry's staff, located our campground. It was a pleasant thing to again pitch our shelter tents in correct regimental form in the groves of Old Kentucky. At evening our new major — Wales — came into camp ; there was a cry, "Fall in, Thirty-Fifth!" The men rallied and gave him three hearty cheers. Some unfortunates were almost immediately detailed to return to Covington, under Captain Rapelji, for another train. We were in danger of earning more honors as mule drivers than we coveted.

The Thirty-Fifth was the first of our brigade to arrive upon the ground. The First Division was in camp south

of us, and was suffering extremely from the debilitating results of the Southern campaign; more even than our division. Our trip hither with the train and constant activity had set up our regiment well, and the arrival of the paymaster, Major Walker, with greenbacks and the quartermaster's supplies of new clothing, changed the appearance of things wonderfully in a few days. The rust of the Mississippi rains was scraped from the gun-barrels and sword-scabbards, blacking brushes made their appearance, belt-plates got a polishing, and when inspection day came around on the thirtieth our major complimented the men for their trim appearance; and, if he approved, the regiment must have deserved the commendation.

Lieutenant Meserve was adjutant, and Lieutenants Mirick and Tobey, successively, quartermaster in this camp. Colonel Carruth visited camp, but was too ill to assume command; and, indeed, he never seemed quite to recover his old energetic ways after the Vicksburg trip. His health, thereafter, was so broken that the hardships of subsequent campaigns were too great, generally, for him to endure. An elegant sword and belt, which had been subscribed for by the non-commissioned officers at the time of his promotion to the colonelcy, was exhibited and presented to him at Camp Parke. Lieutenant Colonel King called at our camp, and commanded at dress-parade on the evening of September 1; he was on detached service at Lexington at this time. As for the "invincibles," having now only the lightest camp duty to attend while the sick and convalescent were recuperating, they led a merry life, as who would not in such a country with money in pocket. Big dinners of pork and cabbage or boiled fowl, or even citizen hospitality, were enjoyed with keen appetites, well knowing that the time for such things would soon end if past experience was to be consulted.

Men who had been left in Kentucky sick or detailed now rejoined, full of accounts of John Morgan's raid north of the Ohio, between July 8 and July 27 — the days of our trip out to Jackson and back. Morgan came to heavy grief, and was captured with most of his men after a spirited chase by our cavalry, which, under able leaders, was now picking up in a way which soon made it more than a match for the Confederate horse. We learned, also, that General Burnside, finding the summer slipping away and our return to duty with him delayed, had started for East Tennessee, with cavalry and mounted infantry and the Twenty-Third Corps, we to follow as soon as men enough recovered to make it worth while.

Looking back over the campaign in Mississippi, it forms, to those who were not attacked by the diseases of the climate, one of the pleasantest chapters of the war. It was laid among scenes where everything was novel and interesting; and, while upon it, we enjoyed a share of the success which accompanied Grant and Sherman from that time forward. We had a taste of the wine of victory, and began to see the dawning of a successful end of the war, of which, in the neighborhood of the political strife and inefficiency about Washington, it was hard to continue hopeful.





## CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER IN EAST TENNESSEE — CAMPBELL'S STATION AND  
KNOXVILLE, 1863-64.

HE who breathes the air of mountains imbibes the love of freedom with every inspiration. The people inhabiting the hills and valleys of East Tennessee had been distinguished from the beginning of the war for their intelligent understanding of its causes and for their strong attachment to the Union. For two long years they had been subject to the odious rule of the Confederacy, and, though constantly and cruelly harried, their young men conscripted or driven across the mountains, their old men imprisoned and shamefully abused, they had never given up hope. The persecutions of the Scottish Covenanters were not more severe nor more full of heart-rending incident. President Lincoln had long been solicitous for their relief. It was the good fortune of General Burnside and the Twenty-Third Corps to carry the old flag back to East Tennessee, there to remain, and it was our happiness to assist in making its presence there permanently secure.

The general left Crab Orchard August 21 — a body of cavalry only making a feint upon the Cumberland Gap road — while the main army, largely mounted infantry, bore away south through Montgomery, Tenn., passing into the valley of East Tennessee by way of Kingston, and so upon Knoxville from the south, September 3, and taking Cumberland Gap in rear; whereupon General Frazier, the Confederate commander, surrendered with about

twenty-five hundred men and eleven pieces of artillery. Upon the appearance of the Union army near Kingston the enemy's general — Buckner — had fled, burning the high railroad bridge at Loudon.

While Burnside was making this advance, General Rosecrans occupied Chattanooga, September 9, and was concentrating in the valley of Chickamauga Creek, in front of General Bragg. The Confederate authorities had sent General Longstreet's Corps south to assist Bragg, foreseeing that if Rosecrans were thoroughly beaten Burnside must fly also. General Halleck, at Washington, became frightened at Rosecrans's danger, and telegraphed to Burnside, September 13 — received by him on the sixteenth — "It is important that all the available force of your command be pushed forward into East Tennessee. So long as you hold Tennessee, Kentucky is perfectly safe," etc., and ordering him to connect with Rosecrans. General Burnside's troops were over one hundred and twenty-five miles from Chattanooga, but were started down the valley on the eighteenth. On the nineteenth and twentieth, however, Rosecrans was attacked, the sanguinary battle of Chickamauga was fought, and but for General Thomas the Union army would have been completely routed; as it was, Chattanooga was held, though almost in a state of siege.

All these movements were of interest to us, because they decided our whereabouts for the winter; had Chickamauga been a Union victory we, probably, should have lain in winter quarters in Kentucky. The First Division started for Tennessee about the tenth of September. On the seventh we, also, had orders; but General Griffin, commanding the division, protested that only two thousand men were yet fit for duty in the whole Second Division, and the order was countermanded. The regiments were

assigned to different posts in Kentucky: the Fifty-First New York at Camp Nelson, the Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts to Crab Orchard, and the Eleventh New Hampshire to London on the road to Cumberland Gap. The Twenty-First Massachusetts, not having been in the Mississippi campaign, left Crab Orchard for Tennessee about the sixteenth, with the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania and Second Maryland as the First Brigade of our division.

We left Camp Parke and marched for our post at Crab Orchard on the ninth of September, Captain Gibson in command — Major Wales and Quartermaster Upton being away on leave. The men, for thirty cents each, hired a farmer to carry their knapsacks the first afternoon, eleven miles, to Camp Dick Robinson, passing Camp Nelson and the picturesque scenery about Hickman's Bridge and the Kentucky River for the third time. The major overtook the regiment next day on the road to Lancaster, where we camped on a hill-side beyond the town, after a dusty march. On the eleventh we again reached the Springs beyond Crab Orchard. This town is a noted spa or mineral springs, much resorted to by invalids and pleasure seekers in peace times; while we were there we had the use of the waters pretty much to ourselves.

Here a lot of promotions was announced: First Lieutenants Lyon, Hudson, Mirick and Stickney became captains; Second Lieutenants Meserve, Tobey, Washburn and Gottlieb became first lieutenants — the first named lieutenant acting as adjutant, the second as quartermaster. Also Sergeant-Major Berry and Sergeant Creasey became first lieutenants; Austin J. White became sergeant-major. At this time Doctor Snow was surgeon and Upton quartermaster of the Second Division.

On the fifteenth of September we were again under

orders for Knoxville, again countermanded, and, instead, we moved to the elevated fields of the Fair Grounds, east of the town, at first camping near the covered arena, afterwards within the circle of the race-track, upon broad, level grounds—the track, just one mile around, tempting the men to all kinds of trials of speed. This was called Camp Carruth. After orders had been thus twice countermanded the men made up their minds that Crab Orchard would be our winter quarters, and began to build huts, for which the ruinous fencing of the enclosure furnished inviting materials. Some were doubters, and shook their heads at the notion of winter quarters; they pegged their tents close to the ground—to keep out the winds—stole what hay and straw they could for warm bedding, and kept their knapsacks always packed. During the whole winter a great source of amusement was the sanguine hopes of the hut-builders, always disappointed, and the cynical comments of the doubters. The former, sometimes, out of mere bravado, kept on logging-up, when the advance troops were already falling back, saying, no one knows how long we shall stop here, and plain signs are not to be trusted in our case at least.

Captain Gibson was appointed provost-marshal in the town, and Lieutenant Berry had command of the provost-guard. On the eighteenth the twenty-five hundred prisoners from the Gap passed through town on their way North; they were broad-faced, sturdy-looking fellows. In the town there was some waving of handkerchiefs from upper windows, and the prisoners cheered; but there was no violent demonstration of feeling. They were in charge of the Eighty-Sixth and, our old friends, the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Ohio. We had seen so many gray-coats under guard during the summer, a few thousand more seemed a matter of course—the Confederacy was caving

in rapidly ; then came the news of Chickamauga, exaggerated into a crushing disaster, and we felt blue ; the doubters chuckled, they foresaw now that the comfortable huts would soon be vacated.

While at this camp Adjutant Meserve had a narrow escape while racing with Major Wales and Assistant Surgeon Roche, his horse becoming unmanageable at the sight of a dead mule, and throwing the rider, who was dragged some distance, fortunately without other injuries than severe bruises. Naaman Torrey, of Company H, died at the post hospital, and his remains were buried in the village cemetery, with military honors, the whole regiment attending ; he will be better remembered as "Father Torrey."

The Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Thirty-Fifth received the anticipated order for "over the mountains" on the thirtieth of September, eight days' rations to be carried by each man in knapsack and haversack, which certainly looked like preparation for a hungry land. Captain Gibson was ill in town, and, consequently, had to be left behind ; Captain Blanchard, next senior, now recommissioned, joined the regiment and took command. The number of guns, including provost-guard, was only about one hundred and fifty at the start, so many men were sick or detailed.

The march over the mountains was worth making for the pleasure of it alone. The road led through a wild country abounding in natural beauties and wonders. The month was October, the harvest season of the year, and, like our tramp along the Blue Ridge the autumn previous, the route was among hills glowing with resplendent foliage or empurpled by distance. The way was enlivened by the drum and fife, or the bugle echoing from the sides of the hills, calling the halt, or the more unwelcome signal for forward movement. Just before the start there was an

alarm in camp, while the regiment was upon fatigue duty, mending the road towards Mount Vernon, and Companies G and I were hurried back to quarters; but the expected scrimmage with guerillas did not come off.

The column left Crab Orchard on the second of October, passing over what appeared at that time the roughest road we had ever seen. One of our wagons and one of the Fifty-First got capsized during the afternoon; others stuck in the mud; the work of the teamsters was harder than that of the foot soldiers; the march was twelve miles nearly to Mount Vernon. The second day we made but five miles, passing through the town and over a mountain, and going into camp near a big spring—a full stream, or brook, issuing from the mouth of a cavern in the hillside. Many of the men went into this cave without finding the end; but, being without guides or proper lanterns, it was rather a hazardous exploration. The following day (the fourth) was a hard one for the teams, climbing over Wild Cat Mountain—the scene of several conflicts early in the war, the lines of earthworks still visible. For the sake of the draught animals we went into camp early, at Little Rockcastle River, and the men spent the afternoon hunting for pigs and persimmons. On the fifth there was continued heavy work for teams, at one place a steep ascent for a mile required the use of ten mules to haul each wagon. The boys, however, felt frisky, and the mountain air was so bracing that, a mile or so before getting into camp at Pitman's, near London, they must needs have a race with the artillery. The men set up a shout, the drivers whipped up their horses, and away we went on the run, “Hi!—hi!—hi!” through the pitch-pine woods and over the sandy road into the camp of the Eleventh New Hampshire, in a way to scare off whatever of malaria still hung about us—that was a jolly race! The men of the Eleventh were glad

to see the old brigade in such high spirits. We passed on the road seventy-five Confederate prisoners for Camp Nelson, under guards from the Eighty-Sixth Ohio.

The regiments had a rest of several days here while waiting for batteries to come up; they were Benjamin's, "E," Second United States Artillery, and Edwards, "L" and "M," Third United States Artillery—both old friends. Major Wales and Lieutenant Washburn joined, the latter being appointed permanent adjutant, a position which he held to the end of our service, though absent on staff duty or otherwise most of the time; while he was away Lieutenant Meserve acted as adjutant until promoted captain. Rations were all consumed, and the men were glad to fill up their haversacks from the accumulated surplus of the Eleventh, who had been here for some time. The Eleventh was left at London to follow on with a supply train; the Fifty-First and Thirty-Fifth proceeded on the tenth to Laurel Creek. This was the day of the battle of the First Division and the Twenty-First Massachusetts of our old brigade at Blue Springs near Bull Gap, of which there was a good deal said when we first reached Knoxville. The day following the roads improved, and we made twenty miles, to beyond Barboursville on the Cumberland River, here a wide, clear stream, with banks overhung with foliage.

On the twelfth of October our march was sixteen miles to the ford of the Cumberland, situated in the midst of scenery worthy of an artist's pencil. The beautiful river, enclosed by wooded mountains, affected the senses with an indescribable charm. But the interest with us was more practical; there was, of course, no bridge, and this was our first experience in fording a wide river; the question was, whether it would be better to try to cross barefoot and bruise still more, upon the rough stones, the feet

already raw with marching, or wear shoes and have wet feet for twenty-four hours afterwards. It is a sufficient answer to say that, whichever method was tried, the experimenter wished afterwards that he had adopted the other. A regiment fording a river offers a picturesque foreground to fine scenery, and if any of the men slip into holes the picture becomes very lively. We camped beyond the ford, and had an opportunity to dry clothes. Mountaineers came in with chestnuts, and when we complained of the high price declared the nuts worth it, for they had to cut down the trees to pick them, whereupon we asked, with inquiring minds, if that was the usual way of gathering fruit in that country. The next day's tramp over Three Log Mountains will be remembered for the down-pour of rain and the slippery roads; the wet clay offered so little foothold that the ordinary exertion of marching was doubled. That night we pitched tents in a cold rain turning to snow, but within sight of Cumberland Gap.

On the fourteenth of October the long train of infantry, artillery and trains climbed the winding ascent to the famous Gap—a depression in the mountain range through which the road found a passage. These Cumberland Mountains are a continuation of the Virginia mountain system, but on a grander scale, and the country about them is wilder and more difficult by far. The summits above the pass were fortified, and appeared impregnable to the assaults of every foe but starvation. To give eclat to our passage Parson Brownlow appeared, on the way to his home in Knoxville, in company with his daughter, in a carriage—the only vehicle of the kind we met on the journey. He was an old hero in our eyes, and when he got out and walked up through the pass the regiment cheered, while the band played patriotic tunes—it was a triumphal welcome home to the redoubtable patriot. The



boundary lines of three States—Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia—meet in the centre of an immense marking-stone, upon which many of the boys took a seat, to be able to say that they had been in all three States at once. The view from the top was over an endless sea of billowy, wooded hills, with few signs of human culture or habitation.

Coming down the south of the Gap we crossed Powell's River—a fine stream, tributary to the Clinch River—upon a bridge, just beyond which one of the men, stepping into a log-house for a coal of fire to light his pipe, came flying out, pursued by an old hag, in appearance a very witch of the mountains—probably an insane person—her long white hair streaming behind her. At Tazewell we halted over for a day, the road being very difficult for the teams. Apples and fresh pork were abundant; the camp was adorned with piles of the rosy fruit, which the boys brought in for the pleasure of looking at them, for they could not all be eaten nor carried along. The branches of the trees about the camp-fires were hung with quarters of unlucky pigs, who had died of blue-pill or the prod of a soldier's bayonet, and were now seasoning for a savory roast. Those of the regiment who were disposed towards mild drinks made the acquaintance of the mellifluous sorghum molasses, while those who claimed to be iron-clads tested their capacity with raw apple-jack just from the still.

On the sixteenth, in a heavy rain, we forded Clinch River, a branch of the Tennessee, the water clear and ice-cold, knee-deep. It was a pretty scene to watch Captain Ingell leading across the wide stream, the rain-drops dripping from his hat and rubber coat, the water gurgling around his massive legs, his steaming puffs for breath, and pointed remarks upon the situation adding

force to the whole. On the further bank the regiments went into camp upon the hills in an upland cotton-field—the cotton still hanging in the bolls—where blazing fires restored the circulation to benumbed members. Next day we plodded along with difficulty over a rough road, where the brook, which usually accompanies the mountain roads, was not satisfied with either side of the valley, but crossed and recrossed the track continually, much to the discomfort of shoe leather and army socks, and so on through Maynardsville, where the Union flag was flying. Passing the village of Gravestown on the eighteenth, over a road deep with soft, sticky mud, the rail fences before the houses were gay with little red flags—signs of small-pox within; their hospitalities were, therefore, not sought, in spite of the drizzle and dreariness without doors. At night we camped within four miles of Knoxville and received letters from home, which had preceded us by another route. On the following morning (October 19) we reached the suburbs of the city, and pitched our shelter tents south of Second Creek, near the engine-house of the East Tennessee and Kentucky Railroad, upon a field afterwards occupied by the Confederate picket line.

The march of one hundred and forty miles over such rough roads had given the boys troublesome appetites, which they were destined to keep keen during the winter. Captain Rapelji, brigade quartermaster, happening to pass the camp, was saluted with such loud cries of “Hard-tack! hard-tack!” that he took offence and complained of the insult, whereupon the major ordered a moonlight inspection, not of stomachs, but of equipments, as a punishment—the preparation for inspection after a long march, polishing guns, brasses, etc., is no light matter—and he also improved the occasion to censure the shouters for their bad manners. On the twentieth, the cavalry of the depart-

ment, both up and down the valley, met with such severe handling that it was drawn nearer to Knoxville; so we appeared to have arrived just in time for the fun ahead.

During the following two days an opportunity was given to most of the men to visit the town, which they found much better built and more city-like than they anticipated. There were large railroad stations and freight houses, hotels, markets, a university, asylum for deaf and dumb, numerous churches and schools, and street lamps for gas; but the gas works had been destroyed by the Confederates. The town was not fortified, but situated upon hills commanding the surrounding country to the north, and protected by the Holston River and high hills on the south.

The higher powers seemed to be uncertain of the future, to judge from their conduct towards us, for we got daily orders to pack up and be ready to march, countermanded again as often, until the repetition became vexatious. Finally, at dark on the twenty-second, the regiment started for the city, only to enjoy a comfortable sleep upon the platform of the freight-house at the station. It rained in the morning, and the troops crowded into the station, where fires were built between the railroad ties, and the men gathered about with steaming overcoats. Mingled with us was a lot of East Tennessee cavalry, wild-looking fellows, like Texas Rangers; they had their saddles with them and were waiting for remounts. A cooky-shop stood open for trade in gingerbread and apples; the first and last time we saw a huckster's stand in that country. The weather was dull and autumnal, and with the rather dilapidated surroundings of the place oppressed the spirits. Chickamauga still weighed upon the mind; the rails we were sitting upon ran directly to it, distant some one hundred miles south-west, down the great valley of East Tennessee.

In the afternoon the box cars we were waiting for arrived,

and in a pouring rain we ran slowly down to the Tennessee River, opposite Loudon, some thirty miles, getting out at the abutment of the high railroad bridge, the stone piers still standing but superstructure destroyed as above mentioned. It was dark, and scrambling through the mud to the hills south of the railroad we received the usual sarcastic order, "Make yourselves comfortable for the night!" and with fence-rails soaking wet, and with difficulty ignited, we boiled the indispensable coffee, rigged some sort of shelter, and sank to sleep in soft beds of mire.

After one day of full rations — a roll of soft bread — the next day but half the quantity appeared, and we were informed that in future half-rations only would be issued, which meant an ever-present craving sense of hunger for the rest of the campaign. As there was no occupation for a day or two, and as it was of no use sitting about the fires guessing what movements were afoot, the men started out hunting for "belly-timber." One device was to make bread of the shorts, bran or middlings, which could be obtained in Loudon, although flour or bread could not. As to the success of this, we advise any one who wishes to enjoy a stunning headache to try bread made of pure shorts. The cavalry, supported by infantry, were somewhere on the south side of the Tennessee, towards a place called Philadelphia, and rumors of the defeat of Wolford's Cavalry, alluded to above, found their way into camp. Distant cannonading could be heard, but what it meant was none of our business, at least so we were told; it was slow work for inquisitive Yankees to learn to leave to the general the planning and management of the campaign. So complex are extended field movements and so narrow the field of view of each soldier, that what seems to him confusion may be well-arranged combination, apparent defeat may be success, or *vice versa*; consequently, the old soldier

learns to distrust first appearances and wait for orders, which constitutes his "steadiness" as compared with the new recruit.

However, on the twenty-eighth the mystery was solved, the infantry followed by the cavalry came back to the north bank of the river, and four regiments, including ours, were detailed to take up the pontoon-bridge, which was a home-made affair of box boats. The further end of the bridge was cut loose, and the boats were swung to our side, dragged out by mules, and, with much heavy lifting, the materials were loaded upon flat cars and sent towards Knoxville. A locomotive and cars had been taken, piece-meal, to the south bank, and put together in running order; there was not time to bring them back, and they must be destroyed. A full head of steam was gathered in the engine, the cars hitched on, and started for the brink of the abyss where the bridge had been—the driver jumping off and leaving the train to its fate. We were busy upon the river bank when the train was heard approaching the abutment high above us; all looked up and watched for the catastrophe. On came the engine, roaring like a wild bull; it reached the abutment, leaped into the air, and with its cars plunged headlong into the river; the agitated waters foamed and raged, then flowed on calmly as before. It seemed as if we had witnessed the drowning of a friend.

Soon after, a few mounted men in gray appeared upon the southern bank, bearing a flag of truce. Captain McKibben with some companions crossed in a boat and returned with despatches for General Burnside, of which we did not learn the contents; but it was apparent that the Confederates were gradually narrowing our field of operations. They were, however, in no immediate haste to cross the Tennessee, for next day we retired quietly about six miles to the plain about Lenoir's Station, and

went into camp, with the information that we might remain there all winter, or not; it would depend upon the movements of the enemy. A large oven for a government bakery was commenced at the station, an undertaking which implied permanency, and the hut-builders were encouraged to commence again, drawing lumber from a ruined mill on the Kingston road. General Burnside stopped a few days in camp, and all things quieting down he returned to Knoxville. The little Army of the Ohio—for that was the proper name of Burnside's command—was posted with White's division of the Twenty-Third Corps at Loudon, our two divisions of the Ninth Corps at Lenoir's, and the cavalry at the outposts.

The situation of Lenoir's was excellent for cantonments. Wooded hills surrounded the level ground through which the railroad ran. To the south was the clear-flowing Holston, at this point joined by the Little Tennessee, coming in from its sources among the North Carolina mountains to form the Tennessee; the three streams dividing the country into three great triangles, from either of which, by our pontoon-bridge, we could draw forage. There was direct railroad connection with Knoxville, and, by way of Kingston, communication was open with the main army at Chattanooga, now under General Grant; for he, also, had come eastward from the Mississippi to this central point of interest for the winter, and had superseded General Rosecrans. The open ground between our color-line and the railroad afforded a good field for evolutions, and morning and afternoon the Thirty-Fifth was busy practising the skirmish drill under the direction of Major Wales. The men soon became proficient in the movements in obedience to the notes of Gardner's bugle: "Forward," "In retreat," "Lie down," "Rise up," "Commence firing," "Cease firing," "Rally," etc. A foraging expedition

under command of Lieutenant Meserve, to the country towards Kingston, was very successful.

Lieutenant Dunbar, Commissary-Sergeant Plummer and a squad of convalescents joined on the fourth and fifth of November, and on the ninth Captains Lyon and Hudson returned; the former took command of Company D, the latter of Company H. Surgeon Snow left for Crab Orchard, and Lieutenant Creasey was detailed on the staff of Colonel Leasure, to collect men of the Ninth Corps in Kentucky and Ohio.

Several alarms were occasioned by wandering Confederate scouts feeling the pickets. A light pontoon-bridge was thrown across the Holston, south of our camp, to make a connection with our mounted infantry on the Little Tennessee. The Thirty-Fifth spent the night of the eleventh on the south bank on picket in the woods, without disturbance; several pigs met with a, to us, timely end, and persimmon trees got a good whacking.

The Confederates, having failed in their efforts to prevent Grant and Thomas from opening railroad connection between Chattanooga and the base of supplies at Nashville, now turned their attention to freeing their own direct communication with Lee's army and Virginia, which our position severed. General Longstreet was given, by report, some 20,000 men for this purpose, General Bragg thinking himself able to hold Grant in Chattanooga with the remainder of his divided army; an error in judgment for which he had to pay dearly soon after at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

At three o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth of November, in the darkness and rain, the regiment was awakened and ordered to "turn out without noise and stack arms on the color line." The builders had their huts and mud chimneys almost done and were anxious to learn "what



was up," but the cynics were ready with their "I told you so." After waiting some two hours, further orders came: "Pack up and be ready to strike tents at a moment's warning;"—the tents were left till the last moment on account of the severity of the weather. Soon after, "Strike tents!" and when this was done, down came the rain in a deluge. At daylight the trains began moving towards Knoxville, and things began to look decidedly lively on the road northward as the forenoon wore away—wagons, ambulances, artillery and troops, all on the move in the road and alongside. No one appeared to be going towards Loudon. This was the scene before us as we sat upon our knapsacks among the ruins of camp, reading Parson Brownlow's "Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator," first copies of which had just been issued and were selling at fifteen cents each. During the forenoon our pontoon-bridge over the Holston, in rear of camp, was destroyed.

About two in the afternoon a locomotive came down from Knoxville and stopped in front of us, a few rods distant. From the tender jumped Generals Burnside and Ferrero, and in less than fifteen minutes affairs took a different turn; the fighting portion of the army was faced about, and soon the First Division, Ferrero's, was on the way south towards Loudon. All this time the wildest rumors were circulated, but no sounds of fighting reached us until near sunset, when a few cannon-shots were heard. It was announced that Longstreet was crossing the Tennessee by a pontoon-bridge at Hough's Ferry below Loudon, opposite General Julius White's division of the Twenty-Third Corps, to whose aid our First Division had marched. It was obvious to us that the enemy must be delayed as much as possible to enable our trains to reach Knoxville and the city to be fortified. He had about three men to our one, so hindering rather than fighting him was our only prudent



course. It has since been stated that, by an understanding between Generals Grant and Burnside, our little army was fronted close to Longstreet to bait him on and draw him so far from Bragg that a return would be impracticable, when the grand battles about Chattanooga should be delivered. Finally the day passed, and we were still on the same ground; but, as most of the tents were down, there was little chance for rest, even if the order for movement at a moment's notice had not been continued. Some, nevertheless, with the indifference to the future acquired by experience, wisely improved the present by getting three or four hours' sleep.

We were routed out again at half-past one in the morning of the fifteenth — rather early for Sunday morning — and this time there was no delay; in twenty minutes we were upon the road south, towards Loudon, and a most disagreeable march it proved. To say that the road was rough and muddy that night is but a feeble description of it; men stumbled upon each other in the darkness, rapping their file leaders over the head with their muskets, or slipped and sat in the mud, then started on again, guided by the exclamations of comrades rather than by sight, and in the morning found themselves dabbled with mud to the waist. At daylight we reached the high land about half a mile below Loudon, and got a chance to cook coffee and dry our clothes a little.

With the dawn the clouds cleared away for awhile and it was colder, then November's gray sky settled down over the scene. On first reaching the Tennessee no enemy appeared; about ten o'clock the Twenty-First Massachusetts was deployed as skirmishers and moved down the river until they struck the foe, who, however, did not attack us, being intent upon his crossing and seeking to pass by our right-flank to get the start in a race for Knox-

ville, which he knew to lie open to him. General Burnside had about 6,000 men in hand ; General Potter commanding the Ninth Corps, Colonel Sigfried our division, and Colonel Schall our brigade. The Thirty-Fifth was drawn back out of sight, and lay in a deep wooded valley, near some deserted log huts of the Twenty-Third Corps, listening to the light skirmishing in front ; our men poking over the cast-off shoes about the premises, seeking to supply deficiencies in shoe-leather.

Meanwhile General White's Division of the Twenty-Third Corps and our First Division had retired to Lenoir's, leaving our division, in its turn, to cover the rear. About the middle of the afternoon the Twenty-First came off the skirmish line, column was formed, and we started for Lenoir's at quick time with flankers out on the left. Reaching the neighborhood of the station at dusk, our regiment was deployed as skirmishers, faced to the rear, across the road we had just come over and the railroad. The position was taken by order communicated through Captain Davis of the brigade staff, and, as it was known that the enemy was at least abreast of us on the road from Kingston to Lenoir's, the arrangement was looked upon as a sacrifice of the Thirty-Fifth. It was remarked to the Captain: "This means that this regiment is to be killed, wounded or taken prisoners ;" he replied, "It looks very much like it, good bye," and rode off.

As the men took positions behind rocks and trees, peering into the darkness, the last of the rear guard (cavalry) rode past, and silence fell on all ; the chirp of an insect sounded like the rebel yell, and every foot-fall was the tramp of the advancing enemy. It was uncertain from which direction the gray-coats might first appear, front, flank or rear. Color-Sergeant Patch was posted down the road with the colors, with instructions what to do with the

flags should the regiment be overpowered. Such moments are trying at the time, but, if the result be happy, are not unpleasant to remember. But a sacrifice was not required ; in a little while a galloping horse was heard in rear and another staff officer appeared with orders to withdraw the regiment, and, rallying the battalion, we marched in quick time to Lenoir's and the open field in front of our old camp ground. Here all the huts were burning with some much-needed clothing and shoes, which there had been no time to distribute in due form. A roll of bread — two day's half rations — was given to each man for food until Knoxville should be reached, twenty-four miles away. Colonel Hartranft met us here and took command of our division. The First Division and White's Division lay in the woods on the north-west side of the station, facing the enemy on the Kingston road, and as we passed slowly across the plain now ruddy with the flames, their skirmishers kept up a pretty steady volley of musketry, suggestive of our fate had the regiment been left upon the Loudon road. The night scene was thrillingly picturesque.

While Ferrero's and White's divisions thus maintained their position at Lenoir's, again in their turn covering the rear, Hartranft's Division, with mounted infantry, was sent forward to occupy the junction of our road with another road from Kingston coming in from the south-west — some eight miles nearer Knoxville — at Campbell's Station, the next point for which it was supposed Longstreet would strike. The Thirty-Fifth was detailed to help forward Benjamin's battery. The condition of the roads for the movement of trains and artillery was execrable ; where the wheels did not sink in the mud they were blocked by rough rocks ; the horses had been overworked for the past twenty-four hours and were now so balky as to be almost useless for hauling ; so the column hitched along out of

Lenoir's at a snail's pace, the men not knowing at first the cause of the delay. At last, patience became exhausted, ranks were broken and the men caught hold of the muddy rims of wheels or parts of gun-carriages, wherever a hand could seize them, and pushed and shoved to assist the animals. The fences along the way were burning to light the work. In this way we were eight hours making the first three miles. Towards morning Lieutenant Benjamin, finding that unless there were greater speed his guns would fall into the hands of the enemy, ordered a part of the ammunition and the rear caisson destroyed; in the latter, however, he failed, being unable to procure an axe. He labored hard all night, and, notwithstanding the perplexities of the situation, kept his temper throughout, talking very calmly to his men as if all was progressing favorably. The rope prolonges were brought out and attached, and the guns were slowly dragged through the mire by hand; finally the horses of the mounted infantry were used to haul them.

At daylight of the sixteenth, flankers were thrown out upon our left, and much better progress was made. As we approached the junction at Campbell's Station, the country on our right was mostly open, cleared land; on the left it was heavily wooded, excepting a field of about six acres at the meeting of the roads. The Thirty-Fifth formed line in this field, north of the road, and advanced across it to the woods on the further side. At this time the musketry was quite brisk to our right, as we then faced, a little further down the Kingston road, where Longstreet's advance had engaged the mounted infantry and Morrison's brigade of Ferrero's Division. Here several of our men were wounded by shots from the right, but no enemy appeared in our front, and as soon as the last of our wagons had passed, we were marched to the line of battle north of the village.

A commanding position had been selected by Generals Burnside and Potter, and the artillery having been posted all the troops were withdrawn from the junction, and drawn up in line of battle from side to side of the open country. We had five batteries on the Union side; while the Confederates were slow in getting up their artillery, on account of the bad roads. With both our flanks resting upon wooded hills, and the guns in position defended by veteran soldiers, the narrow front of about a mile became a formidable barrier to Longstreet's progress. As we faced to the rear, the Fifty-First Pennsylvania was upon the left of this line, the Thirty-Fifth next, with a skirmish line, composed of Companies C, D and K, in front. In this left wing were the guns of Roemer's battery, which did excellent service. To attack us the enemy must come out of the woods and expose themselves to our artillery. From our position we could see both armies, and it was a grand sight. The Confederates came out in line with colors flying, fully expecting, apparently, that as soon as they got close to us we would retreat as before; but they were mistaken, for no sooner were they in sight than our batteries poured shells and shrapnel into their ranks with terrible effect; we could see the shells burst among them, and they would break and run for the woods.

At the opening of the engagement in this second position, about noon, we could see their batteries take position in a field near the road we had passed over, and send shells in our direction, which burst in too close proximity to be pleasant; but their guns were soon silenced by our batteries. We could also see their infantry marching across from the Kingston road to the woods upon our left. Their attack commenced upon the right of the line, Ferrero's Division, and, being repulsed, worked towards our front, avoiding a direct assault upon the centre,

White's Division. After awhile, our artillery continuing to shell them whenever they could be seen, we discovered a force coming over the crest of the hill through the woods on our left; Roemer immediately changed front and gave them a few shot so well placed that they sought cover on the double-quick, scattering "like nine-pins," as an observer expressed it.

They kept on, however, working around in the woods on the left, and to prevent being flanked it became necessary to withdraw the whole line of battle, between three and four o'clock, to a new position in rear, upon the top of the hill we were occupying. This movement to the rear was executed with perfect regularity, and we took up a position similar to the former, but commanding it so that the Confederates must still further stretch out their flank to reach ours. The evolutions upon this battle-field were like the moves upon a chess-board, and were executed with a precision and regard for military art seldom displayed in active field service in our thickly wooded country. One of our batteries was stationed in an orchard near the centre of the line of battle and a little in advance of this last position; beside it General Burnside remained most of the time, carefully scanning the whole field.

Late in the afternoon the Confederates were observed again working upon our flank, and we gave them the same warm reception as before and with the same discomfitting result. But this time their halt was only temporary, and soon after, when most of our army, filing off by the right, had taken the road towards Knoxville, and we were preparing to follow, the enemy again appeared coming on. Our skirmishers, under command of Lieutenant Meserve, opened a brisk fire and stood their ground without wavering. Word was sent to Roemer's battery, then limbering up, the guns were again sighted and a round of shells sent

among the gray-coats which chilled their enthusiasm. It was now late, and so dark it had become difficult to distinguish friend from foe, even at short distance, and the obscurity concealed the Confederates from our view. The skirmishers were ordered to rally on the regiment, which they did with a will, and the column turned into the road and left the field to Longstreet and the darkness of night. The purpose of delaying him for twenty-four hours longer had been attained and our trains secured.

As we passed a wagon by the roadside, ammunition was distributed, and then the men summoned resolution for another night march of sixteen miles. Skirmishing was heard behind us all the first part of the night, General White's Division of the Twenty-Third Corps and the cavalry now covering the rear; but towards morning this ceased. The engineers felled trees across the road to retard the enemy, who were easily distanced. The day's work on both sides at Campbell's Station had been worthy of troops who had come from Gettysburg and Vicksburg to test each other's skill and courage in this far-away corner of the mountains. The casualties in our regiment had been several slightly wounded and one missing, Charles H. Ellis, of Company I, adjutant's clerk, who was taken prisoner and died at Belle Isle near Richmond.

This was, to most of the men, the third night without sleep, so that their condition was pitiable. Night marching in close ranks is hard, under the most favorable circumstances; these last few hours before reaching Knoxville were spent as in a dream, many declaring that they slept while marching; officers dozed in the saddle; tired human nature could endure no more and insisted upon its right to rest. After halting, numbers who had dropped asleep had to be awakened with the warnings that to rest now was a sure preliminary to Libby Prison; a few,



happily, continued wide awake and spurred on the rest. The column entered Knoxville early in the morning of November 17; a rest of a couple of hours was given, and the half-starved men received rations of beef and hard bread.

General Ferrero's Division had reached the town first, and was now posted on the high lands facing to the south-west and west and extending from the Holston River around Fort Sanders, the salient, to Second Creek, which was the stream running by our first camp ground near Knoxville. Our division, arriving in town second, was extended from Second Creek to First Creek and faced north-west and north. The Twenty-Third Corps, coming along in rear, now occupied Temperance Hill and the north-east side of the town, also the high fortified hills on the south side of the Holston, which were connected with the city by a pontoon-bridge. Our First Brigade held the left of our division line, our brigade the right, and our regiment held the extreme right of all, next to the mill and dam on First Creek.

Marching through the town to our position, we halted and stacked arms in the open field upon the hill overlooking First Creek, the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and the rolling, cleared ground beyond, gently rising from us to the pitch-pine woods through which was cut, directly in our front, the road to Cumberland Gap; to the left was the road to Jacksboro. There were no buildings of importance between us and the Gap road, but on the left there were well-built houses with gardens extending out upon the way to Jacksboro. On the outer slope of our hill a line of intrenchments was drawn, and all hands went busily to work to make cover. A large part of the labor was done by citizens, especially colored volunteers from the city, and in a surprisingly short time a trench sufficient for our purpose was dug along the whole front. The



Fifty-First Pennsylvania was in line upon our left\*; then the line was cut by the steep descent of the street to the railroad station, and beyond was located the rest of our brigade upon the high bluff overhanging the station. The Fifteenth Indiana battery was posted on the highest part of our hill, behind an earthwork and bales of cotton sheathed with raw-hides. This work was called Battery Billingsley, after an officer killed during the siege.

It was a strange sight to see citizens clothed in gray or butternut, with long rifle in hand, come down and take places by our side in the trenches for the defence of their homes. We had been so long accustomed to look upon that color as hostile, its appearance in our ranks was very cheering to the men. Our shelter-tents were pitched in regular order in rear of the battery and beside the city street; but most of the regiment passed the first night in the trenches, sleeping upon their arms — the first sleep to most of them for seventy hours. Time for this work and rest was gained by the heroic conduct of our cavalry, south of the city, under General Sanders, in which action that gallant leader was mortally wounded. As the enemy closed around pickets were sent out; the detail of sixty men from our regiment being under Captain Mirick. They constructed a line of low rifle-pits about half a mile to the front, and extending from the Gap road south to near Second Creek, a line which was held by our brigade pickets during the siege, connecting, of course, at both ends with the pickets of the other divisions. During his tour of duty Captain Mirick was wounded by a bullet from the enemy through his wrist. As Longstreet had not sufficient force to entirely invest the city, his main force was concentrated around the south-west and west sides, where he had better positions for his artillery and at the same time interposed between us and Grant's army.

General Burnside issued an order stating that there was to be no further retreat, and Knoxville was to be held at all hazards and to the last man. The question of food supply seemed to be the most difficult to meet; only half or even quarter rations were issued, the bread sometimes having the appearance of being made of a mixture of rye and refuse grains and quite black in color; but the men echoed the spirit of their beloved leader and stood up to their share of the work unflinchingly. The following diary of the siege, kept by Captain Nason, then First Sergeant of Company K, sets forth the daily life of the enlisted men during those trying days better than any description which we can now give:

“Wednesday, November 18th. We were relieved from the trenches in the morning by the Eleventh New Hampshire. Every preparation is being made to hold the city; the Fifty-First Pennsylvania and Thirty-Fifth were busy most of the day in stopping a run of water (First Creek) by making a dam, filling up with dirt, stones and brush, in order to overflow the space between the fortifications and the railroad, which would be a great hindrance to the enemy in making an assault. The citizens living outside of our intrenchments were ordered to vacate their dwellings. Another detail from the regiment relieved the picket at six P. M.

“Thursday, 19th. A part of the regiment is ordered to remain in the trenches, the rest to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice. There was considerable picket firing during the day. A rebel battery, with white horses, made its appearance from the woods and fired three shots; one of them passed through a tent in Company E, without injuring the occupant, who was eating his dinner; one went through the door of a building in rear of the right of the regiment, and the other passed near General Burnside,

who was inside the parapet looking through a glass. He showed his white teeth, and sighting one of the guns, quickly sent the white horses flying; they were soon out of sight with the rebel battery. At night every man for detail was put at work digging. Slept in the trenches all night; I was awakened from sleep by the playing of Webster's March at the funeral of General Sanders; the effect in the stillness of night was solemn and impressive.

"Friday, 20th. Foggy morning. In trenches all day; made a fire-place by digging into the bank. Picket firing all day; several shots from rebel batteries at five P. M.; no one injured. Drew half a day's rations of bread from the commissary. The parapet covering the battery in rear of our company was strengthened by placing cotton-bales on the top and filling in with dirt; a detail of the regiment kept at work all night.

"Saturday, 21st. Sergeant Worcester and seven men left for picket at four A. M. Ripley, our cook, went to the picket line with their breakfast, seven A. M.; on returning, he stopped and milked four quarts of milk from a stray cow. It rained steadily until three P. M. The dam gave way during the heavy rain, and men were immediately set at work repairing it. A few shots were fired from the fort on our left, the only firing from batteries during the day.

"Sunday, 22d. Two corporals and one private for picket at four A. M.\* Clear and pleasant. Less firing than usual. Regiment ordered to discharge muskets and to police camp. Lewis Morse obtained some meal and flour, with which I made some bread and pancakes. At five P. M., four or five shells came over to our right from a rebel battery, exploding some distance to our rear; a few shots fired from the forts on our right silenced it; also ours fired again at eight P. M., without any reply.

\* K was a small company for two years after Antietam.

“Monday, 23d. Lieutenant Meserve and six men of K on picket. I went into town and called on Mr. Locke, a baker, from Massachusetts. Most of the stores were closed, and prices very high: coffee, one dollar a pound; sugar, fifty cents; molasses, two dollars per gallon. Several citizens, out of employment, were put to work on the dam with a detail of troops, who worked all day and night. A volley of musketry aroused the camp at eight P. M., and we rallied to the trenches. The line of pickets occupied by the Second Maryland was attacked and the men driven from their posts, the rebels occupying the pits until daylight, when the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania and Twenty-First Massachusetts, with a detachment of thirty-six men from the Thirty-Fifth on their right, charged on the picket line, driving the enemy, and reestablished the line. During the skirmish twenty-five houses were fired by men detailed for that purpose, to prevent their occupation by the enemy’s sharpshooters. Many of them were valuable, with grounds handsomely laid out. The scene of the conflagration from the trenches was grand and thrilling.\*

\*Major Wales was officer of the day. When, in the evening, the enemy made their attack as above he came to the Thirty-Fifth and called for volunteers—the whole regiment at once sprang out of the trenches and over the works to the front; but only the thirty-six men were taken. The detachment was during the night under the immediate command of Lieutenant Pope, who was officer of the picket. Our pickets had been flanked by the break on the left, and obliged to abandon their pits along our whole front; falling back they set fire to the inflammables prepared in the houses, and then formed line behind stumps and other cover in the open ground about half way back to the railroad, and at such an angle as to cover the flank of our line to the right. On the left were the burning buildings, casting a brilliant red glare over the whole ground and into the woods in front. Occasionally a man could be seen among the buildings carrying combustibles or a torch from one to the other. Our pits in front were occupied by the enemy; but they kept close, the slightest exposure above the brink catching the light and revealing itself to our riflemen at once. They fired at our men who were much more exposed. Great masses of flame, smoke and cinders rolled overhead with imposing effect.

At daybreak Major Wales gave orders that, as soon as cheering should be heard on our left—the charge of the Twenty-First and Forty-Eighth—we should jump up

"Tuesday, 24th. Rain most of the day. Very little picket firing. Our loss in the charge, Monday night, was one killed — Private Henzy. The Eleventh New Hampshire and Fifty-First Pennsylvania each lost one man killed. The Twenty-First and Forty-Eighth lost more. The Second Michigan lost eighty killed, wounded and missing, leaving the major and adjutant on the field. A flag of truce to bury their dead was fired upon by the enemy.

"Wednesday, 25th. Clear and pleasant. Washed clothes. An alarm at 2 P. M., and we rallied in the trenches expecting an attack, but only the usual picket firing occurred during the day. At 5 P. M. returned to our tents, leaving one man from each company on guard. The band played, morning, noon and night, in front of camp.\*

"Thursday, November 26, National Thanksgiving Day. Clear and frosty. Picket line strengthened on the left by falling back into new pits to avoid the cross-fire from the left, and six or eight buildings were destroyed at 5.30 A. M., to prevent their occupation by the enemy's sharpshooters. For my Thanksgiving dinner I had bean soup and bread

with a shout and dash with all speed for the rifle pits in front. The cheers were heard, up sprang the men and charged forward recklessly, each trying to outrun the others and get first to the line. The men in gray, startled by the attack on their right, left in haste — all but one, a fine fellow from a South Carolina regiment — Palmetto Sharpshooters — who was found shot through the body in one of the pits. A man of our detachment — Henzy, of Company I — stooped down to examine him; at the same moment a few bullets from the retreating foe came pattering among us, one of them seeming to hit a stump with the peculiar sharp "chick!" so well remembered by all soldiers. Major Wales ordered the men to stand up, and walked along the line; coming to Henzy and seeing him still bending over the Confederate, he asked, "What is that man down there for?" A comrade placing his hand on Henzy found him lifeless, the ball which seemed to strike the stump had passed through his head. For the dash exhibited in this charge this detail of thirty-six men from the regiment received due credit from headquarters.

\* This was the last day of the battles at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, which proved such glorious Union victories and decided our fate, although as yet unknown to us. The days, 26th to 28th, were those of the Mine Run affair in the Army of the Potomac; so there was fighting at both ends of the great mountain range and we in the middle.

and molasses, using about all my next day's ration of bread. Ordered to be ready to fall in at any moment. Private Smith, of Company C, detailed as adjutant's clerk at regimental headquarters in place of Ellis, missing since the fifteenth.\*

"Friday, 27th. Half of the men are ordered to remain in the trenches day and night. Major Wales was officer of the day. Made up daily report book since the thirteenth. A quiet day. The houses on the north side of the creek have been loop-holed in front and occupied by detailed men as sharpshooters, which is more comfortable than lying in the trenches.

"Saturday, 28th. Cloudy and wet; rained 8 A. M. Clark of our company went to purchase some bread of a baker who commenced selling, having been permitted by the authorities to open his shop; but Clark was unable to get near, the crowd was so great—the supply was unequal to the demand. Batteries on our left commenced shelling, which continued through the night. The enemy made an assault on Fort Sanders about daylight, but were repulsed by the First Division, with the loss (to the Confederates) of

\*Our position was a singular one for thanksgiving, but half starved, exhausted with watching and environed by enemies, we still had cause for gratitude. General Burnside issued the following order:

"GENERAL FIELD ORDERS, No. 32.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,

"KNOXVILLE, TENN., Nov. 26, 1863.

"In accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, Thursday, the twenty-sixth instant, will, so far as military operations permit, be observed by this army as a day of thanksgiving for the countless blessings vouchsafed the country, and the fruitful successes granted to our armies during the past year. Especially has this army cause for thankfulness for the Divine protection which has so signally shielded us, and let us with grateful hearts offer prayer for its continuance, and with a firm reliance on the God of Battles.

"By command of MAJ. GEN. BURNSIDE,

"LEWIS RICHMOND, A. A. G."

Within a day or two afterwards General Sherman started from Chattanooga, by forced marches up the valley, to our relief.

over eight hundred killed and wounded and four hundred prisoners,\* while our loss did not exceed fifty. After midnight the picket line had been attacked for a mile, extending to our regiment. The Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania pickets were outflanked, the enemy getting into their rear, when a scene of confusion followed, friend and foe being mixed together. Houses were fired as before, and the same lurid heavens canopied the scene. Our pickets were obliged to retire, getting behind the stumps and fences, where they remained until daylight, when Sunday, 29th, the Second Brigade made a charge and drove out the enemy, thus regaining our pits after twice being flanked out of them. The boys charged forward with a will and determination that would have driven twice their number, Major Wales leading the Thirty-Fifth and calling upon us to yell our loudest. We remained in the pits until the pickets were relieved and had returned to camp. The Eleventh New Hampshire lay in support in rear. The Thirty-Fifth lost one man killed and one taken prisoner.† Corporal Solon E. Morse, of Company K, was deceived by the enemy, who told him not to fire on his own men, at the same time asking him what regiment he belonged to; he told them, and was taken prisoner before he could escape. Before he was undeceived he was heard urging our men not to run but to come back to the pits, which if they had done they would, no doubt, have been also captured. Morse died at Belle Isle, near Richmond, in March following.

\*Woodbury says eleven hundred killed and wounded, and three hundred unwounded prisoners.

† Frank A. Porter and E. P. Kelly, of Company G, were together in a rifle-pit, when, about three o'clock in the morning, they suddenly found themselves flanked on the left and the enemy getting in their rear. They at once moved off to the right when the Confederates ordered them to halt, but they paid no attention to the command; they next heard the order "Fire!" and received a volley, killing Porter, the bullet entering his right side. Porter's body was left on the disputed ground until daylight, when it was recovered by the charge of our men above mentioned.



“An armistice was agreed on from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. to bury the dead and care for the wounded. I went to the corps hospital. The ambulances were busy all day bringing in the wounded, mostly rebels. I saw a number of prisoners belonging to Georgia and South Carolina regiments. The carnage before Fort Sanders and Benjamin’s battery was awful. A wire netting extended around the stumps in front of the fort, which broke their line as they came up. Some succeeded in reaching the breastwork only to be shot. They crowded into the deep ditch outside the fort, into which Lieutenant Benjamin threw shells—lighting them, it was said, with his cigar—causing a fearful slaughter. The enemy having many times our number, too much praise cannot be awarded to Lieutenant Benjamin, who was as cool as he was brave.\*

“Monday, 30th. Very cold; ice half an inch thick. Fixed up quarters in the trenches, making three fire-places and room for ten members of the company. Made the pit two feet wider to allow room to lie down.

“Tuesday, December 1st. Cool and pleasant. An order from General Burnside was read to the regiment by Adjutant Meserve, complimenting the troops for their heroism during the past seventeen days of trying experience; also mentioning the regiments which repulsed the attack on Fort Sanders—Seventy-Ninth New York (Highlanders), Seventeenth Michigan and others, with Benjamin’s and Buckley’s batteries. It was a glorious defence. He also announced the great victory of our army under General

\* For a detailed account of this attack on Fort Sanders, we refer to “Woodbury’s History of the Ninth Corps” and Captain Burrage’s narrative in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1866. The scene of action was too far to our left for us to describe it as eye-witnesses, only the smoke and din of battle and the turmoil of the assault were discernible by us; and, indeed, we were so busy in rectifying affairs in our front that many were not certain until afterwards of the exact hour of the grand assault and repulse. We were all kept in the trenches for the rest of the siege.



Grant, with the loss to Bragg of six thousand prisoners and fifty-one [forty] pieces of artillery and many stands of colors. At the conclusion Major Wales proposed nine cheers, which were given with a will. The whole line of the army stood up on the works and cheered and waved the colors, while the bands played, to inform Longstreet's men that we had received the good news. Our battery on the right opened at 5 P. M., throwing the shot further to the right than usual; no reply from the enemy. Drew rations of coarse corn-meal. Made out monthly returns. A quiet night.

"Wednesday, December 2d. Pleasant and warm. General Potter issued an order, read to the regiment, honoring the corps for good conduct during the late encounter with the rebels.

"Thursday, 3d. Usual picket firing during the day. Reports are current that the rebels are leaving.

"Friday, 4th. Very quiet. A number of cows are roaming between the lines; some of them were brought in by the pickets, and we were treated to fresh beef. A rebel battery fired a few shots from our left, but Benjamin and the Fifteenth Indiana soon made them skedaddle. More picket firing towards night, but none during the night. An officer of General Sherman's staff arrived in the city with information that Sherman was only twenty-four hours away.

"Saturday, 5th. Very quiet. The rebs have left. Our pickets advanced after daylight without finding an enemy, but picked up one hundred and sixty stragglers for prisoners, who made no resistance. They were an inferior-looking lot from Georgia and South Carolina; they were tired of fighting and wished Bragg and Longstreet were hung. Our brigade marched out about four miles on the Gap road about 10 A. M., but found no enemy; they left last night, our pickets heard them moving. Their pickets

were withdrawn at 2 A. M. ; fires were left burning to deceive us. Went to work on the pay-rolls and requisitions for clothing. Men ordered to clean their guns."

General Sherman arrived in the city and surveyed the defences, visiting our battery, where he was warmly welcomed. The success of the whole campaign from Chattanooga up was almost too overwhelming to be true. General Longstreet's army, disheartened by defeat and by Sherman's arrival, had retired towards Virginia on the Rogersville road. Knoxville had proved a Fredericksburg to them.

On the seventh our two divisions and part of the Twenty-Third Corps started north-eastward, upon the track of the enemy, in light marching order, without tents. Captain Lyon took command of the regiment for the remainder of the winter. Major Wales, Lieutenant Berry, Sergeant-Major White, Sergeants Bent and Castle, with privates Wellington and Matz, started for the North by way of Big Creek Gap, most of them upon recruiting service.

Our first day's march was over good roads, making rapidly thirteen miles, and going into bivouac in the same line of battle as at Campbell's Station—First Division on the right, Twenty-Third Corps in the centre and Second Division on the left. Next day we made but seven miles on the Rogersville road. Rations were scanty; each man drew one-half ration of pork, one-quarter ration of flour, and to eke out the need picked up corn left by the horses and ate it raw or parched.

On the ninth we made thirteen miles over muddy roads, with the Clinch Mountains on the left, and went into bivouac in a bare, open valley, within two miles of Rutledge—Longstreet said to be twelve miles ahead, somewhere about Bean's Station. The position we had was good for

defence; and, as the enemy were too strong for us to attack, we awaited Longstreet's movements here until the fifteenth, employing the days in devising ways and means to fill our stomachs, which the short rations and winter weather caused to be loud in their appeals for more food. Here the coffee mills came to the rescue gallantly. In the Western armies the coffee berry, to prevent fraud, was issued burned but not ground, sometimes even unbrowned. It was soon found that crushing it in a tin cup with a bayonet was too slow, and the company cooks acquired at least one old coffee mill to a company. As the coffee ration fell short and the sugar ration ceased, these mills were turned to grinding grain, corn or wheat, which was generally first parched, or partly broken by pounding. A good part of a man's time would be taken up grinding in his turn such corn as he might have found, begged or appropriated. The product was cooked in our battered tin dippers, or fried into "flippers" upon half a canteen stuck upon a split stick.

The nights were often cold and rainy. In these valleys the air draws through with great force, as in a tunnel, and sometimes whirls around suddenly to the opposite quarter, so that the nicely-constructed shelter of rails, backed to the cold rain from the north, would be found at midnight open to a driving storm from the south, whereupon the inmates had their choice of a shower bath or rousing out to change front. Thus there was employment for day and night. For amusement, after we had been without a change of clothing for a fortnight, individuals could be seen retired apart, in dishabille, examining their shirts with fixed attention for gray-backs of the six-legged species, which were said to be about camp.

The Twenty-Third Corps passed to the rear at midnight of the fourteenth, and on the fifteenth we heard of a skir-

mish at Bean's Station and ninety prisoners were brought in. About noon we moved a little way and formed line of battle, remaining in position until evening, when we marched back six miles and went into bivouac at one in the morning. The day's ration had been flour, and some of the wise ones had prepared for the emergency by frying it into griddle cakes or flippers, while others had their whole ration mixed in their dippers, but uncooked; these gravely took up the line of retreat, tin dippers in hand, and stumbling by night over a muddy road full of holes was perilous to the precious contents of those dippers.

On the sixteenth we got back to Blain's Cross Roads, where a halt was ordered for coffee; and, cannon being heard in rear, division line of battle was formed, and a barricade of rails and savin bushes was thrown up across the valley. The most conspicuous person at times of excitement during these harassing days was Captain McKibben of the staff—dashing about, the cape of his coat thrown back, showing its scarlet lining, attended by orderlies who were the oracles to be consulted by us when seeking to know what our movements portended. The mounted infantry came in from the front, and an immediate attack was expected. The rain poured down at midnight, but we managed to catch a few hours' sleep.

On the seventeenth the muskets were put in order after the rain, and the regiment formed in one rank, taking ground to the left. There was light skirmishing in front at noon, and our battery shelled the woods. The four left companies under Lieutenant Pope were thrown out into the woods, where they spent the night, with low fires, much more snugly than the rest of the line, who suffered from an intensely cold wind sweeping down the valley. Next day the skirmish line was advanced a mile, but no enemy was encountered in force, and it was announced that he

had left our front. That evening the paymaster, Major Haggerty, paid off the regiment in a little hut in front of the lines.

On the nineteenth we moved into the woods on the west side of the valley, near a fine stream of water, and camp was laid out in company streets; but, as the shelter tents were still in Knoxville, the bough huts were pitched in rather an irregular fashion, which characterized that camp afterwards. The nights became bitter cold, but the wood-pile was unlimited, and the fires blazed up bright and cheery. On the twenty-first and twenty-second our knapsacks and the headquarter's baggage arrived with Quartermaster Tobey, and were gladly welcomed, for our clothing was badly demoralized. Many of the men were ragged and almost bare-foot, no clothing having been drawn since we left Crab Orchard. Lieutenant Tobey brought news of General Burnside's departure for the North, and the arrival of General John G. Foster, of North Carolina memory, to command the department. The mail came along, and we learned with what deep interest the siege of Knoxville had been watched by the Government and the people of the North. President Lincoln, in particular, was now elated and thankful over the result, and issued a proclamation, stating that the enemy had left Knoxville "under circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces cannot hereafter be dislodged from that important post," and advising that "all loyal people do, on receipt of the information, assemble at their places of worship and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for the great advancement of the national cause." Another foothold had been gained, from which, as upon the Mississippi, a column could be driven through the Confederacy, to separate another large territory from the Richmond Government. The success was as depressing to the Con-

federate leaders as it was cheering to the upholders of the Union.

On the twenty-third there was an alarm, and the Fifty-First New York, Eleventh New Hampshire and Thirty-Fifth made a reconnoissance, with a section of Edward's battery, two miles out, the First Brigade going still further; but the foe had left. Returning to camp, we commenced to log up the tents and build chimneys of sticks and mud in the old Falmouth fashion, but now with ample materials at our very doors; wood-chopping and hauling employed much of the time. Short rations continued; on Christmas Day there was no bread all day, and no other food but fresh beef, issued at evening, for a Christmas dinner; even salt to season it was a luxury. Pickets we kept posted up the valley and towards the Holston, which lay to the eastward, and, as the men upon this duty had advantages for foraging, the position was rather sought than avoided, except by the shoeless.

The year 1864 opened with rain, turning to snow, and the weather very cold. The wind was high, and dodging the smoke of the camp fires was an unending amusement. On the third of January there was no bread nor materials for it in camp, and two ears of corn on the cob were issued to each man in place of the bread ration; the grinders at the mills thought it a good substitute, but some, considering it rather mulish treatment, inquired how long it would be before the order would come to fall in for rations of hay—whereupon "Fall in for your hay!" became a camp by-word. Captain Ingell, being asked how he liked so much meal diet, replied, "It is very fattening to bipeds; besides, it tickles one's throat all the way down!" The Twenty-Third Corps and the First Division had been longer in Tennessee than we, and were even worse off for shoes and clothing.

The older regiments of the Ninth Corps, which had enlisted in 1861, were now approaching the expiration of their three years' term of service. Recruiting at home for old regiments had little success, and, to prevent the loss to the service of so many old soldiers, great exertions were made to secure their reënlistment; among the inducements, they were offered a thirty days' furlough to their homes. On the twenty-fifth of December the proposal to reënlist was made to the veteran Twenty-First Massachusetts, and within thirty-six hours two-thirds of the men had reënlisted — a brilliant page in the record of that heroic regiment. Finally, all but about thirty of the Twenty-First reënlisted; these were transferred for a time to our regiment on the seventh, and the same afternoon the reënlisted Twenty-First started for home, in charge of one hundred and fifty prisoners from Longstreet's forces, which, judging from the men coming over to us, were in even more straitened circumstances than we, if possible.

On the eighth of January the whole country was clothed in a mantle of snow two inches deep. Small-pox was prevailing in the district, and all the men were vaccinated. We had read in our youth of Valley Forge and the dark days of the Revolution, and, outwardly, the scenes about us were a renewal of history. We were probably more stinted for food but rather better clothed than the Continental army, although rags and tatters were conspicuous with us; certainly we were not better shod, and necessity — the mother of invention — suggested that moccasins would be better than bare feet upon the snow; accordingly, squares of green hide were issued in couples, which the same old mother was to teach each man how to make into foot-wear. They were laughable affairs when made, and put one in mind of the foot of an elephant. The boys called these moccasins "thanks-of-Congress-shoes," and



their ragged pantaloons "stars-and-stripes trousers." The meat rations were eked out by purchasing livers, hearts and tails; and tripe became fashionable. The poor beef-on-the-hoof, starved for days, when slaughtered was found to be almost without tallow—even the kidney fat frizzling away to nothing in the frying-pan. Nearly every other day a half-ration of hard bread was issued; but the rough journey over the mountains had broken the crackers into such small bits it was difficult to divide them fairly. A common way was for the company cook to arrange the pieces upon a board, as many piles as there were men in the company, each pile containing what seemed to him enough fragments to make a cracker. The men of the company then filed by, and each one pointed out the pile which seemed to him largest, and received it for his ration. It was fair play, but slow work; but time just then was not valuable in the cook-house—the fires were not overworked. The surgeon had no patients; all present were as healthy as they were tough.

Rev. T. B. Fox, of Boston, visited camp at this time to give us a word of encouragement, although he had no special errand to us, we not being old enough as a regiment to reënlist. Those of the men who wished to hear were drawn up in a half circle to listen; and, out of mischief, the most ragged trousers and moccasin men were put in front, while the rear rank thrust their tattered elbows over the shoulders of their file leaders. A photograph of the scene would be worth having. The kind gentleman hardly knew what to say to such a beggarly-looking crowd; but the boys were fat in spite of slim diet, and their eyes twinkled with merriment, which proved how little the present hardships penetrated. Those were tough times, but not of discouragement; in this, the inward spirit, our men differed from the heroes of Valley Forge—the



prospect before us was brighter and more promising of success.

Two men from each company, daily, were given passes to go outside the pickets upon foraging excursions, to wheedle from the needy inhabitants some portion of their little store of food or seed corn in exchange for coffee, salt, or—least available—greenbacks. The limestone hills about us contained deep, half-explored caverns, adorned with fairy grottos and glistening stalactites, undisturbed by tourists, and fascinating for exploration; and the view from the uplands of a fine day towards the Great Smoky Mountains upon the North Carolina line, rising tier above tier in purple majesty, was a rich experience to the wandering forager, even if he found no food to satisfy bodily hunger.

A few pairs of shoes were distributed soon after the moccasin day, and were received as prophetic of marching orders, which came on the sixteenth of January. The Fourth Corps, under General Gordon Granger, had come in contact with Longstreet in the country south of the Holston, and it became necessary for our army to concentrate. In the early morning the frozen ground made decent roads, but when the sun had risen and penetrated an inch or two the surface came off from the frozen substratum with every step, and the feet became clogged with huge lumps of sticky mud, which made marching desperate work and often very laughable. The short-legged fellows got the worst of it, for they had most footprints to make and less power to sling their hoofs. Adjutant Meserve's horse slipped suddenly upon the uncertain footing, and came down upon his haunches in a way to endanger his rider, but fortunately without harming him. This happened after we had passed south through the isolated hills called the Knobs, and approached the Holston at the Strawberry

Plains crossing. The brigade moved up over the hills overlooking the river, which wound around from north-east to south-west, and was crossed in a bend by the railroad bridge, successor to the one destroyed by General Sanders in the raid of the previous June. We went into bivouac in the woods upon the hill; afterwards we moved over into the dell behind it. General Longstreet had unexpectedly marched southward to Dandridge, on the French Broad River, as if to flank us towards Knoxville; hence our movement hither in support of the Fourth Corps.

Our Second Division headquarters were now broken up. So many regiments had reënlisted, the only regiments left in the division were the Second Maryland, Eleventh New Hampshire and Thirty-Fifth. Quartermaster Upton returned, and Captain Gibson joined from Kentucky; they did not stay long with the regiment, but resigned, and about the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth left for the North. Gibson was the last of the original captains of the regiment.

Appearances in front began to look squally; the infantry on foot and mounted came slowly back over the railroad bridge, and General Ferrero made preparations to burn the structure when the enemy should appear. We had several light snow storms, and smoky fires caused sore eyes. While waiting the men began to log up again, but work was stopped on the twenty-first, when orders came to strike tents and pack up. A lively duel began across the river between the opposing batteries; but from our position in the woods little could be seen — a few solid shot came over doing no harm. Details of men were sent to the station for fresh pork, left behind by some commissary, and about midnight the brigade moved up to the station. Two cannon had been left for lack of horses to draw them; one of them was taken in charge by the Eleventh New Hampshire, and the Second Maryland and Thirty-Fifth

took the other. The rope prolonges were hitched on, and the men taking hold as upon the rope of a fire-engine we started on the road to Knoxville. It was a repetition of the night before the battle at Campbell's Station, but not so dark; the deep mud was partly frozen, and tugging away, each man his pound, the guns made slow but sure progress. At daybreak the column reached the railroad bridge over Flat Creek, and the cannon were handed over to other troops, who hauled them to a place where they were loaded upon cars and started south. While making coffee, a few cavalry overcoats were distributed *gratis*, to save them from the enemy; but the demand was greater than the supply.

Keeping along slowly towards Knoxville, we turned off to the left, south from the railroad, into the Knoxville road near Knave's farm, and, loading muskets, prepared to meet the advancing enemy. They, however, appeared to be in weak force, and, after engaging our skirmishers and finding us ready, declined to come on — a few spent bullets came over and that was all. The Twenty-Seventh Michigan advanced and drove them off. We were out of rations and very tired; our sleep was undisturbed. Early on the twenty-third General Ferrero came along and gave information that the foe had retired; Longstreet was not contemplating another siege of Knoxville. The troops were ordered into camp on the ground. The quartermaster reported that we should have plenty of rations before night, and there was need, for we had received no bread for three days and only half a ration of flour — a diet of fresh pork alone is not inviting. In the evening there was an issue of four days' half-rations of hard bread and flour, and quarter-rations of coffee and sugar, and a fair supply of clothes — said to have come up river in a steamboat. The roads over the mountains had become impassable;

our supplies, if they can be called such, came from Nashville by way of Chattanooga, Grant's army having the first pick. Living off the country, when that country has been already skinned by a Confederate army, is sucking a very dry bone indeed.

On the twenty-fourth of January we kept on south, passing through the city and five miles beyond, to Erin's Station or Lyon's Mill. Here, upon a sunny, wooded slope, inclining to the south into a dell, where the road and a clear brook crossed the front, the brigade laid out a regular camp, with regimental headquarters up the hill, company streets leading down. This was the pleasantest camp ground that winter. The weather became milder and like early spring—the boys even bathed in the creek—and, had the food question been less pressing, the situation for winter could hardly have been improved; but the half and quarter rations were continued so long as we remained in Tennessee. On one occasion in this camp sick-wheat flour was issued. Foraging was absolutely necessary for subsistence; but the people, though friendly, had already parted with whatever they could reasonably be asked to spare.

All sorts of rumors floated into camp about the Ninth Corps being ordered to the North. It was plain that, if the organization of the corps was to be maintained, it would be cheaper for the Government to transport North the few regiments still in Tennessee than to bring back the reënlisted veterans. With this reasonable ground for expectation, we listened to every story, however absurd, with interest; Captain Rapelji seemed to be the oracle, at least he was always referred to as the authority and source of rumor. There was also some talk about filling up the regiments with East Tennesseans; but this amounted to nothing.

On the twenty-eighth Captain Hudson returned from hospital at Knoxville. Forage had become so limited in supply that most of the horses and mules were sent over the mountains. On the first of February a hurried move was made to Knoxville, where we crossed the pontoons to the south side and climbed through the mud to Housetop Mountain, and spent the night there, returning to camp next day. It appears to have been a movement in support of General Sturgis, who was up the French Broad River with cavalry and had captured two steel guns and one hundred prisoners, finally falling back towards Maryville.

Company drills and dress-parades were resumed, but the display was small, at one time eight companies marching out under sergeants. The officers in camp were: Captain Lyon, commanding; Captains Ingell, Hudson and Blanchard; Assistant-Surgeon Roche; Lieutenants Pope, Meserve (adjutant), Tobey (quartermaster) and Dunbar. There were about one hundred and fifty enlisted men present for duty, armed. A common camp cry during these months of frequent alarms was, "I hear a gun!" "I hear another!" but the shout peculiar to this camp was to cry out when a rider passed, "There he goes — stop him!" which often quite disconcerted the wayfarer, the object of such uncalled-for attention, and not seldom thoroughly angered him. The band of the Eleventh New Hampshire furnished music for dress-parades, as at Falmouth.

The vendetta waged between loyal and disloyal Tennesseans found a victim close by our camp — a citizen of Secesh proclivities, while at work upon the roof of his cabin, was shot by another from an ambush — a dangerous wound, but not fatal, in Dr. Roche's opinion.

Hunger pressed us closely, and, as often noticed in like circumstances, the mind turned of itself to this theme at

leisure moments, and the fancy painted the delights of the well-spread tables of the past. In the dark, mild evenings the boys would gather around the glorious camp-fires — one of our luxuries, the other being abundant good water — and one man after another, in turn, would relate some past events of his life, dwelling long upon the eatables portion. One old wanderer, who had been cook on board a mackerel schooner, set forth the ample provender he furnished — brown bread and beans, plum duff, dumplings and molasses, etc., all of the most substantial kinds, until the stomachs of his auditors fairly ached, and they shouted, “Enough of that; lets go and get a drink of water!” On the tenth of February, one diary states, “I have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours except some flour cooked” — the cooking being simply boiling in water with a little salt.

Under these circumstances, news came into camp of a vote of thanks passed by Congress, January 28, 1864: “The thanks of Congress are hereby presented to Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, and through him to the officers and men who have fought under his command, for their gallantry, good conduct and soldier-like endurance.” So the boys felt that they were not so far buried in the mountains as to be entirely forgotten.

General Foster’s health failing — an old wound reopening — he was relieved by General Schofield about the middle of February. A change of commanders brought also a change of our camp. On the sixth of February General Grant had telegraphed to General Thomas, “Two divisions have gone to Longstreet; he is reënforced by troops from the East. This makes it evident the enemy intend to secure East Tennessee if they can,” etc. On the fourteenth General Schofield telegraphed to General Thomas, “Longstreet has advanced to Strawberry Plains with pontoon-boats,” and asked for reënforcements.

In a pouring rain, on the fifteenth, we moved a few miles, through the mud and over swollen brooks, to the west side of the railroad and nearer the city. The Fourth Corps also passed us, going towards the town. Next day there was an inspection with knapsacks, but the wood-choppers kept busy logging up again; they had hardly got their trees down when orders came for a change of camp to a better location, about a mile west from town. Here logging-up proceeded again, and made better progress. The regiment was inspected by a lieutenant-colonel of General Grant's staff. It was colder, and on the twenty-first snow fell.

On the twenty-second the band played "Washington's March" and "Yankee Doodle." Details of men were at work upon the forts about the city, that everything might be in readiness in case Longstreet should come on. At evening the regiment was agreeably surprised by the information that Colonel Carruth had arrived at brigade headquarters. The boys got together to go down and welcome him; but, he being tired, they gave it up for the night. Next morning the colonel came into camp; the men rallied, and gave him nine rousing cheers. At dress-parade, the regiment forming three sides of a square, the colonel addressed them. He thanked them for their good behavior, while he had been gone, in face of the enemy and in camp. He had watched for all the news he could hear from them while he was at home, and had heard nothing but praise. He was very sorry that it so happened he could not have shared their privations, hardships and dangers during the East Tennessee campaign, and was in hopes that their future campaigns would be less arduous and that all might be spared to see their homes once more. All he could ask of them in the future was to conduct themselves as they had done. In conclusion, he hoped



that his health would be spared him, so that he might not leave them again until he led them home at the expiration of their service. At evening he was serenaded by the brigade band—the first piece being “Home Again.” The colonel took command of the brigade.

At midnight the sergeant-major went the rounds, with orders to be ready to march at daylight. Accordingly, on the twenty-fourth, reveille sounded at half-past four; tents were struck, and we started with knapsacks, and camped again at Strawberry Plains, after a march of nineteen miles, which, as we moved rapidly and long distances without the customary halts, made a hard day's work. General Schofield passed twice, and Generals Parke, Wilcox and Ferrero were with the troops. It began to appear that Schofield was a driver. The Fourth and Twenty-Third Corps were on the move as well as our corps.

Next day, resting on the hill overlooking the river and ruins of the bridge, we got a mail, which contained information that the Ninth Corps was expected North by way of Chattanooga. On the contrary, we received orders, February 26, to prepare for a fifteen days' march, with shelter tent and blanket roll only, one hundred rounds of cartridges per man, and five days' rations. It had the appearance of a raid on the Virginia salt works, following retiring Longstreet. The bridge being gone, a double ferry was rigged of pontoon-boats, three boats to each rope, each boat transporting twenty-five men at a time. The regiment after crossing marched to the high ground beside a ploughed field and camped. Company K, detailed to guard the train, which crossed at a ford above, had a hard march that day. On the twenty-eighth we proceeded to Mossy Creek—Confederate cavalry retiring as we approached—and, on the morrow, to Morristown and a mile



beyond. Many will remember the rainy time we had at this place; the whole country was flooded; it was like the old north-easters at home, and turned freezing cold at night. A heavy and watchful picket was thrown out, for we were close to the enemy in force.

Morristown had been General Longstreet's winter quarters; the citizens appeared very neutral, and wisely so, for with the armies of the Union and of the Confederacy dancing to and fro, forward and back, over them, it was best not to be too demonstrative. Our movements were but a repetition of the famous campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley, with points of compass reversed. We visited these people unexpectedly, and on the second of March we as suddenly took an early departure on the back track as far as Mossy Creek. This may have been, however, not a retreat, for the other corps did not share it, but simply a precautionary change to protect the right flank to the eastward along the Nolichucky River. Our front was quiet except in the direction of the bends of the Chucky, whence frequent alarms came in of East Tennessee or North Carolina refugees cutting their way into the Union lines, or of Confederate cavalry lurking about that front. But, upon the whole, the camp at Mossy Creek was very quiet, except some noisy debates among the men upon questions of politics and theology, gotten up for amusement, but too vociferous for headquarters to endure without remonstrance. The penmen were, as usual, busy upon pay-rolls and returns to the departments. Colonel Hariman came up with recruits for the Eleventh New Hampshire, and Sergeants Farrington and Chamberlin and a squad of detailed men arrived from Kentucky. March 5, Schofield telegraphed to Thomas, "Longstreet is slowly moving towards Virginia."

On the twelfth we moved east again, this time upon the

Chucky road, with little halting, an advance guard under Lieutenant Pope marching some distance in front. Thirteen miles were covered before the two hours' rest for dinner; then the Second Maryland and Thirty-Fifth went in advance, scouting six miles out, much of the way at the double-quick to keep up with our cavalry. It was fun to see the colonel dashing ahead on his white horse, and the men hurrying along so rapidly made the chase quite enlivening. Our packs were left at the halting place under guard. The cavalry overtook the enemy, killing one and capturing two. The prisoners were delivered to us and escorted back to the resting place; one of them, a butter-nut clad youngster, enacted the hero, and certainly bestrode his horse in gallant fashion. Companies C and K were left at the halting place, while the rest of the regiment marched one or two miles on the cross-road towards Morristown, and went into bivouac among a lot of knobby hills, making twenty-five miles for the day's run. Next morning we marched into Morristown. This was our last duty at the front in East Tennessee.

There was a large force about Morristown, judging from the spread of tent cloth—Fourth and Twenty-Third Corps troops. Knapsacks came up from Knoxville, and we pitched a regular camp. Quite unexpectedly, Lieutenant Pope, Sergeant Worcester, Corporal Hague and several others were detailed to proceed North on recruiting service, by order of the War Department; they left on the fourteenth of March. On the seventeenth, what remained of the Ninth Corps fell in at half-past five in the morning, the adjutant, before moving, reading an order about straggling; and, by the way, straggling was almost unknown in this campaign. The teamsters were ordered to tell the citizens that we were bound for Chucky Bend; but the band struck up "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning" and "Home

Again," and the report quickly circulated that we were bound for Annapolis in Maryland. With light hearts the boys stepped off that morning. Thus we parted from the Fourth and Twenty-Third Corps, our tried companions of that winter of hardship; they remained to follow Longstreet towards the Virginia line, then to join General Sherman in the campaign to Atlanta; we, by the long route over the mountains, marched to face Longstreet again in the Wilderness campaign.

We were beyond New Market at evening, and, next day, passed Strawberry Plains, the pontoons over the Holston and Flat Creek, to within seven miles of Knoxville, reviewing the old camp grounds for the last time. Reaching Knoxville in the morning, we had a spell of "bone-shaking" winds, piercing chills from the mountains, which made it almost impossible to get warm, however closely one crept to the fire. All extra luggage and the regimental baggage were sent around through Chattanooga, Nashville and Louisville, with the sick or disabled men, by rail. The Second Division was divided into two brigades—Colonel Titus, of the Ninth New Hampshire, taking the first, and Colonel Carruth commanding the second. We were to march to Kentucky by way of Jacksboro Gap and Point Burnside.

We took the road at 9.30 A. M. on the twenty-first of March and reached Clinton at dark, camping on the bank of Clinch River opposite the town. On the twenty-second, crossed the Clinch on flat boats, and marched in the snow over swollen brooks—sometimes crossed by a slippery log—to camp not far from Jacksboro. March 23d, halted at Jacksboro and drew full rations of everything: bacon sides, pork, hard bread, coffee and sugar; the first full rations since leaving Crab Orchard last October. If to remember Mississippi makes one thirsty, one needs but

recall Tennessee to feel hungry as well. Pack mules were received to carry officers' luggage, in place of wagons. On leaving Jacksboro the way led directly up the side of Elk Mountain, a tough climb; but when the summit was attained and, looking back, we saw the lovely valleys and mountains of East Tennessee spread beneath us, a pang of regret and ingratitude struck us that we could leave so picturesque and interesting a country with cheerful smiles. Before the ascent, a wretched style of joke was perpetrated by putting large stones into a victim's knapsack, for him to "tote" to the top — full rations with a vengeance! At night, camp was located near a tannery.

March 24th, passed through grand mountain scenery, log houses and cornfields, to bivouac on a hill-side; a frosty night.

March 25th, marched through Chitwoods and crossed the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. The band struck up "Farewell to Old Tennessee" and "Arn't you glad to get out of the Wilderness;" the boys gave three cheers for the appropriate selections. Camped in a grove.

March 26th, we plodded on over steep hills and roads deep with mud, halting at Beaver Creek, in a pine grove, to draw rations; here we met wagons from Burnside's Point, to carry the knapsacks of disabled men. We passed that day more than two hundred dead mules: these sharp hills and heavy roads were killing to them. Poor creatures! they had died in the effort to keep us supplied with food during the past winter; but their remains were more odorous than lovely, and it was not pleasant when passing a deep hole to spring for a seeming rock and have the foot slide upon the carcass of a defunct mule. The mountains were full of holly bush, with red berries, and clumps of trailing arbutus.

March 27th, reached Burnside's Point at the forks of the Cumberland River, a depot of supplies at the head of steamboat navigation. Halting there from eight in the morning until noon, we enjoyed some of the sights of civilization; among them a table with a white cloth, knives and forks, and a napkin! but our boys were too barbarous for the sutlers—the penniless troops were inclined to appropriate the eatables without pay, and doors had to be closed. The Seventh Rhode Island had been posted here for three months past. Here Weston F. Hutchins joined the regiment; the first recruit to join the Thirty-Fifth since the regiment had entered the service. He had tried to enlist at Lynnfield, but was rejected then on account of his minority. In the afternoon we crossed the Cumberland on a pontoon-bridge, and passed through Somerset, bands playing and colors flying.

March 28th, through Waynesborough to camp in the woods.

March 29th, the Thirty-Fifth in its turn led the column. We passed through Hall's Gap, an interesting place, well fortified, the road winding along the hill-sides, enabling the column to see and admire the romantic appearance of the long train of marching troops. Camped at last upon the blue-grass lands again.

March 30th, the Thirty-Fifth in rear of all. Passed through Stanford at eight in the morning and reached Old Lancaster at noon, marching fast. Here we began to meet our detailed men, who had passed the winter in Kentucky, looking sleek and clean. "Ah," they remarked, "you look rather tough!"—we should think so! The climate was sensibly colder, and many had coughs, barking all night in bivouac.

March 31st, without a halt, passed Hickman's Bridge and Camp Nelson, and pitched tents at old Camp Parke,

now under leafless trees, desolate and soaked in rain; a stormy night. Clothing distributed in the evening.

On this march from Knoxville the division had tramped one hundred and seventy miles in eleven successive days, averaging over fifteen miles a day, over the roughest and muddiest of mountain roads.

April 1st, we marched to the railroad station at Nicholasville and slept in a storehouse, and next day, taking cars, reached Covington at three in the morning of the third, and stacked arms near the barracks. Crossing to Cincinnati in the afternoon, we left by rail at dark, over the same route we had traversed in coming West, just a year before. In Pittsburg, on the fifth, we were served with a bountiful collation; mottoes were displayed, "Welcome to our Country's Defenders!" "Welcome the Ninth!"

April 6th, Harrisburg and coffee at the Soldier's Rest. Baltimore in the evening, and quarters in a building on South Eutaw Street; a few were entertained at the Soldiers' Home, where, one diary notes, the soldier "slept in a bed for the first time since leaving home, almost two years ago." On the seventh, by steamboat Columbia, to Annapolis.

As we passed thus swiftly through the cities of the prosperous North, we seemed strangers and alien to the soil. These people had ample food and warm places to sleep at night, undisturbed by the constant watchfulness of the front. How different was our daily life! Yet hard as our experience had been that winter, who that endured it all would now change the remembrance for as many months of inglorious ease at home? Much as we suffered in Tennessee, not a few declared that when peace should come they would like nothing better than to return there—few have done so. One member of the regiment who revisited those scenes in 1870, says that the earthworks

were then standing about Knoxville much as we left them ; the wood in front of our picket line had been cut down, and in the open country beyond the city cemetery was the National Cemetery. Examining the books of the superintendent, the name of Ezra Currier, of Company B, was the only one of the Thirty-Fifth whose grave was marked with his name ; the other dead were removed from the city lot where first interred, and their head-boards marked "unknown."

After the war, Major Wales received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, for conspicuous gallantry in command of the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts Infantry at Knoxville, Tennessee.





## CHAPTER IX.

VIRGINIA AGAIN — WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN, 1864.

**L**ANDING, April 7th, at Annapolis — where Burnside's Expedition had been organized for the North Carolina campaign in December, 1861 — the regiment marched out by the brick buildings and grounds of the United States Naval Academy, through streets deep with yellow mud, to camp beyond the railroad station; moving further out next day to a sandy plain about two miles from the town and opposite the Parole Camp. We learned that there were some twenty thousand troops about us intended for the Ninth Corps, to be formed into four divisions, the Fourth Division to be composed of colored troops, under command of General Ferrero. The destination of the re-organized Ninth Corps was not disclosed, but several things were pointed out to indicate an expedition on the Southern coast: General Burnside was to command — he had hitherto generally held an independent position, and probably would not be placed in the Potomac Army under his junior, General Meade; the location of the camp upon a salt water harbor looked as if shipping was to be employed; the colored troops could hardly be intended for the aristocratic Army of the Potomac, and the newspapers and officers of the new regiments favored the expedition theory. This served for camp and mess-table talk; but all were very busy preparing for an active campaign wherever it might be undertaken.

It was almost pathetic to view our little camp; the low shelter tents, regularly pitched in company streets to be sure, but mildewed and smoke-stained, and our two or three old wall tents for headquarters and the officers, without camp guards or any of the glitter of martial life visible, and compare it with the quarters of the new troops, where ample tent cloth sheltered officers and men in bright uniforms, bands played, guards paced to and fro, and such strict attention was given to form and ceremony we hardly dared to go near them; our recent life in the backwoods made us shy of such grandeur. The officers with the regiment were: Colonel Carruth, Captains Lyon, Blanchard, Hudson and Ingell, Assistant Surgeon Roche and Lieutenants Tobey and Meserve. The last two were now commissioned captains, and First Sergeants Farrington and Wright, Sergeant-Major White, Quartermaster-Sergeant Cutter, First Sergeants Cobb and Mason were promoted to first lieutenants, most of them having commanded companies or acted as officers for some time. Of these, Cutter was appointed quartermaster, and Cobb acting adjutant. Surgeon Snow came to the regiment soon after its arrival, and Lieutenant Hatch joined from detached service in the West. Major Wales returned on the twenty-first, and Captains Stickney and Pope visited us, the former having resigned. Sergeant Nason acted for a time as sergeant-major, but the position was afterwards given to Sergeant Hagan. There were about two hundred and fifty enlisted men present, numbers having increased by the return of the men detailed in Kentucky. In general, furloughs were denied, which caused some grumbling, considering the long time we had been away from our families, but betokened a short stop at Annapolis.

The clerical work of the regiment and companies was pressed busily, and drills and dress-parades were resumed.

Seventy-five new Springfield rifled muskets arrived to replace worn-out arms. Friends came to see us; Hon. Charles Hudson—father of the Captain of Company H—and our old friends, Mayor Fay and Miss Gilson, called. A supply of “A” tents was received and pitched on the twelfth, and struck again on the twenty-first—more than nine days of such luxury would be enervating. Generals Grant and Burnside reviewed the troops drawn up in line in front of their camps, and hearty cheers were given as they passed the regiment.

Our old brigade, “Reno’s Own,” was broken up—a better brigade never faced the foe—and parting with the old regiments was like sundering family ties. The Thirty-Fifth was assigned to the First Brigade of the First Division, with other Massachusetts regiments, the Fifty-Sixth, Fifty-Seventh and Fifty-Ninth, called “Veterans,” because to a considerable extent composed of men who had seen a previous term of service; and, in addition, the Fourth, Eighth and Tenth United States Infantry regiments, of whom the Eighth never joined. General Thomas G. Stevenson, formerly colonel of the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts, was to command the division. Colonel Carruth, senior colonel, commanded the brigade, with Surgeon Snow and Captain Tobey upon his staff. A conspicuous addition to the corps was a regiment of cavalry with hussar jackets overloaded with yellow braid, which quickly earned them the nickname of “the Butterflies.”

Great movements were impending, that was plain to every one. How did we then look forward to the coming campaign? Rather wearily, it must be confessed; to again turn our backs upon home and the blessings of civilization before time had dulled the dreary reminiscences of the past winter was hard. Physically, however, the men constituting the remnant of the regiment were prepared for

any hardship. Soldiering was no longer an enthusiasm, nor a consciously difficult endurance, it had become ordinary every-day life; the men went about every duty quietly, but with assured confidence. We remarked among the new troops a harsher discipline than prevailed in the army of 1862.

On the twenty-third of April, after the usual scenes of frolic when camp was broken, the Thirty Fifth took the lead upon the road towards Washington and lightly covered the dozen miles of level sandy Maryland before camp was reached. At evening, the boys had their shelter tents well up and coffee boiling before the new troops had stacked arms and marched off by companies for water, with an amount of ceremony which quite astounded our men. Our officers, also, were surprised when some of their friends of the brigade came over to complain of being marched so fast—we had forgotten our own days of breaking in. Next day, however, we in turn followed in rear, and had the fun of it. It rained and the roads were heavy; the knapsacks of the regiments ahead became unbearable, and their contents were thrown out along the way in confusion. Our men improved the opportunity to exchange old for new without cost. Books, stationery, toilet articles and clothing of all kinds strewed the roadside; new blankets were shed in such quantities that a citizen was seen collecting them in a farm wagon; we had not seen such a wholesale throwing off of baggage since the Confederates abandoned their luggage at South Mountain. Just before going into camp in the mud and rain we forded, knee deep, a branch of the Patuxent River; General Stevenson, who happened to witness the crossing, laughing and seeming to approve the way in which the men unhesitatingly dashed into the stream, not delaying the column, and setting the rear an example.

On the twenty-fifth, after more fording of branches, we reached the outskirts of Washington and halted some time for the Eleventh Massachusetts battery to join. It cleared off bright and sunny. Major Wales riding at the head of the regiment, in column with the Ninth Corps, we passed, company front, through the city to Fourteenth Street, and by that thoroughfare to the Long Bridge. The sidewalks, and even the streets, were thronged with people, great interest being manifested to see the troops pass. The torn colors of the old regiments were continually applauded. It was amusing to us in the ranks to overhear the comments. At Willard's, President Lincoln and General Burnside reviewed the column, and here the cheering and enthusiasm were vehement, some of the boys even threw up their caps. Yet there was a deeper feeling under it all, as we passed the streets full of well-fed and well-clothed statesmen, politicians, clerks and civil employés, yes, *morituri salutamus!*

“O Cæsar, we who are about to die  
 Salute you! was the gladiator's cry  
 In the arena, standing face to face  
 With death, and with the Roman populace.”

The overshadowing future solemnized the triumphal hour; we oldsters knew what was to come after.

Passing the familiar scenes about the Long Bridge, the brigade turned to the left towards Alexandria, and went into camp in a valley near some whitewashed barracks. The Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts had an excellent band, and for the first time we heard them play the soldiers' chorus from Faust, which afterwards became so familiar, commencing with the words:

“Glory to those who in battle fall  
 Their bright deeds we can with pride recall.”

The expectation of a naval expedition faded away. Some of the veteran officers inquired if we did not feel a sinking of the heart when treading again the soil of Virginia; yes, and a rising of the heart, too, for Grant was to lead us. Doubtless there would have been more shrinking if we had known that our indomitable leader's system of campaign was to be attrition, with Lee's intrenched army as the grindstone upon which we were to be ground. For this the general has been censured, but his critics should bear in mind that his great fear, during the whole following year, was that Lee would escape him and concentrate upon Sherman; writing to the latter, April 19, 1864, from Culpeper, Grant says: "My directions then would be, if the enemy in your front shows signs of joining Lee, follow him up to the full extent of your ability. I will prevent the concentration of Lee upon your front, if it is in the power of this army to do it." No thought of facing Lee for a day or two was in his brain when he penned those lines. Our view of the field was too narrow. The grasp upon Lee's army was to be constant—he was to be fought in the open field, if he would; if not, he was to be hammered. After the first battle, Lee remained within his intrenchments, and pounding and grinding were our general's only alternatives. But the position of the hammer in the hands of Thor cannot be enviable.

We left Alexandria on the twenty-seventh, and marched rapidly to near Fairfax Court House; on the twenty-eighth, through Centreville and Manassas to Bristoe; on the twenty-ninth, through Catlett's to Warrenton Junction; and on the thirtieth, to Bealton Station. The whole country was one great unfenced plain, with occasional woods near streams—the tramping ground of armies for the past three years. The Thirty-Fifth and Ninth New Hampshire, as guards, accompanied an endless train of

wagons. Near Centreville, the colonel rode back and pointed out the localities of note about the town, Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run, his mind occupied with memories of the old First Massachusetts Regiment and 1861. At Warrenton Junction we recalled Major Willard and the extra hard bread on the march across to Fredericksburg. At Bealton, tents were pitched in the open plain west of the railroad, camp duties resumed, and all were busy upon the pay-rolls. It was said that the Ninth Corps was to be located for some time along the railroad to protect it from raiders. May 1st, Lieutenant Creasey arrived and took position on the brigade staff, as acting assistant adjutant-general. The Tenth Regiment, United States Infantry, with a good band, was encamped near us, and, with the Fourth United States Infantry, was now attached to our brigade, making it, we hoped, a crack corps; but we were too soon in action to gain proper coherence as a brigade, or even to make their acquaintance. The cars upon the railroad were rushing the surplus baggage and supplies towards Washington, one train wrecking seven cars in front of our camps, and injuring six soldiers of their freight, besides scattering sugar and commissary stores broadcast for the benefit of our boys. This was early in the morning of May 4th, at the time the men were turning out to strike tents and prepare for the march. After assisting to remove the wreck, the regiment took the line of march towards the Rappahannock, much to the disappointment of those who looked for a resting spell guarding the railway. We crossed the river on the pontoons near Rappahannock Station, where the earthworks so gallantly captured by General Russell of the Sixth Corps, in November preceding, were still undisturbed. Following the railroad to Brandy Station, situated in a wide, treeless waste, we halted

about noon for several hours, to allow the teams to come up. The railroad was then left and a course taken south-easterly across Mountain Run towards the Rapidan, marching until late at night, and finally lying uncomfortably by the road in constant expectation of movement.

The strength of the brigade, by the morning report of May 3d, was :

REGIMENTS.	PRESENT.		ABSENT.		Totals
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Fourth United States Infantry . . .	6	287	24	50	367
Tenth United States Infantry . . .	4	233	25	65	327
Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts Infantry .	13	285	14	172	484
Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts Infantry .	30	689	7	87	813
Fifty-Seventh Massachusetts Infantry .	30	763	5	129	927
Fifty-Ninth Massachusetts Infantry .	29	790	7	121	947
Aggregate . . . . .	112	3,047	82	624	3,865

The march with the wagons was resumed on the fifth, and it was announced that the Thirty-Fifth was separated for the present from the brigade and detailed to guard the division supply train. The weather was clear and warm. General Burnside and staff passed to the front early in the morning. In the afternoon, as we approached the Rapidan, the continuous roar of battle could be heard rising from the forests on the south bank; the sound was impressive, not only in itself, but from the momentous consequences which were at stake. At Ely's Ford the water was about three feet deep, the bottom stony and current strong; the men waded across with difficulty, and went into camp on the south bank. Company D, under Lieutenant Hatch—Captain Lyon having resigned—being detailed to guard the ammunition train, had to re-cross, and became separated from the regiment until the twenty-fifth of June.

The sounds of battle were renewed at daybreak, and



lasted through this day, sixth, and, with the exception of two or three days, were continued in some direction within our hearing for three months and a half afterwards, until habit made the sound so customary that the dead silence of its cessation seemed irregular. We proceeded towards the field of battle, coming out upon the bare hills near the Old Wilderness Tavern, where the train went into park in the large green pasture, with the twelve hundred wagons of the Army of the Potomac. Major Wales had a tent pitched, for shade, upon the hill, and we waited the result of the conflict. Right, left and front were apparently unbroken forests, purple with the opening foliage. Through these, from left to right, was visible a line of whitish-gray smoke rising through the tree tops, marking the lines of battle, from which the rattling sound of musketry proceeded. No artillery was to be seen excepting the one gun, without gunners, unlimbered, and left upon the brow of our hill. All day the volume of sound and clouds of smoke sank and swelled, but scarcely a man could we see; only now and then a wounded soldier came to our tent, thinking it a hospital, and received the attentions of Surgeon Roche.

Our brigade was in front of us, in the left centre of the army, between the Second and Fifth Corps. The Fifth Corps formed the centre of the army, the Second Corps the left wing; between the two corps was a gap, near the intersection of the Brock Road and Plank Road. Stevenson's division reported at that point about eight in the morning. The Second Brigade was sent to the left of the Second Corps, where it did famous service. Our brigade was turned off by Colonel Carruth to the front into the unoccupied ground, and formed in four lines, the right resting on some troops said to be of the Fifth Corps, but still leaving a small gap on the left, at the road, beyond

which was the First Massachusetts, of the Second Corps. In this gap, in extension of our first line, we should have been placed had we been present. In the first line were the Fourth and Tenth United States Infantry, then the Fifty-Sixth, Fifty-ninth next, and Fifty-Seventh in rear. They had hardly got into position and lain down when a tremendous musketry fire was opened upon them, which lasted, with greater or less fury, until late in the afternoon. Twice the enemy tried to break the lines by assault, but failed; late in the day they tried again, in great force, rushing on with yells, but the brigade held on with the steadiness of veterans, poured in volleys with telling effect, and drove them back into the obscurity of the woods, ending the battle for the day on the left centre. The slaughter was terrible: Colonel Griswold, of the Fifty-Sixth, was killed; Colonel Bartlett, of the Fifty-Seventh, was wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, of the Eleventh New Hampshire, for some months our brigade commander in Tennessee, fell in another part of the field, and Colonel Harriman was captured by the enemy. General Longstreet was among the wounded of the enemy.

Towards evening we observed a decided increase of firing on the extreme right of the army, and, after dark, the news came that the line of the Sixth Corps had been broken. The question was asked whether a repetition of Chancellorsville was impending; and the immense trains — whose position was exposed if the break should be a bad one — were set in motion, and continued through the night, taking the road to the left of the army; but disaster was averted by the exertions of General Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps. The regiment lay in bivouac behind the stacks of arms, at one time being roused out to corduroy, with boards and rails, a part of the road which a small brook made difficult of passage for the wagons.

On the seventh, the army commenced the move to the left, towards Spottsylvania. The wagon trains kept as near the rear of the centre as possible, moving a few miles only over dusty roads. Our old friends, the Eleventh New Hampshire, passed us with a cheerful morning greeting. At night the men got no sleep, the wagons being in the road and expecting to move at any moment. The same slow march to the left was continued next day, halting about noon for coffee. A train of ambulances and army wagons passed with the wounded from the front, who were furnished with water by our men. Also some hundreds of captured Confederates marched by under guard. The locality we had reached was the ground over which Stonewall Jackson advanced to turn Hooker's right at Chancellorsville, a year before. The leaves of last autumn had covered most of the relics of that unfortunate affair, but groping among the rubbish by the road-side, a human skull was uncovered; a fit text for one disposed to moralize in the midst of the great events transpiring. At dark we kept on, the train went into park near the old Chancellorsville House, and we got the first sound sleep for several nights. We passed the junction of the roads at Chancellorsville next morning, ninth, the whole area about the mansion crowded with wagons and artillery and columns of troops passing towards Spottsylvania. For several succeeding days the trains remained in park along the road towards Fredericksburg, the men patiently awaiting events and listening to the sounds of battle in front. Part of the Fifty-Eighth Massachusetts passed to join the Second Division.

This trifling at the rear had its irksome side. There was a feeling among the officers and men that we were playing truant; the constant music of battle kept calling — calling — and yet we dawdled beside the wagons, a

necessary duty, but seeming unsoldierly at the beginning of the campaign; we did not appreciate, at that time, General Grant's anxiety about the trains. At the front one sees what is going on, knows his place and feels as if he were doing his whole duty; with the rear, he hears the concentrated din of the fighting of the whole army, knows nothing but what the exaggerated tales of stragglers bring him, sees all the wounded congregated in the horrors of the field hospital — so that our losses appear like an army of themselves — and, if at all susceptible, he quickly gets the blues. Much of such duty must be demoralizing; but it is well enough to lie in reserve occasionally, and sometimes to visit the hospitals, to see what the thing is like. Captain Blanchard expressed his views to the effect that it was a duty unworthy of our regiment. The reply to him was, not to worry his heroic soul, the duty would not be likely to last long!

On the tenth, there was sanguinary fighting, and our division commander, General Thomas G. Stevenson, was killed by a sharpshooter. He was succeeded by General Thomas L. Crittenden, a son of Hon. John J. Crittenden, and previously a commander of the left wing of the Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans. Major Wales, having sent in his resignation at Alexandria, received his discharge, and returned to Massachusetts with the body of General Stevenson, his former colonel in the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts. Captain Lyon also departed at the same time, leaving Captain Blanchard senior officer and in command until the fifteenth.

Next day, we had rain in the afternoon, and the regiment moved a little way into the woods and tents were pitched. At daylight of the twelfth heavy firing was heard at the front, which continued with great rapidity until three in the afternoon, then ceased, except a solitary can-

non heard at intervals. This was the noise of battle attendant upon General Hancock's successful assault with the 'Second Corps upon the Confederate salient, in which he captured Major-General Edward Johnson, Brigadier-General Geo. H. Stewart, and some three thousand prisoners and twenty cannon. After the prisoners were taken to the rear, it is related that Hancock seeing Stewart, a former friend, extended his hand, saying "How are you, Stewart?" The latter haughtily replied, "I am General Stewart of the Confederate Army, and, under the circumstances, I decline to take your hand." "And under any other circumstances, General, I should not have offered it," was Hancock's response. No anecdote could better illustrate the disposition in which the two armies fought; the officers of the Confederate army bitterly vindictive and making the war a personal affair, the Union army lenient and without ill-will. Indeed this dissimilarity helps to account for much of the difference in fighting spirit, which some writers state was possessed in greater degree by the Confederate soldier. Shakespeare wrote long ago:

"To be tender-minded does not become a sword;"

but it was part of the task of the Union army to overcome hostile hearts as well as hostile hands.

We halted in the drizzle near Salem Church, the scene of General Sedgwick's battle of May 4th, 1863, and saw these prisoners pass under guard; their officers appeared in no wise discouraged, but the men, as is usual with prisoners, rather a bedraggled looking set. The regiment spent the afternoon upon a by-road, repairing a bridge for the wagons to pass. There was a pleasant house near by, with greenhouses and exotic plants, among which the men wandered during the halt. At night we reached the turn-pike and slept under some pine trees dripping with mois-

ture. On the thirteenth, the trains and guards moved rapidly over the pike to within three miles of Fredericksburg, where, in an open field, the wagons went into park; tents were pitched over the fourteenth and rations issued. A military band wandered disconsolately about, like wet fowls, in the rain and mud, their instruments bruised and clothing much the worse for the ten days south of the Rapidan.

We were surprised and cheered, on the fifteenth, by the arrival of two officers, Captain Park and Adjutant Washburn, from detached service at Lexington, Kentucky. Captain Park took command of the regiment. Next day the train moved towards the city and joined the immense park of wagons near the old battle-field; the regiment turned to the south and went into camp upon a wooded hill-side overlooking Hazel Run. The men improved the opportunity to visit the scene of the battle of December 13th, 1862, so memorable to us, searching for old landmarks. The ridge and sunken road with the stone wall were so well defined as to be easily recognized, but the plain below, where we had advanced, was now so changed in appearance by the destruction of houses, fences, etc., as to render locating any point quite difficult; the small house with the battered chimney was, however, recognized. In the course of the day orders came from the front for the regiment to join the brigade. Captain Blanchard drew a breath of relief; his wish, "to take a thousand before breakfast," might now be gratified.

Early in the morning of May 17th, the regiment was on the way south-westerly by the telegraph road towards Spottsylvania. After some ten miles of easy marching, we struck into a military road cut through the pine woods and came out upon a rise of land overlooking the valley of the Ny River. The lines of our army could be seen

extending far to the left, posted close up to the pine woods, which separated them from the Confederate intrenchments about Spottsylvania Court House. Turning off to the right we met some of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, as before at South Mountain and Fredericksburg, and crossing the little Ny River upon a temporary bridge found our brigade.

Our division was behind hastily constructed low intrenchments upon the hither slope of a little elevation, beyond a small brook, an affluent of the Ny, in which some of the men were bathing as we approached. In front of our lines was an open space for a few rods, then pine woods with thick undergrowth; upon our right were pine woods, which concealed our troops in that direction; but in front of this forest, between it and the enemy, was an open field, in which, at some distance from us, could be seen the bodies of several soldiers, who had fallen in the attack of the twelfth, still unburied. The scene of General Hancock's surprise and capture of the Confederates, mentioned above, was beyond these woods and fields. We were shocked at the appearance of the men of the brigade, so thoroughly had the struggles of the past few days worn off their polish and newness; their numbers also were wofully diminished; they looked, it was remarked, as if they had just arrived from Blain's Cross Roads by way of Big Creek Gap. A little picket firing was going on in the forest in front; one bullet intended for Lieutenant Farrington, passing through his shelter tent close by his head. We learned that General J. H. Ledlie, an officer entirely unknown to us, was in command of the brigade, our colonel having gone to hospital. Lieutenant Creasey was upon his staff. At evening, orders were received to be ready to assault the enemy's works in front at an early hour next morning. There was a little



moon throwing its soft light over the martial scene; the men conversed quietly, in the subdued way so marked when under orders to attack, then slept, rolled in their gray blankets, and quiet reigned over the bivouac.

Awakened without noise, at half after three in the morning, a double line was formed in front of our works; the front line was to advance and feel the enemy, we were to support it. About five in the morning, the signal sounds of attack were heard from our right, and our lines advanced in good style into the woods. The enemy were awake, and, conscious of our approach, opened upon us with spherical case-shot; the bursting missiles tearing through the shrubbery and laying low several of our men. The first line reached the opening before the Confederate works, halted upon a ridge and commenced firing; the Thirty-Fifth moving up, came close upon the rear of the troops in front. Hardly had we attained this position, when the Confederates fired a volley, and some person — whether authorized or not — in the front line shouted loudly “Retreat!” Very likely it was done by some bounty jumper, who, trusting to be undiscovered in the confusion of an engagement, took this method of getting out of an unpleasant situation. This danger of false orders is one to which all troops, in which unwilling men are serving, are constantly exposed, and it was our first experience with that class. At all events, whoever started it, the word was repeated, and the troops went back in a decidedly hasty manner, the first line running over our men, who — thinking it was an overwhelming counter attack and that the order to fall back was by authority — went to the rear with equal celerity.

On getting to the open space in front of our intrenchments, no pursuers being seen, the men stopped and immediately formed into line again, those who had reached



the works coming out without hesitation. At this time a natty-looking officer, apparently a lieutenant, appeared and began to address the men in a rather excited manner, "Fall in, Thirty-Fifth! Steady, Thirty-Fifth!" etc., while our men looked at him calmly and wondering who he was. One of our officers spoke to him, saying: "Don't trouble yourself; you attend to your business and we'll attend to ours!" to which, if he heard it—which, fortunately for all concerned, he probably did not—he made no reply; our officer was abashed to learn afterwards that the animated gentleman was our new general, Ledlie. The Fifty-Seventh Massachusetts, under the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, now went forward in admirably kept ranks, but, singularly enough, by flank, to the front, and the Thirty-Fifth again advanced in line of battle on their right. The Fourth and Tenth United States Infantry were on the right of the Thirty-Fifth. We passed through the woods, reached the opening nearest the enemy, and, at about one hundred yards from their intrenchments, the whole line lay down, without firing a shot, and in this position calmly sustained the fire of the enemy two or three hours, with little loss to us, as the shells and bullets of the Confederates passed over our heads. The order was simply "to feel the enemy," and as it was plain they were ready to receive us, no final assault was ordered. The good conduct of Sergeant Alfred W. Tirrell (afterwards lieutenant), while scouting on our left, was commended by Captain Hudson.

While lying thus, a man in the uniform of a staff officer came along the line with a solid shot in hand inquiring for a certain battery; turning to the front he disappeared through the line, which let him pass, not suspecting his intention, until he pulled out a white handkerchief and sprang lightly into the Confederate intrenchment, much to

the chagrin of those who witnessed the performance. That fellow has always been known in the regiment as the "mysterious stranger," and guesses of all sorts have been made about him: spy, deserter, or Confederate officer accidentally caught in our lines, ghost or real flesh and blood, he was of a most intrepid spirit. This was the second instance of mistake in persons that morning, owing to lack of mutual acquaintance in our brand-new brigade. The line received orders to return to our intrenchments, and the regiment retired by right of divisions to the rear, as if on drill. One hundred men of the Thirty-Fifth were detailed under command of Captain Meserve to occupy the picket line during the rest of the day and the following night.

Our loss was: two officers wounded, Adjutant Washburn and Lieutenant Wright, and twenty enlisted men killed and wounded. The killed or mortally wounded were: Corporal Alfred E. Waldo, of Company E, Corporal John F. Cole and George Clark, of Company F, Sergeant L. T. Holmes, of Company H, and Sergeant Wm. R. Wright, of Company K. The fallen men were, of course, well known; no man dropped out of our ranks in this campaign but it was like the loss of a brother to all the rest. Of Sergeant Wright, a comrade preserved these lines in a diary: "He bore his sufferings like a true hero, being torn by canister in the left arm and right leg near the hip, and did not fear to die, only feeling sorry for his family, which he spoke kindly of, requesting me to tell them that he died happy."

The day passed quietly, and was spent in resting or in making the acquaintance of our comrades in the other regiments of the brigade. On the nineteenth, before day-break, the whole division was withdrawn from the works, the picket line covering the rear, and marched to the left

of the army, past General Burnside's headquarters — near which we stopped to make coffee — and came out upon a more open and level tract of country than we had seen for some time. The movement was conducted in good order, without appearance of the enemy, who were heard chopping trees in our front as we left.

Reaching the extreme left, the Thirty-Fifth was ordered forward as skirmishers to discover the enemy. The open country offered a fine opportunity for a display of the skirmish line, and the manœuvre was neatly executed; the regiment moving up in line and deploying to the right and left, then advancing as if on drill, General Ledlie and the brigade looking on. After going forward about half a mile, the left of the line being in oak woods, a position was reached near a pine grove from which the Confederate lines could be inspected; their rifle-pits extending along the further bank of the Po River or a branch of it. Here the regiment remained until relieved by a detail for picket, when we moved to the right and formed on the brigade line at Queesenberry's; the Fourth United States Infantry coming up on our left. The usual line of intrenchments covering our front was then thrown up, and the men slept the sleep of the very weary, soon broken, however, by an order to occupy the trenches, as an attack was expected, but which did not occur.

The following day was spent in quiet; two lines of earthworks were built in our rear, and batteries placed at intervals, making a formidable defence. At evening the bands played to cheer up the men. While we had been with the trains no attack was made upon them, but on the nineteenth we could hear behind us the music of battle from General Ewell's attempt — in imitation of Stonewall Jackson — to sweep upon our rear, which was repulsed by the heavy-artillery regiments and some of our cavalry.

The army commenced, on the twenty-first, another move to the left; the Second Corps had already started. It was intended that the Ninth Corps should move eastward, down the Po River to Stannard's Mill, cross there and advance south upon the west side of the river. When General Curtin, with his brigade of the Second Division, arrived at the Mill, the Confederates appeared in such force that this line of march could only be secured by a battle, which was not advisable; Curtin, therefore, held the position while the rest of the corps passed in his rear to Guinea Station, on the east side of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad.

We started about five in the afternoon. The pickets under Lieutenant Farrington were left out, and had a hot time that night before they were relieved. The Sixth Corps occupied the works abandoned by us, and we had gone but a short distance when the enemy, for whose attack we had constantly watched, made an assault upon that corps and suffered a severe repulse. While we marched, the thunders of this battle in our rear filled our ears and was then quite inexplicable, all had seemed so quiet at our starting. All the night we kept on, with flankers out upon the right, until we reached the Fredericksburg turnpike, then northward upon this well worn road until we met the cross road running east again to Guinea's. We crossed the railroad early in the morning, overtook at the station the rear of the corps which had preceded us, and came to a halt near several houses for coffee. Some will remember that as we passed a house upon the left a window was thrown up, a head appeared, and a volley of maledictions was hurled at us, much to the amusement of the passing troops.

From Guinea Station we turned south again, falling in left in front, and marched near the railroad, passing Gen-

eral Grant's headquarters — where General Burnside reviewed the corps — keeping on slowly all day, crossing the railroad and several bridges, and halted for the night in a ploughed field near the Mattapony River, where Lieutenant Farrington and the pickets caught up with the regiment.

On the twenty-third we made slow progress southward, over hot and dusty roads, while the Second Corps was pushing forward to effect a crossing of the bridge over the North Anna River. During the day a sergeant of some regiment ahead passed us, while we halted, and attracted attention by the excessive profanity with which he addressed his men, who were tugging large quarters of fresh beef. All at once General Burnside and staff came riding through the woods; the general overheard the sergeant's blasphemy, stopped short, his eyes flashing with indignation, demanded the man's name and regiment, ordered him reduced to the ranks, and his chevrons and stripes torn off on the spot; an act of summary justice which seemed quite to the satisfaction of the perspiring privates. At twilight heavy musketry was heard ahead, and the brigade stacked arms in a ploughed field on the right of the road, got rations and slept, within a mile or two of the North Anna. The country along the railroad was open and inhabited, but as we approached the river we again struck the pitch-pine forests, with roads much travelled and deep with dust. The firing heard was the successful assault of the Second Corps upon the bridge-head at Chesterfield Bridge.

While we were making this long circuit, General Lee had ample time to prepare his defence on the North Anna. He formed his army in a V shape, the point resting upon the river. The Fifth and Sixth Corps crossed above at Jericho Mills and enveloped the west side of the angle, and

tore up the Virginia Central Railroad; the Second Corps and part of the Ninth crossed at Chesterfield Bridge and attacked the east side. We had reached the river at Ox Ford, where the point of the V rested, and the plan was for us to cross, crush in this angle, and become the centre of the army connecting the Second and Fifth Corps.

On the sunny afternoon of the twenty-fourth of May, the brigade started across the fields directly for a ford above Ox Ford, coming out upon the high bank of the river, which here runs in a deep cutting. The descent to the stream was so abrupt that one of our officers, seeing Major Putnam of the Fifty-Sixth going down on horse-back, remarked to him, in allusion to "Old Put" of Revolutionary fame, that "it was not quite so steep as Horse's Neck, but would do for practice," at which he laughed; but the major was not so lucky as his ancestor, for he received a mortal wound upon the opposite bank.

The North Anna was not very wide, but deep for fording and full of rocks, consequently the crossing was slow work. It was a picturesque spot and an interesting scene, enlivened by a few rattling shots which echoed in the woods above, but without other signs of an enemy near. General Crittenden's intention had been to attack with the Second Brigade, but, as ours arrived first, as soon as we were assembled upon the south bank, he commenced operations. The Thirty-Fifth was again ordered forward as skirmishers, to beat the thick woods in front. The men wished to leave their knapsacks, but, as we did not expect to return to the spot, they were obliged to lug them along. Forming in line of battle facing the south-east, Captain Hudson was placed in charge of the left; Captain Meserve, of the right; while Captain Park, with Company G as reserve, took the centre. The deployment was quickly made, the line fronted, then, at the command, "Forward, — guide

centre—march!” the boys dashed ahead in the spirited way an old soldier loves to see. The reserve had hard work to keep up with the line, which, passing some pickets on the right, wearing bucktails in their caps—Pennsylvania Reserves of the Fifth Corps—crossed several ravines, and advancing some half a mile, driving back the Confederate pickets, came out into an open field in full view of the enemy’s intrenchments. After exchanging shots, forward again went the line over the open field, driving the gray-coats from their pits and for the moment clearing the field; but they returned in force, too heavy for a skirmish line to withstand, and compelled our men to fall back across the field to the woods, where they took position partly sheltered and held on. The right of our line, companies A, E and F, though less close than the left to the enemy’s works, was more exposed upon the flank, which the Confederates took advantage of, issued from their intrenchments to the right, and coming behind our line swept off four or five men, including Sergeant Lunt, and compelled the right to retire also to the woods.

Meanwhile, the rest of the brigade had been formed in two lines of battle, and came forward through the woods with that swaying from side to side so noticeable in a close line of battle advancing over rough wooded ground. They bore to the left, coming up in rear of our line in the edge of the woods behind companies H and I, and commenced firing by volleys upon the enemy, who now opened a rapid fire of artillery, and the action was hot for an hour or two, without material change on either side, until ammunition was pretty well used up. The right of the line of battle was well covered by our skirmishers, but on the left—the most dangerous position, as it was nearest the Confederate line—the skirmishers, owing to the brigade coming up behind our left companies, extended but a little way.

This the enemy discovered after a time, and coming out of their works upon our left, charged into them with their well-known yells, which, added to the effect of a smart shower driving in the faces of our men, broke the formation, and the regiments fell back towards the river into a line of works which the troops in our rear had constructed. The left of our skirmish line went back with the rest, except several unfortunates who were surprised and captured; the reserve and right under Captain Park remained out until Captain Hudson came from the left with the news, when they also were drawn back some distance and finally into the works.

It had been a lively afternoon's work, and the advance of the line as skirmishers was never better done by the regiment; the men, although obliged finally to retire, felt proud of the performance and strengthened confidence in the old Thirty-Fifth, and with justice, for General Crittenden, speaking of its swift advance, said, "He had never seen the like before." The losses of the regiments in the line of battle were heavy. The much-admired Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, of the Fifty-Seventh, fell, mortally wounded, and had to be abandoned to the enemy. The loss of our regiment was small, as the men took advantage of all shelter,—six wounded and eight prisoners picked off the flank, viz.: Sergeant J. W. Lunt, of Company A; Robert Steele, F. Sweeney and James A. Lord, of Company C; Israel Roach and another, of Company F; Corporal B. F. Pratt, of Company H; and Sergeant Henry W. Tisdale, of Company I. Also Lieutenant Creasey, of General Ledlie's staff, had the misfortune to be swept in by the Confederate line, and was forced to spend the remainder of his term of service as a prisoner of war.

The position of the enemy was found to be too strong and too easily reënforced upon either flank to justify the



cost of crushing it in, and our army remained astride of the river, bridges being built or pontoons laid at all needful points.

On the twenty-sixth, unexpectedly to us, the regiment was appointed the engineer corps for the First Division, and ordered to report to Major Morton, chief engineer of the Ninth Corps. The order came through General Ledlie, who was directed to detail an old and reliable regiment for the duty, and honored the Thirty-Fifth by the selection. The detail of line regiments for engineer duty was a novelty to us, and was introduced by Major Morton, an officer whose service with the Army of the Potomac was brief, but who was the most capable and zealous soldier our regiment ever had intimate relation with. He was born in Philadelphia in 1829, graduated at West Point in 1851, and was appointed to the engineers. After serving as assistant professor of engineering at the Academy, and taking charge of various works, he went to Central America at the head of the Chiriqui expedition in 1860. In the spring of 1862 he was chief engineer of the Army of the Ohio, and in the following October received the same rank in the Army of the Cumberland, under Rosecrans, and, soon after, he was made a brevet brigadier-general. He built the intrenchments at Murfreesboro and was engineer of the works at Chattanooga. At the time the Thirty-Fifth was placed under his orders he was a total stranger to us by name and reputation, and much as we looked up to him, we never fully appreciated his worth until we lost him.

The detail duty as engineers continued until about the first of September following, and had its advantages, although the work was hard and often perilous. The commanding officer of the regiment was placed in a difficult position between two superiors, his brigadier and Major

Morton, both issuing orders, with a resulting double allowance of duty. Interference with his engineers was resented by Major Morton, and whom to obey was sometimes a vexatious question. This trouble could have been avoided by bringing the engineer regiments of the corps under a brigadier of their own, and this would have been best for instruction and division of work; but a withdrawal from the line would have weakened it to that extent against attack, therefore it was not attempted. The result was that in addition to their severe extra labors, the men of the regiment took part in all the battles of the First Division — with one exception — which occurred during the detail, although regular engineer regiments are exempted from line duty in consideration of their other exertions.

General Grant, having decided that Lee's position on the North Anna could not be carried without a loss disproportioned to its value, determined to move to the Pamunkey River. The base of supplies was transferred from Fredericksburg to the White House, and the army, undisturbed, executed another bold flank march in the face of the enemy. Late on the twenty-sixth, the regiment was withdrawn to the north side of the river and stacked arms upon the bank, watching the returning troops; the knapsacks were put in wagons and each man given some tool, pick, shovel or axe to carry. At daylight the Confederate pickets approached the south bank and opened a scattering but harmless fire, to which no reply was made. We marched south-easterly, following the Fifth Corps, travelling almost at a run when on the road, but stopping frequently to fill up mud holes and places difficult for the artillery and wagons. At night we built a temporary bridge over a small stream, the regiment being divided into three reliefs and working all night.

On the twenty-eighth, we pushed along in the same way,

passing King William's Church, the weather hot and roads dusty, yet accomplishing twenty miles, and reaching the Pamunkey at Hanover town at six in the evening. We crossed on the canvas pontoons and slept on the south bank.

South of the Pamunkey the country continued well covered with woods, with occasional open tracts or old farm lots; the loose soil was cut into deep swampy ravines along the numerous winding branches of Totopotomoy Creek; a difficult country for offensive operations. The roads all converged to the south-west, crossing the Chickahominy River to Richmond, now not more than a dozen miles or so distant. The Fifth Corps advanced to the front of Shady Grove and skirmishing commenced: Near Hawes's Shop we built a line of intrenchments in the woods on the left of a church; it was Sunday, and this was the nearest we got to a religious observance of the day in this campaign. The line was hardly finished when the troops had advanced so far as to render the works needless. General Lee with his army held the north bank of the Chickahominy, covering the approaches to Richmond, and it was anticipated that he would now yield ground only inch by inch. Our corps approached his lines at Shady Grove, and then with the Fifth Corps shifted along his front to Bethesda Church and Cold Harbor; while the Second and Sixth Corps were transferred from the right to the left of the army.

The work for the whole army along this line was severe to the limit of human endurance; the weather hot, with occasional showers, and very enervating. To most who were there the memory of those days is probably a tangle of confused incidents, which the following extract from Captain — then first sergeant — Nason's diary will help to unravel, and also exhibit the variety of duty performed by the regiment as engineers:

“Monday, May 30th. Marched nine A. M., proceeding very cautiously, and having made only one and a half miles at noon, halted for two hours and made coffee; then again moved on slowly half a mile and stacked arms in woods on the right of our brigade. Soon after, moved by left flank to the front about a mile, and took position in an open field near the edge of woods at nine P. M. and threw up breastworks (near Huntley’s Corner); picket firing continued through the night, at times quite lively, which twice called us up, expecting an attack, but our pickets held their ground; slept an hour. Drew rations at midnight. Our position is with left resting on the Shady Grove Road.

“Tuesday, May 31st. Called up early. Regiment ordered to cut road through woods for artillery to pass, which was speedily done; meantime our position in the breastworks was filled by a portion of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Artillery. After completing the road, returned to our position in the works. Advanced with our brigade half a mile at noon, by left flank, and formed line of battle in woods, when we quickly commenced a breastwork. Half an hour later the order came to retire to our old position, a flank movement being anticipated. Several men of the brigade were wounded before reaching the works, two of the Thirty-Fifth slightly. The Fourteenth Massachusetts and Second Maine batteries took position in front of our intrenchments P. M., and earthworks to cover them were thrown up by the Thirty-Fifth; while at work the rest of the brigade advanced, when brisk firing began, but they held their position. Some picket firing during the night, which passed quietly, obtaining considerable sleep.

“Wednesday, June 1st. Left intrenchments at eleven and a half A. M., with tools, etc., and moved, by left flank, a few rods in front of our outer line of breastworks. Stacked

arms and commenced, by order, to throw up a new line of works *at right angle with the old line.*\* Worked steadily till five p. m., when heavy volleys of musketry were heard to our left, and a yell of the enemy; we put on equipments and resumed work. An hour later an attack was made in our front, at right angles with the line we had partly finished, which, of course, furnished us no protection, and, our skirmishers being driven in, a rush was made for the stacks of arms, which caused considerable confusion. As we had no support outside of the intrenchments, we made our way back to our old position, and, as soon as our skirmishers arrived, opened a brisk fire, which, together with shots from our artillery—which was most ably served this day—had the effect to drive back the enemy. Our skirmishers again advanced to near their former position and no further trouble occurred during the night. The regiment escaped with only two wounded: Sergeant William White of Company H, and H. C. Green of Company I. Three recruits arrived for Company K, one an old soldier.

“June 2d. Quiet morning. Left breastworks at three p. m., moved by left flank slowly along eastward. Had proceeded a mile and a half when our pickets in rear were attacked. We had just passed a line of battle, which was soon wheeled to the right and marched forward on the double-quick towards the enemy. Our batteries got into position and a brisk fire commenced on both sides, which continued after dark. The enemy was held in check. Our brigade was not engaged, but, while lying down in readiness in the open field, our regiment had three men wounded by our own shells. Retired a short distance in rear of the Gibson House—said to be eight miles from Richmond in an air line—and threw up breastworks, com-

\*An odd piece of engineering never explained to us.

pleting them at dark. A very heavy shower before the attack wet us through, and made the roads in bad condition for awhile, but they soon dried up. Passed the night quietly near the Gibson House (near Bethesda Church).

“June 3d. Skirmishing commenced at daylight on our right front, which terminated in an engagement, six and half A. M. ; the Second and Third Divisions being engaged. Several charges were made by the enemy, who were repulsed each time ; losses heavy on both sides, but, we having the best position for batteries, our loss said to be less than the enemy's. They planted a battery quite near our skirmish line, but were prevented from using it by our skirmishers. Hard fighting during the day with ground gained by our side, also some prisoners. The regiment proceeded to the second rear line of intrenchments at three P. M., and at five commenced to build quite an extensive fort, shaped like a square : eight feet high, twenty-eight feet through at base, from which extends a platform six feet wide, terminating at the ditch, eight feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The regiment was divided into two reliefs and continued work through the night. The troops behaved well. The rest of the brigade moved forward ; had a few wounded.\*

“June 4th. No firing heard till seven A. M., which proved to be our troops discharging their muskets. The enemy left our front at four A. M. Those who visited the battlefield pronounced it equal in severity to anything ever witnessed. Horses covered the ground, and forty were counted in the space of an acre. Trees were full of holes, and many rebels lay where they fell ; their battery-men suffered terribly. Orders at seven and a half A. M. to stop work on the fort, which would have taken three days to complete. Three cheers heard at our left at eleven

\*Colonel Schall, of Fifty-First Pennsylvania, was killed this day.

o'clock predicted good news. We moved about half a mile and stacked arms. Troops on the move. Moved again at seven P. M., two miles south-eastward, and stacked arms near division headquarters and put up shelter tents, the first time for several days. A rainy night; some picket firing.

"Sunday, June 5th. Marched, five and a half A. M., a short distance, and stacked arms in rear of the first line of breastworks, left equipments, etc., and proceeded in front of breastworks to make a passage to a fort being built by the Fifty-First New York; after which worked on fort. Three privates of our regiment wounded while at work. Heavy fighting on our left, nine P. M., and, soon after, skirmishing in our front, which prevented the men from working. We retired to our stacks, remaining behind the breastworks until midnight; then moved one mile to rear, working on a road upon a side hill until two and a half A. M., when we lay down to rest.

"June 6th. Resumed work at four A. M. on road, and made bridge near General Burnside's headquarters. Heavy shelling by the enemy in the afternoon, several shots falling near the regiment, but no one injured. Very warm day. A shower at dark. Several recruits arrived for the regiment. Henry Card found a box of hard bread, left by some cook during the shelling, which replenished our empty haversacks. Finished work on the bridge at ten P. M. and turned in for the night.

"June 7th. Moved at five A. M. to the fort and resumed work, after disposing of our coffee. The regiment worked by wings undisturbed till ten A. M., when our pickets in front were attacked; stopped work until our line was re-established, when the firing ceased, and work was again resumed on the fort. While watching the progress of work on the stockade a minie-ball passed spitefully

through the left leg of my pants, just above the knee, the only damage done. Heavy shelling by the enemy in the afternoon, which continued one and a half hours; the shots passing over us to the rear. Heavy musketry on our right. The Fifty-First New York, while at work on intrenchments at the front, was attacked and several men taken prisoners. A flag of truce appeared to our left, seven P. M., from the enemy, to bury the dead, and there was no firing for two hours in that quarter. Considerable picket firing during the night. Relieved from work at nine P. M., retired to woods outside of breastworks and bivouac for the night, being relieved by the Eighth Michigan regiment.

“June 8th. Resumed work on the fort, six A. M., relieving in turn the Eighth Michigan, and commenced a traverse from right front corner to centre of the rear. Dimensions of fort: rear, one hundred and sixty feet; right side, eighty-three feet; front, seventy-two feet; left, one hundred and three feet. Were relieved at nine P. M. and passed the night quietly in same position as before. One of Company A was wounded slightly in the head while at work on the fort. A quiet day in front, only light picket firing.

“June 9th. Returned to the fort at six and a half A. M., finding three guns of Roemer's battery placed there during the night. Captain Park being unwell, Captain Blanchard took command. Finished the traverse and made a magazine, six feet deep, twelve feet long, covered with five feet of earth. A slight shower in the afternoon. Finished work at ten P. M. and retired to our usual position for the night. Quiet night, moonlight evening; the boys in the best of spirits.

“June 10th. A pleasant day. Captain Blanchard in command. Remained quiet all day. Made out company report from June 1st to date. Roemer's battery opened from the fort at noon, continuing till eight P. M., at



intervals of five minutes. One shot from the enemy wounded three men in our front, bursting over the rifle pits. Passed a night of undisturbed rest."

Such was life in the trenches on the Cold Harbor front. Two members of the regiment died of wounds received during these movements: James W. Bartlett, of Company A, and George F. Sargent, of Company G. The diet upon which these severe labors were prosecuted was hard bread, coffee, salt pork, and, occasionally, fresh beef; no vegetables or change of any kind was made, yet few complained of illness. The endurance of the men was wonderful, and their zeal was constantly commended by Major Morton, who was superintending the work, visiting it from time to time day and night, so that he seemed not to require sleep to support his energetic life. The labors of the officers were lighter than those of the men — simply to oversee the workers — yet even they speak of the severity of the constant mental and physical strain. Captain Hudson showed special ability in executing the plans of Major Morton upon the fort. This earthwork when completed was called Fort Fletcher, or the Red Fort, from the color of the soil thrown up. Heavy oblong shells were found in digging, relics of the siege artillery used in McClellan's campaign, for in our front were Gaines's Mill, Mechanicsville, New Cold Harbor, and other fields of McClellan's operations. The movements during the days above detailed were always to the left, General Burnside covering the right of the army, and withdrawing from Shady Grove to Bethesda Church and then to Cold Harbor. The whole district became a maze of lines of earthworks, running in all directions, and difficult to thread even to us who saw it grow. The owners of plantations thereabouts must have been astonished when they came to examine their premises after our departure.

The losses of the opposing armies to this date had been enormous, that of the Union the heaviest by far, as it was generally the attacking party. The men who had fallen could not be replaced, they were the bravest and most experienced of the army, and the recruits and soldiers from the fortifications were not equal to them in the steadiness which only long service in action at the front can give. Yet the pluck of the men, as stated in the diary above, continued good; they had learned to dread making assaults upon fortified lines, for hitherto, cases of surprise excepted, they had found such defences impregnable; but they shared the confidence of their indomitable leader, Grant, that somewhere, by manœuvring and constant pressure, he would find the weak spot in General Lee's armor.

Towards the end of May, the Ninth Corps, which had hitherto received orders directly from General Grant, on account of General Burnside's seniority in rank to General Meade, was, by Burnside's waiver of superior rank, permanently joined to the Army of the Potomac. This ended all talk about independent expeditions, expectations of which had been kept alive among the men by unfounded rumors. The number of men in the Thirty-Fifth at this time was: for duty, two hundred and fifty-one, absent, one hundred and thirty-five, total, three hundred and eighty-six. Quartermaster Cutter joined the regiment for a few days from the trains, all the quartermasters being ordered to their regiments to oversee the commissary department, which needed supervision among the new troops. Lieutenant Ferry joined from recruiting service, and was received with a warm welcome; he was a bright soldierly spirit and a general favorite.

The strength of Lee's position along the Chickahominy was so formidable that Grant, having delivered the grand assault unsuccessfully on the third of June, now turned to

the left again; this time, as at Vicksburg, by a sweep to the south upon the enemy's communication so grand in conception that even Lee did not mistrust it, and remained north of the James River until our attack upon Petersburg was actually begun. So quietly was our army withdrawn from Cold Harbor that the artillery of the enemy could be heard by our retiring pickets firing upon our forts for an hour after the garrisons had left them. The Fifth Corps and cavalry crossed the Chickahominy to our left of Lee's position, and then facing Richmond at the White Oak swamp, served as a shield, behind which the rest of the army passed undisturbed to the James River.

We started on the twelfth of June, repairing the road to Tunstall's Station on the White House Railroad, which we reached at evening; Companies B and K staying behind to repair a bridge, then following in rear. The cooks had drawn the rations, and, unfortunately for them, had no time to distribute them before the start; they will, doubtless, remember the "toting" of their burdens over the eleven miles to the station that warm day. The day following, slow progress was made, some ten miles south-easterly towards the lower Chickahominy, stopping occasionally to assist the wagons, which blocked the roads. Captain Park was in command again. In the evening we were entertained with a road-side concert, in which Captains Blanchard and Ingell and Sergeant Nason, with others, joined. On the fourteenth we were at work at daylight repairing the road through a swamp hole; then moved on, crossing Black Creek at Forge Mills, and passed to the south side of the Chickahominy soon after at Jones's Bridge. Here an island divided the stream, requiring but one pontoon upon one side, two upon the other, to bridge the river; not a wide stream, surely, for one so famous; but the swamps upon either side were extensive and wild and intricate beyond description.

Pushing along the road, in advance of everything, towards the James River, we were told that Wild's African Brigade was in the neighborhood, but we did not have the good fortune to meet our former colonel, or the officers transferred from the Thirty-Fifth to his command. The country soon became open and cultivated. The road was shaded by cherry and mulberry trees, which, when we halted, became alive with blue jackets, gathering their fill of the pleasant fruits. As we approached the James the masts of transports could be seen above the trees upon the right, enlivening the hearts of the men who were tired of the endless pine forests we had been traversing. In the afternoon the regiment constructed a small bridge for the artillery, then moved into the open country upon the north bank of the river, at first halting among the other corps near Charles City Court House, but keeping on again, and in the evening reaching General Burnside's headquarters at Wilcox's Landing. It was pleasant to again view a wide stretch of open water and homelike-looking farms and fields.

In the morning, June 15th, the scene was surpassingly fine as we marched down to the river bank. It was a bright clear day, and the blue waters of the James danced and sparkled in the sunlight, enlivened by white-winged fleets of transports, with gunboats here and there, and steam tugs moving busily about. On shore the masses of troops, with bright gun barrels and brilliant flags, covered the hills, waiting to cross. The Second and Sixth Corps crossed by ferry at Westover Landing, above us. The Fifth and Ninth Corps and trains of wagons passed over the remarkable pontoon-bridge, half a mile long, from bank to bank of the wide stream. During the day the regiment was at work building rafts and repairing a pier, the latter under direction of Captain Hudson. At eight in the evening

the approaches to the pontoon-bridge were completed, and we crossed to the opposite bank, among the first troops to arrive south of the river. We waited several hours in the darkness upon the bank for the First Division to overtake us, enabling the unlucky cooks, again behind with rations, to catch up.

The memorable campaign north of the James was ended. The regiments which had crossed the Rapidan with such full ranks were now shockingly reduced in numbers; the flower of the army had perished. It was impossible that men should pass through such trials and labors so incessantly prosecuted without injury to their *morale* as combatants; they were weary of the strife and longed for rest, yet they were not disheartened; ranks and files were as well kept as ever, but, so tired were they, it was only dogged determination that kept the men moving. Our generals had not achieved the impossible in carrying by assault Lee's impregnable intrenchments, but they had tamed the spirit of the Confederate army from self-confident pugnacity to a waning and discouraging defensive. It recognized the hand of the conquerer impelling it into "the last ditch."



## CHAPTER X.

### SIEGE OF PETERSBURG — THE MINE, 1864.

THE Second Corps having taken the advance towards Petersburg, the march of our division was resumed, and continued with scarcely a halt through the rest of the warm night. At daylight, June 16, the woods beside the road were full of stragglers from the troops ahead who had stopped to breakfast, and General Ledlie, who had on the ninth of June succeeded General Crittenden in the command of the First Division, complained in strong language of the "coffee boilers." We kept on until nine in the morning, and then halted ourselves for the indispensable pot of coffee. About five in the afternoon, after a march of eighteen miles, we reached the open undulating country within two miles of the City of Petersburg, approaching it from the north-east. Other troops had preceded us, and had carried by assault part of the outer line of strong detached earthworks, built long before for the protection of the city. By the road-side lay the first dead negro soldier we had seen in the campaign. The regiment halted by Major Morton's direction at some old log huts or Confederate barracks, and remained there over night, listening to the heavy skirmishing fire of the Eighteenth and Second Corps in front, and expecting momentarily to be called upon for work.

The First Division was not actively engaged until the following afternoon, June 17, when they made a dashing

charge from one of the deep ravines and captured a line of works, but were unable to hold them on account of a failure of ammunition, as appears in the record of the Twenty-First Massachusetts in the Adjutant-General's Report for 1864. Major Morton, our too intrepid chief-tain, was killed while retiring with Hartranft's brigade from an advanced position, which they had taken but were too weak to hold, near the Norfolk Railroad cut on the left. He fell somewhere near the spot afterwards occupied by Fort Morton. His loss at any time would have been inestimable, but happening at that time, just at the beginning of siege operations, it was peculiarly heavy, and deeply affected all who knew him and recognized his value to the army. Our old friend, Major McKibben, so conspicuous on General Ferrero's staff in East Tennessee, was also severely wounded in the same affair.

At dark the regiment moved to the left, and worked most of the night turning the face of a Confederate lunette, which had been captured, it was said, by the Seventh Rhode Island, Thirty Sixth Massachusetts and others of General Potter's division. There was an uncountable number of muskets lying about, which had belonged to the Confederates who had been captured or had fled, leaving their arms behind them. We filled the ditch on the north front of the work sufficiently to form platforms for artillery, and cut embrasures through the parapet opening towards the enemy, who still occupied a line of works on the hither side of the pine woods—afterwards our camp ground—and from that elevation spitefully threw over an occasional shell, the gunners, probably, being attracted by the gleam or glint of our shovels. When the work was completed, it was occupied by the Fourteenth Massachusetts battery. Our men retired to the woods in rear and got such sleep as they could behind their stacks of arms.



In the morning (eighteenth) the Confederates had withdrawn from the front of the pine woods, mentioned above, to the ridge beyond the railroad and the brooks forming Harrison's Creek, and had established permanent lines upon the north and east sides of the elevation called Cemetery Hill, which lay between them and Petersburg. Details of men were sent out from the regiment for bridge building, road cutting, and even to bury or burn the bodies of the artillery horses killed in the action. At night we camped in the grove near General Burnside's headquarters. The tool wagons arrived bringing our knapsacks, which we had not seen since leaving Cold Harbor.

On the twentieth of June the regiment moved camp to the pine woods spoken of above, and located near General Ledlie's headquarters, where we remained for nearly two months, during the rest of June, July and part of August. During these hot, dry months of summer, the siege was carried on with great zeal and the defence was equally persistent. The Ninth Corps extended from the locality of Fort Haskell and the left of the Second Corps, near the hill upon which Fort Steadman was afterwards constructed, through the deep valley under Cemetery Hill and between Fort Morton and the Crater, towards the position of Fort Rice and the right of the Fifth Corps. The distance between the hostile lines was greater in front of our division than in front of the other divisions, the brook valley being wider and flatter; but all our advanced infantry lines were commanded by the higher position of the enemy. Our infantry lay in two lines of trenches, those of the front line called the pickets being relieved every three days by the rear line. The difference between them was not material, the most important item being that the rear had more shade from the pine woods and more undisturbed rest.

During the whole two months a steady firing of musketry was maintained between the advanced lines day and night, and as soon as the artillery could be placed in position under suitable cover this arm also joined in the horrid din. Not only field guns and siege cannon were used, but also, when a siege was decided upon, mortars of various calibre were hauled to the front and a perpendicular fire of bomb-shells opened, in which proceeding the Confederates also took part, at first with small coehorns, afterwards with the largest mortars. Death stalked abroad in that valley in the most varied form; the air was filled with lead and iron missiles of every shape. Sharpshooters watched the opposing lines with quick eyes for an exposed head or limb, and wherever men were supposed to be congregated the bomb-shells were dropped with fatal accuracy. Hair-breadth escapes were the order of the day, and of every day and night.

At first our camp was pitched as usual, with shelters of green boughs for additional shade, but casualties and narrow escapes became so frequent that bullet-proof shelters or stockades had to be thrown up upon the exposed side of the tents, which allowed sleep with a sense of security. The dead and wounded of the battles of the seventeenth had been removed, except the body of one Confederate who had crawled into the bushes to die, and remained undiscovered until the odor of decomposition disclosed such an unwelcome guest upon our camp ground. There was some water to be had at first from springs, but the burning sun soon shrunk them, and the men resorted to well digging, sinking as many as four barrels in depth to reach the water, which, when obtained, was sweet and cool. Morning, noon and evening the bands of the Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts and other regiments played at General Ledlie's headquarters to cheer the men, with good effect;

but we got extremely well acquainted with their collection of music, patriotic, operatic or other, during that summer. We staid so long in this camp it began to seem quite like a home, and its incidents were family events. On the twenty-fifth of June, Lieutenant Hatch and Company D returned to the regiment from detached service, having been absent since the fifth of May.

The duties of the regiment were too various to mention in detail; they followed naturally the progress of a siege. At first there was road cutting and bridge building, to get the artillery forward; then the infantry lines were strengthened, cover thrown up to protect the cannoneers, and abatis of felled trees laid in front of these, the day work being the stockading of General Ledlie's headquarters, and bower building for shade. The infantry line well settled and secure, strong redoubts or forts, with thick parapets, were begun at prominent points, and the labor upon them pushed forward day and night by reliefs. The principal works of the kind near us were a mortar battery and Fort Morton. After the enclosures of these were completed came the cutting of the embrasures, digging magazines, bomb proofs and traverses, opening of covered ways of approach from rear to front, and protecting the outer sides with obstacles, ditches and entanglements. We lead the same busy life as at Cold Harbor, detailed in the last chapter, excepting that the work was now much heavier, the cuttings and covered ways were deeper, and the exposure while at work greater.

Labor at the front occupied most of the night time. The men were frequently employed digging ditches or planting abatis between the lines, exposed to the enemy's fire, their only cover being the darkness, and it took a cool head and steady hand to stand upon the parapet of our earthworks, unsheltered from the cross fire, and cut em-

brasures for guns, drive the poles and make the necessary hurdle work or wattling to support the earth at the sides. It would be pleasant to mention the names of some yet living who were conspicuous for steadiness in such work, but as they might object we forbear. Among others, Sergeant Oakman, of Company C, who afterwards died of wounds received in action, seemed to linger over such a task as if he had a partiality for it, and would not quit until his critical eye was satisfied. Captain Hudson took such interest, in his always earnest way, as to be appointed engineer officer of the division. After the main lines were thus established, the regiment, for days in succession, was taken to the rear into the woods, and taught by the regulars to construct gabions, fascines, and other siege materials. From the eighth to the twentieth of July the regiment averaged about one hundred and fifty gabions a day, and became very expert.

Now and then a small squad of recruits would arrive from Boston, usually bringing a long roll of enlisted men who never put in an appearance—having secured the heavy bounties, for which they had enlisted, they had jumped the service on the way to the front. Those who came through were the men who had intended honest service, and they generally made respectable soldiers. These new men were kept under drill, but the old members were so busy as not to admit even of dress-parade at evening; an occasional inspection was the only manœuvre.

Our labors at the front were not performed without loss. Among the men were many slight wounds or injuries not of record. On the twenty-sixth of June, Corporal Charles P. Merrill, of Company B, had an arm broken by a falling tree; Samuel L. Knight, of Company F, was wounded in camp while preparing supper. On the night of July 4, while at work at the front, Charles G. Bates, of Company

C, was mortally wounded in the bowels ; Sergeant Oakman was also wounded ; George T. Tucker, of Company I, was shot in the body and died. On the sixth, William H. Amerige, of Company F, was wounded in the chin by a piece of a shell which burst immediately after leaving the gun of one of our batteries, in front of which we were at work ; and there were others of a like nature. At night the camp was so raked by bullets coming over from the lines, chicking in the tree trunks and logs, it seemed more dangerous to go about than it really was ; frequently a comrade in passing out to the mail bag would say, "Good-bye, boys, I'm going to post a letter," by way of joke upon the dangers of the locality.

Our greatest loss here was in our commanding officer — Captain Edward G. Park — on the first day of July. The woods had become so thinned by cutting in our front that in the afternoon, when the western sun shone in brightly, our regimental headquarters were quite visible to the sharpshooters in the Confederate lines ; but all had become so accustomed to the place that the stray bullets were little noticed, except to point a jest when any one was startled by the sudden hiss of a passing ball. The captain was hit by one of these shots, while close to headquarters, at this favorite hour for sharpshooting, near the spot where Knight had been struck a few days before. His exclamation called several to him, who assisted him to his camp bed, upon which he reclined with expressions of intense pain. His coat was removed, and it was found that a minie-ball had struck the elbow and passed under the muscles of the right forearm, some six inches, where it could be plainly distinguished. The group about him tried to make light of the affair to the captain in our jocular way, calling it a furlough, and congratulating him upon his good luck. In truth those present envied him

the wound. An ambulance was brought and the captain was transferred to it, and left for the field hospital—as we suppose for a brief excursion home—after his wound was dressed; but it was his last parting from the regiment he loved so well. He received the furlough as suggested, but, owing to the debilitated state of his system from the campaign in Mississippi and the current year, the flesh refused to heal, gangrene set in, and he died at his home in Roxbury, August 14, 1864. His father writes: “Without opening his eyes, and in a voice clear as a clarion, he broke the solemn stillness of that beautiful Sabbath morning by the command, ‘Stack Arms!’” then sank into the sleep of death; the march of life for him was ended.

He had been wounded in the left arm at Antietam, as First Lieutenant of Company K; returned to the regiment at Falmouth; went with us to Vicksburg, where he, with so many others, nearly died of disease, which prevented his participation in the East Tennessee campaign. Before his death he received the commission of major in the regiment, upon the recommendation, among others, of General Burnside, in the following letter, which is reproduced as a tribute to the major’s memory, and also as showing our general’s estimate of the services of the Thirty-Fifth, as engineers:—

“HEADQUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,

“BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., July 20, 1864.

“TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN A. ANDREW,

“*Governor of Massachusetts:*

“*Sir,*—I have pleasure in recommending to your favorable consideration, for the vacant majority of the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers Infantry, Captain Edward G. Park, senior captain. His wounds at Antietam and before Petersburg, his disease after the Mississippi cam-

paign entitled him to consideration ; still more so does the praise which Major Morton, late chief engineer in my staff, has always bestowed on the zeal and ability shown in the government and direction of the Thirty-Fifth, which during the greater part of the present campaign has been detailed as an engineer corps under his orders. I advocate the captain's claim to promotion with sincerity and confidence. I have the honor to be, sir,

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“A. E. BURNSIDE,

“*Major-General U. S. Vols.*”

A “Memorial of Major Park” has been published, but is now out of print, which contains many interesting particulars of his life and the great sacrifice which he made for the country. From lines therein by W. R. E. we pluck this flower to place upon his grave :

“Death were no terror to his soul, but only sweet release,  
If so the war-torn land might taste the earlier fruit of peace.”

The officers with the regiment at this time were Captains Blanchard, Ingell and Hudson, Lieutenants Hatch, Berry, Farrington, White, Wright, Cobb (acting adjutant) and Mason ; Captain Meserve being on duty at corps headquarters. In so small a group the loss of Major Park made a deep impression.

Captain Blanchard took command after Major Park left, and did his best to sustain the dignity he esteemed so highly during the following month. The adjutant jokingly told him to be careful of himself, for to take command of the Thirty-Fifth was to receive a death warrant ; it would be his turn next. But the Captain of “bully” B considered himself as invulnerable in body as he certainly was in spirit.



Those were laborious days, and trying to the soul and body of man. After the tremendous exertions of the campaign we seemed to be little nearer the end. It is always darkest just before day, and that hot summer under fire was the murkiest of all. The political excitement at the North was at fever heat. The peace party declared the war a failure, and newspapers containing such doctrine and the most discouraging views were freely circulated in the army, giving to the men in the ranks, who had little other means of forming a judgment, false impressions of the strength of our opponents and of the spirit of the North. It was not until the atmosphere was cleared by Sherman's and Sheridan's victories and the November presidential election that the country was sure of its position; meantime partisan politicians did all they could to blacken character and discourage patriotism. It is wonderful that men could be got on any terms to enlist in our armies, or that those who had enlisted remained steadfast under such showers of bullets from the front and of invectives from the rear.

Among the enlisted men there was little inclination for fun, an occasional sing together was about all the circumstances admitted. To rest out the weariness of labors, which were double severe in that Southern climate in mid-summer, was about all they longed for. Captain Ingell, however, here as everywhere, was irrepressible in spirit, and must get up a dinner party. The service of plate was such an assortment of battered tin plates and cups as had survived, in the mess chest, the many journeys of the regiment; the food the best the commissary's stores supplied, which were better than ordinary from our nearness to our base of supplies at City Point. These, with sundry sutler's goods, garnished with Ingell's smiling welcome, made a feast not to be despised, as Captain



Meserve indicates in the following witty lines, which breathe the spirit of the occasion :

“I’ll ne’er forget a table set  
 At Captain Ingell’s tent,  
 A merchant prince could scarce evince  
 Such airs grandiloquent.  
 He sent behests to numerous guests  
 And courtly was his phrase;  
 With welcome hand and greeting bland  
 He asked us in to ‘graze.’  
 The narrow board was richly stored  
 With commissary fare,  
 And O, my eyes! a rich surprise,  
 Tomatoes too were there.  
 But better still, a right good-will  
 Was very manifest;  
 A merrier set was never met  
 A soldier’s lunch to test.”

Captain Ingell’s genius for fun shone most resplendent at such times. He had all the wit and humor of old Jack Falstaff, but added thereto the courage of a soldier and the kindest of hearts.

A badge for the Ninth Corps was adopted, and required to be worn conspicuously upon the cap. It was a shield bearing a crossed anchor and cannon, with a cable fouled about the anchor in the form of the figure 9, emblematic of the early history of the corps, as the Coast Division of the Army of the Potomac. General W. F. Bartlett took command of the brigade on the twenty-third of July, and thoughtfully sent to the men of the regiment a package of home newspapers, as a notice of his arrival and kind intentions towards us.\*

At the sutler’s, several men had been met from the Second Division whose clothing was so deeply stained with the yellow clay of the soil as to excite question how

\*See page 110 of General F. W. Palfrey’s Memoir of General Wm. F. Bartlett.

it happened. In this way the secret leaked out that the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, old coal miners, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, were digging a mine in front of General Potter's division, extending under the enemy's fort. Towards the end of July, Adjutant Washburn, who had been serving, since Spottsylvania, on the staff of General Sigfried, in Ferrero's Fourth Division, colored troops, happened into camp and informed us that the mine was nearly completed, and that his division was under daily drill, practising the manœuvres to be executed when the mine should be exploded and the division should head the charge into the Confederate lines. Small pieces of the stiff marl, dug through in cutting the shaft, were handed about among the men as curiosities. A great event was approaching. During all this time the regiment was at work, day times, upon the gabions, which at night they placed at the front and filled with earth, to strengthen the parapet or top the breastworks at exposed places.

Observations had been taken by Captain Blanchard of the covered way leading to the locality of the mine, and it was the intention that our men should work all night of the twenty-ninth, placing gabions in position. Companies A, B and K were detailed in the afternoon to get out stakes to pin the gabions in place. In the evening, however, orders were received to pack knapsacks and be ready to fall in with haversacks and canteens, guns, equipments, intrenching tools and extra ammunition. It was whispered that the mine was to be blown up, and that we should take some part in the general movement, but we did not anticipate any important share, as no special instructions were given us; in fact, when we were leaving camp, so little information had been given to Captain Blanchard, commanding the regiment, that he expressed doubt whether we should get in at all. There were but six

officers accompanying the regiment, including Blanchard. Lieutenant Berry remarked to the men of his company, G, that they should have an officer present to lead them that day, if he knew himself.

About two o'clock in the morning of the thirtieth, the regiment had assembled, leaving knapsacks in camp and carrying tools, and joined the brigade outside the woods near camp. From thence the column moved very slowly and silently to the left, along the rear of Fort Morton to the widest covered way, and, through it, forward to the Norfolk Railroad cut and the extreme front of General Potter's lines, a locality with which we were little acquainted. A brook ran in the lowest part of the valley from which the land rose front and rear. Behind us was Fort Morton; in front were our advance breastworks; before them, a gradually rising hill upon which was the enemy's fort to be blown up. We followed in rear of the First Division, the provisional brigade, composed mostly of regiments of heavy artillery which had joined after the Wilderness, taking the position at the head and nearest the enemy. The night was not very dark, a waning moon hung phantom-like in the north-east, over our pine woods. The column was closely massed in regimental lines of battle, but without noise, fearing to alarm the enemy, whose sharpshooters were alert and kept up the usual dropping fire, a bullet now and then falling near the regiment. We saw no other troops save our own division, and not a word was said in explanation of the intended movement or the work to be accomplished. We were formed for an assault, that was all we knew.

After awhile a report came that the affair was a failure, the fuses had been fired, but were damp and had gone out. It was getting to be daylight fast, about five o'clock, and the sky was ruddy with the dawn. In this position of affairs,

suddenly and unexpectedly the ground was felt to tremble beneath our feet, a mysterious rumbling was heard, and before us, where the morning light was revealing the Confederate fort, there rose high into the air an immense column of earth mingled with parts of artillery carriages, bodies of men, and other wreck, the red explosions of the burning powder still glowing in the mass. Clouds of thick smoke and dust rolled from the summit, presenting an appearance as if the earth thrown up would spread out and partially cover our front line; it did not, however, its material was too heavy, but sank down into the form of an immense ant-hill with the crater in the centre, some one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty wide and twenty-five feet deep, the interior rough with boulders of clay. Awestruck and astounded our front lines recoiled involuntarily, human nature was unbalanced by the terrible spectacle, but it was only momentarily, then, recovering presence of mind, the men raised a cheer and charged forward over our lines, across the interval and into the still smoking crater. At the same instant our artillery of eighteen siege guns, eighteen large mortars, twenty-eight coehorns, and eighty field pieces, opened all along the front, the passing missiles sounding like railroad trains above our heads and apparently exploding in the very works we were assaulting. As seen from our position in rear, it was a grand sight as the heavy column of men went up over our parapet, recalling the assaults into the deadly breach so famous in history.

As soon as the last regiment was out of the works, the Thirty-Fifth moved up to the front in battalion line. The rear of the parapet had been levelled up so that the right and centre of the regiment had free passage out; the two left companies were cut off by a traverse and Captain Blanchard sent his adjutant to have them right face and

file left in rear of the regiment. While this was doing, General Ledlie, who stood on our left close to the front line, gave the captain some orders, which, unfortunately, no other officer heard. Immediately the regiment went forward over our works and up across the open field, some one hundred and twenty-five yards, to the crater. As we moved across this clear space there was time to look about a bit. Overhead hung the cloud of dust and smoke, now orange red in the first rays of the rising sun. On the right the ground sank away into a deep ravine, across which the opposing forces could be seen exchanging shots. On the left, the whole more level tract lay open far to the south, crossed and recrossed by the discharge of guns from either side. No other troops seemed in motion, or in position to move; on the contrary, right and left, the battle seemed an artillery duel only, instead of the sweeping assault which would imply a grand attack; the inference was that our division was the only force engaged; such hasty judgments often affect results. It was not until after the fight that we learned that others beside the colored troops and ours were in the assault—the other divisions went up in the hollows to the right and left.

Captain Blanchard, in writing of the affair a few weeks after, says: "It being intended to carry the works and heights, the Thirty-Fifth was to follow closely our brigade, and, as soon as the works were carried, to throw up breast-works. We reached and carried the enemy's first line and the regiment with their tools soon changed its face to the rear. Having given my orders and the men well at work, I was hit in the left shoulder, so disabling me that I was obliged to leave the field." Others say that the regiment had not commenced work when the captain was wounded, but was waiting at the crater for his directions. The adjutant says that from the right of the battalion he saw

Captain Blanchard looking about, examining the works, or looking for him, as he has since thought, when the above-mentioned wound was received ; that First Sergeant Moses Bartlett of Company B sprang forward to support the captain and was shot dead ; that the order had probably been given to turn the works, for, at the same instant, the men advanced and went to work energetically upon the face of the crater nearest our lines. The incident occupied but a moment. The adjutant then inquired for the next senior officer, Lieutenant Hatch, and was told that he had been shot across both legs, while coming over our works, and been taken to the rear. He then asked for the next senior, Lieutenant Berry, and was informed that Berry had fallen dead within a rod from our lines. Thus three out of the six officers were gone in the first fifteen minutes after the blow-up. The three juniors came together and consulted upon what was to be done.

In front was the immense mound of the crater, of gentle slope perhaps fifteen feet high, formed of loose earth, in which were half-buried bodies of dead Confederates, broken gun carriages, tools and platform timbers in great confusion. Within the crater our troops were cheering loudly and celebrating the success of their assault, but making no motion in a body to secure the ridge of the hill. Our officers, therefore, hastily decided to keep the men at the work they were upon, turn the face of the line secured and connect it with our intrenchments. Lieutenant A. J. White took charge of the left of the regiment, Lieutenant Farrington the centre, and Acting Adjutant Cobb the right, and superintended the labors of the men.

At first there was little firing from the enemy, only a few sharpshooters to right and left, whose aim, however, as we have seen, was with deadly accuracy. In a few minutes a gun on the left opened from a position where our artillery

could not silence it, and a detail of men was made to occupy the crest of the crater and try to keep down its fire, which enfiladed the line. Squads of Confederate prisoners came to the rear, with many of our wounded, some of the latter lying down under cover of the excavation we were making. Our wounded were sent off the field, and Lieutenant Farrington, by advice of the other officers, went back also, to collect the men who had gone to help the disabled, get orders, and, if approved, commence a narrow trench, or sap, from our lines towards the crater, to connect with one which we now had a few men engaged upon.

Thus the first half hour, while the enemy were confused by the surprise, and when alone success was possible, slipped away; the Confederates concentrated infantry and artillery around the crater, which at once became a death-trap to those who were in it. Staff officers, among them Captain Hudson, came from our lines with orders to "push forward to the crest of the hill in front," but as it seemed useless to try to get through the mass of men in the crater we kept on digging, expecting that when the orders reached the head of the column the whole would go forward together, if possible; but the troops did not move, and we supposed there was some obstacle in the way.

The enemy's fire from right and left grew more deadly; wounded men crowded upon us; as fast as our men opened the bank these poor fellows crept into it, some refusing to budge even when partially covered with earth, and our officers would say, "Bury them if they wont move!" Some stragglers came with them, and more white troops moved up to mingle with the crowd in the crater and add to the confusion. After awhile the excitement and severity of their exertions exhausted our men, and they stopped for rest. At this time the head of the column of the Fourth Division (colored) was seen coming over our

intrenchments. They were gallantly led by their officers, Colonel Sigfried's brigade, upon whose staff we saw Adjutant Washburn, charging forward upon our left into the crater. What they could do now it was not easy to see, but they came up as spiritedly as could be wished, yet stringing out by the flank. Their color bearers, fine muscular fellows, some of them stripped to the waist, shouted and displayed their flags most manfully, but, alas, most vainly — it was too late!

After they had passed to the front their appearance seemed to add greater fury to the enemy, and the carnage became terrible past description. Wounded and stragglers accumulated so that no more work could be done, except that the sap to the rear was continued, but the soil was so hard baked it could with difficulty be broken by the pickaxe. All were more or less disabled for labor by nervous prostration, after their violent exertions at first and by the scenes of horror about them. We supposed that the assault upon the second line had failed, but that the position secured would be held till night, when, in the darkness, it could be connected and made part of our intrenchments. The scene grew, if possible, more terrible as the cross fire of the Confederate artillery and mortars was concentrated upon the crater and the space between it and our lines. Spherical case shot burst continually over and among the crowd of wounded and stragglers, who would send up groans of agony. Our boys did what they could to help the disabled, and declared that they had not been under such a hot fire since Antietam; in fact, few expected to survive until night or get back to our lines, so completely was the space swept by the shower of missiles.

About nine o'clock in the morning the colored division, with some white troops, broke and came to the rear, many of the men retiring slowly and, apparently, reluctantly;



but they were so confused that there was no command over them. Lieutenant White dashed among them, waving his sword and shouting, "Rally! Rally!" but the adjutant suggested to him that it would be better to let them go to the rear and clear the field, and White desisted, having received a flesh wound in the shoulder in the melee. After this, it had become so evident that nothing more could be done by daylight, while exposed to such a murderous fire, it was decided to take what remained of the regiment back to our intrenchments. Word was passed among the men to retire in small parties so as to attract no special attention from the enemy, which was obeyed as opportunity offered, a few not getting off until afternoon, but all bringing their guns and tools with them; only two or three, too severely wounded to be hastily moved, preferred to take their chances of getting off quietly at night, and so remained to be taken prisoners. In this way, by running the gauntlet, most of the men got back within our lines by eleven o'clock.

There they found the rest of the regiment drawn up under Lieutenant Farrington, and, by direction of Captain Hudson, details were sent back through the narrow covered way under the railroad to bring up ammunition. It was noticeable that even in this work strong men were still so nervously affected as to be physically unable to lift between them the boxes, each containing one thousand cartridges, and the boxes had to be broken open and the packages carried to the front in shelter tents, as many as each man could lug. Going to the rear for this purpose, we passed part of the Eighteenth Corps moving up with difficulty through the narrow passage. We told them that the affair was ended. Shortly after noon the regiment was marched back to camp under Lieutenant Farrington, and Captain Ingell took command.

The order to retire the troops was issued by General Meade about nine o'clock, and by General Burnside between eleven and twelve. All who could, or who preferred risking death rather than Libby Prison, escaped as we had done in small parties; but some nine hundred men and seventy-five officers were captured, with General Bartlett, who, wearing an artificial leg which had been crushed in the action, could not escape if he would. Our adjutant, Washburn, was taken prisoner with others of the brigade staff, and suffered semi-starvation within the Confederacy until the end of the war. The total loss of the army was placed at 4,400; of this, the Ninth Corps had 3,828 in killed, wounded and prisoners. General Humphreys puts the total at 3,500.

The loss of the Thirty-Fifth had been: one officer and eleven men killed or died of wounds, and some thirty-four others wounded, out of about one hundred and sixty present for duty. The names of the fallen were: Lieutenant Samuel K. Berry; First Sergeant Moses C. Bartlett, of Company B; Sergeant Robert C. Davidson, of Company C; John H. Gill and Cornelius Kalaher, of Company E; Solomon Richardson, of Company F; Patrick Grealish, of Company G; Sergeant John Q. Hunt and Corporal Leonard Pratt, of Company H; Michael Colbert and Perez F. Fearing, of Company I; George A. Greenwood, of Company K. How much of grief and severed friendship this list expresses to those who remember them well! Lieutenant Berry was the darling of the regiment. His youthful figure and earnest face, lighted by those dark eyes aflame with the fire of battle, his long black hair and waving sword, as he led Company G over our intrenchments, will never be forgotten. The words of Lowell seem written for him:—

" Brave, good and true,  
   I see him stand before me now,  
   And read again on that young brow  
 Where every hope was new,  
   *How sweet were life!* Yet, by the mouth firm set  
   And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,  
 I could divine he knew  
   That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,  
   In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched designs,  
 Plucks heart's ease and not rue.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Right in the van,  
   On the red rampart's slippery swell,  
   With heart that beat a charge, he fell  
 Foeward, as fits a man."

Ah, that was a terrible day, and as exasperating as terrible! Would that it and its horrible scenes were buried in oblivion to haunt our dreams no more!

At evening, visiting the wounded at the field hospital, where Doctors Snow and Roche and the other surgeons were worn out with the severity of their labors, where the bodies of the men who had died under the surgeon's knife still lay undisturbed and ghastly upon the tables, it was pleasant to find Captain Blanchard, Lieutenant Hatch and the other wounded comfortably stretched upon white bedspreads under snowy tent cloth, discussing, under clouds of smoke from their pipes, the events of the day.

The causes of the failure were pretty evenly divided — there was a bad place chosen for the assault, bad or injudicious generalship and overtasked troops.

Of the position it is sufficient to say that the charge was made into a reëntering angle, or into the mouth of a pocket, the sides representing the enemy's undisturbed lines; the further the column advanced the more subject it became to cross fire. This difficulty had been pointed out before-

hand to General Meade, and he was opposed to the assault, from his own observations and the following letter :

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

“OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER, July 24, 1864.

“*General*,—In reply to your communication of this date, I have the honor to say that the line of the enemy’s works in front of General Burnside is not situated on the crest of the ridge separating us from Petersburg—that the enemy have undoubtedly occupied the ridge as a second line. Should General Burnside succeed in exploding his mine he would probably be able to take the enemy’s first line, which is about one hundred yards in advance of his approach. Beyond this I do not think he could advance until the works in front of the Fifth Corps are carried, as the Ninth Corps columns would be taken in flank by a *heavy artillery* fire from works in front of the centre of the Fifth Corps, and in front from the works on the crest near Cemetery Hill. I do not believe that the works in front of the Fifth Corps can be carried until our lines can be extended to the left so as to envelope the enemy’s line.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“J. C. DUANE, *Major of Engineers*.

“MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.”

The ridge referred to in the above was not then actually occupied, but the delay of our advance enabled the enemy to seize and use it in the way mentioned during the action. It was hoped that the explosion would so shake the enemy as to frighten them from their lines; they did vacate near the crater, but the flank fire was still severe as evinced by the above losses of the Thirty-Fifth in getting out of our works. It was known to the generals, but not to the men

in the column, that the Petersburg lines were held by a weaker Confederate force than usual; a little instruction on that point would have been encouraging. Something was said, at the moment of the blow-up, about some of the loaded chambers not having exploded; if the men had been forewarned of this danger they would have kept out of the crater, and the confusion would have been avoided to a considerable extent.

As for the subordinate generals nothing need be said; they were condemned by a court of inquiry. And not a little blame rests with the superior officers of the army for interfering at the last moment with the plans of General Burnside, substituting for the troops he had chosen and drilled for the assault others who were neither in proper spirit nor fully informed for the work. General Grant's words upon this point are: "General Burnside wanted to put his colored troops in advance, and I believe if he had done so it would have been a success." For a *coup-de-main*, fresh troops, who have been little under fire, are sometimes to be preferred to older soldiers whose experience of such attacks has been unfortunate.

Of the troops, no one who has followed this story thus far can hesitate to believe that the men were worn out; still capable of great endurance, but retaining little of the "devilment" which springs forward to an assault as to a marriage feast. They would have followed able leaders, but these failed them. It was well known that the men of the heavy artillery regiments and dismounted cavalry were dissatisfied upon being taken from the employment proper to their branches of the service and used as infantry in such work as this; they had not enlisted for it. Yet these men were placed in the front of the column, and no one had a right to be disappointed if they proved a "forlorn hope" indeed. It was easy to foresee that there would

be confusion and disorder—there always is after a charge—yet no pains were taken to inform each individual man of the plan of attack, and that success would depend upon the work of the first fifteen minutes. It was a well established custom in the army that the troops carrying a line of works should reform and hold the captured line, while fresh and unbroken battalions should come up in their rear, pass over and assault any second line; this rule was to be disregarded in this plan, and the men who secured the first were to keep on, necessarily in disorder, and occupy interior positions.

The final preparations were too hurried. In view of our regiment's part in it and lack of special orders it is amusing to read the following evidence of Lieutenant Beauyard, U. S. Engineers, before the Board of Inquiry. He says: "I was sent by Major Duane to report to General Burnside for duty as an engineer." *Question.* "Were there working parties for the assaulting columns and engineer officers to lead them?" *Answer.* "Not that I know of." *Quest.* "No arrangement had been made with you by General Burnside for anything of that sort?" *Ans.* "No, sir; not previous to the assault." *Quest.* "Had you been placed in charge of a proper working party, suitably equipped, could you not, immediately after the explosion of the mine, have levelled the enemy's parapets, so as to allow troops in line of battle to have passed through?" *Ans.* "I think I could. When the enemy afterwards had a flank fire between the enemy's lines and ours, I offered General Burnside to run a covered way from our line to the enemy's line on the right and left of the crater." *Quest.* "Would any advantage have ensued from simply holding the crater without advancing further?" *Ans.* "No, sir; I do not think so." *Quest.* "Were there any preparations made in the way of collecting gabions and so

forth, so that if the troops had been successful we could have crowned the crest?" *Ans.* "No, sir; not that I know of." *Quest.* "Were tools collected or used — picks, shovels, axes, etc.?" *Ans.* "I did not see any."

Had such a general as Reno or St. Clair Morton been present, bad though the position and the spirit of the troops, the crest of Cemetery Hill might have been gained, but could it have been held?—when we remember the slowness of the generals in supporting each other, the obstacles in the way and the impossibility of crossing the artillery, it may be doubtful. Perhaps the wretched affair ended for the best after all, and it was well that the death-hug of Grant upon Lee should continue until the active Sheridan arrived to close the rear.

If our regiment was to have part in the assault as engineers, it would seem that the proper place for us was near the head of the column rather than in the rear. But, strangely enough, it appears not to have been General Burnside's intention that the Thirty-Fifth should take part in the charge; the other engineer regiments did not. One of our musicians, writing from the field hospital of the First Division, August 5, 1864, relates the following: "General Burnside visited the hospital, yesterday, and went through the different wards, in which were a number of our wounded. As he came to Sergeant Davidson of Company C, leg amputated (mortal), he asked him what regiment he belonged to. The sergeant replied, 'The Thirty-Fifth.' The general said, 'Were they in the fight?' and asked, 'Who ordered them to go in?' He said he gave no orders for the Thirty-Fifth to go in for they were engineers, but he would inquire into it." The writer adds, "Captain Ingell commands the regiment and the boys are in the best of spirits, ready and willing to shovel or fight." But the story that the regiment was put in without orders

spread among the men, and they blamed their officers for suffering the imposition.

The only ones who came out of the affair with unquestioned glory were Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants and the two others, Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Rees, who volunteered to relight the fuse, and the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment. But there were other instances of noble conduct by individuals, which this is not the place for recording.

Next day an armistice was requested of the Confederate commander, but denied. The regiment fell in to bury the dead, but, upon reception of the above news, was dismissed. Captain Ingell and several others visited our front and Fort Morton, from which by the aid of a glass our wounded lying between the lines could be seen; they were under fire from the Confederates and could not be reached. They had sticks with rags upon the end, which they waved as signals and as fans to drive away the swarms of flies. The rays of the sun poured down upon them with broiling heat, and their situation, having lain there now twenty-four hours, was heart-rending to witness—how much more horrible to endure! At last several surgeons were allowed to go upon the field and distribute water and stimulants.

It was not until the following day (August 1) that the flag of truce was answered favorably and an armistice declared from five to nine in the morning. The Thirty-Fifth went upon the field about six o'clock and engaged in the burial of the dead. It was a scene long to be remembered with loathing. The soldiers of the two armies stood up in the opposing lines, arms laid aside, and curiously examined each other; the Confederates, in their earth-colored brown, hardly distinguishable from the soil upon which they stood; our men in blue, strikingly con-



trusted in appearance and equipment. Half way to the crater were the flags of truce — Generals Potter, Ferrero and others upon our side, General Johnson upon the other; they conversed amicably about the situation. The Thirty-Fifth, aided by one of the regiments from the Fourth Division and other troops, dug long trenches, while search was made upon the bodies of the dead for marks of identification. If the name was discovered it was written upon paper, and pinned upon the breast of the corpse. The bodies were then taken to the trench, the names copied off, the remains wrapped in a blanket, if one were at hand, and hastily covered with earth. Some three hundred were thus buried, a large portion of them colored men. The scorching heat of the sun had so hastened decomposition that the faces of all were black and shrivelled; a white man could be distinguished only by his hair, or by turning down his clothing. Wherever a limb had been shot off, or a skull broken down, or in the hollows of the eyes, the flies had alighted, and now amid the festering flesh the maggots revelled, moving over and over. The stench was sickening, and so penetrated the clothing and impressed the senses that it remained in the nostrils for days afterward. It was, for the small space of ground covered, the concentration of horrors, and the effects of the burning sun, one of the most revolting scenes of death during the war. Some four or five only of the wounded were found alive after those long hours of anguish, and they were emaciated to skeletons and could hardly have survived.

The bodies of the dead of the Thirty-Fifth were identified by clothing or articles in the pocket, for there was scarcely a trace of resemblance left, except in case of Lieutenant Berry, whose bonny black hair was so distinguishing a mark. Tenderly his remains were wrapped in

a covering and laid to rest in that field upon which he had fallen so heroically.

Returning to camp the men dejectedly sought their quarters, feeling that the Old Ninth Corps was defunct, body and soul. It was several days before the men engaged in this "needlessly miserable affair," as General Grant called it, recovered the ordinary tone of spirits.

Details were made to repair the forts, and night work was resumed, while days were spent in trying to sleep, tormented by swarms of flies which now infested camp unendurably. Gifts of fresh vegetables, tomatoes and cabbages, were received from the Sanitary Commission, but they had been so levied upon on their way to the front that when they reached us little was left but the expression of good will. Occasionally, when the lines were quiet, some black-coated member of the Christian Commission passed along the front distributing religious literature; but the efforts of both of these benevolent societies were principally confined to the hospitals, which, it was thought, they sometimes made too attractive for the prompt return of convalescents to their regiments.

Captain Tobey, writing from the brigade-quartermaster's office, says of the First Brigade, which had started with such full ranks from Annapolis three months before: "The brigade, who are all except the Thirty-Fifth in the front line six days and out one, are having a hard time of it. Some of the regiments are losing from six to ten men a day; the Fifty-Seventh Massachusetts is considered the most unlucky, and most of their officers have been killed in the trenches or during the last fight. There is a rumor afloat that the Ninth Corps is going to leave this place, and, God knows, I hope it is true, for if they don't take them out soon there will be no one left!" So thought old "Jack" Tobey, the very sound of whose voice would

“snake” a stalled team out of the worst mud hole in all Virginia.

The siege went on as before the mine “scrape,” as the boys aptly termed it, putting a name and a judgment upon it in one word, and the pickets and artillery wearied the air with their constant din. There were frequent alarms of attacks, but the Confederates never came out; they blew up part of our intrenchment in retaliation, but it was immediately reoccupied by our troops, and the “Johnnies” could only stand and laugh at their failure.

A new fort was commenced by the regiment, under direction of Captain Hudson (staff engineer officer), using narrow bandages for a tape line to measure by; so inadequately provided with equipment for engineering were the troops at the front, while extravagance ran riot at Washington. Captain Ingell was threatened with fever; more pieces of bone began to prick through the flesh of his arm, which had been shattered by a bullet at Antietam, and he was obliged to go to the field hospital. Lieutenant White being still upon the sick list from his wound, Lieutenant Farrington commanded the regiment.



## CHAPTER XI.

WELDON RAILROAD, AND POPLAR SPRING CHURCH, 1864.

ON the fourteenth of August our regiment was at the front, digging, until eleven at night, then received orders to return to camp, pack up, and be ready to march. Moving out of the pine grove — our abode so long — we joined the brigade and marched about four miles to the left, leaving the thunder of the siege behind, and halted in the woods, somewhere beyond the spot afterwards called Hancock Station. At daylight the regiments were strung along, at intervals, upon some old intrenchments, relieving troops of the Fifth Corps. Our division was now under command of our old friend, General Julius White, first heard of at Harper's Ferry, and later of the Twenty-Third Corps and East Tennessee memory; the brigade was commanded by the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes, of the Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts. Pickets were advanced to the front in a drenching shower, and then, huts having been built, the boys had a night's sound sleep, out of range of Confederate bullets for the first time for two months. All were very weary, many having had no sleep for two days, yet some waked to wonder at the stillness of our new location.

Captain Ingell, hearing of the movement and anxious about "his boys," left his sick bed and joined us, after we had moved camp back beyond a swamp and repitched in company streets. From this spot he sent an interesting

letter, probably the last he ever wrote, concerning a new danger which threatened the Thirty-Fifth; he had heard that the regiment was to be filled up with German and French substitutes. He says: "I have been in hospital by advice of Dr. Snow for rest and quiet, to prevent a fever with which I was threatened, and my arm troubles me at times. I returned to the regiment last evening, they having during my absence moved about four miles to the extreme left of our lines, and being now encamped in a fine grove, doing picket duty with thirty men out, and cavalry pickets outside of us. There are no rebels in front of us, and the never-ceasing fire from artillery and pickets, to which we have been for months subjected, has entirely ceased, and we can hardly sleep, all is so quiet; but the enemy have been moving to their right, yesterday and during the night, and we are expecting an attack on this line, and are held in readiness to move at any moment. I have received news of the recruits, German and French. I hardly expected that this regiment would go into the importing of German and French goods, and cannot see what use they are to make of them; however, if they come properly consigned, and with proper invoices and descriptive lists, with duties paid and properly avouched for, I suppose I shall have to receive them; if they do not, I shall tell them, in the best German at my command, to go to the devil. Officers and men are sorry these men are to come among us." He ends with these words, so touchingly pathetic in view of his near future, "Having I believe told you all I think of now, I await events." While at the hospital he had been passed by the examining board for the Invalid Reserve Corps, on account of his old wound; but he was bent upon seeing the Thirty-Fifth through one more fight. At this camp, Captain Ingell appointed Jesse Holmes quartermaster-sergeant.

For several days we had very heavy showers, which made the roads heavy and the fields soaked with moisture. On the eighteenth the Fifth Corps moved to the left, and reaching the Weldon Railroad near the Globe Tavern, or Yellow House as we called it, moved up the railroad towards Petersburg; but being met in force they intrenched themselves and held the position, but with exposed flanks. The divisions of the Ninth Corps were ordered up to connect the right of the Fifth with the lines about Petersburg, The nineteenth was a day of drizzle, the mud deep and slippery in the fields. The regiment marched to brigade headquarters, and, as soon as the troops were assembled and pickets drawn in, started, left in front, with the First Division, in a south-west direction, towards the supposed right of the Fifth Corps, guided by the sound of cannonading. The Third Division preceded, and the Second Division followed ours.

After two or three miles we came out into wide corn-fields with woods to the north-west and south-east, and, hearing musketry, the double-quick step was taken, and a series of hurried but well executed field movements ensued. We came by flank into line of battle and went forward over fences towards the western woods, the regiments keeping their lines remarkably well, then halted and wheeled about in retreat a few rods, then fronting moved more to the left and again forward, all in accordance with orders from General White, who appeared on horseback in front of the regiment, waving his light felt hat and calling upon the men to remember Campbell's Station and Knoxville, at which the boys cheered vociferously. It was the most inspiring scene for many a day. Forward we went close up to the woods bordering the railroad, then again to the left and immediately back to the right, just in time; the Confederates — Colquitt's brigade of Mahone's division —

were coming through the woods upon the charge. Kneeling in the mud, the word was, "Fire, and give them hell!" and at it we went, firing and loading as rapidly as nimble fingers could. The only command of the officers was, "Fire low, men, fire low!" and the carnage was deadly.

As soon as our line of fire became distinct, the artillery in rear opened, throwing the shells so closely to our heads that the boys asserted they cut the tops of the corn-stalks. A steady fire was maintained for over half an hour, officers taking the guns of the wounded and adding their shots to the storm of bullets, when the enemy retired in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded and some prisoners who came in through our line when the firing stopped. Two men of one of our companies carried thirteen prisoners to the rear. The woods were full of their fallen men, and it took the whole of the next morning to remove them. We had reached the ground in the nick of time to cover the flank of the Third Division and the Fifth Corps; and our division and regiment never did better or more timely service than upon that day. General Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, recognized the service and kindly sent his thanks to the division; and yet these were the men who, a few days before, had failed at the Mine—evidently leadership is everything in war.

But our loss was cruel. Of the four officers with the regiment in the action, two, Captain Ingell and Lieutenant A. J. White, received wounds which proved mortal. Of the enlisted men the killed or mortally wounded were: Sergeant Albert G. Drake, William Dunbar and James Gay, of Company A; George F. Cossett, of Company C; and Frank Williams, of Company K; there were about twenty-five others wounded, and five men taken prisoners from the picket line. Lieutenant Farrington was on duty



as brigade officer of the day; Captains Hudson and Merve and Lieutenant Wright on the division staff; so that, at the end of the action, there were but the two junior lieutenants and a little over one hundred men left for duty, the smallest number during the regiment's term of service. The whole First Division numbered probably less than one thousand men, so many had been the casualties in that sanguinary campaign.

Darkness shut down upon the scene almost before the smoke had lifted through the misty air. A renewal of the attack was apprehended, and the line was moved to the left into a bow in the woods, where, upon corn-stalk beds, the men got such sleep as the care of watching and the dripping rain allowed. During the night all was still except the groans and cries of the Confederate wounded in the dark forest, who had to wait until daylight before they could be moved.

In the morning, after waiting some hours for the attack which did not come, pickets were thrown out, the dead buried, the wounded sent to the field hospitals, and the whole line was drawn back to the east side of the open field, and a line of intrenchments thrown up in extension of the right of the Fifth Corps and our Third Division. Here some of the men learned that the other engineer regiments, as at the "mine-scape," had not been in the battle, but were engaged in the duties of their detail. At first this was exceedingly irritating to our officers, who felt again accused of want of care of their men, and led to a remonstrance being sent to headquarters; but the vexation soon subsided when the other side of the question—the absolute need of every man of the division at the front—was considered.

On the twenty-first, the lines were completely intrenched, the left of the Fifth Corps placed *en echelon* and the Ninth

Corps extended north-eastward towards Petersburg, where connection was made with our fortified lines, now held by the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps. The railroad track was torn up, but prisoners said the Confederates would recover the Weldon Railroad if it took every man they had. They came around on the left of the Fifth Corps in the morning of that day, and about noon, having posted their artillery so as to enfilade our earthworks, they commenced pitching over round shot in the most lively manner. The men of the Third Division, to our left, were obliged to get over on the outside of their intrenchments for cover. Had the enemy thrown shell their bombardment would have been murderous; as it was, it proved a game of long bowling in a style which was quite amusing to the regiment. The shot would strike the ground once, usually, before reaching us, then rebound, skim our line, or rebound again, before or behind us, sometimes in the midst of us. One of the peculiarities was that the ball could be seen before it reached us, its line of flight calculated with accuracy, and by stepping forward or back the missile avoided, as one would a wild base-ball or foot-ball. Some remarkable dodging was done, and more than one roar of laughter rose at some quick movement on the part of officer or man to escape the cold iron. We had two or three hit and badly bruised. The Confederates, having as they supposed sufficiently shaken our line, charged upon the seemingly exposed left flank of the Fifth Corps, got so far forward as to be themselves flanked by the foremost lines, and were surrounded and captured in large numbers, to the great satisfaction of General Warren and his men, who, in the confusion of the first occupancy of the place, had also lost prisoners. No attack was made by infantry on our front; the Thirty-Fifth was never attacked in line of battle behind earthworks—our luck always was to assault, not defend, them. We

built heavy traverses to meet a repetition of the cross fire, should it be with shell instead of shot, but it never came.

The Second Corps had gone further south to Ream's Station, but was not so successful in holding the ground. Tremendous uproar of battle came from that direction, and we were several times drawn out to march to their assistance, but the general hesitated to weaken the lines, so it was a scene of pitching and repitching tents and shifting about for a day or two, all within a few hundred yards, in a thoroughly uncomfortable way. Lieutenant Farrington commanded the regiment. A noteworthy event of those days was the promotion of First Sergeant Nason to the rank of first lieutenant, a most efficient addition to our list of but three officers. The new lieutenant went on duty at once upon the picket line.

As soon as our line of intrenchment was secured by traverses and abatis, we received the usual orders to leave it, August 27, and proceeded nearly a mile to the right, where we relieved colored troops at the angle where Fort Howard was subsequently constructed, at that time occupied by the Eleventh Massachusetts battery. The ground was so moist that when the heel was pressed into it the hole would fill with water; raised beds, therefore, became the order of the day, with leafy bowers overhead. These shelters extended along the works, with a road between for the passage of troops. We now faced northward, having so far environed the city; the sounds of the siege guns came from our front. It was a quiet spot; the pickets lying in the woods in front were seldom disturbed; but, as our angle was an exposed point, early rising was required. The men were roused out before daylight and formed in the trenches, where, after inspection and drill, to awaken the sleepy ones, arms were stacked until broad daylight.

The system of detailing regiments for engineer duty was discontinued about the first of September.

On the thirty-first of August Captain Ingell died of his wound at the division field hospital. He was visited before his death by several members of the regiment. His trusty sword was taken down and laid by his side upon the bed, to his manifest pleasure. The fatal bullet had so injured his spine as to cause paralysis of the lower part of the body, but his mind was as active, wit as bright, and smile as ready as ever. His talk was of a return to wife and home; but there was a cast of sadness upon his face, an appeal for sympathy in his eyes, which spoke the soul's consciousness of his end, and cannot be recalled without a tear. "The dear old boy" is the way in which the members of the regiment speak of him.

Now a great change took place in the corps and in the regiment. The regiments of the First Division had become so reduced in numbers that the organization was broken up, and the troops composing it were transferred to the other divisions. The Thirty-Fifth was assigned to the First Brigade—General Curtin's—of the Second Division—General Potter's—composed of the Fifty-First New York, Forty-Fifth and Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, Fourth and Seventh Rhode Island, and Twenty-First, Thirty-Fifth, Thirty-Sixth and Fifty-Eighth Massachusetts regiments; an excellent body of troops, of which we were at once, without our own fault, rendered unfit to form part. The breaking up of the First Division returned to duty with the regiment all the detached officers, whose presence was now made indispensable by the arrival of three hundred and eighty-five German and French substitutes. Captain Hudson, now promoted to major, took command, and the additional company officers were Captain Pope—returned from recruiting service—Captains Meserve and

Tobey, Lieutenant Wright and a new lieutenant, Mackenzie, who came with the recruits and could speak their language.

The presence of so many of the officers encouraged the men, but the inundation of foreigners was as objectionable to them as Captain Ingell had stated in the letter quoted at the beginning of this chapter; they wrote home that the Thirty-Fifth had "gone up," and to direct letters in future to the "First Hamburgers." They had heard of the Hessians hired by the British in the Revolution, but had never anticipated being associated with them as representatives of Massachusetts valor. Not that the men were not good fellows enough—many of them were fine fellows—but *they could not speak English*. This prevented communication except through an interpreter—any little difficulty could only be got over by long round-about explanations and translations, and the bother was a constant one. It is very strange that the Government accepted these men for service in an English-speaking regiment at the front, in contravention of the paragraph of the army regulations which requires in the recruit a competent knowledge of English.

The recruits themselves were dissatisfied, claiming to have been enlisted for manual labor and not as soldiers. One of them wrote to Major Hudson, as follows, translated from the German: "I am one of the people brought from Germany upon some kind of deceitful agreement that we should all have good wages, every man at his own business. When we had arrived the police took us and kept us together for soldiers, and they gave us one hundred dollars in paper money, not worth thirty dollars in gold, and we hear that we are all volunteers, and then we hear afterwards that we are substitutes. . . . Is that what you call an oath when a man in a white coat and straw hat talks

some words of English which only one man — Kähler — understands?" etc.

The agreement referred to may be found in print in the Government Diplomatic Correspondence, 1864, part 3, page 191. The words "soldier" and "military service" are studiously avoided, either to deceive the German Government or the men who signed it.

On the other hand, Surgeon B. J. Jeffries, an officer of high character, who spoke French and English, says: "I acted as interpreter for the provost-marshal when the men were sworn into the service both in French and English. . . . By conversation with the men I ascertained that they came to be soldiers, although, as they told me themselves, this could not of course be expressed in the contract which they all signed before embarking from Europe, for fear of international difficulty. The men knew that they were making another contract with the United States when they were sworn in, which was in no way compulsory and not connected with the other."

Our lieutenant-colonel, William S. King, in a letter to Governor Andrew, explanatory of the matter, writes: "That in no case was compulsion used, nor could any single person there doubt the purpose for which the papers were submitted for their signatures. Our officers were in uniform, the general conversation was of their destination, the very camp at Galloup's Island to which they were to be conveyed was in plain sight, and was shown to them, dotted with its white tents and barracks, and upon the departure of the first squad of about one hundred for camp, the others, thinking that they had been rejected as recruits, broke out into violent demonstrations of disappointment and anger, and were only appeased by assurances given them that they, too, would go to camp as soon as the formalities of enlistment could be completed."

It was unavoidable that, upon the cessation of enlistments from patriotic motives, the usual mercenary inducements of trade should not be resorted to; the mistake was in sending these men directly to the front, within a few rods of the picket line, where they, at first, so far as ability for service was concerned, were simply of the value of a lot of dummies before whom their officers were tonguetied. They were distributed to companies by Major Hudson, who was of a most friendly disposition towards them, and did all he could to smooth over the difficulties of the situation. The recruits, after some murmuring, accepted the inevitable and endeavored, with good success, to catch the words of command, and get acquainted with the manual of arms and some of the common battalion movements. In the course of the month of September such progress had been made in their education that an observer would hardly have suspected that the men before him understood no English but the brief orders as laid down in the tactics, which had been drilled into their memories by constant repetition. Our own officers and men knew the hollowness of appearances, and hoped that our first battle with them would be in line or behind breastworks, and not where complicated manœuvres might be required. As it fell out, however, in the next action we got into the worst possible situation for troops so difficult to handle in an emergency.

In other respects the spirit of the regiment was excellent. The return of our officers, renewal of camp discipline, drills and parades, light picket duty, pleasant camp, and the news of General Sherman's victory at Atlanta, all combined to enliven and renew expectation of final success. Quartermaster Cutter pitched his tent at the front with the regiment, and rations and supplies were regular and sufficient. In the moonlight evenings the bands played, and



our new men, of whom many were skilful singers, joined in admirable choruses, which made the woods ring and attracted much attention from the other regiments about us. Our position had been changed a short distance to the left when newly brigaded. The rough temporary breastworks were torn down and a new and handsome line built. There was an open space in front, an old field; beyond this the forest trees had been slashed or felled, their tops falling outward, making an almost impenetrable abatis; and beyond this, in the woods, lay our pickets, within calling distance of our camp. Videttes would be sent out occasionally through the forest to feel the enemy, and the latter would try our line in the same way to ascertain if any change had occurred; but this spying business, though it occasioned alarms, never amounted to anything. General Grant and staff rode along the front, returning after a few hours, and were cheered uproarously; the men still retained perfect confidence in his success, although the victory was so slow in coming. Daily brigade guard-mountings took place in front of the intrenchments, and our dress-parades were performed there; but the space was too limited for drills, which were generally held in the open fields in rear of our woods, near army headquarters. The first dress-parade since leaving Bealton was held on the nineteenth of September, and General Potter reviewed the brigade on the twenty-first of the month.

The increase in rank and file brought with it many promotions, mostly from among the old members: Sergeants Patch, Bent, Worcester, J. N. Morse and Lloyd received commissions as first lieutenants; Sergeants Hardy, Calder, Alfred Blanchard, Jr., Von Echstadt, Mackenzie, William White, Riggs, Angier and Ireland received second lieutenancies. Of these Von Echstadt, a new man, never joined, and Mackenzie, the interpreter, soon left. The



others were mustered as opportunity offered, some of them not until after a winter spent in the Confederate prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, and one, at least, on that account was never mustered; Sergeant Charles A. Morrill, of Company H, was promoted to a first lieutenancy in the Fourth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

We learned of the death, at his home, of Lieutenant Austin J. White (commissioned captain before he died), of the wound received at the Weldon Railroad. Mention has already been made of his gallant deeds at Jackson, Miss., and in the mine affair. His injury was not supposed to be of a mortal nature, and the news of his death gave a severe shock to his many friends in the regiment. This had been a summer of costly sacrifices, and when we recall the noble self-forgetfulness of men like Captain White we cannot but wonder at the mystery of life, that such as he should die and we yet live.

On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of September, another two-handed movement was begun by General Grant. General Butler marched out upon the right at Deep Bottom in front of Richmond, and carried by assault a part of the Confederate line at Chapin's Bluff. We were to engage in a similar movement to our left towards the Boydton plank road; this time the Fifth Corps to be the pivot and the Ninth Corps to swing around upon their left. At first our division marched ostentatiously to the right several miles, and went into camp for two days in the woods in rear of Fort Sedgwick, not far from Hancock Station. This was intended for a blind to make Lee suppose we were concentrating in Butler's front. While waiting, the companies were rearranged and took position, according to rank of commanding officers, in battalion lines as follows: right — C, F, G, E, I, D, K, H, A, B — left. Up to this date Company B had been color company since we left

Lynnfield. Sergeant Thomas Castle continued to be the bearer of the national color.

On the twenty-eighth we all moved back to the woods near the Gurley House, behind the camp we had lately occupied, and remained in bivouac concealed in the forest. The weather was of that sombre gray aspect which portends rain and October gales, and pretty well typified the rather grave feeling of some of the old Thirty-Fifth at the prospect of going into action in the woods with the regiment in such an unmanageable condition. Captain Sampson, of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, was the choice spirit of the occasion, and his ardent soul did much to relieve the tedium of the slowly moving hours of waiting before battle.

Towards noon of the thirtieth, after news had been received of General Butler's success, the column was formed, left in front, and marched westward, taking a wood road, called Poplar Spring Church Road, to Peebles Farm, a part of the Fifth Corps having preceded. As the regiment was passing in the valley just before reaching the farm, the enemy, who had constructed a redoubt, with one gun commanding this road, fired a solid shot which raked the whole length of the regiment, passing just over the men, and causing a laughable bobbing of heads. That was the gun's last shot, for, in a few moments afterward, Griffin's and Ayres' divisions of the Fifth Corps, which had been drawn up fronting the Confederate works at the farm, charged with ringing cheers across the open field and carried them in brilliant style, taking a number of prisoners and the gun which had so narrowly missed us.

We were at once ordered forward at the double-quick, and, coming out into the fields and fronting, followed the other lines of battle across the open and up to the captured works, which were quite strong, especially the redoubt,

which had a deep ditch. Thereupon ensued an hour or so of what seemed to us unaccountable delay. The only Confederates in that vicinity had been captured or had fled towards Petersburg, and, to all appearances, a quick dash forward at once would place us upon the Boydton Road. What seemed hesitation to us was probably the time occupied in moving the Fifth Corps into line, connecting their right with the works at the Weldon Railroad, and placing on the left of that corps the two divisions of our corps. As it was the intention to place our regiment upon the extreme left of this extended line, we were, of course, the last to be brought into position, hence the long waiting until late in the afternoon.

At last we were ordered forward and marched northward, across the Church Road to the Pegram House — then standing near the spot where Fort Welch was afterwards built — and along a ridge of the cornfield, beyond the house, towards the Boydton Road. It was very quiet excepting a few solid shot or shell which, coming from the direction of Petersburg, whizzed overhead or struck in the pine woods on our right, which now concealed everything cityward. On this ridge the regiment was faced north, and Major Hudson skirmishing in front led on down to the high rail fence, separating the field we were in from the woods. Jumping the fence and finding no enemy there the major ordered the regiment over to the north side, also, and up to the northerly edge of the grove overlooking open ground towards Petersburg, and in plain view of the Confederate lines covering the Boydton Road near the B. H. Jones House. This movement was effected slowly but in good order, and the men lay down in line pending further action, a few bullets from a line of the enemy in front chicking in the tree tops.

An aide came riding from the right, the direction of the

Church Road and the rest of our division, and directed the major to throw forward the right of the regiment by a half wheel — probably to conform to some general line — which was done, an unfortunate move as it happened, and the men lay down again. The adjutant asked the staff officer what there was upon our immediate right, and got for a reply, “Nothing but a few pickets.” We knew there was nothing but skirmishers upon our left. It seemed a queer position to be in, thus cast loose at night-fall upon the extreme left of the army.

While we were thus situated and quietly watching a line of battle approaching in front, upon whom we expected immediate orders to charge or open fire, a battalion, said to be bounty jumpers, came up behind us, appearing to be forming, when suddenly they left for the rear with a haste truly amazing — what could it mean? In a moment the mystery was explained, a column of Confederates charged upon our right-rear from the direction of the Church Road, coming upon us through the underbrush before we discovered their approach. It would have been impossible to devise a worse plight for our regiment as then constituted. It was worse than the surprise at South Mountain, for then the attack was in front and we could at least understand orders. For change of direction there was no time. Defence was out of the question; we should have shot our own men. In front was the line we had been watching, on our right and rear were the new enemies, already seizing men from the right companies as they broke towards the left. The only thing to do was to collar our recruits, shout “Git!” in the best German at our command, as Captain Ingell would have done, and then takes ourselves off over the fence to the left into a field of sorghum, many of the men, however, getting in a shot before crossing the fence, which hindered the enemy a little, their foremost

men also stopping to gather in those of our regiment who still clung to earth too much surprised to rise.

Crossing the fence, the little Twenty-First battalion, under Captain Sampson, deployed as skirmishers, covered our flight of a few rods to the ridge in the open field, spoken of above, situated west of the Pegram House. Here Sergeant Thomas Castle took position with the colors, and the men began to rally in a good position for defence, except that it was open to the left. Our recruits were full of fight, and some of them began firing recklessly from behind the ridge through our forming line, one shot killing First Sergeant Young, of Company E, a noble fellow. This back fire discouraged the formation, and now, to our surprise — for we had hitherto supposed that the surround affected only our regiment — on looking to the right we saw the whole of our brigade coming rapidly to the rear in line of battle, they also having been outflanked. This gave the impression of a worse state of affairs than we had supposed; it also left our position again unsupported upon the flanks, and “Fall back!” was again the word, this time with the expectation of resting our left upon the Confederate line of works and redoubt captured in the early afternoon.

In effecting this second movement to the rear, as it was now twilight, great confusion resulted. A part of the regiment under Lieutenant Patch succeeded in getting in with the left flank of the brigade, and did some service there. Another part was with Captain Pope and the regimental colors. The major, adjutant and several other officers and another part of the regiment got lost in the darkness and strange locality, and went wandering to the westward, where they came upon a Confederate line of intrenchments newly dug. The major sprang over them, revolver in hand, but they were entirely vacant, their men having been drawn

to their left. By taking a direction at right angles to these works, this part of the regiment also succeeded in getting into our left, where our cavalry was posted, and reached Poplar Spring Church, from whence they rejoined the other men in the morning. When the whole left had been swung back some distance, the Confederate assailants struck the angle of Wilcox's division and the Fifth Corps, who were securely established, and were repulsed with heavy loss.

On October 1 the division was in position behind the intrenchments near the redoubt above mentioned, and here the regiment was assembled about daylight. To say that there was a general feeling of shame and disgust over the events of the night before would weakly characterize the expressions used. And yet it was hard to see what else could have happened under the circumstances. If we had never crossed the rail fence, but had remained in line upon it, we should have been fronted just right to open upon the enemy, who had surrounded us in our advanced position, and we could then have done as good service as at the Weldon Railroad; but even then, the line of the brigade retiring would have left us with flanks exposed and subject to capture *in toto*, very much as the Fifty-Eighth was, which delayed too long to retreat.

The casualties in the regiment were killed or died of wounds, ten: Sergeant W. B. D. Andrews and Francis Gentsch, of Company A; John Vandervende, of Company B; Sergeant William C. Oakman, of Company C; Michael Neil, of Company D; Sergeant George I. Young and Nicholas Schnecker, of Company E; Corporal Charles A. Crocker, of Company H; Corporal William C. Stimpson, Jr., and Frederick Metzger, of Company I. Lieutenant John W. Fiske, formerly our color bearer, promoted to the Fifty-Eighth Massachusetts, was among the killed. About fifteen were known to be wounded; among them,

First Lieutenants Farrington and John N. Morse, and Second Lieutenant Angier; but among the one hundred and sixty-three who were missing, some never afterwards heard from were supposed to be among the dead. Among the captured were Lieutenants Alfred Blanchard, Jr., then orderly sergeant, and Alfred Ireland. Of the prisoners Lieutenant Blanchard reports that there were in the pen at Salisbury, North Carolina, in February following, one hundred and twenty men belonging to the Thirty-Fifth. Some of the recruits took the oath to serve the Confederacy, but most did not, remaining true to the stars and stripes, in spite of their first dissatisfaction and the sufferings of prison life.

There were several amusing incidents; indeed the whole affair after it was over was a laughable one, we were so completely surprised and skedaddled. Captain Tobey, who was a short, thick set, pugilist of a man, was calmly surveying the front, when he was grabbed from behind by two Confederates; taking in the situation at a glance he threw up both arms with such force as to clear the grip of his captors, then, ducking his head, he bolted for the nearest cover, and escaped into our lines, much to the merriment of his boon companions.

Lieutenant Farrington, regimental commander after the Weldon Railroad battle, received a very dangerous wound, the bone of the left upper arm being broken by a bullet. Lying in the woods after our men had left, the victors insisted upon his joining the squad of prisoners for Petersburg; he refused, feeling unable to move, and informed them that if they wanted him in Petersburg they must carry him. He was left for awhile, and recovering some strength got off unobserved in the darkness and reached our pickets. His arm was successfully treated in the hospital at City Point, the bone being resected.



Captain Sampson, of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, planted his flag on the ridge and rallying his men, who showed the same heroic spirit as upon many another field, hung to the spot until he fell. He was entitled to his discharge, but had remained with his battalion to lead them in one more action. The honor of the old Twenty-First was worthily sustained by him that day. The earthwork next on the left of Fort Welch was named, after him, Fort Sampson.

The first of October was drizzling and dull, and there was nothing to do but to sit about in the dripping rain waiting for something to turn up, and discussing the particulars of the battle and where the fault lay, a by no means cheerful amusement. It was said afterwards by Major Hudson, who was well informed, to have miscarried through the oversight of some general officer; but, of course, the unwieldiness of our regiment made the mischance worse than it should have been to us.

That night another saddening event happened. Sergeant McCulloch, of Company C, chief of pioneers, was killed by a falling tree, which struck him while sitting upon a log superintending the slashing of the forest along the front. A grave was dug upon the ground which the regiment occupied and his remains were laid away, while a group of sorrowing comrades assisted in the interment.

Next day (October 2) the sun came out, and a reconnoissance in force was made by a part of the Second Corps, while the Ninth Corps moved up into position in line with the Pegram House (position of Fort Welch) and threw up intrenchments, which continued to be the line of the army until the end of the siege. There was no interruption except a few shells thrown with remarkable accuracy by the Confederates from our left and enfilading the line, killing or wounding some in the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts



on our left, and wounding several of our men. Pickets under Captain Meserve occupied nearly the ground of our furthest advance on the thirtieth, and recovered most of the dead, whose bodies had been stripped; the needs of the Confederates requiring the clothing, but not requiring the mangling and ill usage which some of the bodies had received, as if stabbed or bayoneted in mere wantonness of hatred.

The enemy's pickets called out to send over to them the rest of the Fifty-Eighth Massachusetts; as they had most of that regiment, they would like to have the specimen complete. Also, referring to the Thirty-Fifth, they said, "We have caught some real live Yankees this time, they can't speak a word of English!" The picket posts of the opposing armies were close together here, but by agreement no firing was permitted without previous warning, so that the conversation on the lines was quite social, and so much trading was begun that stringent orders had to be passed to stop it. Captain Burrage, of the Thirty-Sixth, went out for a Richmond newspaper, and the Confederate officer craftily claimed that he had advanced too far within their posts, and retained him a prisoner, much to his chagrin.

The memories connected with this camp are mostly of a pleasant character. The intrenchments were strengthened and forts built; a strong redoubt, called Fort Fisher, was constructed on the right of our regimental line, which rested on the Church Road; another, larger one, called Fort Welch, was made on the left where the Pegram House had stood. The batteries of the enemy on the Boydton Road, which enfiladed our line, occasionally sent us a few compliments, which necessitated building traverses, but did us no harm. The trees about camp were full of bullets, the relics of the storm of lead on the thir-

tieth, and a number of the slain were buried with a very light covering of earth upon the ground of our camp. As decomposition proceeded, more earth was needed, and beside one grave there was a shovel placed, to add from time to time additional loam to the expanding heap. These bodies were removed as soon as the weather permitted to the corps cemetery, and properly interred, not however without incident. The arm of one of the bodies, carried upon a stretcher, slipped off, and swung with each movement of the bearers as if desirous of shaking hands; one of the recruits seized it to replace it, when the limb separated from the body and remained in his grasp, much to his horror, for he was very superstitious.

Dr. Carr, our new assistant surgeon, joined on the seventh of October, and proved an excellent doctor and pleasant companion. On the eighth, to the great delight of the old members, Colonel Carruth arrived in camp, but did not take command, having duties on court martial. He had for some months contemplated resigning on account of ill health, but was persuaded out of it by his friends in the regiment, who, remembering his zealous ways, thought his name alone at the head of the Thirty-Fifth would be stronger than the presence of any other officer. Drills and instruction were resumed under the vigorous direction of Major Hudson, and great improvement was soon apparent in the recruits in their knowledge of our language and ways, and in soldierly duties; a lively scrimmage consolidated most of them with the regiment in feeling and interest.

On the fourteenth of October occurred the first military execution witnessed by the regiment. The efforts of the peace party and the mercantile prosperity, caused and maintained largely by the extravagant expenditure of the Government, had almost put an end to recruiting. Boun-

ties of one thousand dollars and upwards—the estimated value of life to the common man—were paid to men to enlist, who then had at least an even chance of escaping service at the front by getting into hospital or slipping off on their way from the recruiting stations. If they reached the front, the worst of them did as little duty as possible and deserted to the enemy when able. These men were called bounty-jumpers. The Government determined to stop the desertion, and if any were caught of those who went over to the enemy they were shot or hung, according to sentence, without reprieve. The scene of a military execution has been often described, but to witness one is always impressive. In this instance the division was drawn up to form three sides of a square; the condemned man marched into the enclosure, preceded by the band playing the woful *miserere*, and followed by the firing party—a squad of men from the provost-guard. The plain pine-board coffin was laid upon the ground and the culprit seated upon its end, while the officer of the provost read the warrant of execution. The prisoner was then blindfolded, that his pleading eyes might not disturb the aim of his executioners; the officer, by motion of his hands, not by words, gave the commands, “Ready! Aim! Fire!” a burst of flame followed from the muzzles of the rifles, and the victim fell back with a heavy thud upon the hollow box prepared for his burial; the smoke was wafted away—he was a moment before alive, in the vigor of health, now he was dead!—the surgeon walked to his side and examined the lifeless clay. This affair was conducted with such order and solemnity as to prove very affecting. The prisoner was at least as calm as the spectators, for he leaned down to pick up a straw while the warrant was being read. It is a rule that the musket of one of the firing party shall be loaded with a blank cartridge, so that no

one can be certain that he fired a fatal shot; but all are bidden, sometimes by the condemned himself, to aim with care that the man may be killed at once. Such executions were quite common in the army during the winter of 1864-1865. In this connection we may add that no one of the original members of the Thirty-Fifth is known to have deserted to the enemy. The men who are reported in the roster as deserters were generally, in the first case, stragglers who were ashamed to rejoin, and then tempted to stay away permanently; and no one of them, if returned, was ever punished by more than the ordinary camp discipline of tying-up, or extra police duty, or some disgrace of that kind.

At this camp, the Thirty-Ninth New Jersey and One Hundred and Seventy-Ninth New York joined the brigade.

On the twenty-fifth, another left flank move was commenced, this time the Ninth Corps to be the pivot and the Second and Fifth Corps to swing out to Hatcher's Run, and the regiment was under orders over the twenty-sixth. On the twenty-seventh the march began, Colonel Carruth in command of the regiment. The division moved out several miles to Wells's Farm, threw up a line of works, which, of course, was not attacked, and remained over night. There was some skirmishing, and a very heavy and, at the time, unaccountable musketry fire was kept up a little way to our left. This was explained afterwards by a statement that the swinging corps had become so much confused in the thick woods and swamps as to have lost all points of direction, and this din of arms was ordered to give them the direction of the point as a guide. Next day the troops all came back to their old camps, having found the enemy very strongly posted, and General Grant not wishing to do anything which by any exaggeration of the newspapers could be made to appear like a defeat of our armies just before election.

For now the great crisis was at hand, the November election of 1864, which was to decide whether the people of the North were so tired of the war as to be willing to give the Government to the peace party, for the sake of an end on any terms, or whether, now, with Sherman's and Sheridan's victories and Grant's masterly supervision, the end of the long sacrifice was to be won in one final effort of all the moral and physical forces of the Union. None of the Massachusetts soldiers voted, many from the other states did, and the result was throughout country and army one tremendous verdict in favor of the continuance of the war, cost what it might.

As soon as this decision was announced in the Confederate army in our front, desertions from it to us and to their rear commenced, and increased in numbers as the winter progressed, and the result became plainly inevitable. Those who came into our lines announced that the result of the election had furthered the work of disheartening their army, and that only the most insensible fire-eaters had now any expectation of final success—but many of Lee's army would stick to the ranks from love of him, in stubborn determination to abide the end. We therefore looked for severe and sanguinary fighting yet to come; another campaign with perhaps long marches into the interior in pursuit of the concentrated armies of the Confederacy.

The other event in November was Thanksgiving, which was appointed for the twenty-fourth, but the turkey feast was celebrated by us on the twenty-sixth, because the express boxes were two days behind time. On the twenty-fifth, a lot of apples, onions and cooked turkeys, sent by kind friends in New York, was received and issued to the men; and on the twenty-sixth, besides the many boxes for individuals, there came an ample gift from Boston mer-

chants, especially to our recruits, of apples, bolognas, pies and cooked turkeys, so that for once every man in the regiment had plenty of good things to eat. The pies had been neatly packed in casks, but by rough handling they had become broken into pieces, and, when opened, were a mass of crumbs, which, nevertheless, retained the honest pie flavor, and were scooped up and measured out by the dipper full, a way of eating pie which caused a good deal of fun among the men. Here we were with an excellent dinner spread, where, by leaning the head to one side, the Confederate pickets could be seen and almost spoken to; and yet we ate this feast in peace and quietness, and with thankful hearts, and not a few reminiscences of our last two celebrations of the day, at Falmouth and while besieged in Knoxville, and with heartily cheered toasts and prophecies that our next year's feast would be kept with our dear ones at home.

Quartermaster Cutter had again returned to the regiment for the winter, and tented with Assistant Surgeon Carr. We gained Captain Mirick from detached service, but lost Captain Meserve, who received the commission of major in Colonel King's new regiment, the Fourth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. We doubt if the major found the promotion adequate compensation for the loss of several months of companionship with his old chums and comrades in the Thirty-Fifth, at any rate they sadly missed him. News of Captain Blanchard's discharge reached camp, his wound received at the mine proved so disabling as to compel his retirement from active service, and finally led him gently down to the grave. May the gallant captain rest in peace! The Thirty-Fifth was his pride, and he spurned with indignation anything but the severest duty for the regiment.

We had occasional alarms, but nothing resulted except

watchfulness. We had now been away from the immediate front of Petersburg over three months, and the other corps, who had held our old intrenchments and endured the pounding these long weeks, began to think it was time for them to have a respite. So, on the twenty-ninth of November, we left this pleasant camp on the extreme left, which we had such an unfortunate experience in acquiring, and, being relieved by the Second Corps, marched again to the right to the Jones House and Hancock's Station, in rear of Fort Sedgwick.





## CHAPTER XII.

WINTER QUARTERS, 1864-65—"FORT HELL."

THE Ninth Corps was now posted in the intrenchments and forts along a line of about seven miles, from Fort McGilvery on the Appomattox around to Fort Howard—the redoubt built at the angle of the works we had occupied in August, after the battles upon the Weldon Railroad. The First Division, under General Wilcox, was stationed nearest the Appomattox; our division, General Potter's, extended from Fort Meikle, next south of Fort Morton, to the left, including Forts Rice, Sedgwick, Davis, etc. Fort Sedgwick was garrisoned by the Seventh Rhode Island and Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania regiments, with batteries. The military railroad, which had been constructed while we were at the left of the army, extended along the whole rear of this line. The Fourth Division (colored troops) had been transferred to the Twenty-Fifth Corps; their presence with us, while it added little to our strength—so unwilling were our generals to trust in them—had, owing to the prejudice of color, affected the standing of the corps, and thereby injured its *esprit*. In place of them we now had a new Third Division, composed of six Pennsylvania regiments, numbered Two Hundredth, Two Hundred and Fifth, Two Hundred and Seventh, Two Hundred and Eighth, Two Hundred and Ninth and Two Hundred and Eleventh, which were encamped along the railroad and proved to be composed of good soldiers.

West of the railroad and the Jones House there was a tract of low, swampy land, covered with pine forest. The camp of the Thirty-Fifth was located on the west of this swamp, upon the open upland, from which the forest had been stripped, leaving the stumps everywhere prominent, and about four hundred yards in rear of Fort Sedgwick.

It was announced that we should probably remain upon this spot all winter; and, after a few days' study of the locality, a regular camp was laid out, in company streets, with regimental headquarters and officers' tents upon the left, on account of the wet land in rear. The color line was the highest ground, from which the land fell off gently to the rear, making a good drainage. Pitch-pine logs were abundant for the cutting, and the men were skilful in handling the axes; accordingly hut building was industriously pursued, with a resulting success never equalled by the regiment. Colonel Carruth superintended the construction. Each hut was made long enough for what was called a double-tent roof, formed of four pieces of shelter tent, about eleven feet long and six feet wide, the sides high enough for a gun to stand upright under the eaves. Chimneys of sticks, mud and barrels were placed at the ends, and beds, shelving, flooring and such conveniences added within, according to the ingenuity of the occupants. In a short time the men were sheltered more comfortably than ever before in the service; they took great pride in policing the grounds, and the camp was pronounced by the medical inspector to be the best on the line.

From our color line to the front extended the open stumpage land, which served as a place of deposit for Confederate projectiles, mortar shells and spent bullets in great numbers. Beyond this plain was a ravine, from which the land rose to our main line of breastworks, supported by Fort Sedgwick, called "Fort Hell," on the left,

and Fort Rice some distance to the right. From the left of Fort Sedgwick our lines fell back to Fort Davis, which was some ways off and about on a line with our camp. In front of our intrenchments were planted obstructions of all kinds, abatis of limbs of trees, pikes pointing outward and *chevaux de frise*. Beyond these was our picket line, a low earthwork, with rifle pits at intervals, raised higher, and, in some instances, strengthened with gabions and head logs with loop holes. Some three hundred yards off was the Confederate picket line, behind that their main line, supported by forts—the one opposite us called Fort Mahone, or “Damnation” by the soldiers; they also had an interior line of great strength. Right and left the lines extended in the same manner, except that to the right the opposing lines gradually came close together, while to the left the space between widened out rapidly. Half way between Forts Sedgwick and Rice was a mortar battery, under command of Lieutenant Loomis, of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, an officer of remarkable nerve and contempt of danger.

The duty of the regiment was light—simply to be ready at all times, night or day, to rush to the breastworks connecting the forts, in case of an attack, and to furnish a daily detail of officers and men for the picket line and an alarm guard on the breastworks. The length of our brigade picket line in December was about fifteen hundred and eighty-one paces, with eighty-five posts, guarded by from four to eight commissioned officers and three hundred and thirty-three men; the lines were shifted and posts changed from time to time, also the number of men. There was no firing of musketry during the day, and horizontal artillery fire was so infrequent as to be always noticeable; but there was a constant fusillade of small arms at night and duels of the noisiest kind in the daytime between the

mortar batteries — called the perpendicular fire — which threw nine-inch shells, sometimes even into the swamp behind our camp; generally, however, they exploded in the air over our forts, or scattered their fragments in front of our color line, but with all their noise and terrific appearance seldom injured anybody. The weather during the winter was changeable — cold snaps, with snow and hail and all the discomforts of a Northern winter, alternated with intervals of mild, sunny days, when it was a delight to be abroad.

Lieutenant-Colonel King having been promoted to a colonelcy, as before mentioned, Mr. Burr Porter, a stranger to the regiment, was named for the vacancy by Governor Andrew over Major Hudson, who had earned the promotion. A remonstrance was made against this slight to the major, and the matter was arranged by the appointment of Mr. Porter to a cavalry regiment, and Major Hudson became lieutenant-colonel in January.

The events during the winter were not very exciting, but were sufficient to constantly stimulate expectation of an early breaking up of the Confederacy. On the eighth of December cautionary orders were received to be ready to move at any moment; they were repeated on the ninth, and the men were directed to sleep with equipments on. The occasion of this excitement was that the Fifth Corps and a division of the Second Corps had gone on a raid due south to the North Carolina state line to destroy the railroad, and a counter move was looked for from the Confederates upon our lines weakened by the absence of those troops.

On the tenth, a double execution, by hanging, of two deserters took place in the fields near Hancock Station, at which the division was required to be present. The effect upon the men was less impressive than death by

shooting; the incidents of a hanging scene are more vile and less blood curdling. One of the spectators, who had probably been at work fixing up some officers' accounts, wanted to know whether the ropes and slip-nooses would be charged to the condemned men's camp and garrison equipage accounts!

With this grim event for the morning's entertainment, at four in the afternoon a provisional division, composed of troops not in the forts, was massed at the Jones House, and started south, at dark, down the Jerusalem plank road to Nottaway River, some twenty miles, marching all night in mud ankle deep, the footing made worse by the broken remnants of the planks of which the road had been constructed. The purpose of the expedition was to discover the whereabouts of the Fifth Corps, which had been off on the raid above mentioned for several days, and, if needed, to give assistance.

In the morning, reaching the Nottaway, the raiders were found to be all right and coming back in high spirits, after destroying the railroad and trying their hands a little at foraging, of which they had read so much in connection with Sherman's marches, but had so little in their own experience of late. After a rest from nine until afternoon, our presence being superfluous, while our absence from the Petersburg line might be discovered, we started back, footsore and weary, but braced up by a change to cold freezing weather, and made the return trip in seven hours, over roads now stiff and extremely rough for night marching. The return journey was the hardest of the year, and will long be remembered by those whose foot gear gave out, and who found themselves obliged to hop along with feet exposed to the frozen ground. We had lain so long in camp that our walking powers had suffered, and next morning found us as stiff and sore a lot of heroes as was ever

collected within our cognizance. The colonel had thoughtfully sent forward to camp and ordered hot coffee prepared, which was issued immediately upon arrival, and did much, aided by the comfortable quarters, to banish the fatigues of a winter march of nearly forty miles in twenty-four hours. The orders to be in readiness were renewed, but the Confederates respected our condition and allowed the weary to rest undisturbed.

On the sixteenth there was a tremendous bombardment, and some one hundred bomb shells burst in front of our camp. This was followed on the seventeenth by good news from General Sherman.

Bullets came over at night from the picket line, and could be heard "chicking" in the trees, but seldom hurting any one. Folsom, of Company I, whose name it was always quite safe to place on the list of wounded before the roll was called after an action, was struck in his tent by a spent ball, for the fifth time on as many separate occasions. His record was equalled by Sergeant Haskell, of Company C, who, in March following, was wounded for the sixth time. It was a mystery that while some men seemed invulnerable through every exposure, others could never come under fire but they were found by some kind of missile at once; the men used to remark of such unfortunates that the bullets did not know them; absentees returning to the regiment were apt to be treated in this unfriendly way by the leaden messengers. An officer writing in his tent at evening was startled by the sharp "thud!" of a bullet in the logs of his hovel, "Come in; don't stop to knock!" said he, and went on with his work. He was, we believe, the one who entered in his diary, "Captain and I spend our evenings studying rhetoric (!) and playing checkers, then I read a sermon, after which we turn in."

The old regimental flags having become worn to rags and tatters, a requisition was made upon the quartermaster's department for a new stand, and upon the twentieth of December a handsome national flag and a blue regimental color were received and planted for exhibition upon the color line, where they were much admired for brilliancy of dye. The old as well as these new colors were afterwards marked with inscriptions and the names of battles in which the Thirty-Fifth had taken part, and are deposited in the Doric Hall of the State House in Boston, with the flags of the other Massachusetts regiments.

Our sutler, Mr. Williams, who had been with us a part of the summer and at the camp near Poplar Spring Church, made a change of business, and was succeeded by Mr. A. G. Merrill, a native of Maine, who proved an excellent caterer, and remained with the regiment until the end of its term of service.

Desertions from the enemy were constant. On the twenty-first six men came over from the Forty-Fifth or Forty-Sixth Virginia, saying that they had been conscripted and forced into the ranks, and that their whole company would follow them in a few days. One declared that the end of the war was very near; he hoped that we would "hang Jeff Davis, but let 'Bob' Lee off, for he was a good fellow"; there were other expressions which showed a feeling of deep hatred in the Confederate rank and file towards their President. They spoke of their short rations — a small piece of bacon and a corn pone, each, for the twenty-four hours. Afterwards we saw strewed about their winter quarters English preserved meat cans, showing that in part their subsistence came through the blockade. These deserters devoured the crackers, coffee and sutler's stores which were offered them with the appetite of half-famished men, which we, with our last winter's experience in East



Tennessee, could fully appreciate. To get across to us they would take advantage of darkness and stormy nights, and run the risk of being shot by their own men, as well as by our pickets, but none were known to have been killed between the lines; comrades probably fired high in such cases, and were even known to cheer and wave their hats when some conspicuously bold escape by daylight was successfully effected.

Watching through a field glass the movements among the Confederate pickets or within their interior lines, their artillery drill, effect of our shots, etc., was an amusement of our idle hours during the winter. They seemed to be busied most of the time with carrying and splitting wood for their fires, or sitting over the smoking embers in a rather disconsolate way, suggestive of anything but a brilliant future for their cause; the meditations of those hours, if recorded, must now be interesting reading.

Among our men, on the contrary, the prospect for the future continually brightened; the desertions were ocular proof of the failing Confederacy; to these were added, on the twenty-fourth, news of Sherman's capture of Savannah, and, in January, of General Thomas's victory at Nashville and the storming of the forts at Wilmington; in February, the fall of Charleston and Columbia, and Sherman's progress northward; the thermometer of hope rose steadily. With finger upon the heart at Richmond, we seemed to feel the ebbing of the pulse as thus the limbs were successively lopped off. There were occasional events, however, near us, which prevented this feeling—that the war was over—making too rapid progress, and indicated a bitterly hostile spirit still alive in some, at least, of our opponents. It was our custom to relieve the pickets in the afternoon, that the men might be fresh and alert during the night, and that the Confederates might



see by daylight that the movement in our lines was simply the relief. On the twenty-seventh of December some black-hearted artillery man in their main line treacherously fired two spherical-case shells at our returning picket detail, one only of which took effect, killing Corporal Charles W. Gilman, of Company C—an excellent man—and wounding three others, two of Company C and one of Company E—the latter, Henry Lenkorf, died of his wounds soon after in the field hospital. This act was loudly condemned on both sides as a breach of the tacit agreement not to fire during the day, but the author of the deed would probably reply that the understanding had reference only to the pickets, and not to the artillery and mortars, which opened whenever they saw game worth the powder.

The eventful year (1864) closed cold and blustering, and New Year's Day opened revealing the country white with a light fall of snow, which, however, was gone before night.

Colonel Carruth was absent at brigade headquarters in command of the brigade, from time to time, during the winter, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson commanded the regiment on such occasions. Captain Mirick had returned from detached service the last of October, and upon the third of January was detailed acting assistant inspector-general of the Third Brigade of the First Division, composed of many of the regiments which had constituted our old First Division. Our commissary, William H. P. Plummer, had continued along with the same troops as brigade commissary since the breaking up of the division. Sergeant William P. Rice and Samuel Pray did commissary duty with the regiment. On the fourth of January First Lieutenant Nason was mustered in as captain, and Second Lieutenant Bent as first lieutenant.

On the eighth a new lot of white flannel for corps badges was cut up and distributed, the color for our division re-

quiring more frequent renewal than the red and blue. On the tenth a storm of rain was so severe as to flood the rifle pits along the picket lines; and, upon both the Confederate side and ours, the guards stacked arms on the bank and paced their beats, fully exposed, with hostilities suspended for the time by the elements.

On the twenty-sixth of January news was received of the promotion of Major Hudson to lieutenant-colonel. We had not since South Mountain gone into action with a colonel and lieutenant-colonel present at the same time, and never with a full list of field officers present; now that we had them with us, we were anticipating what it would be like to be so well commanded in battle.

On the last day of January the Confederate Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, and Messrs. Campbell and Hunter, as peace commissioners, passed through the lines to City Point under a flag of truce, and had an interview with President Lincoln and officers of the National Government. Expectation was a-tip-toe in both armies, and the wearied rank and file hoped the result would be a peace with honor to both parties—with, of course, the Union saved. Next day the Confederates opposite us commenced cheering loudly, and our boys replied as vigorously; the shouting ran along the lines and died away. What it was all about no one knew; probably an explosion of pent-up emotion. But the commission had no result other than to reveal the growing apprehensions of the Confederate leaders.

During February many furloughs were granted, and some men of the regiment who had not been away from their companies since the departure from Lynnfield were now rewarded by a visit to their homes. A leave of absence was a pleasant thing to anticipate and enjoy, but the pain of again parting from loved ones more than

equalled the pleasures; several declared upon returning that they wanted no more furloughs until the fighting business was ended. Visitors came to camp from the North; among them Hon. Charles Hudson, father of our lieutenant-colonel, and Mr. Nathan Carruth, uncle of our colonel.

More military executions and noisy bombardments were the only exciting events during February. Occasional orders to be ready to march, to make an attack or to meet one, were received, and a vigilant watch was kept for signs of an evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, but no active results followed on our part. Our former major—Wales—sent us a foot-ball, which was hailed with delight by the boys, and athletic exercises were practised to keep the men in condition, or long equestrian trips made to the right or left, with such Government nags and dilapidated harness as could be found or borrowed.

On the twenty-fourth another list of promotions was announced: Captain Mirick to be major; First Lieutenants Wright and Mason to be captains; Second Lieutenants Hardy and Worcester to be first lieutenants; Sergeants Ellis, Chamberlin and Bagley to be second lieutenants. On the same day a tremendous shotted salute was fired along the lines, by order of General Grant—in honor of the capture of the Wilmington forts—to the amazement of the Confederates, who did not relish such a method of demonstrating joy at their defeat.

On the third of March Major Haviland paid off the regiment. On the seventh, at dusk, we received orders to relieve the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, to whom we gave up our comfortable huts, and received in exchange their damp bomb-proofs and hovels in the northerly and more exposed part of Fort Sedgwick, where we were quartered during the rest of the month. The fort was not regularly

planned, but was an irregular enclosure, as if the accidental line of breastworks first thrown up by the skirmishers of the Fifth Corps, when they effected a lodgment across the Jerusalem plank road in June previous, had been taken for the outline, upon which heavy parapets and deep ditches had been constructed by the troops during the summer and autumn. The result was, nevertheless, so strong that the Confederates, having at one time decided to make an assault here, upon consideration, changed the scene to Fort Steadman, as mentioned hereafter. They also began a mine from their works to blow us up and made some progress, but did not complete it—the entrance was to be seen long afterwards. The interior of our fort was divided into two quite distinct parts, of which the southerly was more properly called Fort Sedgwick and contained the best engineering work (that part continued to be garrisoned by the Seventh Rhode Island), while our half was nick-named “Fort Hell.” The general inclination of the land was to the rear, making a considerable cover of itself. This slope was burrowed into and dug out in the construction of bomb-proofs, covered ways, drains, wells, magazines and shelters, in a way to puzzle a stranger to get about by daylight; much more was it a labyrinth in the night-time. The armament of the fort and its outworks was twelve cannon and eight mortars. The parapet nearest to the enemy was formed of a double tier of gabions, with cross-ties and stamped earth, ten to fifteen feet thick, cut by embrasures, from which a cross fire from the batteries at either end was obtained over most of the ground in front. In the rear the parapet was but one gabion in height, for infantry defence only. The deep ditch in front was partly filled with rain water and was a bad place to get past, even if the long range of half-buried pikes, abatis and *chevaux de frise* did not stop

the assailants. Within easy speaking distance in front was our picket line. The Confederates exhibited good sense in not assaulting these defences. The order of companies in the regimental line was rearranged as follows: right— I, E, K, D, F, H, B, A, C, G—left.

The first days in the fort were wet and wretchedly uncomfortable; it took some time to learn the capabilities of the place. The quarters of the men were in long, barrack-like bomb-proofs, or, rather, bullet-proofs, for they would not stop an unexploded shell. They were low structures of logs opening to the rear, with frequent doors for easy exit in case of alarm, and chimneys here and there for warmth and cooking. The roofs were made of logs and earth, in rainy weather moist and dripping, and making the interior at all times dark and dismal. The officers, at first, occupied the bomb-proofs which their predecessors had made, by digging a deep cellar, roofing with cross layers of the largest logs, and covering all with great piles of earth, making mounds of considerable size. Entrance to these underground quarters was obtained by cutting steps down to the floor, and chimneys were built up from them, making upon the whole about as chill and gloomy a tomb as one could well wish to be buried in. Rain turned these rat holes into dripping baths, which continued to drip long after the weather above ground had cleared. After a few days' trial of underground life most of the officers pitched tents in rear of the mounds of their bomb-proofs, and occupied them, except when an uncommonly severe mortar shelling made the security from flying pieces compensate for the descent into Avernus.

The days were getting soft and spring-like, and it was pleasant loitering about the banquette, watching the Confederates, or engaged under a fly tent in the endless work of company and regimental accounts and letter writing.

Our view to the rear was quite open, including a long stretch of the military railroad. While we were at work the Confederates would occasionally open with artillery, firing over our heads at the trains, the car-tops crowded with blue coats, moving slowly along the track to the left or back to City Point, but their aim was so inaccurate they never seemed to succeed in hitting the mark.

Their mortar shelling would commence after dinner or at tea time, seldom in the morning, and would be carried on for an hour or two with commendable industry. At such times, most of our garrison would find the occasion sufficiently exciting to abandon other employment and witness the performance; but there were exceptions, such as Smith of Company C, the adjutant's clerk, who kept on with his writing, as if nothing less than a nine-inch shell exploding between his feet could disconcert him. The best place to see, and the most secure place, was as near to the picket line as possible, because the shells were intended for the interior of the fort; the men in rear, therefore, crowded to the front. In the daytime the burst of smoke from the Confederate mortars could be seen; a black speck would dart into the sky, a mile high, it was said — though none of us took pains to measure it with a tape line — there the speck seemed to hang a moment, increasing in size, rolling over and over lazily, and the revolving fuse beginning to whisper audibly, as it darted down towards us, at first, softly, "I'm a-coming, I'm a-coming"; then louder and more angrily, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" and, at last, with an explosion to crack the drum of the ear, "I'm HERE!" and the ragged chunks of iron, hot with the explosion and smelling strongly of sulphur, would fly in all directions.

All we asked for was a few at a time, but when the mortars, both to left and right, began, the cross-fire practice

was infernal ; the shells came too fast to be watched, and the spectators losing their reckoning would be startled by explosions so near and unexpected as to be astounding. On the twentieth the enemy threw into our fort one hundred shells, and as many outside ; nine of the largest bombs burst or buried themselves in the earth within fifty square yards in one minute of time. One would suppose that this could not be done without great slaughter ; but on that day, owing to precaution, not a man was hurt, yet the interior of the fort was burrowed by great holes, where the bombs had exploded after burying themselves in the ground.

The mortar practice at night was more terrible in appearance, but less dreaded, because the brightly burning fuses could be more easily distinguished and the shells avoided. This perpendicular fire was more irksome, because the infantry could only stand and take it without reply ; there was nothing to vent one's anger upon. Lieutenant Loomis, with his mortar battery, was the only person so happily situated as to be able to return shot for shot in kind. One of our men declared it to be a kind of warfare too mean for decent men, anyhow, and that if he ever got a chance he would give those "blarsted" Confederate mortars a kick all round ; and, amusing to relate, he afterwards actually carried out his threat, and administered the indignity, at which such F. F. V. mortars doubtless felt excessively mortified.

There was so much correspondence between the pickets that advantage of it was taken by both parties to spread information which would encourage desertions. Our generals offered the price of a stand of arms to all deserters from the Confederate army who brought their muskets with them. On the other hand the enemy opened communication by letter with bounty-jumpers and substitutes in our ranks, among them with our Germans, offering them



an open road to Europe by way of Mexico. The temptation was too strong for some of the dissatisfied ones, and on the night of the twenty-first four of them deserted to the enemy from their picket post, an offence for which hanging would be too mild a punishment, but they were never captured.

Every night the pickets in front and on the flanks kept up a dropping fire of musketry. They were restrained by order from firing recklessly or rapidly, except, of course, in case of attack; each man, therefore, expended his shots only upon suspicious looking objects in his front; but, nevertheless, the amount of ammunition expended was excessive, and more guns were burst than at any other time in the experience of the regiment. The Confederates fired in a similar manner, partly to prevent desertions; their bullets came singing or whizzing or caterwauling over our heads, in every musical tone or pitch, all night, as we slept. So accustomed did our ears become to these scattering shots that while, ordinarily, the noise was not observed, any increase or diminution would excite attention, and a party at cards would drop the pasteboards, snatch up the guns or swords, which always lay close at hand, and hurry to the front, to return and resume the game when the ordinary pop-popping was renewed. The proximity of the lines, and consequent danger of surprise, demanded, when attack threatened, the presence of every man at the parapets instantaneously and with a celerity of movement not laid down in the tactics. Rushing out in this way, among the thousand pit-falls of our honey-comb of a fort, amid the singing bullets, was a common excitement. The situation was a remarkable one for the labors of a reformer, nevertheless one of the officers found time to prepare and deliver to an appreciative audience a lecture on temperance, the Confederate bullets furnishing the cat-calls.



About three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fifth, the lieutenant-colonel being away on furlough, the colonel and adjutant were sleeping quietly in the headquarters' hut, when, with a start, both sprang up, broad awake; "What is it?" asked the colonel. "Don't know, sir," was the reply, "but there's something up." In a moment they had slipped on boots, buckled sword belts, and were in the open air. In front our pickets were firing not more rapidly than usually, but the dull boom of a gun, subdued cries and musket shots came over the lines from far to the right. "An attack upon the right," said the colonel. "Rally the men!" and in a few seconds the regiment was under arms along the front parapet. The noise of fighting continued, and the field guns opened from the forts along the line; but it was not until daylight that we learned that the Confederate attack, which had been threatened upon our front, had been delivered and repulsed at Fort Steadman.

The enemy had during the night sent over men pretending to be deserters bringing in their arms; these outnumbered and captured the pickets in front of Fort Steadman; then followed heavy columns of infantry, who easily occupied the fort and the adjacent works, making prisoners of many of the sleeping garrisons. In doing this, in the darkness, their troops became disordered, failed to advance and secure their victory, and were completely defeated when our artillery waked up, and General Hartman and his gallant Pennsylvanians charged upon their front, with the troops belonging to that part of our line upon the flanks, and captured two thousand prisoners and a number of regimental flags. It was the mine affair again with sides reversed, and the Confederate failure to move forward promptly was even less excusable than ours had been, for the ground before them for some distance

was lower instead of higher than the works they had occupied. But the same confusion, after the first charge, led to the same inability of the assaulting party to secure the intended results. It was a desperate attempt, with hardly a chance of final success, and if planned by General Lee was the worst specimen of generalship he exhibited within our ken during the war.

Fort Steadman was about two miles, by the curvature of the lines, to our right, and a few of the members of the regiment were allowed to visit the scene, while the flag of truce was flying for burial of the Confederate dead, which in this case was granted at once, not after forty-eight hours' delay as after the mine affair. Major Mirick was found all right, after doing deeds of valor in defence of Fort Haskell, next on the left of Fort Steadman. Commissary-Sergeant Plummer was also safe and sound, but his stores of beef, pork and hard bread had been almost captured. The garrison of the fort had been the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, which had been among the first to enter the crater; the adjacent works were occupied by regiments formerly of our old First Division, so that the troops, as well as the character of the combat, were about the same as in that affair, and the result of this helped to countervail the unpleasant memories of that misfortune. This brilliant recovery of Fort Steadman has always been considered by the army as the happy beginning of the triumphant ending of the war.

A division of the Sixth Corps moved down from the left and passed along the railroad in our rear, but was not needed to complete the success, and after awhile returned, followed soon after by the long column of prisoners in gray marching to army headquarters, before and in plain sight of their late comrades in Fort Mahone, who must have thought the spectacle bitterly discouraging.

To make a diversion, the Second and Sixth Corps, during the morning, moved out from our old position near Fort Welch — Poplar Spring Church — on the left, and captured the Confederate picket line in front, at Dr. Boisseu's house (we called it Bosworth's), where we had been "skedaddled" on the thirtieth of September. This line continued to be held by our army, and its proximity to the Boydton Road enabled the Sixth Corps to make their assault from it on the second of April following so grandly successful.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE PRISONS.

WHILE the regiment was passing the months of winter in the comfortable quarters and with the hopeful anticipations described in the last chapter, many of our comrades were enduring privation and dejection beyond the power of language to describe within the prisons, or pens, as they were called, scattered through the seaboard states of the Confederacy. Before, therefore, we enter upon the last days of the grand drama, let us leave the Thirty-Fifth in Fort Sedgwick, and turn our attention for a time to those who were so unhappily separated from us.

Until the Wilderness campaign but five names of enlisted men of the Thirty-Fifth had been inscribed upon the prison rolls of the Confederacy.

The first man captured in 1864 was Seth H. Manson, of Company B, on the eighteenth of May.

It was not until May 24, 1864, that men were snatched out of the skirmish line of the regiment in battle. The manner of it has been described in the account of the battle on the North Anna River. Among the men taken that day was Sergeant Henry W. Tisdale, who, by request, has furnished a narrative of the prison life of the men then captured. Our greatest loss in prisoners occurred on the thirtieth of September, 1864, as related in Chapter XI; for these Lieutenant Alfred Blanchard, Jr., has consented

to speak, in a description of Salisbury, N. C., and Danville, Va., prisons.

Sergeant Tisdale writes as follows :—

“I was captured at the battle of North Anna River, Va., May 24, 1864. The brigade was in hasty retreat. Stopping to give a wounded man some water I became separated from my company, and in the woods, mist and rain got out of the right line of retreat. Coming to an open field, I was startled by seeing some men spring from the tall grass with the yell, ‘Drop that gun!’ ‘Don’t fire on your own men!’ I called in reply, only to call forth a second yell, ‘Drop that gun!!’ and then the humiliating conviction came over me that I was a prisoner. ‘A few seconds more and you would have been a dead man,’ was the greeting of the ‘reb,’ as he took my rifle. I was loath to give it up, for it bore the scar of a rebel bullet, received at Jackson, Miss., and I hoped to carry it home as a relic of the war.

“I was mortified at finding myself apparently the only prisoner from the Thirty-Fifth, but soon others were brought in, and in all nine of us were captured. We were taken to Anderson’s Station, where we were relieved of all government property, as the rebs claimed it to be, viz., tents, knapsacks and rubber blankets. The Confederate soldiers were in the main good looking men, but were poorly uniformed, in a variety of colors and styles, with not a little of the ‘blue.’ Though poorly clothed they prided themselves upon their skill in the use of the rifle, saying that nearly all of their camp drill for the past winter had been at target practice.

“On the twenty-fifth of May we were marched south, about five miles, to Taylorsville. Desolation was about us on every hand. We remained there till dark, and then a ten-mile march brought us to Ashland, where neither

cold nor rain could keep us from sleeping soundly upon a grassy plat of mother earth. We woke to find ourselves under a guard of citizens, and were permitted to converse with them freely. We learned that all able-bodied men were in the service, directly in the ranks or as nurses, teamsters, etc. They professed to have the fullest confidence in the success of their cause, and were full of ire at the enlistment of negroes by our government, but admitted that they also used the blacks in fort building, etc. In the afternoon we were on the cars 'on for Richmond,' and at night were within the walls of the second story of Libby Prison.

"A roster of our names, regiments, rank, etc., was made; we were searched and all United States money was taken, with the promise that it would be refunded at the end of the war; those who had time adopted ways of concealment, such as hiding it under the tongue, between the soles of the shoes, etc. Men fortunate enough to have saved blankets and coats were allowed to keep them. We were four days in Libby; the first two passed quite comfortably, the last two overcrowded with new arrivals. Our rations of one-half pound of corn bread, one-quarter pound of pork and one-half pint of rice were easily disposed of. Two lots of prisoners came up from Belle Isle; they confirmed the reports of hard treatment there, that they were obliged to splice out their rations with dogs, rats, etc., and that boxes of supplies sent by the U. S. S. Commission and by friends were for the most part confiscated by the rebels.

"May 31st. We bade good-bye to Libby, and eleven hundred of us were packed in box cars, sixty to a car, *en route* for Andersonville, Ga. Four of us had formed a mess, offensive and defensive, agreeing to share our united possessions, future gains and fortunes. Three were from the Thirty-Fifth: B. F. Pratt, 3d, of Company H, J. A.

Lord, of Company C, and your humble servant; the fourth was Emery Smith, Third New York Cavalry, formerly a member of the Eighteenth Massachusetts. One of us having some Confederate money invested in biscuit at one dollar each. After a ride of twenty hours we were landed at Danville, for rations; a small allowance of coarse corn bread and fat bacon was given us. Again we moved on, at almost funeral pace, and, June 2d, we were landed in a fine grove at Charlotte, N. C. Here again our mess invested in biscuit, two dozen for five dollars and a half, with which, and the rations, we were enabled to sleep with our hunger tolerably satisfied. At midnight a heavy shower awoke us to the fact that we had none of Uncle Sam's shelter tents over us, and we agreed that if ever we were permitted to use them again we would do so without grumbling.

"June 3d. Again in box cars, sixty-five men to a car. A ride of two hundred and sixty-eight miles brought us to Augusta, Ga. For a portion of the way we were permitted to ride upon the tops of the cars, where we swarmed like bees. The sight of fields of strawberries and other fruits made our mouths water. We saw also gangs of slaves at work, women at the plow, etc. At Augusta we were placed in some cotton sheds, under a guard of citizens, whose courteous treatment was in pleasant contrast with the unfeeling guard we had upon the train. They were quite willing to exchange money—one greenback dollar for ten Confederate—and to buy all watches and jewelry offered. Pratt sold his watch for one hundred dollars (Confederate), which we laid aside as a reserve fund.

"June 6th. Again on the move for Andersonville. As we neared our journey's end an increasing soberness came over us, and there was but little disposition to joke with each other or with the rebel guard; this partly from weariness, but more from an increasing conviction that the hor-



rors of Andersonville were but too true. After a ride of two hundred and fifty miles, at noon, June 7, we were drawn up in line just outside the prison. Soon a grim-visaged, wiry-looking man came riding down the line, and when nearly opposite our position yelled, with savage oaths, to some gunboat men to 'dress up.' This was our first view of the commandant of the prison, Captain Wirz.\*

"We were counted off into 'detachments,' as the rebels called them, of two hundred and seventy, and subdivided into messes of ninety men each. Each mess was put in charge of a sergeant, who was instructed to make a roster of his men, and that his duties would be to draw and divide their rations, report and look after the sick, etc. When the call was made for sergeants to volunteer for this duty, it flashed upon me that here was a chance to avoid what I had felt would be the worst feature of prison life — idleness — and with a bound I sprang to the front to secure the position. I was accepted and put in charge of third mess, Detachment 76. I found that, in addition to the blessing of plenty to do, there were double rations as a perquisite of office.

"Late in the afternoon we filed into our prison home, begrimed with dust and dirt, weary, faint, and hungry. As the heavy timber gates swung open for our entrance, more than one of us felt, from what we had seen outside, like saying, 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here!' Escorted inside the gate we were dismissed by the rebel guard and left to find quarters for ourselves as best we could. This was no easy task so crowded was the place; it was impossible to locate my ninety together, so bidding each to shift for himself our mess turned its attention to finding a spot large enough to squat upon without encroaching upon the domain of our predecessors. We possessed for shelter

\* Captain Wirz was condemned and hung at Washington after the war.

and covering two woollen blankets and two overcoats, and had been fortunate enough to gobble and bring in tent poles, so that we soon had our blankets over us for a tent. Our next thought was to get cleansed, but how to do this without soap was our query as we betook ourselves to the creek. We were told that there was a reb sutler on the other side of the prison, and soon ten dollars of our hoarded hundred were exchanged for a bar of soap about an inch and a half square by twelve long.

“Perhaps the best idea of our prison life can be conveyed by copying at intervals from my diary :

“June 8th. I find the prison to contain fifteen acres, surrounded by a double stockade of hewed pine logs, twenty feet in height, and closely guarded by sentinels, who stand in sentry boxes overlooking the camp. A battery of six pieces commands the enclosure. Inside the stockade and about fifteen feet from it is the dead line, a narrow rail upon posts about three feet high ; outside this railing we are not allowed to pass, nor even to touch the rail ; the guard have orders to shoot any one disobeying these rules. Through the centre of the camp, from north to south, runs a sluggish stream styled “the creek,” about four feet wide and half-knee deep. The upper portion, for about fifteen feet, is for drinking purposes ; the rest, from before daylight to late at night, is more or less crowded with men bathing or washing clothes in the muddy fluid. On either side of the stream is a strip of swampy land, about two rods wide, the lower portion of which is used for a sink, the balance as a place of deposit for the refuse of the camp.

““Going over the enclosure and coming in contact with its inmates, one’s eyes fill with tears and the heart shrinks in horror at the scenes around him — men almost skeletons from lack of food, from diarrhœa, and chills and fever ;

others racked with rheumatic pains or bloated with scurvy; more than half of them clothed in rags, and all begrimed with the pitch-pine smoke from the fires. Added to these horrors, one finds a spirit of selfishness sad to witness — the strong oppressing the weak. Pratt of our mess found by bitter experience to-day that there were those who would deliberately rob a fellow prisoner. Going to bathe he left his clothes upon the bank; when he resumed them he found, to his grief, that his pocket-book was gone, and with it the balance of our reserve fund. "I do not care for the money," he said, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "but those pictures of my wife and child, if I only had them they might have the money." Talking over the matter with a prisoner who has been here quite a while, he said there was an organized band, termed "raiders" by their fellow prisoners, who were in league to rob and plunder each new arrival.

"Most of the men have shelters of some kind — tents of blankets, overcoats, or rags patched together; booths of pine or oak boughs; mud huts or caves in the hill-side. The north side is honeycombed with burrows, some large enough to contain twenty men.

"June 12th. For three days I have been very busy organizing my ninety into squads to go for wood, for rations, and to get out the sick at sick-call. No rations are issued to any detachment of which the members are not at roll-call, "all present or accounted for." The rations are brought in the afternoon — meal and rice in fifty pound bags, corn bread in sheets about eighteen inches by twenty four and two or three inches thick, sometimes half-cooked or baked so hard as to endanger our teeth. Bacon sides form the meat ration. Men sent out for wood go under guard and take an oath not to attempt to escape. I went to sick-call to-day; disease is showing itself among

us already. The place for examination is near the southwestern corner, between the two stockades. Nearly two thousand were reported sick, to attend to whom were but two or three surgeons. I saw the saddest sight I ever witnessed—men were brought out in blankets by scores weak and emaciated from diarrhœa or bloated and loathsome from scurvy, begging to be taken to hospital or that something might be done for them, at least a shelter from the sun and rain. I find that some have been here nearly a year.

“At the reb sutler’s, fruit and vegetables can be bought: eggs, one dollar (Confederate) per dozen; potatoes, one dollar and sixty cents per dozen; beans, fifty cents per quart; cucumbers, sixty cents apiece; onions, one dollar per dozen; salt, twenty-five cents per gill; watermelon, twenty-five cents a slice, etc. As each lot of prisoners brings more or less money, the sutler finds them willing and, too often, unwise purchasers of his stock.

“June 13th. Rainy most of last night, cold and drizzly to-day. Hundreds of poor fellows are shivering about camp. God pity and help them, for none of us can do anything for them. It seems as if the officials had no desire to promote our comfort in the least. Reports are in circulation that a part of us are to be paroled soon.

“June 15th. To-day is the third of a cold rain, and it is making sad havoc with the weak and shelterless; the number of sick and the death rate are on the increase. We had to take down our blankets to keep warm, preferring wetting to freezing. Further experience of the prison makes it more sad and sickening. The commandant seems to have but little executive ability, and to be totally devoid of humanity.

“Planning and working to escape occupy the time of thousands of the well and strong. Many make the attempt

when let out for wood, or from the hospital when detailed as nurses or assistants. Inside the prison, tunnelling is constantly going on; eighteen men burrowed out last night. Not one in a hundred succeeds in getting to the land of freedom, for the daily circuit of the camp by the pack of blood-hounds, kept for the purpose, soon discovers the trail of the runaways, and a few hours find them back again. Some return with bodies torn by the teeth of these savage pursuers. Yesterday the rebs discovered an unfinished tunnel, actually breaking into it just outside the stockade, its makers having struck a little too near the surface. The work of tunnelling is carried on in the night; a number club together, keeping the matter to themselves; they select a spot as near to the dead-line as possible, and sink a shaft from the inside of some "shebang," cave or dug-out, maybe pretending to be digging a well; then they aim to reach the surface just outside the stockade. Case knives, spoons, wooden shovels and tin plates are the tools for digging, and the excavated earth is carried away to the creek or covered with rubbish. Some of the pretended wells are sunk thirty feet.

"June 16th. Foggy morning. I had a trying time drawing rations last night, not getting them till after dark, and drawing uncooked bacon and rice. The task of distributing these in the darkness, relieved only by the pitch-pine torches, to the impatient and half-starved men crowding upon one another in their eagerness, was a hard one. This makes two days we have received raw rations without being allowed to go out for wood with which to cook them. The despairing look with which some of those who had no wood received their portions was sad to witness. Some burrow in the earth for roots of the pine forest which formerly occupied the ground. In fact this digging for roots has become the daily occupation of

hundreds; each scrap, even if no larger than a pipe-stem, is eagerly seized, split, and stacked in the sun to dry. This neglect to provide us or allow us to go out and get wood seems utterly inexcusable, and one's blood boils as he thinks of the piles of refuse tops and branches trimmed from the timber and now lying outside the stockade. It seems to most of us proof of a deliberate plan to weaken us in all ways short of actual starvation.

“June 17th. Eleven hundred Yanks in to-day. They bring all sorts of reports as to the progress of the war, some encouraging and some discouraging.

“June 18th. Heavy rain from four P. M. yesterday till midnight; got well soaked drawing rations. Succeeded in getting two of my ninety into hospital, and another has developed scurvy badly.

“June 19th. Sun out to-day for the first time this week. One poor fellow killed last night while attempting to tunnel out, the earth caving in upon him. Two nearly finished tunnels discovered by the rebs to-day. Searching for tunnels has become a daily task for the rebs; they go about the camp poking their heads into tents, etc., on the hunt.

“June 20th. My clothes are giving out and I am obliged to do some mending to-day. Thank God for the preservation of my sewing-case, with a good supply of needles and thread! the use of it excites pleasant thoughts of home and dear ones, which help to relieve the surrounding gloom. Heavy rain soaked us again; these continued rains are making sad work with the sick. Mud walls are crumbling, and dug-outs are filled with water, while the would-be occupants sit outside in mute despair. Felt ill to-day.

“June 21st. Passed a poor night and have felt weak and lank to-day. Raiders were plenty about camp last

night; the cry of "robbers! thieves! murder!" testified to some helpless one being their victim.

"June 22d. Weak and drowsy to-day. I made some tea from white oak bark for medical relief.

"June 26th. The first day for a week that I have felt well. Did some washing. Weather scalding hot. Report circulated that we are to be paroled; it sent a gleam of hope over the camp. Got another man into the hospital. More prisoners in to-day. Have drawn rations of fresh meat the past three days, a pleasing change from hog and hominy. It is generally well cooked, but here and there a piece comes raw or burned to shoe leather.

"June 28th. Sent another man to the hospital. Eight hundred more Yanks in to-day. Heavy thunder shower just at night. It has been a busy week, I have had to draw rations for the whole detachment; but I thank God for thus having plenty to do; I feel it a great aid in keeping cheerful amid so much that is depressing in our prison life. I cannot be too thankful also for the extra rations allowed to those of us in charge of detachments, for with the increasing number of the sick, I have, on some days, extras (beyond my own and tent mates' needs) for distribution among the needy ones about us. I have made some meal vinegar, by soaking meal in the sun until fermented, when quite a palatable drink is made, which is a valuable preventive of scurvy.

"Stirring scenes in camp just at dark. A reb lieutenant and guard came in, and proceeded with fixed bayonets to arrest some of the raiders. Their doings of late have become so heartless as to enlist the aid of the commandant of the prison, and he now proposes to clear them out and to punish the ringleaders. Frequently within the past week they have carried on their operations in broad daylight, in open defiance of the peacefully disposed. Noticing a



crowd gathered one day last week I pressed through it and found a young cavalryman had just been robbed of his pocket-book and watch; he was begging with tears for the watch, a present from his dead mother, but in vain; and more than one of us standing about him felt like pitching in "to the rescue," but the ugly looks of the dozen or more raiders, who encircled him, cowed us, perhaps to our shame. But now, with the rebel guard behind us, the tables were turned, and from one end to the other of the camp rang the cries, "Here's one!" "Here's one!" "Here they are!" and soon about fifty were taken to the guard-house. Of these, fifteen of the most notorious were retained and the rest sent into camp, but only to meet the long pent-up vengeance of their fellow prisoners, who obliged them to run a gauntlet of clubs and switches not over tenderly applied. Their tents were confiscated; in them were found dirk-knives, billies and other murderous weapons, watches by dozens and trinkets of various kinds, many of which were identified and restored to their owners.

"June 30th. The raiders were completely cleared out to-day; near a hundred have been taken in all. After their arrest Captain Wirz called us sergeants before him, and addressed us concerning the disposal of them, advising a drum-head court-martial, and promising that whatever method of punishment should be decided upon he would see it faithfully executed. As a result a jury, judge advocate, etc., were selected, and a regular military court (in form) was organized, before which the statements of witnesses are to be taken in writing.

"July 3d. The past three days have witnessed an agreeable change in our prison life. For some time past the rebs have been making an addition to our domain on the north side; yesterday the news came that it was fin-



ished and that all detachments above number 48 were to be moved to the new ground; truly there was joy in the camp. The removal was made in a bungling manner, showing again lack of orderly and military system of doing business among the officials; for instead of having a comfortable opening for our egress made in the old stockade, we were required to crowd through a space scarce wide enough for two abreast, to say nothing of our loads of baggage, every scrap of which we clung to as a miser to his gold. Then instead of having the new lots properly staked off, and each detachment upon its prescribed lot, we were all ordered to move at once, and were told that "unless we were upon the new ground in two hours our blankets would be confiscated." And again, instead of having the loppings from the trees, of which the stockade was made, properly portioned out to each detachment, each was allowed to gobble all it could; so that between the crowding to get through, rushing for the best positions, and struggling to heap up piles of brush-wood, the scene was almost a pandemonium, and not a few free fights were had over disputed ground or fire-wood. I succeeded in getting most of my ninety together, fortunately upon a good spot. It was a pleasure to be able to move about freely, and not have to watch lest you tread upon somebody's shebang, or fall into some underground lodging place.

"July 4th. Woke with thoughts of home, inspired by "the day we celebrate." For the past two weeks I have been saving up the extra rations allowed me of meal and rice, we four having determined to have a Fourth of July dinner, if possible. The extra rations have at times been liberal, so that by scrimping a little we saved what, put upon the market, brought us the sum of two dollars and seventy cents. With this we concluded to have a bean

soup. We purchased of the reb sutler two onions for sixty-five cents, six potatoes for eighty cents, a red pepper for twenty-five cents, one and one-half pints of beans for thirty-five cents, and pork for forty cents. We had a jolly time cooking it, and smacked our lips as heartily in eating it as ever at any Fourth of July in the Old Bay State.

“July 10th. Another busy day. I have from six to ten hours work daily, in drawing rations and distributing them, looking after the sick, etc., so that with the daily task of “skirmishing” for vermin and keeping clean not many idle moments remain. Have felt weak from the heat and diarrhœa some of the time. Several new lots of prisoners have come in. I have had sad and trying times with the sick — two more have died and ten others are in a bad way. The surgeons have been without medicines for the past five days. The hospital is crowded to overflowing, and many sick are obliged to lie and waste away without anything being done for them. It is amazing to see the lack of humanity on the part of the reb officials, for many of us think that the “Dutch Captain” is not the only guilty party. It seems to us that with a little energy on their part shelter from the blazing sun could be provided from the surrounding forests. Many a man comes in here hale and hearty, but robbed of his tent and blanket soon gets weak from exposure to the sun and chill night air, and falls an easy victim to disease. Oh, how often does the angel of death seem to be an angel of mercy to such suffering ones!

“Yesterday was the first time for five days that sick-call has been sounded. It brought together, it seems to me, the saddest sight I have yet seen in the prison. Between four and five hundred crowded the streets and by-paths leading to the gate; more than half of them assisted by their comrades, and scores lugged in blankets exposed

to the blazing sun. Some died on the way, and many were sunstruck. The process of inspection by the surgeons was a slow one, and when about three-fourths were examined word came that "no more can be attended to," and so back to quarters under the noonday sun, hobbled, crawled or were borne the balance, with their hopes of something being done for their relief dashed from them.

"July 12th. Yesterday witnessed the strange, sad scene of the hanging of six of the ringleaders of the raiders, found guilty of murder and robbery, and condemned to death on the gallows. From the moment of the appearance of the rebel guard with lumber for the gallows till their bodies swung cold in death and were removed, the camp presented an unnatural and solemn quiet. Since their arrest a regular police has been formed, made up of our own members. Into their hands the six were consigned by Captain Wirz, with a statement of the finding and sentence of the court-martial, and that to their hands and their fellow prisoners he committed the responsibility of its execution. The day was one of the few when the sun seemed to abate its intense heat and was clear and cool. The part of the camp affording a view of the gallows was black with humanity, and as the hour (half past four) drew near a solemn stillness came over all. On the way to the gallows one broke away and frantically rushed across the swamp in an attempt to escape, but in vain. At the above hour they were arranged upon the platform, with meal sacks over their heads, and at the signal the drop fell and they met their doom.

"Not a few debates have been had upon the justifiableness of this affair, but, with a few exceptions made up of their fellow conspirators, the universal judgment of the camp has been that it was but their just deserts; their conduct here was probably but a continuation of a life of

blackness and crime entered upon before the war. The police are doing good duty, and many abuses about the camp are corrected. Sent two more of the ninety to the hospital to-day. The remaining nine of the raiders have been sentenced to the stocks for a season before being allowed back to camp. These stocks have been most of the time filled with those who have attempted to escape while out with the wood squads, or for other misdemeanors.

“July 17th. Sunday. Up to our removal to our new quarters no attempt has been made to note the Sabbath from our week-day routine, but to-day, with the privilege of open space, many gatherings for worship, prayer and conference have been held about the camp. Very touching have been the prayers offered, mainly for loved ones at home. The only noteworthy event of the past week has been the calling of the sergeants of detachments out before Captain Wirz, who, in language anything but courteous, informed us of an organized attempt to break out of the stockade. He warned us against the attempt, saying that if we tried it he should open fire with grape and canister, and the slaughter of the sick and feeble would be terrible, and would be laid to our charge. We think that no such design has been contemplated, and that it is a ruse of the “Dutch Captain” to frighten us from it. We now number 30,000, and as our guards are only raw recruits and conscripts, many of us believe that, were it not for the sick and feeble, our escape on a grand scale could be easily effected. I feel like trying my hand at tunnelling, rather than remain here for the winter.

“July 24th. Two years yesterday since I enlisted. Little did I think that a part of my three years’ service was to be spent as a prisoner of war. Two months of prison life, and health and strength still remain to me. The past week has brought many recruits to our numbers,

so that the whole stockade is again crowded. The number of the weak and sick is on the increase, and the rebs report that they are kept on short allowance of medicines needful for their relief. What medicines they do have seem to afford but little aid against the diseases springing from constant warfare with hunger, nakedness, bad water and lack of vegetable food.

“August 7th. I have been very busy with work incident to the increasing number of sick in the ninety. Many of the worst cases have been taken to the hospital. On the morning of the fourth, word came that all the worst cases in camp be brought to the gate, and that from them a large number would be taken out to the hospital. On the strength of this thousands crowded in a dense mass in the streets and by-paths leading to the gate, some hobbling there, some literally crawling on hands and knees, and hundreds, too weak to hobble and crawl, were carried in blankets by comrades. But all in vain, for at ten A. M. came word that “no more would be taken out to-day.” The next morning came the word again, and those who were able were again in waiting, many with glad and expectant faces, feeling that, whatever the change in store for them, at least it could bring them to no worse condition. But again came word that no more would be taken out till two P. M. At two it was announced that the sick from the first eleven detachments only would be taken. Pencil cannot picture the despairing faces nor words describe the sad scenes incident to these two days’ gatherings of the sick of Andersonville Prison, especially as this last word came, and those who were able hobbled or were borne back to their quarters. Many were sunstruck; a dozen or more died while waiting or on the way, among them one of my ninety, while waiting the second day. He had been wasting from diarrhœa, and had become a sad

and loathsome spectacle, of whom it might be said in truth before death released him, "he was eaten of worms." The Good Book says, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and truly might it be said of scores about the camp, who have up to this day fought a good fight with hunger, nakedness and disease; they are now hopeless, heart-sick and discouraged. The indignation in the camp at this need-less cruelty to the suffering is intense, and many of us feel that were Captain Wirz to come into camp unattended he would be torn limb from limb.

"August 14th. The number of sick still increases. We have had heavy rains, which with the scorching sun have brought increased suffering. None have been taken to the hospital; no medicines have been given out. Even the supply of so simple an article as vinegar, of great service in scurvy, has ceased. The ravages of this disease are terrible; many are going about the camp with bleeding mouths and their teeth actually falling out. The death rate has increased from fifty to seventy-five per day. Five more have died of the ninety, making thirteen during our nine weeks' stay. I cannot be too thankful for having so much to do to occupy my thoughts and time. I notice that those prisoners who keep busy stand it the best. Many are the devices to keep from idleness, such as tearing down and rebuilding their mud huts, digging for roots for fuel, well digging, tunnelling, carving knickknacks out of bones hoarded from their meat rations, patching their clothing, etc. Not a few packs of cards have straggled into camp, and many checker-boards have been made. These are freely lent, and from dawn till dark groups can be seen all about the camp, and the merry laugh shows that not all is dreary and dark. Many a well-worn Bible and Testament can be seen in constant use going from one to another. An occasional copy of some rebel newspaper

is thrown in by the guard, which is read till worn to shreds. I was both glad and sorry to come across my old friend and Christian brother, D. F. Nichols, from Dedham, a member of the Eighteenth Massachusetts. I found he had been here nearly a year, and, though somewhat weak, is battling bravely for life. He has been a help to many in the plying of his trade as a shoemaker, and has kindly repaired my nearly worn-out shoes.

“I was surprised one morning to find Pratt absent from his place; this was explained by his soon putting in an appearance, covered from head to foot with red clay, which plainly said “tunnelling.” He has with others started a tunnel from the inside of a neighboring hut; they have obtained boards, with which they bridge over the opening during the day, covering them with earth and pine boughs, so that the tunnel-hunting rebels will see nothing should they poke their heads into the place.

“August 21st. The weather has been warm and very trying to sick and well. The death rate holds its own; three out of the ninety have died. Among them Israel Roach, of Company F, of our regiment. It was with tearful eyes we of the Thirty-Fifth bore his remains to the gate, pinned the scrap of paper denoting his name and regiment upon his breast, and delivered them to the stolid rebel guard. I have had many pleasant chats with him during our prison days. He had, I think, typhoid fever, and was delirious in his last hours. Two or three times a day now can be seen the “dead-wagon”—an old army wagon rigged with stakes and railing, into which are piled our dead comrades, as a farmer would pile a load of wood—drawn by four mules around the south-west corner of the stockade to the final resting place. One cannot but feel as he looks upon those about him struggling to live, that no battle-field of the war or hospital scene can



show grander examples of patient, heroic endurance. One at least of the reb surgeons has sympathy for us; he expressed his indignation at the fact that so little vegetable food was allowed us, and said that he begged of Captain Wirz the use of an army wagon with which to go into the adjacent country and get sweet potatoes, etc., for the prisoners, and had been refused.

“In one thing Divine Providence has richly blessed us; it seems almost a miracle wrought for our comfort. This is the opening of a copious spring just above the marsh, and between the dead-line and the stockade. We noticed it gushing forth, just after a very heavy shower; the attention of the reb officials was called to it, and many of us think they must have forgotten themselves, for they furnished some troughs and two half-barrels, into which the water was conducted just clear of the dead-line. The water flows clear and cool, and quite freely, so that the barrels are kept full, though drawn upon as fast as in line we fill our cups, tin pails, coffee pots, etc.

“We realize as weeks go by that our clothing will wear out, and that we cannot make a requisition on the quartermaster. Some of us sergeants of nineties have found we can do a little stealing from the Confederacy. Our rations of meal and rice are brought to us in twilled cotton sacks, delivered late in the afternoon, and we are required to return the sacks when we draw rations the next day. We have noticed that often, when late or in a pouring rain, the reb commissary, as the sacks were thrown up to him on the wagon, would not stop to count them. Watching for our chances, we would keep back one or more. I have succeeded in capturing some half dozen, from which I undertook to make a shirt, but had to give it up and content myself with patching my old ones. The other sacks did excellent duty on needy comrades.



We have not stopped to consider the morality of the transaction.

“As each squad of Yanks comes in, they are portioned out among the nineties, taking the place of the dead and those who are transferred to the hospital. I find, on looking over my roster, that I have men from every state in the Union but two.

“The tunnel upon which Pratt and his comrades have been laboring, and which they hoped to finish in a few days, has come to an untimely end. To their dismay the rebel tunnel-squad marched directly to the spot and poked their heads into the “shebang,” but were evidently disconcerted at finding no hole; but soon one of them said: “This is the place, I know it is,” and getting a club and beating on the spot the hollow sound revealed the secret, and then the order, “Pull down the hut!” was obeyed, and poor Pratt’s toils were ended. Reports are current that the rebs have spies about the camp night and day, but Pratt thinks that some fellow has turned informer, for it is asserted that the reward of a lot of tobacco, or a position as nurse in the hospital, is ready for any one who will give notice of attempts at tunnelling.

“September 18th. Early in the month barracks were erected on the north side of the prison. During the past week numbers of prisoners have been taken out; reports are conflicting as to their destination; at one time that an exchange is going on, which causes hope, but which is soon changed to gloom, as the report comes that we are to be removed to a new stockade. Reports are flying about that Sherman is near.

“Our detachment received orders, September 12, to be in readiness to move the next morning. At daylight we were packed and at the gate. Word came that we would not be transferred until night, and soon again that an

accident had occurred by which seven of our men had been killed and the track torn up; so, for a week, we have been waiting patiently, hoping each new day would let us out. The sick have been placed in the barracks, where they have good shelter from the sun and rain. They suffer much from want of proper food, as their rations are, in the main, the same as are given to the rest of the camp. Occasionally they have a little flour and cooked rice—this latter often most miserably prepared, often mere slops, or, on the other hand, scorched to a crisp.

“Our rations have been cut down a little, and the meal, a good deal of the time, is of a miserable quality, nothing but “cob-meal” we say, and, to devour it, not a little sputtering has to be done to get rid of the bits of husk, silk and cracked corn mixed with the better portion. Our varying rations are bacon, meal, molasses and beans—the latter long harvested, and often flavored with the bugs or insects which have found them a good place for tunnelling.

“October 2d. Two weeks more in the Pine Log Prison. I succeeded, near the last of the month, in getting all of the sick of the ninety into the barracks—Steele and Taber of our regiment among them; both were sick with scurvy. Patches of the latter have developed upon my legs; but so long as they do not swell I do not feel anxious. I have felt lonesome and depressed at times during the past two weeks. For nearly a month we have been waiting and are ready to go anywhere; to get to a worse place would be scarcely possible.

“October 11th. Nine days since writing in my diary. We were ordered to be ready to move on the fifth, and late in the afternoon the gates swung open and about one thousand of us marched out into what we felt was God’s

world again. How cheering was the sight of the green grass! I felt almost like kissing it for joy. We were two nights and one day in crowded box cars, and on the morning of the seventh landed outside the city of Savannah. On the way we passed, drawn up on a siding, a train load of returning rebel prisoners. The contrast between their sleek faces and seemingly comfortable clothing and our blackened faces and tattered rags, we at least could see. Cheers we gave them as they generously tossed us some of Uncle Sam's hard tack.

“We were ushered into another stockade, and given rations of fresh beef and sweet potatoes. We have been divided into detachments of one hundred, over one of which I have been placed. Our mess is broken up by the escape of Lord while *en route*. We think it a vain attempt, and expect to see him back. Our stay here is evidently to be but temporary, but the four days improved rations are already having a marked effect for good. I was told that eating raw fresh meat was good for scurvy, and have accordingly eaten a good-sized piece each day, with good effect upon my legs. Scores of citizens climb to the top of the stockade and look down upon us, with evident, and in many instances expressed, sympathy, in the shape of second-hand clothing, tobacco, etc., thrown in to us.

“October 17th. Another change, and, thus far, an agreeable one. As we prophesied, Lord was recaptured and brought into Savannah, but, unfortunately, placed in a different detachment. On the thirteenth we were moved about eighty miles to a newly-built stockade, near Millen, Ga. Thus far we can find no fault with our quarters and but little with our rations, which are near double the amount of those at Andersonville. We draw one pint of meal, six ounces of uncooked beef, teaspoonful of salt, six teaspoonfuls of rice, each day, also sweet potatoes two or

three times a week—the rice some days changed for beans, but the latter so buggy we get pretty hungry before we eat them. Our prison lot contains forty-two acres, and as there are present but about eight thousand of us, we have a chance to spread out without hinderance. It is christened Camp Lawton, has a fine stream running through it, several rods of which are reserved for drinking purposes, another section with a gravelly bottom for bathing, another section for the washing of clothes, and the last section as a sewer. Over this latter are built water-closet facilities, contrasting favorably with the horribly filthy arrangements of Andersonville.

“‘As we marched upon the ground we were divided into thousands, subdivided into hundreds, and located in military order. Ten brick ovens have been built, ten large iron kettles set in place, and the cooking for each thousand is to be done independently. A large number of iron kettles, holding two gallons, have been given us. The officer in charge appears to be a gentleman as well as a soldier, and does his duty for our comfort. We question, why this change of rations and treatment from that of Andersonville, and think that Jeff Davis or General Winder, or somebody, has repented of evil deeds, and is now doing works meet for repentance. Thirty of each hundred have been permitted to go out for boughs for bedding. Out of the debris remaining from the building of the stockade our mess are building quarters, ready for cold weather, if need be. Our few axes are kept going from dawn till dark.

“‘October 30th. We have had two busy weeks working on our “prison-house,” and have got up quite roomy and comfortable quarters. Thanks to the fresh meat and sweet potatoes many of us have been cured of scurvy. Medicines are scarce and the cool weather is telling upon the feeble

and those who are poorly clad. The death rate has increased to four or five per day. An unoccupied part of camp is used for a ball ground, and many games are had these sunny October days. We hear nothing of exchange, and many bitter words against our government are spoken as our rations decrease, and it looks like Andersonville over again in that direction. Some two hundred and seventy-five have taken the oath to serve the Confederacy, doubtless from varying motives; but, to most of us, no motive can justify the transaction.

“‘November 20th. Have had frosty nights, and the autumn foliage of the surrounding forests makes one think of his Northern home. Smith parted with a couple of his rings for meal sacks, from which we obtained material for patching. Truly can we say that not only have we coats of many colors, but shirts and trousers ditto. On election day the rebs proposed to us that we have an election, and express our choice for Lincoln or McClellan. We Lincoln men felt in doubt as to the result, as so many were bitter against the government for not effecting an exchange. Differently colored beans were used for ballots, and at sunset the result was announced: 3014 for Lincoln, 1050 for McClellan. Not much comfort for the rebs, we thought. An exchange has at last reached us, and two lots of the sick have been sent away, this time indeed and in truth *en route* to our own lines. It is touching to witness the joy of the poor fellows as at last they could feel certain that they were “going home.” Some detestable business was done by some of the reb surgeons and our own men in the matter. The surgeon would examine a sick man and pronounce him a fit subject for exchange, then go and sell the poor man’s chance to some perhaps nearly well man, for money or other gift.

“‘November 28th. The past eight days have been

fruitful in change. For some days rumors crept into camp that General Sherman was near. On the twenty-second, long trains of box cars were in sight from the prison, and word came to "pack up and be ready to move." Cold, raw, and drizzly without, most of us were in our shelters, and the order to turn out was no agreeable one to us in our rags, and having no hope of exchange. Some tried to hide in their quarters, burying themselves beneath their bedding of pine boughs. This was soon discovered, and a rebel bayonet thrust in their faces scattered their hopes of staying behind to welcome Sherman. We were hastily crowded into the box cars, almost at the point of the bayonet, for upon some of us protesting that "this car is full," we were made to see that there was room for more by a bayonet charge. The cold increased, as a few scattering snow-flakes plainly told us. All night and until ten the next night getting over the eighty miles to Savannah—now waiting for hours at some siding, or backing and filling at some rising grade, to get our heavily freighted train along. Midnight of the twenty-third found us massed in one of the vacant squares in the city of Savannah, chilled to the bone with the cold, weak and faint from hunger.

"We lay down in heaps to keep warm. Those of us from Massachusetts talked of the morrow (Thursday) as probably Thanksgiving Day in the Old Bay State. I went to sleep with mind and heart busy with thoughts of the glad old Thanksgiving days of the past, and "Lo! I dreamed a dream." I was at home, sitting at my mother's table, alone, clothed in my prison rags, and before me a large turkey, cranberry sauce, etc., I grasped the carving knife to help myself and—woke to find that the gray November clouds had gone, the stars were glittering overhead, and I was cold and hungry.

"We remained through the twenty-fourth at Savannah.

Rations of hard tack were given us. A few friendly citizens brought us extras in the shape of cold victuals. The guard treated us well. One train load was sent off, destined, we were told, for Florida. No exchange for us now, we felt. Into box cars again on the twenty-fifth, and at nine P. M. *en route* for Charleston, S. C. A tedious journey, most of the way through pine forests and dismal swamps. The towns and villages through which we passed spoke plainly of desolation and poverty. We were given rations of bread at Charleston, and the citizens treated us kindly. Here we found that our final destination was Florence, S. C., to another stockade prison. A ride of one hundred and ten miles, tolerably comfortable by day, as a kindly Providence favored us with bright, mild weather, but chilly and dreary at night, and at three A. M. this morning, twenty-eighth, we were turned into a field, where we piled together upon the frosty grass and, overcome by intense weariness, forgot hunger and cold, and slept till the sun was above the horizon. In the distance we could discern our new prison-home—the dim outlines of a stockade overhung with a cloud of smoke, through which the morning sun seemed hardly to penetrate. We were soon in our new abode, with failing hearts, questioning ourselves and each other, “Can we stand it through the winter?”—we are determined to try.

“We find the prison to be on the same plan as at Andersonville, of about fifteen acres, five of which are an uninhabitable swamp; through the centre runs a clear and rapid stream; thank God for this! In building here the rebs were wiser than at Andersonville, for outside the stockade they have dug a deep trench, so that tunnelling is scarcely possible. The men are divided into thousands, sub-divided into hundreds. Our mess, now reduced to Pratt and myself, is placed in the fourth hundred of the



fourth thousand; Smith was so fortunate as to go out with those at Millen for exchange. Rations of about one pint of raw meal, one pint of flour, and one-half pint of black beans, were given us, of which we made a grand stew, speedily devoured, and "licked the platter clean," to make sure that nothing was wasted. Report says that there are about twelve thousand in camp. A squad of police is on duty, made up of our own men, and good order seems to reign. No shelter is provided by the rebs. Most of the men have built some sort of mud huts; building walls of two or three feet and roofing with blankets, brushwood and mud, with a fire-place and chimney at the front of bricks made from the clay, which, providentially, abounds in the prison.

"December 4. Winter has come by the calendar, but not as yet in reality, for the weather has been delightful, so that we have needed no fire for warmth. Wood squads go out of the prison daily, mainly to cut wood for the camp; some, however, work for the reb officers, making tubs, pails, birch-brooms, and building log cabins. These squads give the "parole" that they will not try to run away or go more than one mile from camp, and are allowed extra rations. We miss the extra rations of Andersonville and Millen (I not being a detachment sergeant here), and now I find myself hungry and growing weak.

"We have taken a comrade, Hall, into our mess; he has a good blanket to add to our stock. We have nearly finished a good mud hut, fire-place and chimney, roofed with our blankets, so that we feel quite well prepared for winter. A few sick have been paroled during the week. There is a great rush to get out on the work squads, for, in addition to extra rations, they have opportunity to trade with the rebel guard and the negroes. The latter come to our men, on the sly, as they are at work in the woods, and



bring sweet potatoes, beans, etc., which they barter for pens, knives, pocket-books, buttons — especially U. S.—combs, and carved knick-knacks made by the prisoners. From these extras brought into camp by the squads quite a trade is carried on inside the stockade. I have determined to try my hand at it, and have sold my quart cup, tin plate and a small kettle for capital. Felt discouraged to-day in trying to mend my ragged clothing — shirt, pants and blouse have become literally “rags and patches”; I counted fourteen different patches upon my pants. The week closes with Hall out at work with one of the squads, which gives us encouragement. I have tried to get out to work, and also upon the police, but thus far in vain.

“December 18th. The past two weeks have brought winter weather, a new factor as a cause for suffering. In Andersonville it was heat, now it is cold; and the past week has seen a dozen or more poor fellows numbered with the dead, with the verdict, “frozen to death.” The prisoners, as a whole, are worse off for clothing than at Andersonville; scores are shoeless and hatless. The wood furnished for fuel is mostly green, and almost defies our attempts to get any heat from it. The smoke about the camp is suffocating, and our men look more like negroes than white men. We have had some rations of fresh meat, which have been a great blessing to those having scurvy. Hall has been taken sick and sent to hospital. We made four kettles of soup, Hall having got the materials for it from outside, and sold three with good success. With the profit we bought some pepper and salt. The fourth got sour and was a total loss. The iron camp kettles given us at Millen are of great service to us here. I found Sergeant Lunt of Company A here the past week, and he has cast in his lot with our mess. I borrowed from comrades a copy of Harper’s Monthly and Volume VI of “Hume’s History of

England," which have helped to cheer some of the otherwise dull hours.

"December 26th. The week has brought an agreeable change to our mess and myself. On the twenty-second, the reb quartermaster came into camp calling for a boss carpenter and seven assistants. Lunt was selected, and I was fortunate to get with him as a "striker." We have now had three days outside, and never did fresh air, fields and woods seem so rich a blessing. We have been set to work to build a log cabin for one of the officials; going out at sunrise into the woods, and through the day cutting logs and riving shingles. I had all I could do the first day to swing the axe, and had the reb overseer been with us much of the time, I fear I should have given out. Our extras are liberal and our three days' experience begins to make us feel like men again. Pratt acts as cook, and as we come in at sunset, with our extras and bundles of pine upon our shoulders, greets us with a smiling face, a gallon of hot coffee (?) made from burnt corn meal, bean soup and baked hoe cake, which by the light of a pitch pine knot we gratefully devour.

"Every Sabbath forenoon we are counted off. The guard comes in and we upon the west side are made to pass the creek to the east side, and there wait, shivering it may be in the rain and cold, while the guards go through our quarters and take account of those who are too sick to crawl out. Then the whole camp is required to cross the bridge in order, by hundreds and by fours, between two reb officers, who count us as we pass; it often takes four hours to complete the count. I was most of the day patching my shirt with an old meal sack, which I had foraged outside.

"January 1st, 1865. No change for the better; no signs of an exchange, and some of our poor fellows, weary

and heart sick, are taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy — not many, although the rebs are giving invitations freely, coupled with promises of clothing, etc. The cold snaps multiply and little patches of ice fringe the edges of the creek, and with each cold wave one or more poor fellow gives up the fight, and, in prison phraseology, is “exchanged.”

“‘February, 1865. Our work squad has been out day by day; the last part of the time cutting wood for use in the stockade. Our extras have been cut down, and, from what we can see, we have concluded that the rebel guard are not abundantly supplied. Thanks to the negroes, who have always something for us, as they slyly stray in upon us in our wood-cutting expeditions — handing us a few sweet potatoes or a little bag of beans, and often refusing all pay. Up to near the middle of January we were allowed to take our foraging into the stockade without hinderance. All at once came the word from the overseer that no more would be allowed to go in; we meekly received the order, but mentally said “we would see.” And we did see, and for a few days, with well padded bosoms and bulky trowser legs and caps with well stuffed crowns, we bore in many a treasure to our comrades. But this was soon ended; the guard detailed to watch us began to more than look at us, and a hand upon the hat crown or pant leg ended the flank movement. Another plan was successful for a season: each was allowed to take in a stick of wood on his shoulder; some men would split and hollow out these logs, fill them with beans, and with the sticks dowelled together march into camp. This also was soon ended, for one night the overseer himself stood by and with a club not over gently tapped each log, and, as now and then one gave a hollow sound, he would distinctly say, “Drop that!” One day Lunt was given an ox-head

by the overseer, and for two days we revelled in beef soup. In dressing it for cooking, Pratt threw the eyes outside, and, to his surprise, saw a comrade pick them up and try to cook them; but he gave it up after boiling them for an hour or more.'

"With the entry for February 1 my diary closed, for want of paper to write upon. The following closing account is given from memory :

"As the month drew on, those of us working outside made up our minds that if there was no exchange at hand Sherman was, and also the doom of the Southern Confederacy. A rebel paper or fragment of one would come into our hands and from it we thought we could read that perplexity and doubt were with the rebel leaders. Our extra rations were again cut down; but we noticed that the rations of the rebel guard were also reduced. Often to appease my hunger I would stroll about the rear of the officers' quarters, during the hour given for nooning, and search for bones, sweet potato parings, bits of corn bread, etc. Near the middle of the month rumors came thick and fast that an exchange had been agreed upon, and they gave hope and cheer to all. In the last week the work began and soon reached our thousand, and we marched out with hearts too full for utterance, feeling sure that we had bidden good-bye to our last rebel prison.

"Many were too weak to walk even the few rods to the now welcome box cars, and were supported or lugged in blankets by comrades. We were crowded in at the point of the bayonet, but we did not care, we were 'going home!' Soon after getting started Pratt was taken sick and grew rapidly worse, so that on the second day he could scarcely sit up. We were two nights and one day on the way to Wilmington, N. C., where the exchange took place. At the dawn of each day the officer in charge of the train

would come to each car with the question, 'Any dead men in this car?' and in nearly every car one, and in some two, would be found to have given up the fight — showing that not even 'going home' could overcome the effects of the past weary months' struggle with hunger, cold and disease.

"Near Wilmington we were taken out into a wood, where in a log cabin we signed the parole papers. Poor Pratt was too weak to sit up, so we fixed our blankets upon poles for a stretcher and took him along with us; every movement hurt him, and he begged us to leave him. From the wood we were taken to an open lot, where we squatted in groups, weary and hungry. As the day wore on, the sound of firing at no great distance caused a glow of excitement among us, and soon we were put upon the cars again and started away from the city. 'What could it mean,' we queried, 'are we doomed to disappointment again?' We were taken back to a wood near by, where we were told to make ourselves 'comfortable.' While waiting for the train to move we tore open a bale of cotton lying near the track, and soon had a downy bed in one corner of the car, upon which we placed Pratt; a smile of peace passed over his face as we laid him down upon it.

"We had been in the woods but a little while, when, to our surprise, a squad of reb cavalry straggled by followed by some reb infantry, who were evidently in a hurry. An occasional stray shot over our heads told us the cause of their haste, and soon came the news that General Terry had captured Wilmington! We felt like cheering, but for more than one reason did not. Soon after we were again on the move, and landed in the outskirts of the city.

"On the morning of March 3d we were cheered by the sight of a train of United States ambulances, into which we crowded, scarce waiting for them to halt. We laid Pratt upon the bottom of one of them, with

a pillow; he seemed to be in a sort of stupor. Pen cannot describe our emotions as we caught sight of the 'old flag' near Wilmington; our cheers mingled with tears of joy; the thoughts rising in all our hearts of 'something to eat, something to wear, and home again!' Pratt was roused by the commotion, and when told its cause he cried 'Let me see it,' and we lifted him up; joy shone upon his face as he gazed with us upon the stars and stripes waving in the morning sun.

"Much might be said of our stay in Wilmington until the next day; memory recalls most vividly our first reception of rations — boiled fresh meat and soft bread; almost at the point of the bayonet did some have to be kept from rushing to grasp the coveted food. In the afternoon we were taken into the city and quartered in churches, school-houses, etc., having to wait till next day for the steamer to take us to Annapolis.

"Our mess clung together, taking Pratt with us, who was in a raging fever. We were quartered in a small chapel, where we passed a dreary night. Our hunger had been somewhat appeased, but we were cold, we were ragged, and scores of vermin, which had followed us from our prison, so persistently reminded us of their friendship that sleep was almost impossible. In the morning (March 4th) we were inspected by a surgeon, and those too weak to stand the journey were taken to the hospitals. We bade good-bye to Pratt, hardly daring to hope ever to see him again. At noon we were upon the steamer for Annapolis. Most of us soon became sea-sick, and as a result were weak and trembling as, upon arrival there, we were landed just at dark at the dock of the Naval Academy grounds.

"With wise forethought for us the United States Sanitary Commission was on board with a barrel of hot milk

punch, a mug of which was given to each of us as we filed from the steamer. We were taken to a large bath-room, treated to a warm bath, aided with soap and scrub brush, our hair cropped, and given a suit of clothes. I felt like holding on to my prison 'uniform,' as a war relic, but knew it would be useless to ask the privilege, for it contained too much life to admit, under the circumstances, of being suitably prepared for preservation. From the bath-room we were put into comfortable cots, where, with varying emotions, we felt that 'our prison days were over.' On the morrow came the word 'Thirty days furlough as soon as you are able to go home!'"

Lieutenant Blanchard's narrative is as follows :

"I was captured on the thirtieth of September, 1864.

"That day will be remembered as cloudy and dull, and an altogether unpromising one for military operations; but, in compliance with orders, an early start was made, and we began 'feeling for the enemy,' little dreaming that before nightfall the enemy would be feeling of some of us in a manner entirely regardless of any preference we might have as to the method of disposing of us or our effects.

"The day had been spent in skirmishing and in working our way to the left in the direction of the South Side Railroad, the only remaining line of rail communication between Petersburg and the South.

"We were a comparatively short distance from this road when our regiment passed out of a belt of woods across an open field, in sight of the rebel earthworks forming a part of the Petersburg line of defences. Under a light rifle fire from the enemy we took refuge behind a rail fence, and had exchanged a few shots, when, noticing an extraordinary commotion along the line to my right, I looked in that direction and saw close upon us a body of rebel



cavalry galloping towards us and apparently meeting with no opposition. Turning to the left I saw our men 'legging it' for the woods in the rear, and was about to follow them myself, when I saw it was too late — the 'Johnnies' were upon us, and had made prisoners of a dozen or more of our German recruits and myself. Being a diffident sort of person, and the only one of our men who could speak the English language, I left it for the leader of the rebel host to make such introductory remarks as might, to him, seem best suited to the occasion. He was not long in taking in the situation, and notably relieved my embarrassment by alluding to us as a parcel of 'condemned Yankees' (the word 'condemned' is a substitution), and inviting us in words more emphatic than refined to get over to the other side of the fence. We got over, and started towards the enemy's lines, accompanied by a guard; we had gone but a short distance when we were met by a rebel line of skirmishers — a sorry-looking set — and evidently as much scared as we were.

"They were not long in making our acquaintance and making the *most* of it. One cadaverous looking individual, fully six feet and ten inches tall, addressed me with, 'Hello, Yank, got any coffee?' I was about to ask him if he took me for a green-grocer, when he deliberately took hold of the strap to my haversack and, lifting bag and all over my head, coolly threw it over his own shoulder and marched off as complacently as though he had done me an indescribable kindness. My reflections were soon turned from the subject of groceries to that of dry goods, by a genial-faced Southron, who thoughtfully suggested that, as I would soon be going into warmer latitudes, the heavy blanket I was carrying would be an encumbrance that would make my journey truly miserable, and so, desiring to add to my comfort, he generously relieved me of



the aforesaid burden, and passed on with a smile upon his face that, under any other circumstances, would have been a positive benediction upon the one who beheld it. Another kindly-disposed fellow had similar convictions regarding the inconvenience I might suffer from lugging about the overcoat that was strapped to my knapsack, and he, likewise, in a truly self-sacrificing spirit, proceeded to assume that part of my burden for me. I shall never forgive, however, the chap who, on that occasion, borrowed my jack-knife and other pocket fixings, such as go to make up an important part of a soldier's outfit. Neither can I forget the *possibly* well-meant kindness that prompted one of my new-found acquaintances to remove my hat from my head, and, placing it upon his chivalric brow, considerately replace it with his own—a nasty, greasy old tile that completely overshadowed me, and, I might add, nearly suffocated me with its foul odor.

“After we had been thus put in light marching order, our guards were instructed to conduct us into Petersburg and turn us over to the provost marshal.

“Resuming our journey, we passed down a narrow ravine that brought us to the foot of the hill, upon which were thrown up several lines of earthworks, constructed in terraces and in such a convenient rise as to render them almost impregnable, even though defended by a mere handful of men. We passed directly through these terraces and found them occupied by a comparatively small body of troops. As we passed through the rebel lines we were the subject of much good-natured chaffing, and fell into a friendly chat with our guards, from whom we learned that the rank and file of the Confederate army had practically given up their cause as hopeless, and had lost faith in their leaders.

“Reaching the crest of the hill we obtained our first view

of the town of Petersburg, which lay some two or three miles to the north. It was nearly dark, but we could discern small squads of men travelling in the same direction as ourselves, and, as we reached the main road, we found them to be prisoners like ourselves. As we journeyed toward the town our ranks were continually augmented by these squads, until we began to think that the 'rebs' had 'gobbled up' the whole of Grant's 'left wing.'

"It was nearly nine o'clock before we entered the outskirts of the town, but the news of our capture had preceded us, and the people were out in force to get a peep at the Yankees, of whom they had never seen so many. It seemed as though we would never reach our destination, and many of us verily believed that we were being marched through the highways and byways of the town on exhibition. As a rule there were no demonstrations, except occasionally a suggestive remark about our nativity or some comment upon our personal appearance. One old crone stepped up to us, and, shaking her unwashed forefinger, exclaimed, 'Well, you 'uns has got into Petersburg, hain't yer?' No one stopped to dispute the point with her, there being no uncertainty in our minds regarding the fact of our being *in* the town, though we might have confessed to some forebodings as to the probabilities of our getting *out* of it. At length we were brought to a halt, and, after a long delay, were turned into an open lot which had evidently been used for a cattle yard. Here we were ordered to make ourselves *comfortable* for the night. At this moment it dawned upon my mind that my impromptu friends of the afternoon had rather overdone the matter of solicitation for my welfare, and I, uncharitably, perhaps, began to feel that their benevolent acts might, after all, have been born of mercenary motives; for I realized, at this juncture, that a blanket or an overcoat and well-

filled haversack would be among the most acceptable and useful things in the world.

“The night was dark and the sky was filled with heavy clouds that poured an occasional shower of rain upon us. I was tired, hungry and sleepy, yet it was past midnight before I ventured to follow the lead of some of my more reconciled companions and seek repose as best I might. I wandered about, vainly hoping to stumble over a board or some article that would protect me from the mud (into which I knew I must lie unless I was equal to the emergency of sleeping horse fashion, standing upon my legs); the latter seemed resolutely opposed to such an innovation, and, as if by way of compromise, led me to a spot where a man was snoring at the rate, I should judge, of a mile a minute. I was not long in discovering that he was lying upon a rubber blanket. Now I never knew of a rubber blanket that was not big enough to accommodate two persons, so without any apology to the proprietor of this particular blanket, I laid my knapsack (the only remaining memento by which I could identify myself as a ‘boy in blue’) upon the ground for a pillow, stretched myself by the side of my companion (by appropriation), and, covering my head with the villainous old tile that adorned me during the day, I was soon asleep and entirely unmindful of ‘houseless head and unfed sides.’

“‘October 1st. When I awoke this morning it was long after daylight, and I found my head in the mud and my knapsack and the “old tile” gone. My companion of the night was sitting on the blanket by my side contentedly pulling away at his pipe, apparently as unconcerned as though he were waiting the morning call for breakfast. I naturally expected a demand from him for a settlement for my night’s lodging, but, instead, he politely touched his hat and saluted me as “Mr. Sergeant,” when I recognized

him as one of the German recruits belonging to the Thirty-Fifth Regiment. He had evidently been taking notes of my condition, and though he could not express his sympathy in words he manifested a noble and generous nature by sharing with me some of his outfit that he had been fortunate enough to preserve when he fell into rebel hands. Finding that I was coatless and hatless he gave me the cape to his overcoat and the glazed cover to his military cap, and these articles were the only covering of this kind that I had during my six months' sojourn in rebeldom — these were my blanket and head-dress. Many times during the cold winter nights, when I pulled the cape about me, making it cover every possible inch of my body, did my thoughts go out in gratitude to the kind-hearted Teuton, who, at a time when most men think only of self-preservation, found occasion for the exercise of that virtue possessed by those who act under the injunction of the Master: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This man was afterwards sent to Salisbury prison-pen, and, to escape its horrors, is said to have enlisted in the rebel army. Whether he did or not I have for him only the kindest sentiments and the warmest impulses of a grateful heart. During the forenoon of this day large numbers were added to our ranks, and the report circulated that three thousand of our men had been taken by the rebels as a result of yesterday's movements. A few hours before my capture I received notification that I had been commissioned a 2d lieutenant, and when to-day I came to be registered I determined to report myself as such, notwithstanding the fact that I had not yet been mustered. This proved a most fortunate decision for me, as by so doing I was placed among the commissioned officers and received better treatment than most of the enlisted men who were captured with me.

“ ‘ Among the large number of our men, I have to-day, October 1st, found but few familiar faces, namely : Sergeant Ireland and Corporal Taylor Dodge of Company B, and John Jeffers of Company K. We were this afternoon removed to a building where we were under cover, and which proved quite comfortable in comparison with last night’s quarters. To-day we went through the “searching” ordeal. Being called off in small squads, we were conducted into a room where we were detained until one at a time we were called into a separate apartment, stripped to the skin and searched, under the comforting assurance that our effects would be held until we might be exchanged, then to be returned to us. It is due the intelligence of our men to say that none of them “hoisted in” the “return upon being exchanged” part of this proceeding. I was sent into the first of the above-mentioned rooms with about a dozen others, one of whom had been ordered into the room of the “Inquisition,” when another, who remained behind, began to sob and manifested signs of deep emotion. Upon being questioned, he stated that he had upon his person nearly *eleven hundred dollars*, and the prospect of losing this sum had completely broken him down. The money was in hundred dollar bills, with the exception of about seventy dollars in notes of smaller denominations. One of our number suggested that he leave the small bills in his pocket and entrust the remainder to the rest of the party, each one of whom should fold a hundred dollar bill and place it in his mouth while being searched. This plan was adopted and the officer recovered every one of his bills after he returned to his quarters.

“ ‘ When I was ordered into the small room for examination, the “committee” evidently thought it had not struck much of a “bonanza” in me, for I was indeed a sorry-looking object as I entered, wearing the overcoat

cape and glazed cap cover which fitted close to my head; my face and hands had been unwashed for nearly three days, my clothing was bespattered with mud, my jaws wagging vigorously as I chewed away at the hundred dollar bill in my mouth. I could see that the call of "next" would not be long delayed. Upon giving the presiding "searcher" my name and rank, he ventured the flattering suggestion that "I was a h--ll of a looking lieutenant," and wanted to know where my shoulder straps were. To this I replied that I had distributed the most of my clothing among men on the Confederate skirmish line in front of Petersburg, and he could "reckon" as well as I as to the probable whereabouts of my straps. My dilapidated appearance proved fortunate for me, as I received only a slight examination (not being favored with the distinction of being stripped), by which I preserved my watch, which I afterwards sold at a time when I was nearly famished. Upon rejoining my comrades I found myself possessed of the following inventory of this world's goods: one pair of boots (good ones), one pair of socks (that would be greatly improved by darning), one pair of pants (very thin and much worn), one pair of drawers, one shirt, one blouse, an overcoat cape, a glazed cap cover and my watch.

"Sunday, October 2d. Drew rations of pork and hard bread. In the afternoon we were marched to the railroad station, where, after a delay of several hours, we were packed into cattle cars and started for Richmond.

"Monday, October 3d. Arrived in Richmond at daylight, and, with the commissioned officers, was incarcerated in Libby prison. The enlisted men were sent to Belle Isle. As we entered the room in which we were to be confined we were greeted with cries of "fresh!" "fresh!" from the dozen or more officers who had occupied the

place as prisoners for some weeks. Among these were General Hayes of New York and Colonel Hooper of the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. We were served with a ration of corn bread (so called) and meat (the lungs and heads of beef cattle). We were drawn up in line this morning and "reviewed" by the notorious Dick Turner and his servile satellite, Lieutenant Ross, together forming a brace of the most cowardly bullies that ever went unhung.

"Tuesday, October 4th. Early this morning a squad of Union officers arrived from Charleston, *en route* to be exchanged. They tell hard stories of their treatment in Southern prisons. The walls of this place are literally covered with the names of men who have been prisoners. After being counted to-day, Turner informed us that we might write letters home (as a flag of truce boat was going down the James River), and our communications would be forwarded by her. We were cautioned to make our letters short and strictly confined to personal matters. I took advantage of the opportunity to pen the following epistle, for the second clause of which I hope to be forgiven :

"LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 4, 1864.

"Dear Father: I was taken prisoner in front of Petersburg, Sept. 30th. Am comfortably situated and well treated. I find the names of Frank Sweeney and Robert Steele of Company C written on the walls of the room in which I am confined. Please inform their friends. Hoping soon to be with you, I am," etc.

"Wednesday, October 5th. Where all the lice in this place came from is more than I can comprehend. Every morning each inmate of the prison strips himself and proceeds to dispatch the small army of vermin that has overrun him during the night; but each day one finds about



the same number of full-grown, rapacious creepers — fat, sleek and agile. The guard imparts to us the comforting intelligence that we are soon to be sent South.

“Thursday, October 6th. Find that lying upon a floor with neither mattress nor covering is not conducive to refreshing sleep. Think I would prefer to take my chances with the boys in front of Petersburg. Copies of Richmond papers were brought in to-day. It is drawing it mildly to say that the news they contain evidently lacks confirmation. By them it appears that the Union cause is on its “last legs.” Thirteen hundred of our men started South this afternoon. Notwithstanding the thorough searching to which we were subjected at Petersburg, many of the officers seem to have retained a portion of their greenbacks, and succeed in purchasing bread and vegetables of the guards.

“Friday, October 7th. Several officers went in the truce boat and were exchanged. Can hear shells from our artillery bursting near the city.

“Saturday, October 8th. Last night it was very cold, and to-day we are obliged to keep in motion in order to be at all comfortable. No food until three P. M., when we were served with three days’ rations of corn bread and tainted meat, and started for the South via Danville, Va.

“Sunday, October 9th. Weather still cold. Had a hard night on the cars. About noon arrived at Greensboro, N. C., where we left the cars and are waiting the arrival of another train, not due until to-morrow.

“Monday, October 10th. Passed the night upon the ground without shelter, and at eight o’clock A. M. resumed our journey. As soon as the train had started we proceeded to introduce light and ventilation by tearing off the boards from the frame of the cars. Notwithstanding great hunger I find it difficult to eat my rations, for the bread is not bread and the meat is too vile for a human



being to use as food; yet my conscience will not allow me to throw it away. As we stopped at a station this afternoon we heard a noise as of some one climbing up the side of the car, and presently a basket was passed through an opening that had been made by the removal of a board, and a voice (evidently that of a colored woman) called out "Here, you 'uns, take dese, an' God bless yer!" at the same time the long black arm that held the basket turned it upside down and scattered half a peck or more of well-ripened apples among us. Cheers were given for our unseen friend, whose generous act told of the promptings of a grateful soul, and solaced us with the thought that if we could but get beyond the range of rebel rifles there were friends at command whose loyal hearts and willing hands would be ready to speed us on our way to "God's country;" that, to the prisoner's mind, lay north of Mason and Dixon's line. Arrived at Salisbury at about dark. There was a notable absence of gas lamps and lanterns. We were conducted to a building said to be used as a hospital for the prisoners, and were placed in an upper room, which we found in a most filthy condition. A number of prisoners were already in the room, and by them we were warned to look out for the "raiders," a band of thieves and cut-throats who made it their business to "go through" every newly-arrived consignment of prisoners. These fiends had access to the building from below, and would steal up at night, under cover of the darkness, seize a prisoner and rob him of all he possessed, resorting to murder if necessary to accomplish these ends. These rascals made but one attempt upon our company, which numbered nearly four hundred men, who kept a vigilant watch, and all attempts at plunder were frustrated.

"Tuesday, October 11th. Vermin and hunger brought

me to my feet early this morning, when I took a survey of the place that for a time was to be my prison home. The pen (for Salisbury was nothing else) was a triangular-shaped parcel of ground about one-fifth as large as Boston Common, and surrounded by a stockade about fifteen feet high. On the outside of this, about four feet from the top, was a raised walk upon which rebel guards patrolled, breaking the monotony of their weary beat by occasionally shooting, under one pretence or another, some helpless "Yank." The brick building of which we were occupants was situated in the south-west corner of the enclosure, and at the opposite corner was a row of log cabins, usually occupied by Union officers held as prisoners and separated from the enlisted men by a "dead line"—a narrow trench about twelve inches wide and six inches deep, extending entirely across the yard. Another dead line ran entirely around the enclosure within about five feet of the stockade. Among the prisoners confined in the brick building, we met Albert D. Richardson, the far-famed correspondent of the New York Tribune, who had been a long time in captivity and who had been of late placed in charge of the sick Union prisoners. Our rations for this day consisted of half a loaf of bread. We were this afternoon transferred to the log cabins, where we enjoyed the luxury of breathing fresh, pure air.

"Wednesday, October 12th. A glance across the dead line presents a most heart-rending sight. Fully ten thousand men are swarming the small plot of ground, all of them suffering with hunger, and many of them bare-headed and shoeless. Pneumonia is said to be very prevalent among them, and that it is doing its fatal work is attested by the presence of the dead cart, which every morning carries away a load of uncoffined dead. As I was sitting near the dead line this forenoon, "skirmishing" (hunting my

clothes for vermin — a search, by the way, always attended with the most abundant results), I saw Corporal Preston Holbrook, of Company C, who was captured the same day as myself. He informed me that Corporal Wm. P. Stone, also of Company C, was somewhere in the pen.

“Thursday, October 13th. Had a ration of soup to-day. It was made by boiling the trimmings of beef cattle, such as the head and pluck, in water, and adding a few black or “hog” beans, as they were called. These beans would not swell and thicken the liquor in which they were boiled (as do the common white beans), but would become soft inside, and the shell or hull not breaking they would sink to the bottom of the kettle, leaving a watery broth that took on the color of the bean and looked as much like blue water, such as our mothers prepare for washing, as it did like soup, and was just about as nutritious.

“Friday, October 14th. Saw Corporal Stone to-day. He was captured August 19th, in front of Petersburg, and, with several others taken that day, was reported “missing” on the company rolls. He had been a prisoner about two months, and already showed signs of emaciation. It was evident that the rigors of prison life were telling severely upon him. He was barefooted. He bargained to sell his shoes for bread, but in the negotiation only his part of the trade was carried out; the rebel guard getting possession of the shoes failed to deliver the bread.

“Saturday, October 15th. Sold my watch to-day for seventy dollars in Confederate money and a pair of second-hand shoes. Gave the latter to Corporal Stone, sending them to him by one of our men who had been detailed among others to bring a supply of water across the line to the officers. The water we get is of fair quality, but the supply is very scant.

“Sunday, October 16th. While I was “skirmishing”

this morning Captain Davis of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth New York came out of the log hut of which we were both occupants, and, addressing me with a cordial morning salutation, passed to my right and stood against a tree about fifteen feet from the stockade. I was suddenly startled by the crack of a rifle, and turning saw Captain Davis fall dead. Murdered by a half-grown boy, who was performing the duty of sentinel. Davis had committed no offence, and no possible apology could be offered for the deed.

“‘ Monday, October 17th. Had a ration of sorghum to-day, which we were told was in lieu of meat. Our men are suffering much from cold, the most of them being without blankets or shelter. The hope for a speedy exchange is all that sustains many of them.

“‘ Tuesday, October 18th. Exciting rumors are current to-day regarding Grant's operations in front of Petersburg. It is also reported that a Union force is within forty miles of this place, aiming at our release.

“‘ Wednesday, October 19th. More prisoners arrived to-day. At about four o'clock all the commissioned officers were ordered to prepare for removal to Danville. No rations were served us. Believing that almost any change would be preferable to the condition I was in, I said "good-bye" to the men of the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, though with a heavy heart, for I felt that I was leaving them to a miserable fate, that for many of them must certainly terminate in death. Took cars at about four o'clock and started for Danville.

“‘ Thursday, October 20th. We were so closely packed in the cars last night that what sleep we got was obtained in a sitting posture, and was far from refreshing. During the night several officers made their escape from the train, and others were shot in the attempt. We arrived at Dan-

ville at about ten o'clock and were placed in military prison No. 3, formerly a tobacco warehouse. Had rations of corn bread and black bean soup, such as was served us at Salisbury. The bread was composed of meal that was made by grinding the whole ear of corn (including the cob). This was mixed with water and "baked" in sheet-iron pans about twenty inches square and three inches deep. The material was such that it would not cook as does ordinary meal, but came to us burned black on the top and bottom, the inside being a mass of clammy, unpalatable stuff, unfit to eat. We disposed of these rations by soaking or boiling (when we could) the crust in water, making a kind of coffee, drinking the liquor and eating the grounds. The inside portion of the bread was then exposed to the sun and dried; afterwards it was grated over a piece of perforated tin and eaten—when hunger drove us to it.

"Friday, October 21st. One of the officers who escaped from the train on the night of the nineteenth was returned to prison to-day, having been recaptured. Several of our number were sent to the hospital.

"Saturday, October 22d. Very cold day. No fuel in the prison, though the country about us is densely wooded, and an abundant supply could be had by permitting a detail of prisoners to procure it. Had a ration of cabbage soup to-day. Bought "two cents' worth" of molasses for five dollars in Confederate money.

"Sunday, October 23d. Had preaching by the chaplain of a New Hampshire regiment, who is a fellow prisoner. A wet, cold and very uncomfortable day.

"Monday, October 24th. Rumors are current that Sheridan is making it lively for the rebels in the Shenandoah valley. Some of the officers are selling their clothing, boots, etc., to the guards, for money with which to purchase

food. Salt is a great scarcity, none being put into the food that is served to us.

“Tuesday, October 25th. One of the officers obtained a copy of the Richmond Sentinel, which contained a confirmation of the good news regarding Sheridan. The “Star of Hope” rises high with us to-day, and enables us to partially forget our misery. Very scanty rations of bread and soup.

“Wednesday, October 26th. Had rations of sorghum served out this morning. No meat has been given us for several days. Had hoped that the advent of cold weather would diminish the quantity of vermin with which we are infested, but find it necessary to be eternally vigilant in order to keep them under control. They hug close this weather.

“Thursday, October 27th. Had rations of bread to-day made of half corn meal and half wheat flour; found it very good, but greatly lacking in quantity. Am obliged to sleep on the bare floor, with no covering. For a pillow I wrap my glazed cap cover around a brick. We are so crowded we have to lie “spoon fashion,” and when one desires to turn he must wait for others to do so, as there is not space for us to lie as we prefer.

“Friday, October 28th. Bought more molasses to-day and managed to get a little salt; the latter I sprinkled upon the crust of my bread after soaking it, thus making it more palatable. Begin to feel the effects of idleness. Time drags heavily with nothing to occupy our thoughts or hands. The one absorbing theme of conversation is “exchange.”

“Saturday, October 29th. Fifteen more officers were added to our number to-day. They, with three hundred of their men, having been held as hostages since August last.

“Sunday, October 30th. Preaching services were held and nearly every one attended. No excuses can be framed here for staying “at home” from church.

“Monday, October 31st. Had rations of wheat bread. Have been in prison one month, and can see no prospect of being paroled or exchanged.

“Tuesday, November 1st. Rainy. We are thankful to have a tight roof over our heads. Our boys in Salisbury are without this boon. It is reported that hostages are to be selected from our number to be held against two rebel spies, held by the government and under sentence to be executed.

“Tuesday, November 8th. Election day at home. We took a vote for president. Whole number of votes cast, three hundred and ninety-seven; Lincoln had a majority of two hundred. This was my first vote. Have had no meat for several days. Heavy frost last night; ice formed.

“Thursday, November 10th. More rumors are current that an exchange of prisoners will soon be made. My money is getting low. Tried to borrow some from the officer for whom I saved a hundred dollar bill at Petersburg, but he refused my request, though I offered to pay two dollars for one when we might be released.

“Sunday, November 13th. Last night was very cold. Preaching to-day by the chaplain. Our rations for the past week have been more scanty than ever.

“Monday, November 14th. A dull day. No news or rumors of any kind. Are entirely out of fuel, and our rations of bread have again been reduced. Quite an excitement was created by the discovery that some one had been stealing. It will be a sorry day for him who may be caught at it.

“Tuesday, November 15th. News from the North

brings the report of Lincoln's election. Cheering. Good humor pervades our ranks. My chum, Lieutenant Sims, of the Fifty-First New York, borrowed ten dollars in Confederate money, and we have spent the afternoon in considering the most advisable method of using it. Finally decided to invest it in salt and tobacco.

“Saturday, November 19th. A protest was forwarded to the commander of this post, complaining of the lack of food and fuel. Hunger is telling severely on some of the prisoners. Strong talk is indulged, on the part of many, of an attempt to break jail. The project is not favored by all, as it is regarded by the more cautious of our number as almost impossible to get through to our lines during this season of the year. Travelling could only be done at night, and the cold weather would make sleeping in barns and out of doors attended with such exposure as to be unendurable. We are poorly clad, and, withal, the chances are decidedly against success.

“Thursday, November 24th. A very cold day. No fuel in the prison. Thanksgiving at home. How we would like to clean out the plates that will be set aside, half emptied, in Northern homes this noon. Our chaplain started for Richmond to be exchanged.

“Friday, November 25th. News reached us of an attempted outbreak by our men at Salisbury. This gives impetus to the feeling in favor of a similar undertaking here.

“Monday, November 28th. Wrote a letter to an acquaintance in the South, asking assistance, but doubt if my appeal gets much further than the prison door. Had a ration of wheat bread. Begged some turnip peelings and a piece of an onion. Hunger makes one bold in his attempts to satisfy it.

“Thursday, December 1st. One of the guards fired at an officer who was in the first story of the building, but



missed his mark, and the bullet passed through the floor of the second story, striking another officer who was sitting upon the floor playing cards. It is unsafe for one to approach a window, as many of the guards shoot whenever they can see a head.

“‘Friday, December 2d. The guards who have been on detail here have been ordered to the front. Sold my boots to one of them for forty dollars in Confederate money and a second-hand pair of shoes. Sims and I are happy in the possession of so much money, as it will keep us in salt and tobacco for some time to come.

“‘Tuesday, December 6th. The old guards left last night. It is reported that many of them have deserted since it became known that they were going to the front. The sentinels who now watch over us are conscripts. While the reliefs were being changed to-day one of our officers discovered his uncle as a rebel soldier. The meeting was a surprise to both. The “reb” said he was sorry to see his nephew defending such a cause and hoped his imprisonment would afford him opportunity to repent the error of his way.

“‘Wednesday, December 7th. The barracks in which our guards are quartered took fire last night; our only regret is that every soul of them had not been cremated. Salt has advanced in price thirty cents per pound. One of the prisoners received a box of clothing and food from a friend in Richmond.

“‘Friday, December 9th. Storm of hail and snow. On hearing that the guard had been removed and that the citizens of the place were doing duty in their stead, some of the prisoners attempted to break jail. The attempt was led by Colonel Rallston, of the Twenty-Fourth New York, who, with others, seized the sentinels in the lower part of the building and disarmed them; but a shot from some

one outside brought reinforcements and caused a stampede of our men up stairs. Finding himself unsupported, Rallston attempted to reach the stairs, but received a mortal wound before he could gain a place of safety.

“Sunday, December 11th. Fifty more prisoners arrived; thirty from Richmond and twenty from the Cumberland Mountains, having been recaptured after escaping from Columbia, S. C. The latter were in a pitiable condition.

“Monday, December 12th. The recent addition to our number makes the place so crowded that it is almost impossible to find sleeping room. I am in the second story, and when I lie down at night I suffer much with cold, as the wind blows through the cracks in the floor and chills me to the very bones. It is impossible to keep warm. There is but one stove in the room, and when there is any fire in it one finds it very difficult to get near it. Men crowd about it early in the morning and hold their positions until they get “wedged” out.

“Wednesday, December 14th. Boys are now guarding us. One of them attempted to make a target of me as I was trying to repair a crack in a window that admitted a current of cold air.

“Thursday, December 15th. Colonel Rallston, who was shot in the attempted outbreak, died to-day. Rumors are afloat that our troops have obtained possession of the Weldon Railroad. There was great commotion in the town during the night. We hear of General Sherman's operations in the South, and are told that we shall have him and his army for company before long. Another prisoner was shot. It is reported that the poor people in Danville are in a starving condition.

“Thursday, December 22d. The shortest day in the year; but long enough for us to get up an appetite for the

miserable rations of bread that were served us late in the afternoon.

“Saturday, December 24th. Have been quite unwell to-day. Had an attack of fever and ague. It is a week since any meat was served us. Had rations of unsavory potatoes; they had evidently been frost-bitten. This is Christmas Eve, but not a very merry one for us. It is reported that there is clothing for us in Richmond, sent through by the government.

“January 9th, 1865. Had rations of wheat bread and a small piece of meat—the first of the latter we have had for nearly three weeks. How we long to be free!

“January 18th. Rebel papers make mention of the meeting of the commissioners of exchange, and our hopes run high. Lieutenant Whitbeck, of the Fifty-First New York, died last night. Received news of the capture of Fort Fisher by our forces. The traders in Danville are closing their stores and refusing to sell goods for Confederate money; a good omen to us.

“January 19th. We can buy no more flour, as there is none to be had. Those of our number who have money cannot make use of it to any great extent.

“A silver dollar is reported to have been sold at auction in Richmond for sixty-five dollars paper money. Rumor has it that the white flag is flying over Richmond.

“January 21st. Rainy day. Reports regarding a speedy exchange are very encouraging. I was appointed commissary of our mess (fourteen); my duties being to draw the rations and distribute them among the members of the mess.

“January 25th. General Hayes and Lieutenant Lucas left for Richmond on parole, and are to have charge of the distribution of supplies for the prisoners furnished by the government. It is nearly four months since I was

taken prisoner, and during that time I have not been permitted to wash my clothes, though the river Dan flows within sight of the prison.

“February 1st. Colonel Hooper, of the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts, left for Richmond to assist General Hayes, Lieutenant Lucas having been exchanged. The prospect of receiving clothing and favorable reports concerning exchange give buoyancy to our spirits, and we indulge in speculations as to what we shall do and what we shall eat when we get into a Christian land. I frequently dream of feasting. Our rations to-day consisted of a pint of gruel — nothing else.

“February 3d. Lieutenant Quimby, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth New York, escaped last night. The rebels do not know it yet. It is fifteen days since we tasted meat.

“February 5th. Have suffered much of late with pains in my limbs. Find it difficult at times to walk. Two more officers escaped last night. It is stated that between three and five thousand of our men have died in Salisbury since we left there.

“February 12th. During the past week have been so sick with inflammatory rheumatism that I have been unable to write. Am now in the hospital. I received, yesterday, a letter from home with a bill of exchange on London. Clothing has arrived from Washington and is being distributed. The patients in the “hospital” get only corn bread to eat; not a delicacy of any kind is provided. The rebels are evidently hard pushed to feed themselves. Papers from Richmond say that an exchange of prisoners will begin in a few days, and those patients who are able are going back to the prison in order to stand a chance of getting away among the first, it being reported that one thousand men leave here to-morrow for Richmond. This news acts as a tonic upon every inmate

of the hospital, and we entertain inspiring thoughts of "Home, sweet home."

"February 17th. One thousand of our men, including all the officers, left for Richmond to be exchanged. Lieutenant Willard, of the Ninth New York, died last night.

"February 19th. This morning the announcement was made that those who were able to walk to the station might prepare themselves to start for Richmond. I had hardly been able to stand upon my feet for a week, but I needed no second invitation to make ready for my departure. Others made the attempt who were less able than myself, some of them being sick with fever; but the desire for home and the meeting with loved ones far away impelled them to undertake seeming impossibilities. A dozen or more of us were soon ready, and, locking arms in threes (the weakest in the centre), we started on our way to the station. Our path, fortunately, lay mostly down hill. We were obliged to pass over a piece of ploughed ground, which rendered walking very slow and painful, especially to one suffering with rheumatism. After reaching the main road, which led to the station, we were joined by a number of our men, who assisted us to the depot, carrying some of the feebler ones in their arms. We left Danville at about ten o'clock in the morning in freight cars, the sick having no special provision made for them. Five died on the train before we reached Richmond. Late at night we arrived at our destination and were placed in Libby Prison, the invalids being sent to the "hospital" (so called).

"February 20th. Had a good rest last night. Rumors are current that the rebels have evacuated Charleston. Received a box from home. Many a stout-hearted fellow shed tears of joy as he unpacked his parcel, prepared by loving hands, that had now reached him, over the ranks of a rebellious foe and through prison walls.

“‘February 22d. Washington’s Birthday. A more charming one could not have been desired. We left Libby Prison this morning, the sick being placed on board a canal boat, and the others walking across the city to the flag of truce steamer. The streets of Richmond never rang to the tread of more joyous or more sympathy-deserving men than these who were about to pass out of this land of bondage into one “flowing with milk and honey.”

“‘The scene on board the canal boat was calculated to touch the heart of one who could be moved to compassion at the sight of suffering. The most of the men had exhausted nearly all their nervous power in their effort to get to the point they had now reached, and seemed unable to participate in the joy they had long looked for and which was now so close at hand. Progress down the river was slow, as the channel was obstructed with sunken torpedoes, among which we were piloted with great caution. The knowledge of our danger from this source kept us in a state of apprehension until we were again on *terra firma*. A sharp turn in the river brought us in sight of the landing at which we were to be exchanged. The able-bodied of our number had preceded us and we found an ambulance train in waiting to transport us to the Union lines. On the banks of the stream were a number of rebel prisoners, who were to return to Richmond. Their appearance was in great contrast with our own. Each of them was comfortably clad and provided with a blanket and well-filled haversack, while we were a horde of hungry, emaciated, half-naked, half-starved beings, victims of the most barbarous system that could be devised by perfidious and abandoned men, and for the continuance of which high officials in the national government were not without blame. Once in the ambulances we began to realize some of the blessings that pertain to civilization. The wagons

were models of neatness; every provision that could be furnished "on wheels" for our comfort was there; even the horses and drivers were good to look upon, and the hitherto ugly appearing "U. S." that found its place on every article we used in the army, seemed a thing of beauty. Without any "long, lingering look behind," we were soon *en route* across the peninsula of disputed territory that lay between the opposing forces. It was a gala day. A suspension of hostilities had been agreed upon, and for the first time in many months there was not heard by either army the booming of cannon or the crack of rifle. The air was calm and spring-like. We journeyed along in silence until a rise in the land brought us suddenly in sight of the Union lines on the opposite side of the river, and there we saw, floating over the ramparts, the glorious old flag. A shout of joy went up, as wagon after wagon came in sight of the treasured emblem. "Lift me up, lift me up and let *me* see it," said a fever-stricken comrade at my side—and big tears started down his cheeks as he gazed in silence upon its waving folds. Simultaneously with the sight of the flag there reached our ears the strains of martial music, and our hearts beat quick as we listened to the air of

"The Union forever! Hurrah boys!! Hurrah!!"

"Reaching Aiken's landing, we found the transport City of New York in waiting for us, and being placed on board, were soon steaming away for Annapolis, Md., where we arrived on the following morning, a happy throng of men, rejoicing that we were once again denizens of "THE LAND OF THE FREE." "





## CHAPTER XIV.

THE END OF THE WAR, 1865.

TOWARDS the end of March, good news was received from General Sherman in the Carolinas, and now victorious Sheridan, with his heavy columns of cavalry, having arrived across country from the Shenandoah Valley, lay for a day or two in rear of Fort Sedgwick, resting and refitting. Our forces seemed to be closing in for the last struggle. Every one was upon the alert. Our men were ordered to sleep with shoes on, and the cannoneers were required to sleep by their guns and keep them double-shotted for the next three days. Lee's first move at Fort Steadman had been checkmated; who would dare the next move upon the chess-board of Fate?

During the flurry of a spring shower one afternoon, a man was seen to start from the Confederate side, and clearing the interval at a run, get safely into our picket line. He was dressed in gray, but was oddly decorated with patches of blue and red flannel, in imitation of small Confederate flags, etc., marking his intense rebel feeling; his eyes had the anxious, watchful glance of a haunted man, and he was at once seen to be something out of the common run of deserters. When questioned, he answered, to our surprise, that he was one of Sheridan's scouts, and had come through the Confederate lines from the valley; then lifting his boot he unscrewed the heel and exhibited his papers. He was sent to the cavalry in rear with his

information. Such was the daring of the agents whom Sheridan employed to obtain the knowledge indispensable to his brilliant achievements! One of his cavalymen, however, was not so fortunate, he came up to Lieutenant Loomis's mortar-battery to visit a friend and staid during the afternoon shelling; being a stranger, the bombs did not know him, and he was torn in pieces by one of those ugly fellows, which did frightful execution when they caught the unwary.

On the twenty-ninth of March, General Sheridan started, and, at three o'clock next morning, we were routed out and formed to meet an assault from the Confederates, looked for as a counter to Sheridan's attack far to the left; the troops in rear were brought up—a brigade under Colonel Carruth being under arms from eleven P. M. to one A. M. between us and Fort Rice—and, everything being in readiness, of course the enemy did not show themselves. In the evening long and detailed orders in writing were received for an assault by our whole division upon the enemy's lines at daylight of the thirty-first. Colonel Carruth was to command the brigade, and Captain Pope the regiment. We were in line of battle at the appointed time, with minds made up for the charge into the deadly breach, but, owing to the muddy condition of the ground and heavy rains, together with the, as yet, uncertain success of Sheridan's operations, the attack was deferred. Sergeant Conant, of Company C, hardly back from hospital, where he had been since his severe wound at the Mine, was again badly hurt by a ball in the arm, while moving about in the fort.

The first day of April was pleasant, with a brisk wind, drying the ground considerably. About ten o'clock in the evening our Third Division, Hartranft's Pennsylvanians, and part of the First Division, came up to the front and

were massed on the right of our fort ; and the abattis and obstructions in front were quietly removed in the darkness. Several of the generals were in the fort examining localities. Our division, General Potter's, was massed on the left ; but the garrisons of the forts were not placed in the columns of attack. The pioneers, including those of the Thirty-Fifth, were posted at the head of columns, to break up the Confederate abattis, etc. ; one of ours, McCarty, of Company K, was wounded in this duty. During the evening the Confederate picket line had been captured on our left opposite Fort Hays, and strong feints were made around to our right near the Appomattox, to keep the enemy occupied there, and, if possible, draw more of them in that direction. The movements had the effect to thoroughly waken up the whole line, and both sides joined in an infernal combat, with all the guns and mortars that could be brought to bear ; the thunder of artillery was continuous and the darkness of night lurid with exploding shells. The regiment stood to arms during most of the night upon the banquette of the fort. The mortar practice upon Fort Sedgwick was especially severe ; but most of the "old dinner pots," as the boys called them, passed over into the interior of the works and tore up our quarters, sparing the quondam occupants ; several, however, struck among our men, one of these horribly mangling two men of Company E.

It was four o'clock in the morning, and still very dark, when the columns of assault moved forward with the trampling of many feet and orders passed in a low tone, sounding like the rush of autumn winds among the leaves. The Confederate pickets gave the alarm and their artillery opened with canister and spherical case, depressing the guns, but, to us, seemingly firing over the heads of the charging troops. An eight-inch Columbiad and some

howitzers mounted in the enemy's interior line threw grape, much of which passed over the right of the fort, and was noticed by the marked difference in sound from the other missiles to which our ears were accustomed. Very soon after, loud cheering from the front announced the success of the assault—it was too dark to see anything but the flashes of the guns. The Confederate main line, to the right and left of the Jerusalem plank road, was seized; General Hartranft's division capturing about a dozen cannon, with flags, and over six hundred prisoners. On the left the work was more difficult, the point of attack being Fort Mahone and the more heavily built earthworks; the gallant old Sixth New Hampshire took four guns and a lodgment was effected at this point also. The Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts and Fifth Massachusetts battery distinguished themselves by heroic conduct. The guns captured were, as far as possible, turned upon the enemy, who had retired to a shorter interior line—and cannoneers were sent from the forts to handle them, which they did with the most intrepid daring and persistence during the following day.

At daylight we could see our blue-coats occupying the earthworks they had taken, but unable to drive the Confederates from their interior works, which had been prepared by them in anticipation of the loss of their outer line. Not only were our men unable to proceed further, but it soon began to be a question whether they could retain the advantage they had gained. General Lee, present in person near the great Columbiad, overlooking the whole scene, now exerted every endeavor to recapture his works; his men charging upon ours again and again, during the day, but unsuccessfully, except that they reoccupied part of the interior of Fort Mahone.

Our regiment, nominally in Fort Sedgwick, was really

scattered all over the field, carrying ammunition, each man taking a couple of case shot for the artillery or a quantity of cartridges, and crossing the bullet-swept space between the lines, time after time, creeping into the most exposed places to deliver their loads into the hands of the gunners. In this work they were so useful and displayed so much coolness and bravery as to draw marked attention; the German recruits entered into it zealously, and proved themselves good soldiers that day beyond all question. Spencer repeating rifles were used by some of our regiments in this action, for the first time in our experience, and we delivered a large supply of the ammunition to the troops thus armed.

About two in the afternoon the pressure upon our troops had become so heavy, reënforcements were sent up from City Point and elsewhere; among them the Sixty-First Massachusetts regiment, under Colonel C. F. Walcott, formerly of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, with whom was Lieutenant Edw. H. Morrill, one of the original members of Company G of our regiment; with them also was a regiment of zouaves, in a flaming red uniform, which was soon spattered with the mud from the ditches in front of Fort "Damnation." They made a successful assault and occupied the parapet of Fort Mahone, holding it permanently.

In the meantime the rest of the army was not idle. Sheridan and the Fifth Corps were busy at Five Forks, and the Sixth and Second Corps and parts of the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Corps, nearer to us, had swept around with splendid success, over the Boydton pike and the Southside Railroad, to the Appomattox; completing the envelopment of Petersburg and cutting the Confederate army in halves. General A. P. Hill was killed. General Lee saw that his lines were broken irreparably and no

longer tenable, and informed President Davis that Richmond and Petersburg must be evacuated that night.

The hours of the night of April 2d were busily employed by both sides, and little sleep was obtained by any one; the Confederates were silently withdrawing from the lines they had held so long and so bravely, while our men were turning the captured earthworks and reversing the abattis, as yet uncertain of the morrow. Towards morning heavy explosions echoed along the hills from the direction of Richmond — the blowing up of the Confederate gunboats on James River — and the red glow of fires shone through the darkness. We remembered the night before Jackson, Mississippi, and easily predicted that the enemy would be gone in the morning. The skirmishers advanced before daylight on the third, and occupied the now abandoned interior line without resistance. Loud cheering announced the fact to the lines of battle in rear, and the joyful news was passed from mouth to mouth with hearty congratulations. The sun rose bright and clear and added to the happiness of the moment.

A hurried examination of the captured fortifications was permitted to most of the men, and the severity of the action of the day before was apparent to the most cursory view. The dead Union and Confederate soldiers lay as they had fallen. There was something extremely pitiable in the fate of these poor fellows who had lost their lives in this our last battle; they had so nearly survived to the happiness in which we were now so secure.

In the assault General Potter had been severely wounded, and General Griffin succeeded to the command of our division. Assistant Adjutant-General Peckham was mortally wounded, Colonel Gowan of the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania was killed, and many of our old acquaintances were in the list of wounded. The Thirty-Fifth had three

men killed and nine wounded. The dead were Max Riese and Charles Schultz of Company E, and Oscar Becker of Company K. The total loss in killed and wounded of the Ninth Corps, from March 29th to April 9th, was 1,548, as reckoned by General Humphreys; of the army, 8,268.

During the affair an elongated shell swept across the officers' mess table and struck Dr. Carr's medicine chest, knocking the phials, bottles and boxes into "smithereens," and mixing compounds not laid down in the prescription book; intended evidently as a hint that such stuff would be of little use hereafter, and the best medicine, a discharge paper, would soon be forthcoming.

After a hurried breakfast, the division was assembled for the first time since the previous December, and, quitting the now useless bomb-proofs and burrows of Fort Hell, we marched through the Confederate works upon the Jerusalem plank road. Half way between these intrenchments and the city, while at a halt, we were surprised by the appearance of our beloved President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and Admiral Porter, who came up on horseback from City Point. They rode swiftly through the column amid the enthusiastic cheering of the troops. It was a day of compensations for the long-tried, much-enduring Lincoln, and the last time our eyes rested upon his rugged face.

After this battle an innovation was introduced which we, at first, thought must be a joke. A requisition was received from the higher authorities for the name of one officer of the regiment who had distinguished himself in the late action. The notion that meritorious conduct in battle was to receive immediate recognition from headquarters struck us as a new rule in the management of our army. Nevertheless it was seriously answered, and the name of Lieutenant Geo. F. Worcester was forwarded, as by general consent conspicuously brave and useful in the

fight. Somebody was in earnest, for Worcester in due time received honorary promotion to the brevet rank of captain. The name of Colonel Carruth was sent in from corps headquarters at the same time for promotion to brevet brigadier-general, which was also conferred, to date April 2d, 1865. Subsequently Captain Pope received the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel, to date March 13, 1865, for meritorious conduct before Petersburg. Captain Tobey received the brevet of major; Captain Gottlieb was also brevetted major.

The announcement of the fall of Richmond added, if possible, to the enthusiasm. In close column, with colors displayed and drums beating, the Ninth Corps moved down the hill and into the city of Petersburg, passing the ruins, still smoking, of the warehouses burned by the Confederates, and turned to the left and southwest; our position upon the extreme right bringing us in rear of the army now in pursuit of Lee in the direction of Lynchburg. We marched out about ten miles and went into bivouac near Sutherland Station on the Southside Railroad.

Thenceforward, distant cannonade could be heard from day to day as we followed along the railroad, guarding the track and the army trains; but all signs of opposition to the government had vanished with the retreating enemy. On the fourth we marched about ten miles and reached the railroad near Ford's Station. On the fifth, seventeen miles were traversed, bringing our bivouac near Blacks and Whites Station—Jones House—and on the sixth passing Nottaway Court House, we reached by a march of eighteen miles, prolonged until late in the evening, to near Burkville, the junction of the railroad we were upon with the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and at that time the headquarters of the army.

On the same sixth of April was fought the battle of



Sailor's Creek, between the Confederate rear and the pursuing cavalry of Sheridan and the Second and Sixth Corps, with the grand success of the capture of General Ewell and seven other generals, with one hundred officers and over five thousand men, Ewell's Division. On the seventh, at noon, these prisoners arrived at Burkville and passed our regiment, which had moved during the morning from the east to the west side of the junction. One of the most mirth-provoking scenes during the war was the appearance of a train of artillery, six of the best steel guns, which, with harness of russet leather mounted with silver, had been presented to the Confederacy by sympathizers in England. These were now dragged through the mire by diminutive mules bestridden by the longest and lankest of "Johnnies," their felt hats flapping over the sternest of faces, their feet almost dragging in the mud, the splendid harness now tarnished and dirty, the whole presenting a contrast so striking as to make it difficult to restrain a burst of laughter in the faces of the gaunt artillerists, who seemed to be in any other mood than the mirthful one. Naval officers and generals trudged through the execrable roads in a companionship of misery quite abject. Our boys shared their rations with the half-starved prisoners. At night, we again moved back to the east side of the station, to form part of the cordon surrounding the captured division. Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson joined from furlough, in the happiest mood over the events that had occurred during his absence.

In the morning we had an opportunity to talk with the prisoners, and found most of them hopeless of success and content that the end was near. Some, however, were either really or pretendedly still full of fight, vowing they would never give up, but would continue the contest as guerillas in the mountains if not capable of other warfare.

Many of them were fine appearing, well built men, fit to be the flower of any army.

At noon, on the eighth, the prisoners were sent to the rear, towards Petersburg, under guard of the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania and Thirty-Ninth New Jersey, and, on the ninth, the regiment, with the rest of the brigade, resumed the march westward, passing the scene of the battle at Sailor's Creek — the earthworks, newly-made graves and torn up field. At night, the rail fences burning along the road illuminated the march, which was difficult, owing to the depth of the mud, and was continued to weariness until late in the evening, past Rice's Station to the heights overlooking the valley spanned by the famous High Bridge. As we moved along during the day occasional cannon could be heard far in advance, but it did not then occur to us that these were the expiring throbs of the Confederacy; we anticipated a long hunt in the mountains before the end of all; but the dilatory ways of the early days of the war were no longer in fashion. Sheridan and Ord and the several corps of the army were well to the front and had Lee surrounded before he was aware of it. On the tenth we reached Farmville, the largest town we had seen since Petersburg, with handsome brick houses, churches and schools, situated in a rich tobacco country. Here rumors of a surrender were whispered, and during the day confirmed. General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia had capitulated at four o'clock in the afternoon of April 9th, at Appomattox Court House! The regiment was formed in a hollow square and Colonel Carruth read the official announcement of the, to us, glorious event. The boys were wild with joy, cheers followed cheers, and there was a general hand-shaking and embracing, impromptu dances, summersaults, caps thrown up, and every demonstration of delight. It was difficult to take in at once the

momentous results: that this was quite certain to end the war; that guards and pickets would henceforth be but mere police regulations; that the musket and sword might rust among the useless lumber of the past; and we soon return to our homes free citizens again. To the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, who had faced the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia so long, language could hardly express more than was compressed in the three words: "Lee has surrendered!"

Our brigade remained at Farmville from the tenth to the twentieth of April, our regimental camp being pitched in regular form on the ridge west of the town. Company H was detailed for picket at the fork of the roads about a mile out, and remained there, from choice, during the stay at this place. The paroled men of Lee's army were making their way to their homes, by road or rail, on foot or horseback, as they had means; and the amusement of our leisure was to chat with them about the events of the war and their feelings and expectations; they were glad that peace was now assured. Generals Grant and Ord passed through Farmville; also General Lee quietly returned from the scene of his misfortunes.

On the sixteenth there was a report of the assassination of President Lincoln, which seemed too incredible for belief; but it was confirmed on the seventeenth, and the indignation and horror of the army at such treachery were unspeakable. There were fears that, in the first excitement, the soldiers would wreak their desire for vengeance upon the unoffending citizens of the country about us, and strict orders were issued to keep the regiments of the brigade in camp, and under arms, to prevent any disorder on the part of detachments returning from Appomattox; Colonel Carruth was notified that his regiment would be called upon in case of disturbance. The people of the

vicinity showed feelings of deep regret, and, in the course of a service held in one of the churches of the town, the minister expressed the abhorrence of the people of the late Confederacy towards such acts, and spoke in praise of President Lincoln, declaring that the South had lost a friend. At this time the people thereabouts, in conversation, said that they supposed there would be a general confiscation of their property by the United States Government, and they would not be convinced to the contrary that the people of the North were so leniently disposed that the authorities could not possibly have such intention, at least in regard to the common people. On the nineteenth, minute guns were fired in honor of the martyr President at the hour of his funeral; the bands played solemn dirges, crape was draped upon the colors of the regiments and worn upon the swords of the officers, and grief was generally expressed among the troops.

While we were at Farmville several promotions were announced: First Lieutenants Patch and Bent to be captains; Second Lieutenants Calder, Ellis, Chamberlin and Alfred Blanchard, junior, and Sergeant-Major Hagan, became first lieutenants; and Sergeants Monk, Tirrell, Kimball and Sherman were made second lieutenants. Lieutenant Blanchard joined, having passed the winter in prison at Salisbury and Danville. The vacancy made by the promotion of Hagan was filled after he was mustered to his new rank by the appointment of First Sergeant Bagley to be sergeant-major.

The return march was begun on the twentieth, and was pushed rapidly, over good roads and with light hearts, making eighteen miles the first day between Farmville and Burkville Junction, and passing on the road several of our late enemies, now fellow-citizens, at work ploughing their fields, their families happy at the prospect of peace, and

hopeful of the future. On the twenty-first, eighteen miles more to beyond Blacks and Whites Station, and on the twenty-second, twenty-one miles to near Church Road. On the twenty-third, we reached Petersburg early, and went into camp for the rest of the day, Sunday, on Cemetery Ridge, overlooking the city and the miles of siege-works which had so long been our abiding place. Many spent the afternoon examining the Confederate lines from Fort Steadman around through the Crater to Fort Sedgwick. Between the fortifications was lying the debris of the past year's work, a collection of old iron and lead, in the shape of shells and shot of all forms and sizes. At the Crater the difficulties of the place for an assault were commented upon. Lieutenant Berry's grave was pointed out, between lines, and a head-board erected to mark the spot. The Confederates had cut a new intrenchment through the Crater, and fortified it with great art; in doing so they had necessarily thrown out the bones of the men buried in the earth raised by the explosion, and these were now bleaching in the sun, with old caps, shoes and accoutrements, relics of the battle. Away to the left, opposite Fort Sedgwick, the complex structure of the defences was inspected about Fort Mahone; and in one bomb-proof was discovered the body of a Confederate soldier still unburied, except that cover, reposing as if asleep, where he had crawled away to die on that eventful second of April—he had found the peace which hath no ending.

Next day, the twenty-fourth, the regiment passed through Fort Steadman and proceeded to City Point, remaining there two days waiting for transportation. A number of released prisoners met the regiment at this place; several of them Germans, who, dressed in butternut clothing and with long hair, could not be distinguished from the simon-pure Johnnies until they opened their mouths to speak;

they were eager to get on blue suits again. While thus returning to salt water we had some expectations of visiting North Carolina and seeing Sherman again, but our destination was now disclosed; General Parke had been assigned to the command of the District of Washington, as senior corps commander, and we were to accompany him for a little garrison duty—the long promised “soft thing” at last!

On the twenty-sixth, at five in the afternoon, we embarked on the steamer *Nereus* with the Seventh Rhode Island, Thirty-Ninth New Jersey and Fifty-First New York, crowding the boat most uncomfortably, and on the following day voyaged down the James, passing our old camp at Newport News and Fortress Monroe about noon, and lying at anchor all night off Point Lookout. Early on the twenty-eighth we were on the way up the Potomac, landing at noon at Alexandria, and marching through King Street to camp outside of old Fort Ellsworth, in a green valley. We moved on the twenty-ninth to the Mount Vernon road beyond Forts Lyon and Farnsworth, and laid out a regular camp, which we occupied for the remaining weeks of our service. During the passage from City Point, one man, Conrad Eggas, of Company F, was lost overboard and drowned; he was supposed to have fallen in the night through the opening in the side railing left for the lowering of boats.

General Johnston had surrendered to General Sherman, April 26th, near Raleigh, North Carolina, instead of at Jackson, Mississippi, as we had hoped in 1863. The Confederate forces made no further resistance, the war was ended, and it only remained to keep the peace for awhile until the country became settled, then to disband the armies. Meanwhile, to keep the men out of mischief, drills were resumed, and the old routine, but the exercises had lost interest; the labor seemed too purposeless to be gone through with much of the old “snap” and desire for

excellence. Colonel Carruth was in command of the brigade during most of the time, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson commanded the regiment. Wall tents and A tents were issued, and the camps presented a neat and attractive appearance to the throngs of visitors who came over from Washington to have a look at the veterans. Brigade dress-parades, with field officers mounted, were held daily, and frequent division and brigade reviews. Detailed officers and men came back, swelling the ranks quite noticeably. On the twelfth of May, there was an impromptu torchlight procession, started by some of the men of the Seventh Rhode Island, but spreading from regiment to regiment. The following account appeared in a Washington paper :

“A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT. — Between eight and nine o'clock last night we witnessed one of the grandest and most imposing spectacles it has ever been our good fortune to look upon — a dress-parade of two divisions of the Ninth Corps by lamp light. This splendid corps is encamped on the high ground in the vicinity of Fort Lyon, where it is being daily joined by members of other corps belonging to the old Army of the Potomac.

“Each soldier had a lamp or candle fastened in the socket of his musket — a good substitute for a candlestick. The line formed was something over a mile in length, and, as it performed the different evolutions incidental to reviews, presented, at a distance, more the appearance of a great sea of moving fire than anything else. The moving and constantly shifting lights, the thousands of camp fires, which dotted the hills for miles in every direction, and the sweet music of several splendid bands, formed a scene which is not often witnessed.”

On the twentieth of May, Major Mirick returned from detached service, also Captain Creasey from the Parole



Camp at Annapolis, and our old comrade, Quartermaster Upton, made a visit of a few days.

On the twenty-first of May news was received that all regiments whose term of enlistment would expire before October 1st, 1865, were to be mustered out at once; this included the Thirty-Fifth, and was heard with joy by the boys, who were already weary of the monotony of camp life; the recruits were to be transferred to regiments not included within the terms of the order.

Preparations were made, the same day, for participating in the grand review of all the armies at Washington. On the twenty-second the brigade marched by way of Alexandria and the Long Bridge to the city of Washington, and went into bivouac in the streets or open lots in the front, or east side, of the capitol, with the rest of the Ninth Corps; the whole Army of the Potomac being at hand, assembled to take part in the review.

The number of muskets in the ranks, next morning, was three hundred and eighteen. Colonel Carruth commanded the brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson the regiment. Column was formed before ten o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third, and, at noon, with orders to keep closed up very compactly — which while it gave the appearance of great solidity forfeited all freedom of motion — the march in review was commenced: by the imposing capitol — where, upon the east portico, the school children were gathered and sang patriotic songs; down the broad Pennsylvania Avenue — our thoughts wandering back the while to that sunny afternoon in August, 1862, when, with full ranks and unbounded enthusiasm, we took the first steps in the rough march of years which was to end here; on by the Treasury Building, the throngs of happy faces and plaudits of the people; by the White House, where the President and all the government officers, civil and military, were



looking on, and were saluted with cheers and shouldered arms; and so to Georgetown and across the Potomac by a specially laid pontoon-bridge to the Virginia side again. We returned to camp by way of Arlington, Freedmen's Village, near our old Camp Whipple, and the Seminary.

The day following, those who were lucky enough to obtain passes visited Washington and witnessed the review of General Sherman's veterans, who had been marched all the way from Chattanooga, by way of Atlanta, and the "March to the Sea." All day they poured down the avenue, a flood of blue surmounted by waves of glittering steel. A finer host of men was never seen together; and they were, probably, more purely American than the troops which had passed in review the day before. The review was the grandest military triumph which ever took place, or will be likely to occur for years — let us hope for ages — upon this continent; and it was a fitting termination of the long strife just ended.

On the fifth of June we had a review of the First Brigade, complimentary to our brigadier-general, John I. Curtin, formerly Colonel of the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania. For days we were busy upon the muster-out rolls, of which seven copies had to be made, and the transfer rolls of the recruits, who were to go to the historic Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts Regiment. There were for transfer about two hundred and fifty men present, with whom went eleven officers: Captains Tobey, Gottlieb, Mason, Bent and Patch, Assistant Surgeon Carr, First Lieutenants Lloyd, Ellis and Hagan, and Second Lieutenants Tirrell and Sherman. It is pleasant to be able to add, as evidence that our German recruits had been well treated by us, that they expressed the wish to be transferred to the regiment to which their officers could go with them. The officers who remained to be mustered out with the Thirty-Fifth were Colonel

Carruth, Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson, Major Mirick, Surgeon Snow, Assistant Surgeon Roche, Captains Pope, Nason and Wright. First Lieutenants Cutter (quarter-master), Cobb (acting adjutant), Worcester, Hardy and Calder, Second Lieutenants Riggs, Blanchard, White, Kimball and Monk; of these, the three first named, Carruth, Hudson and Mirick, were all that remained of officers who were with the regiment at Lynnfield. The number of enlisted men, original members, to be mustered out, was about three hundred, counting both the present and absent. Several members of the regiment received honorary commissions to rank in which they were never mustered; First Lieutenant Cobb to be captain, Second Lieutenants Monk, Tirrell and Kimball to be first lieutenants, Commissary Sergeant Plummer, Sergeant W. S. Conant, First Sergeants S. D. Grimes, W. J. Fitts, John L. Smith and John A. Reynolds to be second lieutenants.\*

On the ninth of June, about five o'clock in the morning, Lieutenant Rose, the mustering officer, mustered the Thirty-Fifth Regiment out of the United States service. At six o'clock the transferred officers and men took up the line of march for their new command, after much handshaking and many good wishes. Spending one more night in the open air, we broke camp on the tenth for the last time, for the journey home; the Seventh Rhode Island going with us. Colonel Pleasants, of the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, addressed the men in words of which the copy is now lost; but they were to the effect that now the old Army of the Potomac was being dissolved, we should

\*Sergeant Marcus M. Haskell, of Company C, and Sergeant Henry W. Tisdale, of Company I, were recommended to the Secretary of War by General Parke, in 1865, for Medals of Honor for distinguished bravery in action, as appears by the records of the war department, but the medals were never received by them. The medal conferred upon Sergeant F. M. Whitman, of Company G, has been referred to in the account of the battle of Antietam.

strive to prove that good soldiers in war make the best of citizens in peace, to remember the old corps, and our comrades from other states. The Fifty-Eighth Massachusetts, Lieutenant Colonel Whiton, with the brigade band, acted as escort as far as the wharf at Alexandria, and with hearty cheers, reiterated again and again, we parted from the brigade.

Conveyed to Washington by the Keyport, we waited near the capitol all day for transportation, which was difficult to obtain, so many troops were departing for the North. We got off towards evening, marched across Baltimore at midnight, and arrived in Philadelphia next day at noon. Again we were entertained at the Cooper's Shop Saloon, as kindly now our work was done as in years before when it yet lay before us. A special order of thanks was entered upon the books of the saloon by the colonel's direction. Will any soldier ever forget the kindness manifested in that noble institution of the City of Brotherly Love!

Thence, by ferry and rail, we pursued our way to New York. At all the large towns and cities, on the route through New Jersey, the stations and streets were filled with people, waving hats, handkerchiefs and bunting; even in the country the people ran out to wave a welcome to the returning soldiers. The men of the regiments covered the tops of the cars, displaying their flags and returning the greetings with never-ending enthusiasm. That beautiful June Sunday was a grand ovation all the way into New York.

The regiments marched down Broadway to the barracks on the Battery and were provided for by Colonel Howe, our gentlemanly State Agent in New York. There the Seventh Rhode Island, mindful of Jackson, Miss., and our common quarters in Fort Sedgwick, announced that they were to receive a formal reception by the people of Providence, and invited the Thirty-Fifth to participate; the

invitation was repeated by the state authorities in Providence and, it need hardly be said, was gladly accepted. The steamboat *Oceanus* transported the regiments to Providence by Tuesday morning, June 13, a bright day; but let Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson tell how magnificently the two regiments were greeted and treated there; he wrote as follows:

“Disembarking from the steamer, we were escorted by a regiment of militia through the principal streets, which were beautified by throngs of the fairest ladies, and having marched past the home of General Burnside (where our beloved leader sat on the porch to welcome us), halted at a commodious hall. Here we were welcomed in a brief speech by Hon. Mr. Paine, in the presence of Governor Smith and other officials of the state, and invited to an abundant and elegant repast. A little more than half of Mr. Paine’s speech was addressed to the Seventh. He then said, ‘Soldiers of Massachusetts, we tender to you the same kind welcome which we have prepared for our own returning heroes. We cannot forget that while, in the struggle for national existence, your gallant state has been behind none other in the clash of arms, she has been confessedly the foremost in all those moral achievements which convert the victory you have won over the enemy in the field into a triumph of humanity everywhere over cruelty and wrong.’ The Morris Brothers happening to be the lessees of the hall at the time, drew the curtain and sang a patriotic song as we feasted, and we left our old commander and our entertainers with full hearts. The demonstration in Providence was in all respects beautiful. We should have appreciated it no less had it been within the territorial limits of our own loved commonwealth. It was the last time our drums ever beat together.”

After this warm reception we took the cars upon the Boston and Providence Railroad, Company G being left behind

by an unexpected starting of the train, and after a quick passage, got off at Readville, where A tents were issued and pitched until the regiment could be paid off. This stop at Readville disappointed the members of the regiment sorely, for they had expected to greet their friends, as a regiment, in Boston; but the old saying, "We will make this all right when we get on to Boston Common," was not fulfilled — the regiment never marched into that sacred enclosure. It would have been a much pleasanter ending of our career if the regiment could have marched to the State House and surrendered their colors, even in the most informal manner, into the hands of the state authorities, upon the spot where they received them when starting for the war. The various cities and towns gave receptions to all their returned soldiers upon days appointed for the purpose, in a hearty and generous manner, but accounts of these ceremonies belong rather to company histories than to this narrative.

On the twenty-seventh of June the men were paid off and received their certificates of discharge at Readville, and the term of service of the Thirty-Fifth Regiment was ended. With joyous alacrity we threw off the grinding shackles of military discipline, and turned away from scenes where the life so dear to every man was constantly endangered; yet not without a fond regret, for no one can make a change from any course of life, however humble, much less from one where great deeds, great thoughts and noble friendships were constantly encountered, without a softening of the heart towards the incidents of those years of perilous duty.

"O, now, forever

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

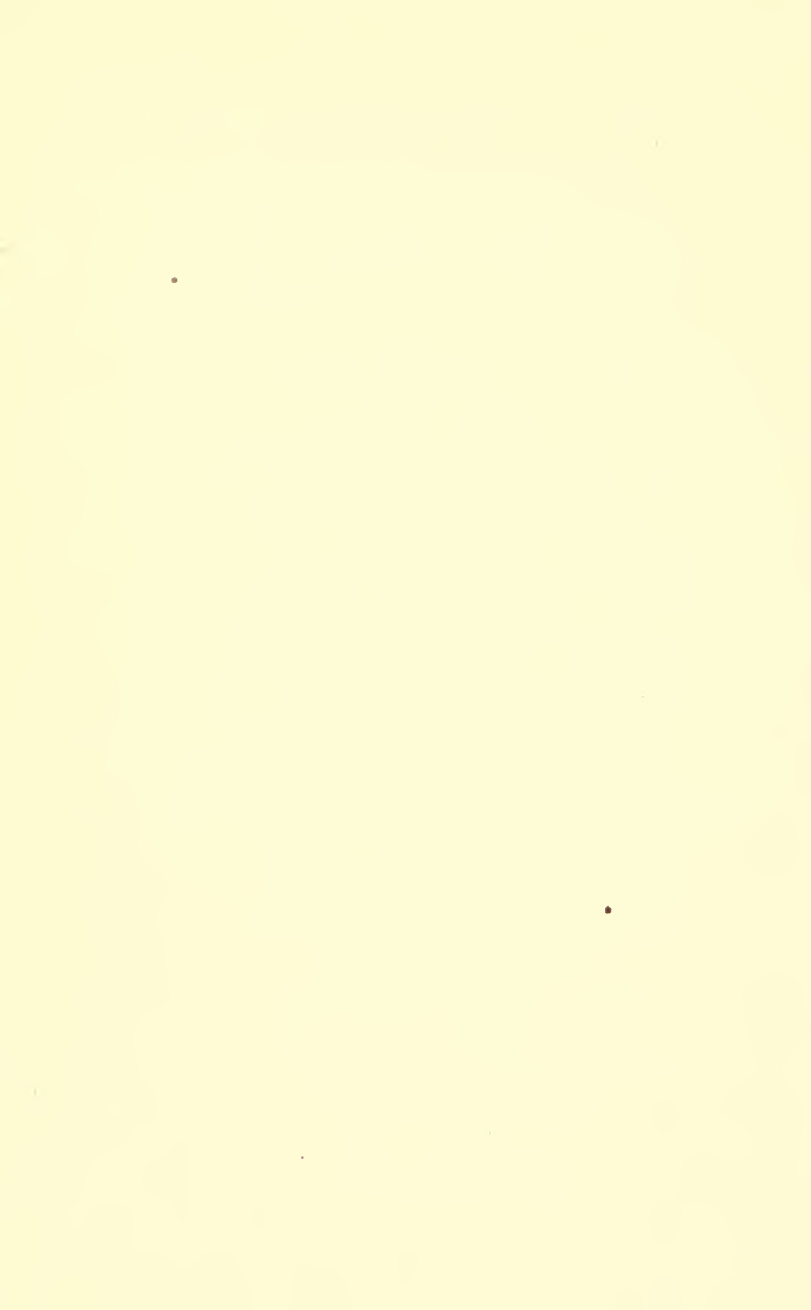
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit  
 Farewell!"

After a few days of holiday we commenced anew the peaceful labors of the life of a citizen, and cares of business and family have gradually dimmed the memory of the scenes we have endeavored to record, until they seem like impossible dreams, save, perhaps, to those whose broken frames or impaired health connect the present with the past. To the surviving members of the old regiment, wherever scattered and to whatever fortune called, we send our greeting and benediction: summoned to face the hazards of war at a time of deep discouragement and peril to the nation, they have lived to see that country, already the wonder of the world, stepping forward *unitedly* toward a future which we fondly hope will prove the brightest exemplar yet seen of the goodness of God and the nobility of man.

And for our country, for which so many sacrifices were made, what more fitting words can we find than these:—

“O Beautiful! My Country! ours once more!  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore  
 And letting thy set lips  
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
 What words divine of lover or of poet  
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?  
 What were our lives without thee?  
 What all our lives to save thee?  
 We reck not what we gave thee;  
 We will not dare to doubt thee,  
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!”







ROSTER.

# SUMMARY OF ROSTER, THIRTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

	KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS IN THE SERVICE.		DIED OF DISEASE OR ACCIDENT IN THE SERVICE.		DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY FROM DISEASE OR WOUNDS.		TRANSFERRED TO OTHER ORGANIZATIONS, V. R. C., ETC.		TRANSFERRED TO TWENTY-NINTH MASSACHUSETTS REG'T., 1865.		DESERTED.		UNACCOUNTED FOR OR DROPPED.		RESIGNED.		NEVER MUSTERED IN.		EXPIRATION OF SERVICE, 1865.		Total.
	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	Original Members.	Recruits.	
Field and Staff and officers not included in original companies.																					
Company A . . . . .	9	1	11	2	30	1	11	1	1	1	34	4	2	1	1	6	11	4	4	1	26
" B . . . . .	11	2	4	4	46	—	10	—	—	56	—	4	2	—	—	—	—	—	35	1	144
" C . . . . .	14	—	7	2	33	—	11	—	1	49	2	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	21	3	165
" D . . . . .	2	1	3	1	27	—	11	—	4	27	2	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	33	4	158
" E . . . . .	16	5	8	3	26	1	4	—	—	30	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	51	4	136
" F . . . . .	8	—	8	3	37	—	15	—	—	39	3	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	42	4	140
" G . . . . .	15	3	2	5	54	2	9	—	2	49	2	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	30	—	146
" H . . . . .	12	—	11	2	26	—	13	1	2	39	4	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	2	164
" I . . . . .	17	1	7	4	24	1	7	—	1	32	2	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	32	—	145
" K . . . . .	21	5	3	3	31	2	18	—	—	45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	42	2	142
Totals . . . . .	125	18	64	29	337	7	110	2	12	400	24	14	4	1	12	11	332	24	332	24	1526
Totals . . . . .	143	93	344	112	412	38	5	12	11	356											

# COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		DATE OF COMMISSION.	TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.		
Edward A. Wild, Sumner Carruth.	Colonel. "	36 28	Brookline. Chelsea.	— Andover, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862. April 25, '63.	April 24, 1863, Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols. Major at Lynnfield; promoted Lieut.-Col., Aug. 27, '62; Colonel, April 25, '63; Ex. of ser., June 9, '65, Brevet Brig.-Gen.
William S. King. Burr Porter.	Lieut.-Col. "	44 "	Roxbury. New York City.	Died 1832. —	" Nov. 14, '64.	Declined commission.
John W. Hudson. Sidney Willard.	Major. "	29 31	Lexington. Boston.	Died 1872. "	Feb. 2, '65. Aug. 27, '62.	See Company D.
Nathaniel Wales.	"	20	Dorchester.	Boston.	April 25, '63.	" I. Adjt. at Lynnfield, etc.; Major, Apr. 25, '63; Res., May 9, '64, Brev. Lieut.-Col. and Col. See Company C.
Edward G. Park. Franklin B. Mirrick.	" Surgeon.	24 32	Roxbury. Chelsea.	Died 1864. New York.	May 10, '64. Nov. 14, '64.	May 10, '63.
Francis M. Lincoln.	"	32	Boston.	Dead.	July 28, '62.	June 9, '65, expiration of service.
George W. Snow.	"	26	Chelsea.	Newburyport.	March 13, '63.	April 24, '63, resigned.
George N. Munsell.	Asst. Surg.	26	Harwich.	Harwich.	July 31, '62.	May 1, '63, resigned.
Albert W. Clark.	"	35	Woburn.	Dead.	Aug. 14, '62.	June 9, '65, expiration of service.
Edward P. Roche.	"	28	Boston.	Bath, Maine.	June 16, '63.	Not mustered.
Benjamin Coburn.	"	23	Frederickton, N. B.	—	" 23, '63.	Transf., June 9, '65, to 29th Infantry.
Edgar L. Carr.	Chaplain.	23	Pittsfield, N. H.	Pittsfield, N. H.	Sept. 26, '64.	Resigned, Feb. 27, '63.
Henry F. H. Miller.	"	26	Norton.	Rosindale.	Aug. 19, '62.	See Company A.
Stephen H. Andrews.	Captain.	26	Chelsea.	—	" 1, '62.	" D.
Dennis A. Dolan.	"	28	Boston.	Boston.	" 2, '62.	Transf., Aug. 16, '62, to 38th Inf.
Charles H. Drew.	"	23	Plymouth.	—	" 6, '62.	See Company B.
Albert W. Bartlett.	"	29	Newburyport.	Died 1862.	" 8, '62.	"
Benjamin F. Pratt.	"	34	Weymouth.	Weymouth.	" 11, '62.	" H.
Samuel C. Oliver.	"	32	Salem.	Salem.	" 12, '62.	" F.
George S. Nelson.	"	27	So. Danvers.	—	" 12, '62.	Transf., Aug. 18, '62, to 39th Inf.
Horace Niles.	"	30	Randolph.	—	" 13, '62.	See Company E.
Tracy P. Cheever.	"	38	Chelsea.	Died 1862.	" 13, '62.	"
William Gibson.	"	21	Boston.	" 1882.	" 14, '62.	" G.
John Lathrop.	"	27	Dedham.	New York. Boston.	" 14, '62. " 27, '62.	" I.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		DATE OF COMMISSION.	TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.		
James H. Baldwin.	Captain.	27	Boston.	U. S. Army.	Sept. 18, '62.	See Company D.
Daniel J. Preston.	"	45	Danvers.	Danvers.	" 28, '62.	" " F.
Elbridge G. Hood.	"	21	Nahant.	Nahant.	Dec. 15, '62.	" " A.
Clifton A. Blanchard.	"	35	Chelsea.	Died 1879.	Jan. 1, '63.	" " C.
George P. Lyon.	"	31	Weymouth.	Weymouth.	April 25, '63.	June 9, '64, disability.
John B. Stickney.	"	32	Lynn.	Died 1883.	June 17, '63.	See Company E.
J. Wilson Ingell.	"	46	Randolph.	" 1864.	Sept. 6, '63.	Joined as 2d Lieut. at Arlington; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. K, March 23, '63; Captain, Co. I, Nov. 15, '63; ex. of serv., June 9, '65, Brevet Major and Lieut.-Col.
Albert A. Pope.	"	21	Brookline.	Newton.	Nov. 15, '63.	See Company C.
John S. Tobey.	"	28	Chelsea.	Died 1880.	Dec. 8, '63.	" " K.
William N. Meserve.	"	24	Roxbury.	Colorado Sp. Col.	Jan. 28, '64.	" " G.
William Washburn.	"	24	Boston.	Bethlehem, Pa.	Sept. 6, '64.	" " K.
Augustus Hatch.	"	28	"	Medford.	" " "	" " G.
Joseph Gottlieb.	"	27	Newburyport.	"	" " "	" Non-Com. Staff.
George W. Creasey.	"	24	Chelsea.	Newburyport.	" " "	" Company D.
Austin J. White.	"	34	Roxbury.	Died 1864.	" " "	" " B.
George H. Nason.	"	27	Chelsea.	Boston.	Nov. 14, '64.	" " C.
Thomas S. Wright.	"	33	Chelsea.	Providence.	" " "	" " K.
Adoniram J. Mason.	"	34	Weymouth.	California.	" 29, '64.	" " C.
Samuel Patch.	"	27	Weston.	Waltham.	" " "	" " H.
William H. Bent.	"	34	Newburyport.	Lowell.	" " "	" " I.
John D. Cobb.	"	24	Dedham.	Dedham.	" " "	" " A.
Cephas Washburn.	1st Lieut.	30	Kingston.	"	Aug. 6, '62.	Transf., Aug. 16, '62, to 38th Inf.
Gamaliel Hodges.	"	33	Newburyport.	Salem.	" 8, '62.	See Company B.
Henry W. Moulton.	"	21	So. Danvers.	"	" 12, '62.	Transf., Aug. 18, '62, to 39th Inf.
William Palmer.	"	29	Randolph.	Died 1862.	" 14, '62.	See Company E.
Frederick D. Brooks.	"	31	Haverhill.	Dead.	" 16, '62.	" " G.
Samuel W. Haines.	"	45	Newburyport.	Died 1883.	" " "	Reg. Quartermaster; Dec. 25, '62, resigned.
William Hill.	"	29	Dedham.	" 1862.	" 27, '62.	See Company I.
Edward Blake, Jr.	"	22	Boston.	Dead.	Sept. 28, '62.	" " K.
Albert F. Upton.	"	21	So. Danvers.	Newton.	Dec. 15, '62.	Reg. Quartermaster, see Non-Com. Staff.
Oliver Burrell.	"	27	Weymouth.	Weymouth.	" " "	See Company H.
Samuel G. Berry.	"	21	Lynn.	Died 1864.	April 30, '63.	" " A.



## NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		DATE OF MUSTER OR APPOINTMENT.	TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.		
Augustus Hatch.	Sergt. Major.	26	Boston.	Medford.	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted 2d Lieut., Sept. 23, '62; 1st Lieut. Feb. 11, '63; Capt., Sept. 6, '64; dis., Jan. 11, '65, disability from wounds.
Samuel G. Berry.	"	21	Lynn.	Died 1864.	Nov., 1862.	See Company A.
Austin J. White.	"	32	Chelsea.	"	Sept., 1863.	" " C.
William H. Hagan.	"	21	Bangor, Me.	" 1881.	April, 1864.	" " D.
Clinton Bagley.	"	26	Dedham.	East Walpole.	" 1865.	" " I.
Albert F. Upton.	Q. M. Sergeant.	21	So. Danvers.	Newton.	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted 1st Lieut. and Reg. Quartermaster; dis., Jan. 24, '64, disability.
Thomas E. Cutter.	"	26	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	Dec. 30, 1862.	" " B.
Jesse H. Holmes.	"	19	Middleborough.	St. Louis, Mo.	Aug. 18, 1864.	" " H.
Edwin N. Merrill.	Com. Sergt.	20	Haverhill.	Died 1863.	" 17, 1862.	March 12, '63, disability.
Wm. H. P. Plummer.	"	32	Newburyport.	Cambridgeport.	March 12, 1863.	See Company B.
George F. Wood.	Hosp. Steward.	23	Plymouth.	"	Aug. 21, 1862.	See Company K.
Alfred Williams.	"	39	Roxbury.	Roxbury.	" 2, 1863.	Disability, 1863.
Daniel Vining.	Prin. Musician.	23	Weymouth.	Weymouth.	" 28, 1862.	See Company D.
Frederick Boardman.	"	18	Waltham.	Mansfield.	Oct 1, 1864.	

# COMPANY A.

(Mustered in August 9, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			IN 1862.	IN 1884.	
Atkinson, Charles O.	1st Sergt.	22	Lynn.	Lynn.	2d Lieut. Oct. 14, 1862; dis. Jan. 20, 1863, disability.
Allen, Ira H.	Private.	32	Newburyport.	Dead.	Dis. March 10, 1863, disability.
Ames, Henry C.	"	27	No. Bridgewater.	Dead.	Buried at Andersonville Nat. Cemetery, June 21, 1864.
Andrews, F. Bridge H.	"	21	Quincy.		Dis. Dec. 6, 1862, disability.
Andrews, James T.	"	17	Scituate.	Dead.	Died in camp from an overdose of chloroform, Feb. 4, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
Andrews, Reuben L. H.	"	23	Scituate.	- -	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Andrews, Stephen H.	Captain.	26	Chelsea.	- -	Resigned, April 24, 1863.
Andrews, William	Private.	35	Newburyport.	Portsmouth, N. H.	Dis. Feb. 19, 1863, disability.
Andrews, William B. D.	"	19	Scituate.	- -	Prom. Sergt. 1864; killed in battle near Petersburg, Va., Sept. 30, 1864.
Atwood, Charles	"	42	Newburyport.	- -	Deserted, Aug. 24, 1862.
Berry, Samuel G.	Sergt.	21	Lynn.	- -	1st Lieut. April 30, 1863; Capt. 1864; killed July 30, 1864, at the mine explosion.
Bent, William H.	Private.	32	Newburyport.	Lowell.	1st Lieut. Sept. 6, 1864; Capt. Nov. 29, 1865; transf. June 9, 1865, to 29th Inf.
Bates, Harvey	Musician.	16	Bellingham.	- -	Dis. May 5, 1863, incompetency.
Babb, George W.	Private.	29	Brookline.	- -	Dis. Feb. 2, 1863, disability.
Bacon, George H.	"	18	Boston.	Dead.	Died Sept. 2, 1863, Covington, Ky.; buried Linden Grove Cemetery, grave 103, sec. C, Covington, Ky.
Baldwin, George I.	"		Blackstone.	Blackstone.	Mustered in Aug. 6, 1862; dis. Nov. 4, 1863, disability.
Baldwin, William H.	"	30	Franklin.	Dead.	Died Oct. 24, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.; buried at Andersonville Nat. Cemetery, grave 11,435.
Barnfield, Thomas P.	"	21	No. Bridgewater.	Pawtucket, R. I.	Dis. March 20, 1864, disability.
Bartlett, James W.	"	34	Amesbury.	Dead.	Prom. Sergt. 1863; died of wounds (received at Spottsylvania) at Alexandria, Va., June 6, 1864.
Bartlett, William A.	"	30	Franklin.	Medway.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865 (absent sick).
Biasdell, George E.	"	24	Amesbury.	Amesbury.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Bragg, Alexander	"	37	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865 (absent sick).
Bradford, Lewis E.	"	43	Quincy.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.

COMPANY A. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			IN 1862.	IN 1884.	
Burgess, Seth	Private.	36	Boston.	—	—
Chandler, George D.	"	19	Newburyport.	Dead.	Corp. in 1864; ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Campbell, Joseph	"	32	"	—	Deserted May 30, 1863.
Clarkson, Jacob G.	"	40	"	Dead.	Accidentally shot in the hand, from which he died Jan. 19, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.; buried at Fredericksburg Nat. Cemetery, grave 143, sect. B, div. C.
Clarkson, William M.	"	43	"	Newburyport.	Transf. Jan. 1, 1865, to V. R. C.
Colby, George A.	"	29	"	Waterville, Me.	Ex. of serv., June 26, 1865.
Cook, John C.	"	36	"	Byfield.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Currier, Rodney H.	"	36	Amesbury.	Amesbury.	Dis. Nov. 12, 1862, disability.
Drake, Albert G.	Corporal.	21	No. Bridgewater.	Dead.	Killed at battle Welden R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.
Davis, John	Private.	34	Chelsea.	—	Transf. Jan. 5, 1864, to V. R. C.
Day, Joseph A.	"	44	Franklin.	—	Transf. to V. R. C.
Dearborn, Daniel H.	"	42	Charlestown.	Charlestown.	Transf. March 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Dean, William A.	"	26	Foston.	So Eason.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865 (absent sick).
Dow, Jacob F.	"	36	Amesbury.	Dead.	Died April 16, 1864, Annapolis, Md.; buried at U. S. General Hospital, div. 2, Annapolis, Md.
Dougherty, Hugh	"	22	Boston.	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Doyle, Patrick	"	32	Chelsea.	—	Lost an arm in front of Petersburg; ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Dunbar, William	"	34	Scituate.	Dead.	Died of wounds received at battle of Welden R. R., Oct. 11, 1864; buried in Nat. Cemetery, Alexandria, Va., grave 3749.
Dustin, John H.	"	32	Amesbury.	Dead.	Dis. Feb. 3, 1864, disability.
Eastman, Hiram L.	"	35	Brewster.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Farrington, George M.	Sergt.	29	Franklin.	Everett.	1st Lieut. Dec. 8, 1863; com. Capt.; dis. Jan. 13, 1865, wounds received in battle.
Frankland, Wm. H.	Corporal.	27	Ashland.	Ashland.	Dis. Nov. 3, 1863, disability.
Frame, Andrew H.	Private.	28	Newburyport.	Brockton.	Transf. March 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Frame, Frank A.	"	23	"	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Ferguson, Andrew	"	39	Franklin.	—	Ex. of serv., June 20, 1865.
Garlick, Reuben L.	Sergt.	42	Boston.	—	Transf. to 39th Mass. Vols.
Gaddass, Andrew J.	Private.	17	Newburyport.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865 (absent sick).
Gaddass, David	"	26	"	Dead.	Dis. Nov. 22, 1862, disability.



Gaddass, John S.	17	Newburyport.	Kennebunk, Me.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Gay, James	36	Salisbury.	Dead.	Died of wounds, Sept. 29, 1864, Alexandria, Va.
Gilmore, Marcus	32	Franklin.	Medfield.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Goodwin, George P.	18	Newburyport.	Rowley.	Ex. of serv., July 7, 1865.
Griffith, Henry P.	28	"	Dead.	Died Nov. 13, 1863, Weavertown, Md.; buried Antietam Nat. Cemetery, grave 117, lot B, sect. 7.
Hood, Elbridge G.	21	Nahant.	Nahant.	Capt. Dec. 15, 1862; dis. April 29, 1863, from wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Hayden, Kimball	34	Boston.	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Hadley, Addison	32	Blackstone.	-	Dis. Oct. 30, 1862, disability.
Haggerty, Timothy	18	So. Reading.	-	Ex. of serv., June 20, 1865.
Hass, George	29	Newburyport.	-	Dis. Oct. 9, 1862, disability.
Heyingburg, Jeremiah	27	Harwich.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Higgins, John	32	Lynn.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Hook, Gilman	36	Newburyport.	Harwich.	Dis. Feb. 6, 1863, disability.
Johnson, John A.	21	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	Dis. July 15, 1863, disability.
Keneally, Patrick	21	So. Reading.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Landford, Charles	21	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Lincoln, Robert L.	21	Franklin.	Dead.	Died Oct. 9, 1862, of wounds received at battle of So. Mount'n.
Laskey, Henry	35	Boston.	-	Dis. Dec. 29, 1862, disability.
Lincoln, Nathaniel B.	40	Easton.	Brockton.	-
Locke, Martin	45	"	Dead.	-
Lunt, Joseph W.	25	Newburyport.	"	Dis. Feb. 7, 1863, disability.
McCool, Robert	33	Boston.	Boston.	Died March 30, 1865, at Newburyport.
Montgomery, Edward	22	"	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
McCarey, Philip	35	"	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
McGluw, Hugh P.	17	Newburyport.	Georgetown.	Dis. March 2, 1863, disability.
Nason, Charles M.	33	Franklin.	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
O'Hara, John	21	Boston.	-	Transf. Nov. 11, 1863, to V. R. C.
Peggen, Edward	21	"	Dead.	Deserted Sept. 17, 1862.
Packard, Charles N.	21	No. Bridgewater.	Waupun, Wis.	Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
Packard, Marcus E.	18	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Paine, Stephen	30	Franklin.	-	Died March 27, 1865, Annapolis, Md., of small pox; buried at U. S. Gen. Hosp., Annapolis, Md., div. 1.
Phinney, Isaac	38	Cohasset.	-	Dis. March 13, 1863, disability.
Potter, Lewis	49	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Roynanan, Maurice	21	Boston.	-	Dis. Sept. 22, 1863, disability.
Reynolds, Charles H.	37	"	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Stickney, John B.	30	Lynn.	Dead.	Dis. March 11, 1863, disability.
				1st Lieut. Oct. 14, 1862; Capt. June 17, 1863; dis. June 7, 1864, disability.

COMPANY A.—Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			IN 1862.	IN 1864.	
Snow, Edmund F.	Sergt.	21	No. Bridgewater.	Dorchester.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Steele, David J.	Corporal.	17	Newburyport.	Byfield.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Stone, George P.	"	29	Jynn.	—	Dis. Aug. 20, 1863, disability from wounds.
Scott, Charles H.	Private.	44	Franklin.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Snow, Edwin L.	"	32	No. Bridgewater.	Brockton.	Transf. Aug. 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Southwell, Robert K.	"	34	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	Transf. to V. R. C.
Swan, Richard W.	"	25	"	Dead.	Dis. for disability; died July 30, 1872; buried at Newburyport.
Tarr, Addison	"	40	"	—	Killed Sept. 14, 1862, So. Mountain.
Tyler, Charles W.	"	30	So. Reading.	—	Deserted Aug. 20, 1862, at Lynnfield, Mass.
White, Charles W.	Musician.	16	Boston.	—	Dis. Nov. 25, 1863, disability.
Wade, Dudley	Private.	21	No. Bridgewater.	Brockton.	Transf. to V. R. C.
Wade, James	"	18	Boston.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Wade, Marshall S., jr.	"	35	Boston.	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Wales, Abiram W.	"	26	Wrentham.	Norfolk, Mass.	Dis. Dec. 12, 1862, disability.
Wiggin, Shepard G.	"	42	Franklin.	No. Bellingham.	Died Jan. 16, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
Willis, Henry A.	Sergt.	21	No. Bridgewater.	Dead.	Transf. Dec. 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Wilson, Silas H.	Private.	42	Franklin.	Brockton.	Dis. April 1, 1863, disability.
Winn, Otis	"	44	"	Dead.	Died March 6, 1863, Alexandria, Va.

RECRUITS.

(Mustered in July, 1864.)

Aden, Henry	Private.	30	Boston.	—	Transf. June 9, 1865, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Ahrens, Christopher	"	19	"	—	"
Antoi, Charles	"	19	"	—	"
Asmus, Henry	"	28	"	—	"
Block, Sigmund	"	20	"	—	"
Bohn, John	"	20	"	—	"
Brusch, Edward	"	35	"	—	"
Birhm, John	"	35	"	—	"
Carstens, Henry	"	19	"	—	"



## COMPANY B.

(Mustered in August, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1864.	
Bartlett, Albert W.	Captain.	29	Newburyport.	Dead.	Captain 8th Reg. (3 mos.) '61; killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; buried at Newburyport.
Hodges, Gamaliel	1st Lieut.	33	"	Salem, Mass.	Lieut. 8th Reg. (3 mos.) '61; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; dis. April 29, '63, for wounds.
Collins, Nathan W.	2d "	35	"	Valljo, Mare Isl'd, N. Y., Cal.	Lieut. 8th Reg. (3 mos.) '61; So. Mountain, Antietam, Sulphur Springs; resigned July 22, '63.
Livingston, Oscar R.	1st Sergt.	28	"	Dead.	2d Lieut. '62; dis. April 6, '63; Capt. 14th R. I. H. Art.; lost on steamer Atlanta from N. O., Nov. 14, '65.
Creasey, George W.	2d "	22	"	Newburyport.	1st Sergt. '62; 1st Lieut. '63; Capt. '64; Antietam, Frederickburg, Vicksburg, etc.; prisoner of war from May, '64, to Mar., '65; dis. May 15, '65, as paroled prisoner.
Bartlett, Moses C.	3d "	36	"	Dead.	So. Mountain; wounded at Antietam, as Color Sergt.; 1st Sergt. '63; Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, etc.; killed before Petersburg, July 30, '64; buried in trench.
Dodge, Richard S.	4th "	20	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sulphur Springs; dis. Jan. 12, '63, for disability.
Bartlett, Horace W.	5th "	23	"	Dead.	Dis. March 4, '63, for disability; died Oct., '81; buried at Newburyport.
Adams, Selwyn P.	Corporal.	30	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Frederickburg, Antietam, etc.; Sergt. '62; 1st Sergt. '64; Front of Petersburg; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Colby, William C.	"	34	"	Dead.	So. Mountain; died of wounds, Oct. 3, '62; buried at Newburyport.
Cutter, Thomas E.	"	26	"	Newburyport.	Clerk Q. M. Dep. '62; Q. M. Serg. '63; 1st Lieut. and Reg. Q. M. '64; campaigns in Kentucky and before Petersburg; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hardy, Joseph W.	"	44	"	Dead.	Sergt. '63; So. Mountain, Antietam, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, etc.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Jackman, John, jr.	"	36	"	Newburg, N. Y.	So. Mountain; injured Sept. 14, '62; dis. Feb. 21, '63, disability.
Nelson, John B.	"	23	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain; Clerk at Div. H. Qrs.; dis. March 3, '63, for disability.

Pettingell, Amos	"	30	"	So. Mountain; wounded in hand; dis. Nov. 30, '62.
Woodman, William E.	"	25	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg; dis. July 14, '63, for disability, at Boston.
Packer, Charles S.	Musician.	24	Dead.	Sent to hospital from Fredericksburg; dis. Jan. 21, '63, for disability; died June 14, '79; buried at Newburyport.
Rogers, Benjamin H.	"	28	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in thigh; died Oct. 13, '62.
Tilton, John L.	Wagoner.	26	Georgetown.	Detached on Brigade wagon train; dis. Oct. 28, '63, for disability, at Camp Dennison, Ohio.
Anderson, James	Private.	35	Newburyport.	Corporal '63; Sergt. '64; So. Mountain, Antietam, Knoxville, Cold Harbor, etc.; wounded before Petersburg, July 30, '64; transf. to V. R. C.; ex. of serv., Aug. 9, '65.
Akerman, John O.	"	27	"	So. Mountain, and injured, Sept. 14, '62; dis. July 26, '63, for disability.
Apt, James	"	34	Dead.	So. Mountain; dis. Jan. 22, '63, for disability, at Baltimore, Md.
Bayley, John R.	"	25	Newburyport.	So. Mountain; sent to hospital, Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 22, '62, for disability.
Batchelder, Augustus H.	"	20	Hampton, N. H.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded, Sept. 17, '62; dis. Nov. 21, '62, for wounds.
Benson, James F.	"	21	Dead.	Left at Arlington sick; deserted '62.
Cheney, Charles H.	"	19	Lynn.	Left at Arlington Sept. 6, '62; sent to hospital; dis. Nov. 24, '62.
Cook, George W.	"	28	Bath, Me.	So. Mountain, Sept. 14, '62, and wounded; dis. Oct. 29, '62, for wounds.
Carter, George W.	"	34	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and wounded in hand; transf. to Co. B, 18th Reg. V. R. C.; dis. June 17, '65.
Chase, Amos P.	"	36	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Mississippi, and Kentucky campaigns; Corporal '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died Nov. 4, '74; buried at Newburyport.
Chase, Jonathan	"	37	"	Sent to hospital at Washington, D. C.; dis. April 8, '63, for disability; Died June 1, '75; buried at Newburyport.
Cheney, Moses S. B.	"	38	"	Left sick at Arlington, Va., '62; dis. Nov. 3, '62, for disability.
Currier, Ezra	"	18	"	So. Mountain, Antietam; promoted Corporal '64; died at Knoxville, Tenn., March 19, '64; buried at Nat'l Cemetery, Knoxville, lot 6, grave 32.
Campbell, Augustine	"	22	Rowley.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in neck; transf. to Regular Army, Nov. 3, '62.
Cram, Samuel H.	"	19	-	Dis. Sept. 17, 1863, for disability.
Cossar, Joseph	"	23	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in shoulder; died Sept. 18, '62.

COMPANY B. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Castle, Thomas	Private.	26	Newburyport.	New Bedford.	In every engagement the regiment participated in; Corp. '63; Sergt. Oct. '63; Color Sergt. and First Sergt. '64; ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Crabtree, Benj. C.	"	26	"	Lynn.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and injured by shell; dis. Nov. 27, '62, for disability.
Cheever, Augustus E.	"	18	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in thigh; dis. Jan. 17, '63, for wounds.
Collyer, William T.	"	33	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam; detailed in Ambulance Corps; dis. May 22, '63, for disability.
Dodge, Taylor S.	"	19	"	New York, N. Y.	Fredericksburg, Knoxville, Cold Harbor and Petersburg; Corp. June, '64; Sergt. Aug., '64; taken prisoner and confined in Castle Thunder; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
(14) Davenport, Albert W.	"	20	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam; drowned at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 23, '63; buried at Nat'l Cemetery, Fredericksburg, div. C, sect. 3, grave 140.
Davenport, Chas. B.	"	18	"	Lynn.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in hand; subsequently served in 40th N. Y. Inf.
Dow, Charles	"	44	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam; dis. June 29, '65, at Washington, D. C.; died Dec., 77; buried in Newburyport.
Dodge, Edward D.	"	22	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam; Corp. '63; died at Camp Nelson, Ky., Dec. 11, '63; buried at Newburyport.
Fox, Stephen R.	"	40	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded; dis. Nov. 29, '62.
Fowle, Jacob	"	22	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, Tennessee and Mississippi campaigns; Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Fitzsimons, William	"	21	"	Providence, R. I.	So. Mountain; Corp. '62; Fredericksburg, and wounded; transf. to Co. K, 19th V. R. C.; dis. Aug. 11, '65.
Furbush, Alonzo	"	43	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam; dis. Oct. 28, '63, for disability.
Greeley, Benjamin F.	"	21	"	Marlboro.	Clerk at Div. Hd. Qtrs. Sept., '62; taken prisoner Jan., '64; exchanged May, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Geary, Amos H.	"	23	"	Newburyport.	Left at Arlington; dis. Dec. 21, '62, for disability.
Goodwin, Frank L.	"	19	"	"	Left at Arlington '62; dis. Nov. 15, '62, for disability.

Hodgkins, Benj. G.	"	19	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Va., Jackson, Miss.; dis. Nov. 29, '63, for disability; killed by R. R. April, '82; buried at Newburyport
Hall, Daniel	"	25	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in hand and side; transf. Nov. 11, '64, to 108th Co., V. R. C.; ex. of serv., July 9, '65.
Ham, James W.	"	28	"	Dead.	Left at Arlington '62; dis. April 3, '63, for disability; died at Salem, N. H., Feb. 7, '65; buried at Great Falls, N. H.
Hinkley, David R.	"	42	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and killed; buried on the field.
Hodgdon, Geo. W.	"	18	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and killed; body never identified.
Holker, John, jr.	"	25	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in knee, Sept. 17, '62; dis. Nov. 3, '62; subsequently served in 60th Mass. Inf.
Hamblett, Wm. H.	"	22	"	"	Corp. Nov. 1, '62; arrested for striking a commissioned officer; deserted June 18, '62.
Little, William D., jr.	"	35	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam; detailed in Regimental Pioneer Corps; wounded with axe '63; dis. June 24, '65.
Lee, Amos W.	"	22	"	South Bend, Ind.	Left sick at Arlington; dis. Nov. 3, '62, for disability.
Lennan, Henry, jr.	"	21	"	Dead.	Left sick at Arlington; dis. Feb. 11, '63, for disability.
Latimee, Gideon W., jr.	"	23	"	Marblehead.	Knoxville, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg; Corp. '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Lowell, Alfred O.	"	32	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam; Corp. Jan., '63; Sergt. March, '63; transf. V. R. C. Feb. 24, '64; dis. Aug. 14, '65.
Levitt, Joseph	"	21	"	"	Left sick at Arlington; des't'd from David's Isl., N. Y., Harb'r.
Littlefield, Robt. P.	"	45	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in left leg; transf. to V. R. C.; dis. Feb. 14, '63.
Long, Jeremiah, jr.	"	21	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and killed; body never identified.
Manson, Seth H.	"	19	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam; Corp. '63; taken prisoner May 18, '64; confined at Salisbury; dis. June 9, '65, as paroled prisoner; died May 3, '83; buried at Newburyport.
Manson, Henry W.	"	35	"	Ipswich.	Jackson, Miss., Petersburg, Va.; detailed Regimental Pioneer '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Marstons, George W.	"	38	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam; detailed as pioneer; dis. Feb. 4, '64, for disability.
Marston, Joshua B.	"	39	"	Portsmouth, N. H.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in shoulder; dis. Jan. 12, '63, by order of Col. Day, U.S.A., for wounds.
Merrill, Charles P.	"	30	"	Bridgeport, Conn.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Tennessee and Mississippi campaigns; Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, Petersburg; Corp. '63; Sergt. '64; dis. May 3, '65.

COMPANY B. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
			Newburyport.	Newburyport.	
Morrow, James H.	Private.	30	Newburyport.	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Suphur Springs; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Morrison, Rufus	"	23	"	"	So. Mountain, and injured, Sept. 14, '62; sent to hospital; dis. Oct. 25, '62, for disability.
Nash, Andrew J.	"	25	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Sept. 14, '62, and wounded; died Sept. 15, '62, at Middletown, Md.
Nash, Francis J.	"	38	"	"	So. Mountain; died Dec. 15, '62; buried at Antietam Nat'l Cemetery, lot C, sect. 17, grave 148.
Norton, Joseph	"	28	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and wounded in leg; dis. Jan. 10, '63, for wounds.
Parks, William	"	23	"	Portsmouth, N. H.	So. Mountain, Antietam; dis. Jan. 15, '63, for disability.
Perkins, Nathaniel	"	33	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Sept. 14, '62, and injured; dis. Feb. 12, '63, for disability.
Plummer, Wm. H. P.	"	32	"	Cambridgeport.	So. Mountain, Antietam; prom. Commissary Sergt. '63; 2d Lieut. June, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65
Pike, Caleb C.	"	28	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and killed.
Pynn, George A.	"	21	"	Lynn, Mass.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in wrist; dis. Jan. 28, '63, for wounds.
Peavy, George	"	38	"	Newburyport.	Left sick at Arlington; dis. March 26, '63, for disability.
Pentland, George, jr.	"	21	"	Amesbury, Mass.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and injured, Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 4, '63, for disability.
Porter, Edward F.	"	30	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain; transf. to V. R. C., Nov. 11, '64; dis. from 108th Co., 2d Bat. V. R. C., Aug. 9, '65.
Perkins, Isaac R.	"	30	"	Vineland, N. J.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Jackson, Spottsylvania, and wounded May 18, '64; taking of Petersburg; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Poor, Thomas G.	"	19	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded, Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 28, '63
Reed, Alphonso P.	"	22	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, and killed, Sept. 17, '62; body buried at Newburyport.
Shannon, Chas. W.	"	24	"	Portsmouth.	So. Mountain, North Anna, and wounded, May 24, '64; detailed in hospital; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Senior, John	"	29	"	Providence, R. I.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded, Sept. 17, '64; dis. Nov. 26, '62, for wounds.



Senior, Jonathan	"	42	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in hand Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 13, '63, for disability; died April 3, '76; buried at Newburyport.
Shapley, Samuel B.	"	41	"	Stoneham.	So. Mountain, Antietam; sent to hospital; dis. Jan. 13, '63, for disability.
Townsend, Oliver P.	"	24	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam, and wounded in shoulder Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 11, '63, for wounds.
Thompson, Alfred W.	"	23	"	"	Sulphur Springs, Jackson, Miss., Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor; detailed on wagon train '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Talbot, Cyrus	"	27	"	Topton, Cal.	In battle of So. Mountain and reported taken prisoner; deserted from Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.
Whalan, Philip	"	23	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Jackson, Miss.; transf. to Co. I, 17th Reg. V. R. C.; dis. June 30, '65; died at Merrimac Jan. 28, '84.
Whittier, Thomas E.	"	19	"	"	So. Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Jackson, etc.; transf. to V. R. C. Feb., '64; died June 12, '79; buried at Newburypt.
Wortman, Isaac	"	18	"	Philadelphia.	So. Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Tennessee and Mississippi campaigns; Petersburg; Corp. '64; Sergt. '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Whitmore, Willis G.	"	22	"	Dead.	So. Mountain, Antietam; dis. Dec. 3, '63, for disability.
Wilson, Simon E.	"	27	"	Newburyport.	So. Mountain, Antietam; dis. Jan. 30, '63, for disability.

## RECRUITS.

(Mustered in from December, 1863, to November, 1864.)

Merrill, Chas. P.	27	Boston.	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Aberle, John	31	"	"
Aldrich, Josiah	24	Roxbury.	"
Allman, Dennis	25	Charlestown.	"
Armstrong, Peter	22	So. Hadley.	"
Bachman, Rudolph	21	Boston.	"
Barker, Edward	22	"	Discharged, May 18, '65.
Barlow, Frank E.	21	Lowell.	"
Beckett, William	20	Boston.	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Bongartz, Franz	31	Dorchester.	"
Christopher, Francis	24	Boston.	"
Crampo, Henry	22	Chelsea.	"
Day, John H.	18	Boston.	"
Dickman, August	23	Barre.	"
Dunlap, John	24	"	"

COMPANY B, RECRUITS. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Ellis, Louis	Private.	27	Boston.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Engeln, Jacob	"	25	"	-	"
Fleischer, Ignatus	"	24	"	-	"
Frennel, Francis	"	29	"	-	Dis. March 9, '65, by order War Dept.
Furstenburg, Jean F.	"	30	"	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Getys, Ernst H.	"	25	"	-	"
Genissh, Francis	"	44	"	-	Killed Sept. 30, '64.
Gill, Joseph	"	19	Palmer.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Gronne, Julius	"	24	Boston.	-	"
Haas, Conrad	"	21	"	-	"
Hagerhorst, William	"	21	"	-	"
Hand, Hiram H.	"	25	"	-	"
Hauer, Jacob	"	24	"	-	"
Hanschell, William	"	24	"	-	"
Hart, Heinrich	"	26	"	-	"
Hawley, Charles H.	"	22	South Scituate.	-	"
Herdstein, Ferdinand	"	27	Boston	-	"
Howe, Lorin	"	16	"	-	"
Jackson, Patrick	"	18	"	-	"
Kermasteen, Nicholas	"	25	"	-	"
Knight, True B.	"	21	"	Nashua, N. H.	"
Knowlan, John	"	20	South Danvers.	-	Died Feb. 3, '65, Rebel Prison, Salisbury, N. C.
Leech, Thomas	"	27	Dorchester.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
McKenney, Patrick	"	29	South Hadley.	-	Died Dec. 8, '64, Salisbury, N. C., as prisoner of war.
Moenis, Francois	"	27	Dorchester.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Nowaday, Albert	"	24	Boston.	-	"
Pierce, Edward	"	21	Hanson.	-	"
Figural, Antonio A.	"	33	Lancaster.	-	"
Rice, Charles W.	"	38	Boston.	-	Deserted.
Schampsars, Alexander J.	"	37	North Reading.	-	Deserted July 18, '64.
Sanger, Theo. W.	"	18	Boston.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.
Smith, Ai	"	24	Roxbury.	-	"

Smith Reuben	"	22	Eastham.	"	"	"	"
Smits, Henry	"	32	Boston.	"	"	"	"
Smyth, John	"	21	Waltham.	"	"	"	"
Stammingers, John C.	"	22	Boston.	"	"	"	"
Stewart, Samuel H.	"	25	Holyoke.	"	"	"	"
Trainer, Mathew	"	19	"	"	"	"	"
Vance, John	"	24	Raynham.	"	"	"	"
Vanhamme, Francis	"	22	Boston.	"	"	"	"
Vanselbroack, Henry	"	38	"	"	"	"	"
Vandervende, John	"	38	"	"	"	"	"
Vandervarde, Perre	"	29	"	"	"	"	"
Van Braanne, John	"	27	"	"	"	"	"
Van Leempert, Jean B.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"
Vande Womver, Jean	"	28	"	"	"	"	"
Van Tault, Jaques	"	38	"	"	"	"	"
Verheyen, Anton	"	32	"	"	"	"	"
Vertersen, Jean	"	32	"	"	"	"	"
Verbruggen, Jean	"	32	"	"	"	"	"
Vichel, William	"	32	"	"	"	"	"
Waters, John	"	30	Tyringham.	"	"	"	"

Killed Sept. 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.  
 Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.

Died Dec. 24, '64; buried in Nat'l Cemetery, Alexandria, Va.,  
 grave 2932.  
 Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.  
 Died Feb. 24, '65, Salisbury Prison, N. C.  
 Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inf.

# COMPANY C.

(Mustered in August, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Cheever, Tracy P.	Captain.	38	Chelsea.	Dead.	Wounded by concussion of shell at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; hon. dis. Jan. 23, '63; died at Chelsea, Nov. 24, '81; buried in family tomb, Salem, Mass.
Blanchard, Clifton A.	1st Lieut.	35	"	"	Com. Capt. Jan. 1, '63; assigned to Co. B; resigned and dis. for disability June 16, '63; re-com. Capt. June 30, '63; Brig.-Prov. Marshal Nov. '63, Tenn.; wounded at mine explosion near Petersburg, Va., being in com. of regt., July 30, '64; resigned and dis. Nov. 28, '64, disability from wound; died at Chelsea, Sept. 23, '79; buried at Mt. Auburn.
Mirrick, Franklin B.	2d Lieut.	29	"	New York City.	Com. 1st Lieut. Jan. 1, '63; Capt. June 24, '63; wounded at Knoxville, Tenn. Nov. 19, '63; prom. Maj. Nov. 14, '64; mustered March 1, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Fowler, Stephen D.	1st Sergt.	29	"	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Ricker, Horace S.	2d "	29	"	Dead.	Dis. Oct. 30, '62; died Feb. 3, '64.
Tobey, John S.	3d "	36	"	"	Prom. 1st Sergt. Oct. 31, '62; 2d Lieut. assigned to Co. C, Jan. 24, '63; 1st Lieut. June 17, '63; A. Brig. Q. M. Aug. '63; Capt. Dec 8, '63; transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V. M.; Brev. Maj.; ex of serv., Aug. 10, '65; died at Boston, Charles-town Dist., Nov. 14, '79; buried at Woodlawn Cem., Chelsea.
Bowen, Henry	4th "	40	Boston.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Matthews, Wm. H.	5th "	24	Chelsea.	"	Q. M. Sergt. of Brig. Ambulance Corps Oct., '62; died of fever at Falmouth, Va. Feb. 7, '63.
Davidson, Robert C.	Corporal.	23	"	"	Sergt. Feb. 7, '63; wounded at exp. of mine, July 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; d. at City Pt., Va. Aug. 19, '64, just 2 years from date of muster; buried at Woodlawn Cem., Chelsea, Mass.
McCulloch, Robert	"	35	"	"	A. Sergt. Pioneer Corps Oct. '62; Sergt. March 25, '63; killed by a falling tree near Petersburg, Va., Oct. 2, '64.
Remick, Clark H.	"	19	"	"	Dis. Jan. 21, '63, for disability; 1st Lieut. 35th U. S. C. T. Wild's Afric'n Brig May, '63; wounded Feb. 20, '64, near Sanderson, Fla.; died at Abbeville, Vermillion Parish, La., April 29, '82.

Blanchard, Alfred, jr.				Melrose.	Sergt. April 19, '63; 1st Sergt. Sept. 6, '64; 2d Lieut. Sept. 8, '64; taken prisoner in action near Petersburg, Va., Sept. 30, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; parol'd Feb., '65; ex of serv., June 9, '65. Transf. to V. R. C. Jan. 16, '64; dis. April 16, '64.
Couillard, Elijah	37	"	"	New York City.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 2, '63; re-enlisted in 1st Cav. Jan. 12, '64.
Harvey, Henry E.	32	"	"	Charlestown.	Deserted Sept. '62.
Hutchinson, Allen	26	"	"	-	Sergt. Sept. 18, '62; Sergt.-Maj. Sept. 13, '63; 1st Lieut. Jan. 14, '64; wounded at mine exp. near Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; wounded at Welden R. R. near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; Capt. Sept. 6, '64, not mustered; died of wounds at Chelsea, Sept. 15, '64; buried at Woodlawn Cem., Chelsea.
White, J. Austin	32	"	"	Dead.	Dis. May 15, '63, for incompetency; reenlisted '64 in 3d N. J. Cav. Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Pierce, Charles A.	18	Musician.	"	-	Dis. Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Reynolds, Davis B.	21	"	No. Bridgewater.	Brockton.	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Saunders, Alonzo	25	Wagoner.	Chelsea.	Boston.	Ex of serv., June 9, '65; died at Boston, June 3, '83; buried in Soldiers' Lot, Mt. Hope Cemetery, range 5, grave 33.
Alden, George W.	34	Private.	"	Dead.	Dis. Jan. 11, '63, for disability; reenlisted Sept. 24, '63, in Co. C. 2d Regt. H. A.; taken prisoner at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, '64; paroled Dec. 8, '64; fell overboard from steamer and drowned in Potomac River, April 23, '65.
Austin, Henry	26	"	Boston.	"	Wounded near Petersburg, Va., July 4, '64; died of wound July 5, '64.
Ayers, Charles	18	"	Chelsea.	"	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 4, '63, disability from wound; died at Chelsea, May 28, '64; buried at Garden Cemetery, Chelsea, Mass.
Bates, Charles G.	20	"	"	"	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; reported deserter Oct. 26, '63.
Batchelder, Josiah H.	28	"	"	"	Dis. Dec. 1, '62, disability; died at Chelsea, Sept. 9, '81.
Birdsall, Henry	21	"	New York.	-	Dis. May 5, '63, disability.
Blakely, Frederick F.	31	"	Chelsea.	Dead.	Detailed Asst. Hosp. Steward; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Bowen, William	26	"	"	Chelsea.	Dis. Jan. 27, '63, disability.
Brewster, Alpheus	31	"	Kingston.	Stoughton.	Corp. Sept. 1, '64; Sergt. Dec., '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Bradford, Mass., Dec. 30, '73.
Briggs, Elijah E.	40	"	Chelsea.	Chelsea.	Corp. Dec. 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Brown, Alfred M.	19	"	Bradford.	Dead.	Corp. April 14, '63; Sergt. Sept. 1, '64; 1st Sergt. June 8, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Butler, Alfred C.	20	"	Chelsea.	Chelsea.	Corp. Sept. 1, '63; detailed to Pioneer Corps; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Capen, Edmund A.	37	"	"	"	
Channell, John T.	36	"	"	-	

COMPANY C. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Chute, Richard H.	Private.	19	Chelsea.	Eau Claire, Wis.	Detailed Clerk at Brig. Hd. Qrs. Oct. 18, '62; dis. for prom. Nov. 11, '63; mustered 2d Lieut. in 59th Regt. Vols Dec. 4, '63; 1st Lieut. Feb. 18, '64; wounded at No. Anna River, Va., May 24, '64; Capt. June 23, '64; taken prisoner; exchanged; resigned and dis. Feb. 27, '65, disability from wounds.
Clark, Henry	"	35	"	Hampton, Ill.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 16, '63, disability from wound.
Clough, Henry A.	"	26	"	Dead.	Wounded at So. Mountain, Md., Sept. 14, '62; transf. to V. R. C. Sept. 1, '63; dis. Aug. 18, '65; died at Chelsea, March 19, '66.
Colby, Eugene D.	"	18	"	"	Corp. Sept. 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Chelsea, Oct. 20, '81; buried at Woodlawn Cem., Chelsea, Mass.
Conant, Walter S.	"	28	Boston.	New York City.	Corp. Feb. 7, '63; wounded at mine exp. near Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; Sergt.; wounded in Fort Hell, near Petersburg, Va., March 31, '65; 2d Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Copeland, Henry	"	19	No. Chelsea.	Worcester.	Corp. Sept. 1, '64; wounded at Weldon R. R., near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Cossitt, George F.	"	36	Chelsea.	Dead.	Killed Aug. 19, '64, at Weldon R. R., near Petersburg, Va.
Crooker, Alfred L.	"	20	"	Chelsea.	Wounded at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov., '63; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Cummings, Henry	"	18	"	"	Corp. Sept. 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Cummings, Wm. R. S.	"	22	"	Dead.	Transf. to V. R. C. July 16, '64; ex. of serv., June 28, '65; died at Chelsea, June 12, '75.
Cushing, Hosea, G., jr.	"	19	"	Chelsea.	Dis. Feb. 16, '63, for disability; mustered May 3, '64, for 90 days in 4th Co. U. I.; ex. of serv., Aug. 6, '65.
Cushing, Elisha A.	"	20	No. Bridgewater.	Brockton.	Corp. Dec. 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Dam, Charles E.	"	19	Chelsea.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; died of wounds at Chelsea, Dec. 27, '62; buried at Garden Cem., Chelsea, Mass.
Dearborn, George A.	"	28	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Georgetown, Mass., July 21, '65.
Dempsey, Jeremiah	"	18	"	"	Died in hosp. near Cincinnati, O., Aug. 24, '63.
Denham, Robert H.	"	18	"	"	Dis. Jan. 15, '63, for disability; died at Chelsea, Jan. 11, '65.
Everdean, George W.	"	18	"	Chelsea.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 5, '63, for disability from wound.

Fauley, Henry E.	"	18	Chelsea.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; Clerk to Military Gov., Washington Military Dist., Jan., '63; Clerk at Adjt. Gen.'s Office, April 23, '63; dis. and enlisted in gen. serv. of U.S.A. Adjt. Gen.'s Office, rank, Sergt., Nov. 2, '63; transf. to civil serv.; dis. 1864; died at Taunton, Mass., Oct. 29, '76, Died at Camp Dennison, Ohio, Aug. 6, '63.
Frost, John H.	"	18	Roxbury.	"	Detailed Saddler to Ambulance Corps; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Fuller, Alonzo W.	"	21	Foxborough.	Centreville.	Dis. Feb. 28, '63, for disability.
Gardner, Andrew B.	"	22	Barnstable.	Dead.	Wounded May 18, '64; killed at Jones House, near Petersburg, Va., Dec. 27, '64; buried 9th Corps Cem., near Mead's Station, Petersburg, Va.
Gilman, Charles W.	"	43	Chelsea.		Detailled to Eng. Corps. Oct. '63; to mounted Pioneers July, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Gillings, George E.	"	33	"	East Boston.	Wounded at So Mountain, Md., Sept. 14, '62; dis. Nov. 28, '62, disability from wound.
Gipson, Montgomery	"	23	"	Chelsea.	Corp. Dec. 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Goodrich, J. Henry	"	18	"	Chicago, Ill.	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Goulding, Joseph M.	"	39	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. 17, '63, disability from wound
Green, William	"	23	Warwick, N. H.	East Boston.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; Frederickburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; buried at Garden Cemetry, Chelsea, Mass.
Haskell, Marcus M.	"	19	Chelsea.	Osterville.	Det. to Amb Corps till Aug. '63; Music'n from April, '64; Corp. Dec. 13, '62; N. Anna Riv., Va., May 24, '64; Weldon R. R., near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; Poplar Spring Ch., near Petersburg, Va., Sept. 30, '64; Sergt. Dec. 1, '64; wounded in Ft. Hell, near Petersburg, Va., March 26, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hicks, William H.	"	26	"	"	Dis. Nov. 26, '62, for disability.
Hodges, John W.	"	39	"	Dead.	Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, '62; buried at Garden Cemetry, Chelsea, Mass.
Holbrook, Preston	"	21	No. Bridgewater.	Brockton.	Det. to Amb Corps till Aug. '63; Music'n from April, '64; Corp. Sept. 1, '64; taken prisoner at Poplar Spring Ch., near Petersburg, Va., Sept. 30, '64; exchanged; ex. of serv., June 30, '65.
Holmes, Elmer W.	"	20	Easton.	Riverside, Cal.	Dis. Nov. 1, '63, for disability.
Holmes, Sidney	"	18	Chelsea.	Dead.	Died of disease at Portsmouth Grove Hosp., R. I., Dec. 7, '63; buried at Garden Cemetry, Chelsea, Mass.
Howard, Noah P.	"	30	"	California.	Transf. to V. R. C. July 25, '64; ex. of serv., July 29, '65.
Ide, James A.	"	19	Bridgewater.	Brockton.	Transf. to V. R. C. Sept. 30, '63; no date of dis. given.
Ilisley, Hosea, jr.	"	38	Chelsea.	Dead.	Corp. May 21, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; d. at Chelsea, Dec. 23, '73.
Jellison, Greenleaf F.	"	30	"	"	Dis. Jan. 10, '63, for disability.
Laue, John A.	"	20	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Leverett, John	"	43	"	"	Scalded by bursting of locomotive boiler at Nicholasville, Ky., June 6, '63; died from the injury June 7, '63.

COMPANY C. — *Continued.*

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Lincoln, Jesse P.	Private.	18	Malden.	Dead.	Dis. Dec. 25, '62, for disability; died at Malden, Mass., April 20, '64; buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Chelsea, Mass.
Lord, James A.	"	30	So. Danvers.	-	Taken prisoner at North Anna River, Va., May 24, '64; exchanged; ex. of serv., July 22, '65.
Mason, William J.	"	32	Chelsea.	East Boston.	Corp. Nov. 1, '62; wounded at Fredericksburgh, Va., Dec. 43, '62; dis. April 8, '63, disability from wound.
McLeod, Edward	"	37	Salisbury Mills.	Chelsea.	Corp. Jan. 21, '63; transf. to V. R. C. March 16, '64; dis. April 22, '64, for disability.
Morrill, Benjamin	"	21	Chelsea.	Amesbury.	Dis. Nov. 3, '62, for disability.
Oakman, William C.	"	31	"	Dead.	Corp. Nov. 1, '62; Sergt. Sept. 13, '63; wounded and taken prisoner at Poplar Spring Church, near Petersburg, Va., Sept. 30, '64; died of wounds on exchange boat, Oct. 7, '64.
Paine, Edwin R.	"	24	"	-	Detailed Clerk at Brig. Hd. Qrs.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Peterson, John	"	34	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 26, '63, for disability from wounds; reenlisted Jan. 4, '64, in same regt. and Co.; transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.; ex. of serv., July 29, '65; died at Chelsea, Mass., Jan. 14, '72.
Pratt, Joseph T.	"	42	"	"	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Ransom, Robert C.	"	22	"	Wakefield.	Wounded at So. Mountain, Md., Sept. 14, '62; dis. Jan. 26, '63, for disability from wound.
Reed, George H.	"	19	"	-	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 28, '63, disability from wound.
Richards, Francis D.	"	37	"	Chelsea.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 4, '63, disability from wound.
Ridlon, Joseph H.	"	43	"	Easton.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 4, '63, disability from wound.
Robinson, George L.	"	20	No. Bridgewater.	Manchester, N. H.	Transf. to V. R. C. March 23, '64; dis. Aug. 12, '65.
Ross, Charles H.	"	19	Chelsea.	Chelsea.	Detailed as Wagoner Feb., '63; Mounted Pioneer July 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Smith, John G.	"	23	Beverly.	St. Louis, Mo.	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; detailed as Adj't's Clerk Nov. '63; Corp. Dec. 1, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Stetson, Albus R.	"	31	Chelsea.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.



Steele, Robert	"	18	Chelsea.	Dead.	Taken prisoner at No. Anna River May 24, '64; paroled Nov. 19, '64; exchanged; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Fayal, 1870.
Stone, William P.	"	18	"	Chelsea.	Corp. May 2, '63; taken prisoner at Weldon R.R., near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; exchanged; ex. of serv., June 30, '65.
Stranger, Heman F.	"	18	No. Bridgewater.	- - -	Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 4, '63, disability from wound.
Sturkes, Charles	"	30	Chelsea.	E. Boston.	Dis. Jan 15, '63, for disability.
Sweeney, Frank	"	19	"	California.	Taken prisoner at No. Anna River, Va., May 24, '64; paroled Nov. 25, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Sweeney, Nathaniel I.	"	26	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Tucker, Beavis	"	30	"	Chelsea.	Transf. July 25, '64, to Co. H, 19th Regt. V.R.C.; ex. of serv., July 13, '65.
Wells, Ivory	"	35	"	California.	Dis. May 19, '64, for disability.
Welch, Michael	"	19	Boston.	Boston.	Dis. Jan. 8, '63, for disability; reenlisted in Navy same year.
Wellington, Theodore F.	"	30	Malden.	Waltham.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Williams, Benjamin D.	"	25	Chelsea.	Dead.	Transf. to V.R.C., Jan. 15, '64; ex. of serv., June 28, '65; died at Boston, Charlestown Dist., March 18, '78.
Wright, Thomas S.	"	31	"	Providence, R. I.	Sergt. Oct. 25, '62; 1st Sergt. April 21, '63; 1st Lieut. Sept. 16, '63; wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64; Capt. Nov. 14, '64; mustered March 1, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.

## RECRUITS.

(Mustered in from February, 1863 to July, 1864.)

Anders, August	Private.	25	Boston.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Bean, Joseph W.	"	30	"	-	"
Bohannon, Edward B.	"	24	"	-	"
Brutt, August	"	31	Chelsea.	-	"
Carlen, John	"	20	Roxbury.	-	"
Copeland, Joseph W.	"	29	No. Chelsea.	Revere.	"
Corkarry, Bernard	"	19	Brewster.	-	"
Farrell, John	"	21	Raynham.	-	"
Jackson, Dillman S.	"	18	Boston.	-	"
James, William	"	29	Felmont.	-	"
Kallither, James	"	22	Warren.	-	Deserted July 1, '64.
Kershaw, James W. S.	"	19	Boston.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M.V.; died at Boston, '81.
Laurenzen, Johannes	"	19	"	-	Died Aug. 11, '64, at Brattleboro, Vt.
Leslie, Charles H.	"	19	Dorchester.	Boston.	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Little, John	"	19	Boston.	-	"

COMPANY C, RECRUITS. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Mansky, John	Private.	26	Boston.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Marcus, Solomon	"	36	"	—	"
Mattner, Christian	"	28	"	—	"
Mittlestat, William	"	23	"	—	"
Muh, William	"	25	"	—	"
Nauert, Peter	"	21	"	—	"
Nems, William	"	30	"	—	"
Orlooski, Albert	"	19	"	—	"
Pabst, Frederick	"	22	"	—	"
Patnot, Joseph	"	22	Chelsea.	—	"
Peterson, John	"	35	"	—	"
Pohlmer, August	"	26	Boston.	—	"
Rawson, Charles M.	"	36	Chelsea.	—	Deserted July 1, '64.
Reidel, Emil	"	22	Boston.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Reichart, Henry	"	28	"	—	"
Reinnicke, Henry	"	27	"	—	"
Reisse, Henry	"	20	"	—	"
Richter, William	"	20	"	—	"
Reihn, Henry	"	19	"	—	"
Schreiber, Charles	"	27	"	—	"
Schulz, Charles	"	22	"	—	"
Schwerin, Gustave	"	20	"	—	"
Schale, Henry	"	20	"	—	"
Schaur, Henry	"	20	"	—	"
Schneider, John	"	33	"	—	"
Schmidt, William	"	—	"	—	"
Smith, George	"	38	Littleton,	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 13, '65.
Spaner, Frederick	"	22	Boston.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Stroh, Constantine	"	25	"	—	"
Sweeney, James	"	27	Chelsea.	—	Wounded at exp. of mine near Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; also at Weldon R. R., near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; transf. to 29th Regt. M. V. June 9, '65; ex. of serv., June 27, '65; died at Chelsea, June 7, '71.

Taber, Bartholomew	"	27	Chelsea.	-	-	Taken prisoner; died at Andersonville, Ga., Nov. 11, '64; buried at Andersonville Nat. Cemetery, grave 11957.
Taubert, August	"	30	Boston.	-	-	
Taubert, Franz	"	19	"	-	-	Ex. of serv., June 26, '65.
Thompson, Charles	"	22	"	-	-	
Tingwell, Christian H.	"	27	"	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Vanderbosh, Frederick	"	21	"	-	-	"
Wegner, Charles	"	29	"	-	-	"
Wegner, Henry	"	20	"	-	-	Ex. of serv., June 19, '65.
Weinrobe, Frederick	"	19	"	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. M. V.
Wenzel, Frederick C.	"	24	"	-	-	"
Weise, Peter	"	38	"	-	-	"
Yeschy, Henry	"	33	"	-	-	"

# COMPANY D.

(*Mustered in August 16th, 1862.*)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Dolan, Dennis A. Baldwin, James H.	Captain. "	28 27	Boston. "	Boston. U. S. Army.	Resigned March 20, '63. Capt. Sept. 18, '62; 2d Lieut. July 30, '62; 1st Lieut. Aug. 2, '62; 1st Lieut. 3d Un. Co. H. A. Dec. 31, '62; later joined 3d Regt. H. A.; Capt. 1st Battery H. A. May 25, '63; ex. of serv., Oct. 20, '65; 1st Lieut. U. S. Army; severely wounded in leg, Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Hudson, John Williams	Lieut.-Col.	29	Lexington.	Dead.	Mustered in as Lieut.-Col. Nov. 14, '64; 2d Lieut. Aug. 2, '62; 1st Lieut. Sept. 18, '62; Capt. Apr. 30, '63; Major Aug. 16, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died in Lexington, June 1, '72.
Mason, William A. Gottlieb, Joseph	1st Sergt. Captain.	39 27	Dorchester. Boston.	Hyde Park. - - -	Dis. March 10, '63, disability. Mustered in as Capt. Sept. 6, '64; Sergt. Aug. 16, '62; 1st Sergt.; 2d Lieut. Dec. 15, '62; 1st Lieut. Apr. 30, '63; transf. June 9, '65, to 20th Mass. Vols., and dis. Aug. 9, '65; Brevet-Major. Mustered in as 1st Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; Sergt. Aug. 16, '62; 1st Sergt.; Sergt.-Major Apr. 23, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Vols. June 9, '65, and dis. July 29, '65.
Hagan, William H. (Henry J. Nichols.)	1st Lieut.	23	"	Dead.	Dis. July 25, '64, to accept 1st Lieut. 114th U. S. C. T. Dis. March 28, '63, disability.
Pickering, Edward N. Draper, James A. Lane, Fred'k T.	Sergt. " "	18 26 28	Chelsea. Wayland. Gloucester.	Boston. Wayland. Dead.	Wounded, Antietam, in arm; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at sea.
Marchant, Benj. M. Reed, Chas. W.	Corporal. "	23 22	Lexington. Littleton.	Fitchburg. Westford.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65. Transf. to V. R. C. March 19, '63.
Heard, S. H. M. Field, Geo. H. Brackett, Edw. J.	" " "	36 26 21	Wayland. Waltham. "	Dead. Waltham. "	Dis. Nov. 26, '62, disability; died June 23, '84. Wounded, Antietam, in shoulder, and lost foot at Poplar Spring Church; dis. Jan. 18, '65.
Hanson, William H. Byrnes, Daniel J. Boardman, Leonard	" " Fifer.	21 23 21	Nahant. Roxbury. Waltham.	" Nashua, N. H. Colorado.	Dis. July 3, '63, disability. Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
White, Robert H. Dwelle, Geo. B.	Drummer. Wagoner.	15 39	Weymouth. Waltham.	Colorado. Dead.	" " " " Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died in Boston, March 4, '75.

Adams, John	23	Waltham.	Brighton.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Arnold, Chas. I.	19	Boston.	Waltham.	Dis. Apr. 7, '63, disability.
Bacon, Albert J.	34	Sudbury.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Bailey, Wm. B.	25	Waltham.	—	“
Barnett, William	21	“	Sudbury.	“
Boardman, Fred'k	18	“	Wansfield.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; Prin. Musician Oct. 1, '64.
Bodge, Chas. M.	18	“	Waltham.	Dis. Apr. 10, '65, disability.
Bowen, Wm. F.	20	Sudbury.	Kennebunk, Me.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Boyle, Francis	23	Randolph.	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65 (absent wounded).
Briggs, Benj. F.	18	Waltham.	Stoncham.	“
Brigham, John B.	27	Wayland.	West Boylston.	“
Buchanan, Geo. T.	21	Boston.	Dead.	“
Campbell, Chas. H.	38	Wayland.	Wayland.	Dis. June 9, '65 (Hospi. Asst.).
Carter, Edward	23	Medway.	Dead.	Prisoner, Sept. 30, '64, to Feb. 22, '65; dis. June 15, '65.
Chase, Hiram	35	Waltham.	Boston.	Dis. Nov. 4, '62, disability; died '66, in Canaan, N. H.
Coolidge, James E.	20	Boston.	Charlestown.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Crowley, Dennis	36	Roxbury.	Dead.	Lost arm at Antietam; transf. to V. R. C. Oct. 1, '64.
Crotty, John	34	Weymouth.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died '83, in Lansing, Mich.
Damon, Zachariah	18	Boston.	—	Died March 5, '63, at Newport News, Va.
Davison, John	24	Wayland.	So. Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Donnell, Benj. F.	28	“	Chelsea.	“
Doyle, Cornelius	19	Waltham.	Boston.	“
Draper, Frank W.	19	“	Waltham.	Dis. March 26, '64, to accept commis. in U. S. C. T.
Fisher, Henry N.	20	“	Dead.	Wounded in shoulder, Antietam; dis. Feb. 6, '63, disability.
Flannery, Lawrence	40	Sudbury.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died '72, in Wayland.
Garfield, Francis	32	Waltham.	Sudbury.	Transf. to V. R. C. March 15, '64.
Hall, Frank C.	18	Sudbury.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died Nov. 7, '71, in Waltham.
Hall, Geo. H.	22	Waltham.	Waltham.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died April 26, '77, in Sudbury.
Hastings, Chas. C.	18	Wayland.	Hudson.	Dis. March, '63, disability.
Holmes, Luther D.	24	Medway.	—	Dis. Oct. 19, '63, disability.
Hosmer, John G.	18	Sudbury.	Sudbury.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hurlbut, Rufus H.	20	Wayland.	Cochituate.	“
Jameson, Wm. H.	18	Boston.	Boston.	Dis. Nov. 13, '62, disability.
Jennison, Williston	18	Warwick.	—	Dis. May 17, '63, disability.
Jones, Geo. S.	18	Waltham.	—	Dis. March 26, '65, disability.
Kiddier, Charles L.	26	Randolph.	Dead.	Dis. Feb. 6, '63, disability; wounded, Antietam.
Kiley, Henry	33	Waltham.	“	Died July 5, '63, at Mill Dale, Miss.
McAdam, Thomas	35	Boston.	—	Dis. May 28, '63, disability; died March 26, '65, in Waltham.
McDonald, Geo. N.	28	Northbridge.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
McNeil, Thomas	20	—	—	“

COMPANY D. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Moore, Albert H.	Private.	26	Sudbury.	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, 1865.
Moore, Geo. F.	Corporal.	20	"	Kennebunk, Me.	"
Morse, Amos B.	"	36	Medway.	Taunton.	"
Morse, John N.	1st Lieut.	20	Wayland.	Lexington.	Mustered in as 1st Lieut. Sept. 6, '64; Corp.-Sergt.; 1st Sergt.; wounded at Weldon R. R. Aug. 18, '64, and at Poplar Spring Church Sept. 30, '64; dis. Jan. 18, '65.
Merrick, James B.	Private.	18	Boston.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Neil, Michael	"	33	Roxbury.	Dead.	Killed Sept. 30, '64, at Poplar Spring Church, Va.
O'Reardon, Mathew	"	18	Boston.	-	Dis. Jan. 7, '63, disability.
Page, Ambrose M.	"	19	Wayland.	Marlboro.	Dis. Sept. 9, '64, to accept commission in 4th Mass. H. A.; dis. from service June 17, '65.
Parker, Wm. L.	"	24	"	-	Deserted Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
Peabody, Wm. H.	"	19	Waltham.	Waltham.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Pray, Edmund L.	"	18	Natick.	Natick.	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Vols.; dis. July 29, '65.
Prescott, George H.	"	24	Westford.	Forge Village.	Transf. Sept. 17, '63, to V. R. C.
Preston, Herbert E.	Corporal.	18	Littleton.	West Acton.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Proctor, Franklin	Private.	18	Medway.	-	Dis. Oct. 14, '62, disability.
Qualters, Lawrence	Corporal.	18	Waltham.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died April 18, '72, in Boston.
Read, Luther F.	Private.	24	Westford.	"	Killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam; buried at Antietam Nat. Cemetery, grave 92, sect. 17, lot B.
Reed, Silas L.	"	25	Belfast, Me.	Dead.	Died Oct. 12, '62, near Antietam, Md.
Roberts, Wm. P.	"	40	No. Bridgewater.	-	Dis. Oct. 29, '63, disability.
Sherman, Hiram G.	2d Lieut.	20	Waltham.	Claremont, N. H.	Mustered in as 2d Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; Corp.; Sergt.; transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Vols., and dis. July 29, '65.
Smith, Wm. H.	Private.	21	Roxbury.	Highlandville.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Spofford, Geo. A.	"	19	Wayland.	Marlboro.	"
Spring, Geo. W.	Corporal.	27	Waltham.	-	"
Stickney, Geo. A.	Private.	18	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died Oct. 3, '73, in Waltham.
Stratton, Geo. H.	"	20	Medway.	-	Dis. Sept. 10, '63, disability.
Stuart, Benj. T.	Corporal.	18	Boston.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died '78, in Kansas.

Swan, Lewis C.	Private.	27	Wayland.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died in '76.
Tasker, John	"	23	Lincoln.	Lincoln.	Dis. Oct. 10, '64, disability.
Thomas, Hiram	"	19	Waltham.	Egira, Ill.	Dis. May 11, '65.
Thompson, Mial M.	"	24	"	Northboro.	Transf. Sept. 17, '63, to V. R. C.
Thompson, Thos. W.	"	18	"	Atlanta, Ga.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Tracy, Michael	"	29	Roxbury.	-	Deserted March 29, '65.
Willis, Eli H.	"	21	Sudbury.	Sudbury.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Webber, Alex.	Corporal.	22	Nahant.	Lynn.	Wounded, Jackson, Miss, July, '63; transf. to V. R. C. Nov. 15, '63.
Wellington, Nathan W.	Private.	21	Waltham.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died May 25, '67, in Shrewsbury.
Wheeler, Chas. M.	"	23	"	Waltham.	Transf. to V. R. C. Nov. 15, '63.
Wheeler, Edward B.	"	45	"	Dead.	Dis. March 28, '63; died Oct. 4, '70, in Waltham.
Wheeler, John E.	Corporal.	25	Nahant.	Nahant.	Dis., disability.
Whitney, John H.	"	18	Waltham.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died Sept. 21, '69, in Waltham.
Wood, Henry A.	Private.	19	Medway.	-	Wounded at So. Mountain; dis. Jan. 28, '63.
Wright, David S.	"	21	Boston.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died Oct. 3, '80, in Chillicothe, O.
Wright, Jefferson	"	34	Westford.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65, (absent sick).
Wyman, John M.	"	43	Waltham.	Waltham.	Dis. Apr. 23, '63, disability.

## RECRUITS.

(*Mustered in from January to September, 1864.*)

Ballard, Henry P.	Private.	25	Waltham.	Waltham.	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65.
Barlow, Frank E.	"	-	-	-	See Company B.
Bedell, Chas. D.	"	21	Danvers.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65.
Bohen, Francis	"	22	Topsfield.	-	"
Carey, James	"	23	Dorchester.	-	"
Casey, William	"	18	"	Biddeford, Me.	"
Conner, Chas. H.	"	23	West Springfield.	-	Dis. June 9, '65.
Conner, Michael	"	20	Roxbury.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65 (absent sick).
Dame, Franklin P.	"	21	Malden.	-	"
Ewell, Joseph G.	"	32	Hadley.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65.
Field, George W.	"	21	Danvers.	-	"
Hambly, James	"	32	Chatham.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65 (absent sick).
Heffaron, William	"	26	Amherst.	-	"
Hennessey, John	"	38	Westminster.	-	Deserted, Oct. '64.
Horrigan, John	"	-	Barre.	Barre.	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65 (absent sick).
Hunt, Elijah	"	25	West Stockbridge.	-	"
Lancaster, Albert V.	"	19	Wilmington.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65.
Maguire, John	"	33	So. Danvers.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65.

RECRUITS.—Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
McDonald, John	Private.	21	Lowell.	-	Died, March 8, '65, Petersburg, Va.
McDugle, John	"	30	Upton.	-	Dis. June 9, '65.
McNamara, John	"	32	Sandwich.	-	Missing in action, Sept, 30, '64.
Mernagh, Michael J.	"	19	Plymouth.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Mass.
Mulhollen, Charles	"	22	Amesbury.	-	"
Murphy, David	"	19	Roxbury.	-	"
Norton, Thomas	"	18	Dorchester.	-	"
O'Brien, Jeremiah	"	18	"	-	Dis. June 9, '65.
Phillips, Jos.	"	21	Lowell.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65 (absent sick).
Robinson, Eli	"	25	Dana.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65.
Rooney, Jr., Daniel	"	18	Boston.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65 (absent sick).
Smith, John	"	19	Danvers.	-	"
Walker, William	"	24	Boston.	-	"
Watson, Joseph G.	"	23	"	-	Dis. July 14, '65.
Welch, James	"	23	No Chelsea.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65 (absent sick).
Wenborne, Arthur J.	"	25	Essex.	-	"
Willard, Henry	"	23	So. Danvers.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. June 9, '65; dis. July 29, '65; prisoner.



# COMPANY E.

(Mastered in August, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Niles, Horace	Captain.	30	Randolph.	Dead.	Died of wounds, Sept. 27, '62, Antietam.
Palmer, William	1st Lieut.	29	"	"	Died of wounds, Oct. 13, '62, Antietam.
Ingell, J. Wilson	2d "	46	"	"	Died of wounds, Aug. 31, '64, Weldon R.R.
Hawes, Massena B.	1st Sergt.	23	Stoughton.		Accidentally killed, July 7, '63, near Big Black River, Miss.; body removed to Vicksburg Nat. Cemetery; 2d Lieut. Feb. 11, '63.
Henry, George	"	29	Randolph.	"	Died of wounds, Nov. 3, '62, at Washington, D. C.
Howland, Charles	"	39	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Randolph.
Monk, Henry A.	"	19	Stoughton.	So Braintree.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; 2d Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; 1st Lieut. '65.
Angier, Edson J.	Sergt.	30	Randolph.	East Weymouth.	Dis. Dec. 10, '64, disability; 2d Lieut. Sept. 8, '64.
Beal, Ira, jr.	"	38	"	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., May 13, '65.
Farrell, Edward A.	"	22	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Faunce, Leonard A.	"	29	Stoughton.	Randolph.	Dis. July 5, '63, disability.
Hawes, George W.	"	26	Stoughton.	Milton.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65 (absent wounded).
Thayer, Samuel G.	1st Sergt.	30	Randolph.	Sol. H., Fogus, Me.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Wales, Hiram F.	Sergt.	33	"	Randolph.	"
Abenzeller, Anthony	Corporal.	34	"	Westford.	"
Hutchins, John, jr.	"	25	Westford.	Westford.	Dis. March 20, '63, disability.
Madan, Lot J.	"	33	Stoughton.	Marshfield.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Pickering, George H.	"	20	Canton.	Providence, R. I.	Died of wounds, June 7, '64, at Washington, D. C.
Waldo, Alfred E.	"	18	Stoughton.	Dead.	"
Thayer, Leonard	Musician.	43	Randolph.	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Loud, William	Wagoner.	33	New Bedford.	New Bedford.	Dis. March 20, '63, disability.
Abenzeller, Joseph	Private.	33	Randolph.	Randolph.	Dis. Jan. 21, '63, disability.
Bartlett, Persons	"	30	Stoughton.	Stoughton.	Died Apr. 26, '64.
Beal, David A.	"	43	Dead.	Dead.	Deserted Aug. 22, '62.
Brady, John	"	26	Randolph.	"	Died of wounds, Nov. 10, '62, Frederick, Md.
Brackett, Loring R.	"	29	Stoughton.	"	Died of wounds, Sept. 20, '62, Keedysville, Md.
Brundage, Levi A.	"	18	Randolph.	"	Dis. March 13, '63, disability.
Buck, Henry	"	18	"	Fields Cor., Boston.	

COMPANY E.—Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Byrnes, John	Private.	21	Randolph.	Taunton.	Dis. Feb. 18, '63, disability.
Cahill, John	"	43	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Capen, Avery A.	"	21	Stoughton.	Dead.	Killed Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.
Clark, Cornelius	"	43	Randolph.	"	Died Jan. 15, '64, Knoxville, Tenn.
Clark, Melvins S.	"	18	"	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 26, '65.
Cook, Charles W.	"	22	Milton.	Milton.	Dis. Jan. 6, '63, wounds.
Cox, Richard H.	"	44	Randolph.	Dead.	Died of wounds Sept. 22, '62, Keedysville, Md.; buried at Antietam Nat. Cemetery, grave 9, lot B, sect. 17.
Currie, George C.	"	42	Canton.	Randolph.	Dis. Dec. 22, '62, disability.
Davenport, Walter	"	39	"	Dead.	"
Donnehoe, John J.	"	30	Randolph.	"	Dis. April 27, '63, disability.
Donnehoe, Philip	"	30	"	Dead.	Killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
Doody, John	"	26	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died in Kentucky, since war.
Driscoll, Timothy	"	45	"	"	Dis. May 5, '63, disability; died at Randolph, Sept., '72.
Duntion, John	"	44	"	"	Dis. Dec. 8, '62; died on the way to Washington.
Eddy, Charles	"	31	"	Randolph.	Dis. March 16, '63, disability.
Foster, Samuel A.	"	21	"	"	"
Fowkes, George	"	33	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '63.
French, George F.	"	18	"	"	"
Gill, George P.	"	18	Stoughton.	"	"
Gill, Henry W.	"	19	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '63; died at Stoughton.
Gill, John H.	"	23	Randolph.	"	Killed July 30, '64, at the mine, Petersburg, Va.
Griggs, Moses, jr.	"	32	Canton.	Stoughton.	Dis. March 19, '64, disability.
Hall, James M.	"	26	Stoughton.	"	Dis. Oct. 9, '62, wounds.
Hamilton, George A.	"	38	Randolph.	Dead.	Dis. Jan. 22, '63, disability; died at Randolph.
Hawes, Edgar M.	"	26	Stoughton.	Stoughton.	Transf. Dec. 1, '64, to V. R. C.
Hobart, Edward K.	"	34	Randolph.	Dead.	Died Dec 10, '63 in Rebel Prison, Richmond, Va.; buried in Richmond National Cemetery.
Holbrook, Ebenezer	"	36	"	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Holbrook, Henry D.	"	44	"	"	Dis. Jan. 7, '63, disability.
Howard, Edward E.	"	23	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Howard, Ira	"	33	"	Dead.	Dis. Oct. 30, '62, disability; died at Randolph.

Hunt, George B.	Private.	31	Canton.	Canton.	Ex. of serv., July 10, '65.
Hunt, Isaiah	"	21	Milton.	Dead.	Died of wounds Dec. 17, '62, Washington, D. C.
Hunt, Isaac N.	"	44	Canton.	Derry, N. H.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Keiley, Henry	"	30	Randolph.	Dead.	Died Feb. 1, '63, Aquia Creek, Va.
Law, John A.	"	18	"	East Stoughton.	Dis. Feb. 18, '63, disability.
Lawless, Charles T.	"	18	Stoughton.	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Lawless, William	"	19	"	Quincy.	Dis. Jan. 26, '63, disability.
Leavitt, Aaron	"	32	Randolph.	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Lyons, William	"	44	"	East Stoughton.	Dis. April 20, '63, disability.
Morse, Lysander C.	"	18	"	Stoughton.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Moran, Mathew	"	21	"	Milton.	"
Murray, John	"	25	Milton.	"	"
Niles, Jonathan S.	"	42	Randolph.	Randolph.	Transf. Jan. 16, '64, to V. R. C.
Osgood, James H.	"	18	Stoughton.	- -	Transf. Nov. 20, '63, to V. R. C.
Perry, William	"	24	Randolph.	- -	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Raymond, Alonzo T.	"	22	Stoughton.	Stoughton.	Dis. Dec. 26, '62, disability.
Raymond, Harvey E.	"	18	Randolph.	South Weymouth.	Dis. April 30, '64, disability.
Rienstow, John	"	28	"	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Sloan, George S.	"	35	"	Dead.	Died of wounds Sept. 16, '62, So. Mountain, Md.
Sloan, Isaac H.	"	23	"	Brockton.	Ex. of serv., June 5, '65.
Sloan, Joseph V.	"	24	"	Dead.	Died of wounds Oct. 6, '62, Keedysville, Md.
Smith, George L.	"	18	"	Spencer.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Smith, James T. F.	"	27	Stoughton.	Dead.	Killed Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
Sweetzer, Lorenzo	"	31	Westford.	Westford.	Dis. May 5, '63, disability.
Thayer, Nelson L.	"	20	Randolph.	Dead.	Died in Rebel Prison, Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 5, '65; buried in Salisbury, N. C., National Cemetery.
Tilson, William	"	44	"	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Uniack, Richard	"	41	"	"	"
Uniack, Robert	"	38	"	"	"
Veazie, Walter C.	"	18	"	"	"
Ward, Christopher	"	38	"	"	"
Wentworth, George S.	"	33	Essex.	Randolph.	Ex. of serv., June 26, '65.
Whalen, Thomas	"	40	Randolph.	Stoughton.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
White, Lawrence	"	20	"	Randolph.	Dis. Feb. 7, '63, disability.
Whitten, William	"	38	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Wild, Charles H.	"	30	"	"	"
Willis, Thomas E.	"	18	"	Dead.	Died May 26, '65, Washington, D. C.
Wood, William H.	"	26	"	Branntree.	Dis. Dec. 28, '62, disability.
Wright, Mason A.	"	21	Westford.	Ferris, Texas.	Transf. July 1, '64, to V. R. C.
Young, George I.	"	36	Stoughton.	Dead.	Killed Sept. 30, '64, Poplar Grove Church, Va.

## COMPANY E.—Continued.—RECRUITS.

(Mustered in from February to September, 1864.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1864.	
Noonan, Michael	Corporal.	21	Haverhill.	-	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Purcell, Martin	"	21	"	-	"
Schmidt, Heinrich	"	27	Boston.	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inf.
Cronan, John	Private.	23	"	-	"
Hoffman, William	"	29	"	-	"
Jones, Adam	"	18	"	-	"
Kalaher, Cornelius	"	40	"	Dead.	Killed July 30, '64, at the mine, Petersburg, Va.
Lenkorf, Henry	"	23	"	"	Died of wounds Feb. 8, '65; buried at City Point National Cemetery, Va., grave 90, sect. E, div. 2.
Madan, William	"	32	"	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inf.
Mahlstedt, Victor	"	25	"	-	"
Martikke, William	"	25	"	-	"
Maratzeek, Charles	"	22	"	-	"
Meyer, William	"	31	"	-	"
Niemer, Gustave	"	22	"	-	"
Peterson, Gotfried	"	29	"	-	"
Pohls, Henry	"	38	"	-	"
Prien, Charles	"	25	"	-	"
Priifer, Julius	"	22	"	Dead.	Died Jan. 13, '65.
Rhaders, Gerhardt	"	19	"	-	Ex. of serv., June 28, '65.
Reinhardt, Julius	"	24	"	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inf.
Keyer, Henry	"	30	"	-	"
Reihm, Charles	"	21	"	-	"
Reisse, Max	"	19	"	Dead.	Killed April 2, '65, Petersburg, Va.
Roethe, Gustave W.	"	27	"	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inf.
Rohn, Adolph	"	22	"	-	"
Rohn, Robert	"	32	"	-	"
Schmidt, Anton	"	28	"	-	"
Schroeder, Charles	"	24	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., Aug. 30, '65.
Schultz, Charles	"	24	"	-	Killed April 2, '65, Petersburg, Va.; buried in National Cemetery, City Point, Va., grave 64, sect. E, div. 2.

Salswedel, Emil	"	23	"	Dead.	Died in Rebel Prison, Salisbury, N. C.
Scholz, Frangott	"	27	"	"	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Schlechting, Frederick	"	55	"	"	"
Schnecker, Nicholas	"	24	"	Dead.	Died of wounds Oct. 5, '64, Washington, D. C.
Schomberg, Oscar	"	20	"	"	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Schnoseder, Reinold	"	29	"	Dead.	Died in Rebel Prison, Salisbury, N. C.
Simaler, Andreas	"	23	"	"	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Simon, Frederick	"	31	"	"	"
Steinmetz, Charles	"	18	"	"	"
Sydov, Paul	"	26	"	"	"
Ulrich, Frederick	"	32	"	"	Dis. June 1, '65, disability.
Ulrich, Gustave R.	"	26	"	"	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Uster, Rudolph	"	32	"	"	"
Wilson, Charles	"	29	"	"	"

# COMPANY F.

(Mastered in July and August, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.		
			In 1884.		
Oliver, Samuel C.	Captain.	-	Salem.	Salem.	Wounded Sept. 17, '62; Major 2d H. A., June 29, '63.
Preston, Dan'l J.	1st Lieut.	-	Danvers.	Danvers.	Capt. Sept. 28, '62; Major 36th U. S. Col. Troops Dec. 7, '63.
Williams, Charles P., jr.	2d Lieut.	-	Salem.	Dead.	Died Sept. 22, '62, of wounds received in battle, Sept. 14, '62.
Grant, Frederick	1st Sergt.	28	"	Salem.	Promoted out of the regiment Nov. 29, '63.
Hodges, Thorndike D.	"	25	Haverhill.	"	2d Lieut. Jan. 1, '63; mustered out for promotion in Gen. Wilde's Brigade.
Poole, Calvin W.	"	28	Rockport.	Rockport.	Dis. for disability Feb. 14, '63.
Spofford, Edward C.	"	23	No. Andover.	Peabody.	Wounded at So. Mountain, Md., Sept. 14, '62; 2d Lieut. 1st Mo. Light Artillery Feb. 1, '63.
Shattuck, C. William	"	19	Andover.	Boston Highl'ds.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Riggs, Edgar M	Corporal.	25	Rochester, N. Y.	Dead.	Wounded at the mine explosion July 30, '64; 2d Lieut. Sept. 8, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died March 17, '84.
Dodge, George S.	"	25	Boxford.	W. Boxford.	Transf. to V. R. C. March 31, '64.
Ham, Chas. H.	"	24	Danvers.	Wilton, N. H.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Ham, Daniel A.	"	22	E. Welden, N.H.	California.	Dis. for disability Oct. 15, '62.
Stetson, Seth S.	"	23	Danvers.	-	Dis. for disability Nov. 20, '62.
Wheeler, Daniel A.	"	23	Rockport.	Rockport.	Dis. for disability April 19, '63.
Clay, Thomas	"	23	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Poor, Geo. H.	"	21	No. Andover.	No. Andover.	Dis. for disability Dec. 8, '62.
Amerige, Wm. H.	Private.	21	Saugus.	Lynn.	Wounded by shell, before Petersburg, Va., '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Anderson, Enoch A.	"	21	Rockport.	Dead.	Dis. for disability Jan. 31, '63; died at Rockport, Mass.
Beals, Chas. W.	"	24	"	Salem.	Dis. for disability Nov. 21, '63.
Bragdon, George	"	30	"	Rockport.	Dis. for disability Nov. 12, '62.
Bray, Isaac B.	"	22	"	"	"
Brooks, David, jr.	"	22	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis., on account of wound, Nov. 22, '62.
Brown, Sam'l H.	"	18	Boxford.	Dead.	Died at Locust Spring, Va., Oct. 15, '62; buried at Antietam Nat. Cemetery, grave 91, lot B, sect. 17.

Brown, Sylvester	23	Middleton.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; died at home soon afterwards, and was buried in the soldiers' lot, Walnut Grove Cemetery, Danvers, Mass.
Burham, Geo. M.	18	Rockport.	Dead.	Dis. for disability April 15, '63; died at Rockport.
Bingham, James H.	19	Gloucester.	So. Boston.	Deserted from the Regiment Oct. 9, '63.
Carleton, Geo. E.	18	Boxford.	—	Dis. for disability Feb. 12, '63.
Clark, Geo., 3d.	28	Gloucester.	Dead.	Ex. of wounds received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64.
Clark, William	37	Lawrence.	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Lawrence, Mass.
Cole, Chas. W.	18	Boxford.	"	Died at Newport News, Va., March 3, '63; buried at Boxford.
Cole, John F.	21	"	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64; died of wound, in hospital at Philadelphia, Pa., June 13, '64.
Colcord, Wm. G.	20	Danvers.	Lynn.	Transf. to V. R. C. May 6, '63.
Cochran, Burton	26	Malden.	—	Dis. for disability Nov. 12, '62.
Day, Isaac C.	19	Boxford.	So. Groveland.	Wounded at the mine July 30, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Day, Lewis	28	Danvers.	Danvers.	Dis. for disability Feb. 16, '65.
Dockham, Henry G.	43	"	West Lynn.	Dis. for disability June 27, '65.
Dodge, Chas. W.	27	"	Dead.	Accidentally wounded at Leesburg, Va.; died of his wounds, at Washington, D. C., Sept. 18, '62.
Dyer, Fred W.	32	Randolph.	Randolph.	Wounded before Petersburg, Va.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Davis, Newell	20	Rockport.	Rockport.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Davison, Chas.	20	Gloucester.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Gloucester.
Evans, John T.	19	Lyman, Me.	Lyman, Me.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Evans, Samuel	40	No. Andover.	No. Andover.	Dis. for disability June 17, '63.
Eveleth, John F.	19	Danvers.	Danvers.	Taken prisoner May, '64, and carried to Libby, Andersonville, and other prisons, where he was confined till the close of the war.
Floyd, Philip F.	24	Saugus.	New York City.	Transf. to V. R. C. Dec. 3, '63.
Foster, John F.	33	Gloucester.	Gloucester.	Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va.; dis., on account of wounds, March 12, '63.
Fuller, Wm. H.	27	Saugus.	Dead.	Transf. to Navy April 6, '64.
Grimes, Solomon D.	27	Rockport.	Mystic, Conn.	ad Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Green, James A.	21	Danvers.	Colorado.	Wounded, Sept. 17, '62, at Antietam; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Green, Chas. W.	22	No. Andover.	No. Andover.	Promoted out of the regiment.
Green, Thomas E.	22	Danvers.	Peabody.	Dis. for disability Nov. 1, '63.
Haggerty, William	23	Lawrence.	Dead.	Deserted Dec. 19, '62; died at Lawrence since close of the war.
Hanson, Geo. W.	19	Danvers.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Heath, Caleb W.	27	Lawrence.	—	Dis. for disability Jan. 25, '64.
Hinds, Ambrose	26	Danvers.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Hodgkins, Aaron J.	24	Rockport.	"	Deserted July 14, '64; died at Fort Fisher.
Holbrook, Geo.	18	"	"	Dis. for disability Nov. 4, '63; died at Rockport.

COMPANY F. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Holbrook, Lyford	Private.	22	Rockport.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Rockport.
Holt, Sam'l W.	"	36	Andover.	Reading.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hoopar, Dennison	"	20	Gloucester.	Anisquam.	"
Hood, Joseph E.	"	21	Danvers.	Danvers.	Wounded at the mine July 30, '64; dis., on account of same, April 10, '65.
Harmon, Robt. A.	"	19	Lawrence.	Lawrence.	Dis. for disability July 26, '64.
Ireland, Alfred	"	32	Gloucester.	W. Gloucester.	Wounded at No. Anna River May, '64; ex. of serv., June 13, '65; 2d Lieut.
Kingman, John F.	"	28	Randolph.	Oakland, Cal.	Dis. for disability April 29, '63.
Knight, Sam'l L.	"	26	Danvers.	- - -	Wounded in camp before Petersburg; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Laing, William	"	26	No. Andover.	No. Andover.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65, '63.
LeGro, Chas. P.	"	25	Danvers.	Danvers.	Transf. to V. R. C. May 6, '63.
Lisk, Geo., jr.	"	21	Gloucester.	Michigan.	Transf. to V. R. C. May 21, '63.
Lowe, Alonzo	"	34	Rockport.	Dead.	Died at Camp Dennison, Ohio, Sept. 18, '63.
Lowe, Geo. S.	"	20	Gloucester.	"	Dis. for disability May 2, '63; died at Gloucester.
McClaron, James	"	36	Roxbury.	So. Sudbury.	Dis. for disability March 8, '63.
Metzger, Christopher	"	19	Danvers.	Lynn.	Wounded at Weldon R.R., Va., Aug. 19, '64; dis., on account of wounds, April 7, '65.
Norwood, Samuel	"	22	Rockport.	Ipswich.	Ex. of serv., June 19, '65.
Peabody, Wm. A.	"	21	Danvers.	Dead.	"
Perley, Wm. E.	"	19	Boxford.	W. Boxford.	"
Ready, Chas. M.	"	32	Boston.	Dead.	"
Richardson, Solomon	"	28	Middleton.	"	"
Roach, Israel	"	38	Danvers.	"	Died at Salisbury Prison, N. C., Oct. 20, '64.
Robinson, Enoch K.	"	21	Newburyport.	- - -	Killed at the mine, before Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; buried in Poplar Grove Nat. Cemetery, grave 30, div. C, sect. D.
Rollins, Jonas M.	"	32	Danvers.	Danvers.	Died in Andersonville Prison, and buried in grave 6166.
Ross, Geo. L.	"	23	Shapley, Me.	"	Transf. to V. R. C. June 18, '64.
Seavey, Josiah F.	"	27	Gloucester.	Gloucester.	Dis. for disability Feb. 20, '63.
Sylvester, Henry B.	"	21	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Spofford, John P.	"	21	No. Andover.	Dead.	Died at Oak Ridge, Miss., July 8, '63.
Tarr, Addison W.	"	26	Gloucester.	Riverdale, Glouc'r.	Transf. to V. R. C. March 31, '63.



Taylor, Wm.	"	34	No. Andover.	Boston Highlands.	Wounded at Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 19, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Thayer, James R.	"	25	Randolph.	Randolph.	Wounded at Campbell's Station, E. Tenn.; dis., on account of wounds, March 24, '64.
Townsend, Chas.	"	29	No. Andover.	East Saugus.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis., on account of wounds, Jan. 26, '63.
Trask, Levi A.	"	21	Danvers.	Beverly.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Verry, Lewis	"	34	"	Dead.	Dis. for disability April 24, '63; died at Danvers.
Wardwell, Jos. W.	"	28	Andover.	Andover.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Webster, Newell	"	20	Rockport.	Amesbury.	Dis. for disability.
Welch, Chas. E. M.	"	27	Danvers.	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; died and buried at Danvers.
Whitney, Geo. T.	"	27	"	"	Died at Annapolis, Md., March 12, '65, from starvation and abuse in Southern prisons.
Whitehouse, Jonathan E.	"	21	"	"	Wounded at No. Anna River, Va., '64; transf. to V. R. C. April 23, '63; buried at Danvers, Aug. 11, '63.
Wiggin, Oliver P.	"	21	"	"	Wounded at So. Mountain, Va., Sept. 14, '62; dis., Jan. 31, '63, for disability.
Williams, Chas. H.	"	28	Saugus.	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died at Saugus.
Williams, Geo. S.	"	18	"	Saugus.	Dis. for disability Nov. 14, '63.
Willis, John	"	24	Rockport.	Rockport.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Wood, Joseph	"	24	Danvers.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Wolstewholme, Halstead	Musician.	16	Lynn.	Lynn.	Dis. May 15, '63.
Homan, Henry H.	"	16	Wenham.	"	Dis. Feb. 3, '63.

## RECRUITS.

(Mustered in July, 1864.)

Ahrens, Mathias	Private.	24	Boston.	"	Died in Salisbury Prison, N. C., Oct. 17, '64.
Altenburg, Hugo	"	19	"	"	Transf. to 29th Regt., Mass. Vols.
Balch, John	"	19	"	"	"
Becker, Chas.	"	24	"	"	"
Bitzold, Fredk.	"	20	"	"	"
Beyer, Gustav	"	24	"	"	"
Bohmar, August	"	19	"	"	"
Bortels, John	"	35	"	"	"
Brant, Fredk.	"	25	"	"	"
Burns, Gustav	"	21	"	"	"
Carsh, Joseph	"	20	"	"	"
Cherfee, Chas.	"	26	"	"	"
Clement, John	"	21	"	"	Deserted to the enemy March 22, '65.

COMPANY F, RECRUITS. — *Continued.*

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Cloves, Francis	Private.	18	Boston.	-	Transf. to 29th Regt.
Cohn, David	"	19	"	-	"
Dayeroth, Frederick	"	19	"	-	"
Dedman, Chas.	"	29	"	-	"
Dieman, Henry	"	20	"	-	"
Dietrich, John G.	"	28	"	-	"
Donarth, Ernest	"	24	"	-	"
Eggas, Corard	"	28	"	-	Accidentally drowned in James River April 27, '65.
Engel, Henry	"	18	"	-	Transf. to 29th Regt.
Erdman, Paul	"	23	"	-	"
Fisher, Herman	"	32	"	-	"
Foster, George	"	27	"	-	"
Frank, Francis	"	18	"	-	Deserted to the enemy Oct. 25, '65.
Graviert, Ferdinand	"	26	"	-	Transf. to 29th Regt.
Gripp, Henry	"	24	"	-	"
Grothkoff, Detlif	"	23	"	-	"
Gropel, John	"	38	"	-	"
Gurth, August	"	28	"	-	Deserted to the enemy March 22, '65.
Grumert, August	"	38	"	-	Transf. to 29th Regt.
Hake, Adolph	"	29	"	-	"
Hanson, Reder	"	26	"	-	"
Helbig, Chas.	"	32	"	-	"
Hertz, August	"	31	"	-	"
Shultz, John	"	29	"	-	"
Splitter, John	"	26	"	-	"
Vrage, Adolph	"	29	"	-	"
Westphal, Henry	"	20	"	-	"
Webber, Chas.	"	27	"	-	"
Wommelstorf, Henry	"	39	"	-	Died in prison, at Salisbary, N. C., Oct. 19, '64.
Worn, William	"	22	"	-	Transf. to 29th Regt.
Wrauke, Chas. U. S.	"	30	"	-	"
Zastrow, Rudolph	"	19	"	-	"

# COMPANY G.

(Mustered in August, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Gibson, William	Captain.	21	Boston.	N. Y. City.	Resigned Jan. 27, '64.
Brooks, Frederick D.	1st Lieut.	31	Haverhill.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; resigned Jan. 22, '63; died '80; buried at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Washburn, William, jr.	2d Lieut.	22	Boston.	Bethlehem, Pa.	Resigned Aug. 3, '63; 1st Lieut.
Hewett, John C.	1st Sergt.	38	Haverhill.	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 23, '63.
Dean, James F. G.	Sergeant.	19	"	"	Dis. Nov. '62, disability.
Stover, Martin L.	"	24	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 23, '62, disability.
Ayer, Edwin B.	"	43	"	"	Prom. 1st Sergt.; dis. Feb. 6, '65, disability.
Keinan, Frank T.	"	21	"	Boston.	Dis. Nov. 22, '62, disability.
Flanders, Leonard H.	Corporal.	23	"	Deadwood, Dak.	Color Corp. Antietam, and wounded Sept. 17, '62; dis. March 5, '63, disability.
Whitman, Frank M.	"	23	"	Haverhill.	Prom. Sergt.; wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, '64; dis. Dec. 18, '64, with loss of leg.
Tilton, Caleb E.	"	29	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; wounded by R. R. accid't Mar. 27, '83.
Burr, Henry O.	"	33	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; transf. to V. R. C. Feb. 11, '64; dis. Aug. 6, '65, disability.
Lufkin, Elbridge	"	23	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 6, '63, disability.
Coulliard, Charles H.	"	26	Bradford.	"	Dis., disability.
Sanborn, Lewis T.	"	23	Haverhill.	Atchison, Kan.	Prom. Sergt.; dis. Sept. 8, '63, disability.
Ellis, John M.	"	21	"	Beverly.	Prom. Sergt. Mar. 1, '63; 1st Sergt. Apr. 28, '64; 2d Lieut. Sept. 8, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf't. J'ne 9, '65.
Adams, John Q.	Private.	18	"	"	Dis. April 22, '64, disability.
Adams, Stephen C.	"	31	"	Haverhill.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body buried on the field.
Banfield, Charles E.	"	29	Bradford.	Dead.	Dis. Nov. 12, '62, disability.
Bennett, George	"	23	Poston.	"	Deserted Aug. 22, '62.
Bailey, Luther S.	"	30	Haverhill.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; Corp. and Sergt.; taken pris'n'r at Jackson, Miss., July, '63; exch'g'd; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died '79; buried at Linwood Cem., Haverhill, Mass.
Barrows, Theodore P.	"	18	"	Dead.	Died of accidental wound with axe in camp, Oct. 31, '62; body sent home; buried at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.

COMPANY G. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Batchelder, William S.	Private.	25	Haverhill.	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 14, '63, disability.
Burbank, Percival E.	"	30	"	"	Dis. Nov. 11, '63, disability.
Bly, Ezra	"	42	"	"	Dis. Nov. 28, '62, disability.
Carr, John C.	"	38	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 31, '62, disability; died '72; buried in City Soldiers' Lot, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cochrane, William N.	"	23	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 22, '62, disability.
Cogswell, Edward	"	44	"	Newburyport.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 22, '62, disability.
Chever, George B.	"	24	"	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 16, '63, disability.
Davis, Daniel G.	"	34	"	Bradford.	Dis. Nov. 8, '62, disability.
Day, Charles O.	"	24	Newburyport.	Dead.	Dis. Feb. 7, '63, disability.
Dresser, Augustus W.	"	23	Haverhill.	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; deserted from hospital March 2, '63.
Dresser, William M.	"	24	"	Haverhill.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home; buried at Hilldale Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Dresser, Albert L.	"	24	"	S.H., Augusta, Me.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 23, '62, disability, with loss of leg.
Drew, Daniel F. M.	"	42	"	"	Dis. Nov. 30, '63, disability.
Drew, Charles A.	"	19	"	"	Dis. Oct. 28, '63, disability.
Drew, Herbert M.	"	29	"	Dead.	Dis. Jan. 29, '63, disability.
Dunn, Charles M.	"	20	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home; buried at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Ellis, George W.	"	21	"	Dead.	Prom. Corp.; Sergt. March 1, '65; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Emerson, William H.	"	35	"	Haverhill.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home; buried at Hilldale Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Fernald, Simeon M.	"	28	"	"	Dis. March 25, '63, disability.
Foot, Samuel	"	27	"	"	Dis. Oct. 30, '62, disability.
Foss, Alfred A.	"	18	"	Dead.	Dis. Nov. 12, '62, disability.
Fallen, Patrick	"	26	"	"	Prom. Corp. and Sergt.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Fitts, Jacob W.	"	21	"	Dead.	Dis. Nov. 8, '62, disability.

Fuller, James A.	"	31	Haverhill.	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 28, '63, disability.
Goodrich, Hazen B.	"	20	"	"	Dis. Jan. 29, '65, to enlist in U. S. Army.
Ghnes, James A.	"	21	"	"	Dis. Oct. 6, '62, disability.
Goodwin, George K.	"	27	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 6, '63, disability.
Gubill, Robert	"	30	"	"	Dis. Sept. 3, '64, disability.
George, Henry O.	"	31	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home; buried at Hilldale Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
George, Henry B.	"	20	"	Haverhill.	Dis. April 23, '63, to enlist as Sergt. in office of War Dept.
Gile, Andrew J.	"	33	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Hardy, Joseph C.	"	23	"	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; prom. Corp. March 1, '63; Sergt.; 2d Lieut. Sept. 6, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Harmon, Walter S.	"	24	"	Dead.	Wounded at So. Mountain Sept. 14, '62; dis. Feb. 3, '63, disability; died; buried at Linwood Cem., Haverhill, Mass.
Hammond, George K.	"	36	"	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '62, disability.
Hall, Jesse F.	"	19	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 17, '63, disability.
Hall, Cyrus J.	"	22	"	"	Transf. to V. R. C. Sept. 20, '64.
Heath, George W.	"	24	"	"	Dis. Dec. 16, '62, disability.
Heath, Francis E.	"	19	"	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 13, '63, disability.
Head, Addison	"	22	"	"	Dis. March 31, '63, disability.
Head, William	"	18	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; buried on the field.
Hackett, William	"	22	"	"	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; buried at Walnut Cemetery, East Haverhill, Mass.
Hoyt, Henry A.	"	24	"	Haverhill.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Harriman, Ira F.	"	24	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; transf. to V. R. C. May 28, '62.
Jaques, Melvin F.	"	34	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 30, '62, disability.
Jenness, William B.	"	21	Bradford.	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va. May 18, '64; ex. of serv., June 3, '65.
Kelley, Edward P.	"	23	Haverhill.	"	Prom. Corp. March 1, '63; Sergt. Sept. 21, '64; 2d Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; 1st Lieut. Jan. 14, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Kimball, D. Smith	"	21	"	"	Dis. June 5, '63, disability.
Kenney, Silas W.	"	27	"	Haverhill.	Dis. Nov. 12, '62, disability.
Leach, Benjamin F.	"	19	Lowell.	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Nov. 28, '62, disability.
Longfellow, Edward P.	"	23	Dead.	"	Prisoner of war Nov. 16, '62; paroled Dec. 1, '62; dis. Jan. 22, '63, disability; died '63; buried in Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
LeBosquet, James	"	19	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 10, '63, disability; died '83; buried at Linwood Cem., Haverhill, Mass.
Marsh, Martin L.	"	22	"	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Feb. 6, '63, disability.
McLain, Charles O.	"	20	"	Dead.	Prom. Com. Sergt. Aug. 21, '62; died May 15, '63; buried at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Merrill, Edmund N.	"				

COMPANY G.—Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.		
			In 1864.		
Merrill, Charles A.	Private.	28	Haverhill.	Haverhill.	Ex. of serv., June 28, '65.
Morse, Sylvester P.	"	33	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Jan. 24, '63, disability.
Murry, David B.	"	25	"	Manchester, N. H.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Nov. 22, '62, disability.
Morrill, Edward H.	"	19	"	"	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; prom. Corp.; Sergt.; 1st Lieut. 61st Mass. Inft. Sept. 24, '64.
Netter, Martin	"	-	"	Lynn.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 30, '62, disability.
Nichols, Walter	"	-	"	Haverhill.	Transf. to V. R. C. Nov. 31, '64.
Peckham, Walter G.	"	26	Newburyport.	Rockport.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; prom. Corp. March 17, '65; Sergt. May 1, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Philbrick, Isaac H.	"	26	Haverhill.	Haverhill.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Porter, Frank A.	"	21	"	Dead.	Killed on picket line Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 29, '63; buried in city of Knoxville, Tenn.
Rowe, George W.	"	42	"	Haverhill.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Sargent, George F.	"	27	"	Dead.	Killed at Coal Harbor, Va., June 6, '64; body sent home; buried at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Sargent, Harrison W.	"	22	"	"	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62; body buried on the field.
Shaw, Andrew F.	"	29	"	Haverhill.	Dis. March 28, '63, disability.
Shaw, James A.	"	35	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Spaulding, Leonard V.	"	30	"	"	Dis. Nov. 8, '62, disability.
Stover, Abner D.	"	26	"	"	Prom. Act'g Ensign U. S. Navy, Dec. 23, '62.
Tarbox, Charles H.	"	22	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body burned on the field.
Teal, Michael C.	"	39	"	"	Transf. to V. R. C. Dec. 25, '63.
Thompson, George W.	"	28	"	Haverhill.	Dis. Feb. 28, '63, disability.
Thompson, William H.	"	25	"	Merrimac.	Dis. Oct. 30, '62, disability.
Willis, Alfred	"	36	"	Haverhill.	Dis. Feb. 11, '63, disability.
Williams, Watson S.	"	32	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; died Sept. 20, '62.
Woodward, Horace F.	"	27	"	Stoughton.	Dis. March 16, '64, disability.
White, Albert H.	"	18	"	Boston.	Prom. Corp. March 1, '65; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Woodman, Clarence	"	19	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home; buried at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.
Young, George A.	"	19	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62, and died of wounds; body sent home; buried at Hilldale Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass.

## RECRUITS.

(*German Recruits were Mastered in July, 1864, others as stated in the Remarks.*)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	STATE, EMPIRE OR KINGDOM WHERE BORN.	PLACE CREDITED TO.	TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
Ashman, Frederick	Private.	26	Germany.	Boston.	Prom. Corp.; dis. May 21, '65, disability.
Bammer, Ludwig	"	25	Prussia.	"	Dis. May 16, '65, order War Dept.
Bartsch, Julius	"	34	Germany.	"	Died at Baltimore, Md., April 3, '65.
Braner, Frederick	"	28	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Bilz, John	"	20	"	"	Deserted to the enemy March 22, '65.
Behr, Ernst	"	25	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Blank, William	"	33	Hamb	"	"
Behr, William	"	42	* Germany.	"	"
Brost, Oscar	"	22	"	"	"
Berlitz, Julius	"	30	"	"	"
Baasch, John	"	27	"	"	"
Betzliche, Francis	"	25	"	"	"
Brandt, William	"	25	"	"	"
Beierstorfer, William	"	19	"	"	"
Binn, Henry	"	27	"	"	"
Becker, Frederick	"	27	"	"	"
Claus, Arthur	"	20	"	"	"
Carberge, Lorenz	"	29	"	"	"
Cordes, William	"	33	"	"	"
Dorterer, John	"	21	"	"	"
Draje, Edward	"	25	"	"	"
Eslinger, Christian	"	25	"	"	"
Fishback, Fernand	"	23	"	"	"
Fisher, Robert	"	24	"	"	"
Faubursch, Frederick	"	22	"	"	"
Fisher, Charles	"	22	"	"	Deserted to the enemy March 22, '65.
Franzel, Franz	"	28	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Grumberg, William	"	30	"	"	Prisoner of war from Sept. 30, '64, and died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 27, '64; buried at Salisbury National Cemetery.
Gerke, Henry	"	20	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '64.

COMPANY G, RECRUITS. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	STATE, EMPIRE OR KINGDOM WHERE BORN.	PLACE CREDITED TO.	TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
Giester, Christopher	Private.	20	Germany.	Boston.	Prisoner of war from Sept. 30, '64, and died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 25, '64; buried at Salisbury National Cemetery.
Gullman, Frederick	"	27	"	"	Prom. Corp; dis. May 21, '65, disability.
Gebhardt, William	"	24	"	"	"
Gallien, Leopold	"	23	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Gerke, Carl	"	44	"	"	"
Heubach, Frederick	"	18	"	"	"
Heuer, Francis	"	27	"	"	"
Heibner, Julius	"	29	"	"	"
Heldt, Christian	"	29	"	"	"
Henrichsen, John	"	41	"	"	"
Halm, Charles	"	36	"	"	"
Jersz, Gerd	"	26	"	"	Prisoner of war from Sept. 30, '64, and died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 12, '63; buried at Salisbury National Cemetery.
Jensen, Frederick G. M.	"	24	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
John, Charles	"	33	Hamburg, Germany.	"	"
Krager, Charles	"	20	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 20, '65.
Harms, William	"	23	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Kloss, Frederick	"	42	"	"	"
Kroger, William	"	26	Hamburg.	"	"
Kleng, William	"	30	Germany.	"	Died March 18, '65.
Krieger, William	"	34	"	"	Missing in action, Sept. 30, '64.
Kennert, William	"	21	"	"	Transferred to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Groth, William	"	26	"	"	"
Kleinets, Joh	"	19	"	"	"
Krayezyezsch, Louis	"	25	"	"	"
Lambrecht, Henry	"	23	"	"	"
Lesner, Adolph	"	20	"	"	Died of wounds Jan. 17, '65, near Petersburg, Va.
Leo, Louis	"	26	"	"	Prom. Corp. Sept. 21, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Lüder, Otto	"	19	"	"	Transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.



White, Napoleon B. Grealish, Patrick	" "	18 23	Providence, R. I. Galway, Ireland.	Boston. "	Mustered in March 24, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65. Mustered in April 2, '64; killed at mine near Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; buried at City Point Nat. Cemetery, Va., grave 82, sect. C, div. 2.
Smith, Thomas	"	23	Scotland.	Roxbury.	Mustered in April 14, '64; prom. Corp.; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Smith, John H.	"	21	England.	"	Mustered in April 19, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Webber, Peter	"	23	Glenn, N. Y.	"	Mustered in Oct. 13, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.
Markham, Thomas	"	27	England.	"	Mustered in Oct. 27, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf. June 9, '65.

# COMPANY H.

(Mustered in August and September, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.		
			Weymouth.	In 1884.	
Pratt, Benj. F.	Captain.	34	Weymouth.	No. Weymouth.	Transf. and promoted Lieut.-Col. of 36th Regt. U. S. C. T. Aug. 1, '63.
Lyon, Geo. P.	1st Lieut.	32	"	Weymouth.	Capt. May 27, '63; Resigned April 27, '64.
Burrell, Oliver	2d Lieut.	27	"	E. Weymouth.	1st Lieut. Dec. 15, '62; resigned Oct. 6, '63.
Adlington, Stephen S.	Private.	24	"	Dead.	Transf. to V. R. C. Oct. 1, '63.
Adams, George M.	Sergeant.	22	"	No. Cohasset.	"
Barnes, Ferdinand J.	Corporal.	25	"	No. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Beard, Austin P.	"	23	"	E. Weymouth.	"
Bearse, Simeon	"	34	"	Weymouth.	"
Bicknell, Chas. E.	"	19	"	Dead.	"
Bicknell, Fred. T.	"	21	"	"	Taken prisoner Sept. 30, '64; died; buried in Village Cemetery, Weymouth.
Burrell, Martin D.	"	18	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Bicknell, Francis A.	Corporal.	18	"	No. Weymouth.	Dis. to receive promotion May, '64; Lieut. 36th U. S. C. T.
Blanchard, Chas. B.	Private.	22	"	Dead.	Died in prison, at Richmond, Va., Jan. 20, '63.
Blanchard, Otis S.	"	40	"	"	Dis. Feb. 21, '63, disability.
Cook, Thomas W.	"	26	"	"	Deserted Dec., '62, Fredericksburg.
Cady, Benj. L.	"	38	"	No. Weymouth.	Transf. to V. R. C., '63.
Carney, William	"	26	"	E. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Chapman, Daniel L.	"	27	"	Hanover.	"
Coakley, Humphrey	"	24	"	Weymouth.	"
Crocker, Chas. A.	"	18	"	Dead.	Killed at Poplar Spring Church, Va., Sept. 30, '64; buried on the field.
Cushing, Henry F.	"	40	"	No. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Cushing, David W.	"	30	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried at Fort Hill Cem., Hingham, Mass.
Cushing, Alfred T.	"	40	"	No. Weymouth.	Dis. Feb. 20, '63, disability.
Dalton, John W.	"	35	"	Weymouth.	Transf. to V. R. C. March 16, '64.
Dolloff, Albert W.	"	44	"	W. Paris, Me.	Dis. Dec. 30, '64, disability.
Davis, John	"	23	"	Dead.	Died at Paris, Ky., Aug. 22, '63; buried there; body removed to Lexington Nat'l Cemetery, circle 11, grave 135.

Dunbar, Chas. H.	Sergeant.	27	"	"	2d Lieut.; dis. June 17, '64, disability; died in '82, and buried in old cemetery, Hingham.
Dyer, William H.	Private.	23	"	"	Deserted Dec. '62.
Estes, Samuel	"	38	"	So. Weymouth.	Dis. Feb., '63, wounds.
Foye, Sam'l S.	"	24	"	Dead.	Dis. Nov. 10, '64, disability; buried in Village Cemetery, Weymouth.
Gunning, Amos J.	"	30	"	Washington, D. C.	Dis. Feb. 19, '63, wounds.
Gammons, Fred. J.	"	18	"	Dead.	Taken prisoner Sept. 30, '64; buried at Weymouth.
Goldthwaite, Chas.	"	41	"	So. Weymouth.	Dis. May 26, '63, disability.
Gannett, Chas. E.	Sergeant.	23	"	Dead.	Died at Milldale, Miss., July 5, '63; buried there.
Gartner, Jason	Musician.	33	"	E. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Gardner, Edward B.	Private.	30	"	"	Dis. March 6, '63, wounds.
Gloster, Patrick	"	27	"	Weymouth.	Dis. March, '64, disability.
Halloren, James	"	19	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; drowned at sea.
Hill, Boyle D.	"	34	"	"	Dis. May 18, '65, disability; buried at So. Weymouth.
Holbrook, Richard M.	"	33	"	Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hollis, Henry S.	"	40	"	Dead.	Died of wounds, Aug. 19, '63, received at Jackson, Miss.; buried at Cave Hill Nat'l Cemetery, Louisville, Ky., sect. B, range 14, grave 3.
Hollis, Adoniram B.	"	29	"	No. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Holmes, Jesse H.	"	19	"	St. Louis, Mo.	Quartermaster-Sergt. '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hunt, James L.	"	33	"	Rockland.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Holmes, Lyman T.	"	24	"	Dead.	Sergt.; killed at Spottsylvania May 18, '64; buried on the field.
Hunt, John Q.	"	21	"	"	Sergt.; killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; buried on the field.
Hawes, Charles	"	22	"	E. Weymouth.	Dis. Dec. 3, '62, wounds.
Hayden, Albert C.	"	25	"	Dead.	Dis. Nov. 8, '62, wounds; buried at E. Weymouth.
Lloyd, Charles S.	Corporal.	35	"	So. Weymouth.	Sergt.; 1st Lieut. Sept. 6, '64; transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.
Loring, Chas. H.	Private.	19	"	Weymouth.	Sergt. '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Loud, Thomas B.	"	25	"	E. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Lamson, Daniel	1st Sergt.	30	"	Dead.	Killed at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, '62; buried on the field.
Mann, Geo. H.	Private.	23	"	Pembroke.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Murphy, Terrence	"	36	"	Weymouth.	Dis. March 10, '64, disability.
Morrill, Chas. A.	Corporal.	21	"	Healdsburg, Cal.	Sept. 2, '64, 1st Lieut. 4th Heavy Artillery.
Morrill, Chas. G.	Private.	23	"	So. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Mason, Adoniram J.	Sergeant.	32	"	Los Angeles, Cal.	1st Lieut. Jan. 28, '64; Capt. Nov. 29, '64; transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.
McGill, John	Private.	26	"	Dead.	Deserted Dec. 12, '62.
O'Connor, Timothy	"	18	"	"	Transf. to V. R. C.; died in '82, and buried at Weymouth.
Orcutt, Augustus E.	"	18	"	"	Died in '63; buried at Nat'l Cemetery, Camp Nelson, Ky., sect. D, grave 60.

COMPANY H. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Pike, William	Private.	25	Weymouth.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on the field.
Parks, John	"	25	"	"	Deserted Oct., '62.
Pratt, Benj. F., 2d,	"	34	"	E. Weymouth.	Dis. Feb. 19, '64, disability.
Pratt, Benj. F., 3d,	"	25	"	Dead.	Dis. at end of the war, '65; buried at Old North Cem., Weymouth, Mass.
Pratt, Asa B.	"	28	"	E. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., May 15, '65.
Pratt, Francis S.	"	18	"	Brockton.	Transf. to V. R. C.
Pratt, James	"	39	"	Dead.	Died Aug. 24, '63; buried at Linden Grove Cemetery, Covington, Ky.
Pratt, Leonard	Corporal.	21	"	"	Killed at Petersburg July 30, '64; buried on the field.
Pray, Samuel	Private.	31	"	Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Peterson, Alfred W.	"	19	"	"	Dis. Dec. 17, '62, wounds.
Raymond, Chas. W.	"	37	"	E. Weymouth	Dis. Nov. 30, '63, disability.
Rice, William P.	"	34	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Reilly, Michael	"	28	"	So. Weymouth.	"
Richards, David P.	"	-	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died in '82; buried in Vil. Cem'y.
Richards, Wm. H.	Corporal.	44	"	So. Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Ritchie, Henry	"	36	"	Dead.	Died Sept. 1, '63; buried at Cleveland, Ohio.
Roachman, John	"	23	"	N <sup>o</sup> . Weymouth.	Dis. Nov. 30, '63, disability.
Robinson, Benj. F.	"	36	"	Weymouth.	Dis. Dec. 31, '62, disability.
Robbins, Chas. H.	Private.	23	"	Dead.	Died Sept. 27, '62, of wounds received at Antietam; buried at Antietam Nat'l Cemetery, grave 88, lot B, sect. 17.
Rowe, James	"	44	"	"	Died Jan. 17, '63, at Washington, D. C.
Smith, Jason	"	20	"	"	Died June 24, '64; buried at Nat'l Cemetery, City Point, Va., grave 2, sect. B, div. 4.
Stoddard, Henry A.	"	21	"	N <sup>o</sup> . Weymouth.	Dis. May 12, '64, disability.
Spear, Josiah Q.	"	24	"	E. Weymouth.	Sergt. Oct. 3, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Smith, Wm. W.	"	24	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam, '62; buried on the field.
Tyndall, John	"	23	"	Taunton.	Dis. Jan. 30, '63, wounds.
Thayer, Geo. R.	"	22	"	Riverside, Cal.	Dis. Dec. 17, '62, disability.
Tirrell, Alfred W.	"	18	"	Lynn.	Sergt.; 2d Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; 1st Lieut. Jan. 14, '65; transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.

Thayer, Stillman	"	34	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died May 5, '71, and buried at Highland Cemetery, So. Weymouth.
Torrey, Naaman	"	45	"	"	Died Sept. 19, '63, at Crab Orchard, Ky.; buried there.
Torrey, Naaman, jr.	"	20	"	Arcola, Ill.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Torrey, James L.	"	21	"	Fairmount, W. Va.	Transf. to V. R. C. March 5, '64.
Torrey, Richmond	"	45	"	Brockton, D. C.	Dis. March 4, '64, for disability.
Torrey, Turner	"	40	"	Washington, D. C.	Transf. to V. R. C.
Trufant, Edgar H.	"	19	"	So. Braintree.	"
Turner, Waldo	"	20	"	E. Weymouth.	1st Sergt.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Vining, Daniel	Musician.	23	"	No. Weymouth.	Principal Musician; dis. in '64, disability.
Walker, Edwin	Private.	24	"	"	Dis. Feb. 20, '63, disability.
Ware, Lawrence A.	"	22	"	Hartford, Conn.	Transf. to V. R. C.
White, William	"	37	"	Dead.	2d Lieut. Sept. 8, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Winslow, Nathan F.	"	22	"	Dead.	Died at Philadelphia, Nov. 26, '62, of wounds received at Antietam.
Willis, Stephen R.	Corporal.	38	"	"	Died July 17, '63, of wounds received at Jackson; buried at Milldale, Miss.

## RECRUITS.

(Mustered in from February to July, 1864.)

Ihloff, Heinrich	Corporal.	38	Boston.	"	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inf.
Kronerd, Herman	"	24	"	"	"
Amende, Ernest	Private.	25	"	"	"
Brown, Edward	"	-	-	-	Died, Dec. 14, '64, Washington, D. C.
Clark, T. W.	"	35	Weymouth.	"	Deserted Nov. 19, '64.
Friede, Arwed	"	20	Boston.	"	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inf.
Fogg, John	"	22	Sandwich.	"	"
Hahnel, Frederick	"	23	Boston.	"	"
Heese, Helmut	"	22	"	"	"
Hass, John	"	39	"	"	"
Ihler, August	"	28	"	"	"
Jeschke, Edward	"	21	"	"	"
Jeckel, Francis	"	18	"	"	"
Jacob, Frederick	"	26	"	"	"
Jeckel, Henry	"	23	"	"	"
Jacobsen, Henry	"	35	"	"	"
Junghaus, Christian	"	24	"	"	"
Kaminski, August	"	27	"	"	"
Katzmeyer, Christian	"	21	"	"	"

COMPANY H, RECRUITS.—Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Klinger, Henry	Private.	19	Boston.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Knupfer, Moritz	"	27	"	—	"
Kersten, Frederick	"	28	"	—	Died at Salisbury, N. C., while a prisoner of war, Dec., '64; buried at Salisbury Nat'l Cemetery.
Kornthal, Robert	"	21	"	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Kemple, Richard	"	22	"	—	"
Koch, William	"	21	"	—	"
Kniescher, John	"	28	"	—	"
Klussman, Frederick	"	40	"	—	"
Krug, August	"	33	"	—	"
Kowalski, Ludwig	"	25	"	—	"
Kornates, George	"	23	"	—	"
Levy, Joseph	"	19	"	—	"
Landaman, Ernest	"	21	"	—	"
Minnert, August	"	25	"	—	"
Meyer, August	"	28	"	—	"
Obrecht, John	"	—	"	—	Deserted April 3, '65.
Prager, Balthazar	"	30	"	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Ripakavitz, Gottfried	"	20	"	—	"
Schmidt, Peter	"	24	"	—	"
Schultz, Charles	"	26	"	—	"
Schebe, Oscar	"	20	"	—	"
Sommer, Adolph	"	19	"	—	"
White, Edward	"	21	Weymouth.	—	"
Zander, August	"	37	Boston.	—	"
Milan, Malachi	"	24	Cohasset.	—	Transf. to V. R. C.

# COMPANY I.

*(Mustered in August 16, 1862.)*

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Willard, Sidney	Captain.	31	Boston.	Dead.	Maj. Aug. 27, '62; died Dec. 14, '62, of wounds, at Fredericksburg.
Lathrop, John	1st Lieut.	27	Dedham.	Boston.	Capt. Aug. 27, '62; dis. Nov. 14, '63, for disability.
Hill, William	2d Lieut.	29	"	Dead.	1st Lieut. Aug. 27, '62; wounded at So. Mountain Sept. 14, '62; killed at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, '62; buried on the field.
Floyd, Andrew	1st Sergt.	34	Weston.	-	Wounded at Fredericksburg; 2d Lieut. Dec. 14, '62; dropped from rolls May 4, '63.
Cobb, John D.	Sergeant.	22	Dedham.	Dedham.	1st Sergt. March, '63; 1st Lieut. Nov. 15, '63; Actg. Adjt. from April 1, '64, to June 9, '65; Capt. Nov. 29, '64, not mustered; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
(5) Tisdale, Henry W.	"	25	"	Boston.	Wounded at So. Mountain; prisoner of war from May 24, '64, to end of war; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Pond, Charles D.	"	28	"	Norwood.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hall, David K.	"	21	Needham.	Dead.	Died of fever, at Newport News, Va., Feb. 25, '63; buried in National Cemetery.
Hatton, Edward E.	Corporal.	22	Dedham.	"	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home; buried at Dedham.
Steiner, Ferdinand	"	29	"	Dedham.	Wounded at Cold Harbor June 2, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Force, Charles D.	"	26	"	Dead.	Wounded at Weldon R. R. Aug. 19, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died in '84.
Dymond, John G.	"	27	"	"	Died of fever, at Hampton, Va., March 29, '63.
Fiske, John W.	"	20	"	"	Sergt. March, '63; a Color-Sergt. at Jackson, Miss.; 1st Lieut. of 58th Mass. Inf't. March 4, '64; wounded at Spottsylvania; killed at Poplar Spring Church, Sept. 30, '64; buried on the field.
Davis, Edmund	"	22	"	Hyde Park.	A Color-Corp. at Antietam; severely wounded there; dis. on account of wounds March 10, '63.
Patch, Samuel	"	25	Weston.	Waltham.	Sergt.; Color-Sergt. in Tenn.; 1st Lieut. Sept. 6, '64; Capt. Nov. 29, '64; transf. to 29th Mass. Inf't. June 9, '65.
Wheeler, Samuel S.	"	34	Needham.	Boston.	Wounded at Antietam; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Baker, Sabin R.	Musician.	22	Dedham.	Terre Haute, Ind.	Dis. Feb. 6, '63, disability.

COMPANY I. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Roberts, Ephraim A.	Musician.	20	Dedham.	Grand Rapids, Ia.	Transf. to Vet. Reserve Corps Oct. 8, '64.
Sergeant, George	Wagoner.	23	Needham.	—	Dis. Nov. 18, '63, disability.
Adams, Daniel H.	Private.	17	Weston.	Concord.	Wounded at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, '62; prisoner of war from Sept. 30, '64, to the end; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Ayer, John L.	"	36	"	—	Wounded at Antietam; dis. Oct. 18, '62.
Bachelor, Samuel H.	"	29	Dover.	East Cambridge.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Badger, Andrew C.	"	25	Weston.	—	Dis. April 26, '63, disability.
Bagley, Clinton	"	26	Dedham.	East Walpole.	Wounded at So. Mountain; Corp.; Sergt. June 1, '64; 1st Sergt.; Sergt.-Major '65; com. 2d Lieut., but declined, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Bauer, Henry	"	31	"	Dead.	Corp.; transf. to V. R. C. March 16, '64; died since the war.
Birch, John H.	"	30	"	"	Died of fever at Overton Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 15, '63; buried in Nat'l Cemetery there, grave 14, sect. 1.
Bonnemort, Elijah W.	"	21	"	East Dedham.	Corp.; wounded at Antietam; wounded at No. Anna River, Va., May 24, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Bunker, George C.	"	20	"	Dead.	Killed at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, '62; buried on the field.
Calder, J. Bradford	"	20	"	Middletown, Conn.	Corp.; a Color-Corp. at Fredericksburg; Sergt. '63; 1st Sergt. June 1, '64; 2d Lieut. Sept. 18, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 29, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Chase, Alvan B.	"	18	"	Dead.	Long time Orderly at Div. H'dq'rs.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died since the war.
Cheney, George G.	"	23	Weston.	—	Dis. Jan. 14, '63, disability.
Cleveland, Fisher A.	"	43	Freetown.	East Freetown.	Wounded at Antietam; Corp.; a regimental pioneer; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Cobbett, Seth W.	"	19	Dedham.	East Dedham.	Corp.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Colbert, Michael	"	32	Dead.	Dead.	Killed at Petersburg mine exp. July 30, '64; buried on the field.
Collier, Isaac	"	40	Needham.	Needham.	Wounded at Fredericksburg; transf. to V. R. C. in '63.
Curran, Peter	"	29	Dedham.	Pawtucket.	Wounded at Antietam; ex. of serv., May 18, '65.
Dean, George V.	"	32	"	Norwood.	Dis. '62, at Boston, disability.
Donley, Francis	"	30	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died since the war.
Downes, Moses W.	"	29	"	Haverhill.	Wounded at Antietam in '62, and at No. Anna River in '64; transf. to V. R. C. Feb. 3, '65.





COMPANY I. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Monneghan, John	Private.	45	Needham.	Wellesley.	Prisoner of war from Sept. 30, '64, to the end; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Neiss, Frederick J.	"	18	Dedham.	"	Dis. Jan 5, '63, disability.
Nauman, John	"	20	"	Dead.	Dis. March 18, '64, disability; died since the war.
Ober, Albert G.	"	36	"	Canton.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
O'Connell, William E.	"	18	"	Readville.	
Phalan, David	"	45	"	Dead.	Died of fever at Milldale, Miss., July 30, '63; buried there; removed to Vicksburg Nat'l Cemetery, grave 1342.
Radcliffe, Winslow	"	34	"	"	Dis. Nov. 17, '63, disability; died since the war.
Rafferty, Michael	"	20	"	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg; Corp.; a Color-Corp.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died since the war.
Rausch, Conrad	"	30	"	"	Dis., April 16, '63, for disability from wounds at Antietam; died since the war.
Roberts, Charles L.	"	18	Weston.	"	Transf. to V. R. Corps July 1, '63.
Schneider, Conrad	"	43	Dedham.	Dedham.	Dis. '63, disability, Camp Dennison, O.
Shufeldt, Hiram W.	"	26	"	"	Corp.; Sergt; dis. Dec. 31, '64, disability from wounds received at Petersburg mine explosion.
Smith, Jabez N.	"	18	Weston.	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Smith, John L.	"	25	Dedham.	Andover.	Corp.; a Color-Corp.; Sergt.; 1st Sergt.; 2d Lieut. Jan. 9, '65, not mustered; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Smith, Joseph	"	24	Weston.	"	Dis. Feb. 25, '63, disability from wounds received at Antietam.
Smith, Joseph R.	"	24	Dedham.	No. Easton.	Ex. of serv., June 30, '65.
Smith, Lemuel A.	"	25	Weston.	"	Dis. Nov. 23, '63, disability.
Stimpson, William C, jr.	"	28	"	Dead.	Wounded at Fredericksburg; Corp.; killed at Poplar Spring Church, Va., Sept. 30, '64; buried on the field.
Stoll, Charles	"	27	Dedham.	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Sulkoski, Charles H.	"	19	"	Dead.	Supposed to have died of wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Sullivan, David, jr.	"	18	"	"	Lost an arm at Fredericksburg; dis., on that account, March 5, '63; died since the war.
Titcomb, William M.	"	18	"	"	Wounded at Fredericksburg; prom. to 1st Lieut. 36th U. S. Col. Troops '63; died since the war.

Treadwell, Nathan C.	19	Dedham.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam; died Oct. 25, '62; buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, arena O, Frederick City, Md.; removed to Antietam Nat'l Cemetery, grave 140, lot B, sect. 17.
Tucker, George T.	19	Weston.	"	Killed in trenches at Petersburg, Va., July 4, '64; body buried at Weston.
Tucker, Henry A.	27	"	"	Taken prisoner at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, '64; exchanged; ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died since the war.
Walsh, Patrick	38	Needham.	"	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; buried on the field.
Wallace, William J.	28	Dedham.	Norwood.	Prisoner of war from Sept. 30, '64, to the end; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Welch, James	26	Dover.	-	Deserted to rear, Sept. 17, '62.
White, Joseph P.	25	Dedham.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
White, Robert	19	"	East Dedham.	Wounded at Antietam; ex. of serv., July 12, '65.
Whiting, George F.	26	"	Dead.	Died Oct. 7, '62, of wounds received at So. Mountain; buried at West Dedham, Mass.
Willcutt, William	45	Needham.	-	Dis. Jan. 26, '63, disability.
Woods, Henry W.	38	Dedham.	Dead.	Dis. Sept. 23, '63, disability.
Wright, Samuel G.	38	Needham.	Dead.	Died on board steamboat <i>Des Moines</i> , on Mississippi River, Aug. 15, '63; buried in Memphis Nat'l Cem., grave 15, sect. 1.

RECRUITS.

(Mastered in from Dec. 31, 1863, to July 28, 1864.)

Hutchins, Weston F.	18	Duxbury.	Dead.	Corp.; transf. to 29th Mass. Infnt. June 9, '65.
Nickelson, Nahum F.	16	Boston.	-	Transf. to 29th Mass. Infnt. June 9, '65.
Ardt, William	27	"	-	Dis. May 6, '65.
Fuide, August	26	"	-	Transf. to 29th Infnt. June 9, '65.
Hill, Frank A.	18	Chelsea.	Dead.	Died Aug. 5, '64, at Portland, Me.
James, Wm. H.	22	Danvers.	-	Transf. to 29th Infnt. June 9, '65.
Kluter, Ernst	20	Boston.	-	"
Knupper, Max	23	"	-	"
Koch, Christian	21	"	-	"
Lehman, Charles	23	"	-	"
Lose, Charles	24	"	-	"
Lucas, Francis	19	"	Dead.	Died at Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 16, '65, a prisoner of war; buried in National Cemetery there.
Maurer, Stephen	24	"	-	Transf. to 29th Infnt. June 9, '65.
Mezger, Frederick	25	"	Dead.	Killed at Poplar Spring Church, Va., Sept. 30, '64.
Miltner, Frederick	21	"	-	Transf. to 29th Infnt. June 9, '65.
Milthke, Herman	33	"	-	"

COMPANY I, RECRUITS. — *Continued.*

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Musche, Frederick	Private.	18	Boston.	Dedham.	Transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.
Neumann, Richard	"	20	"	"	"
Predel, Henry	"	—	"	"	"
Rheine, Francis	"	23	"	"	"
Richter, Robert	"	26	"	"	"
Ruhe, George	"	19	"	"	"
Sander, William	"	36	"	"	"
Schmidtmeier, Charles	"	24	"	"	"
Schmidt, Emil	"	22	"	"	"
Schweitzer, Gottlieb	"	25	"	"	"
Schnack, John W.	"	32	"	"	"
Schwein, Gustave	"	24	"	"	Died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 15, '64, a prisoner of war; buried in the National Cemetery there.
Segesser, Ulrich	"	21	"	"	Transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.
Seidel, Robert	"	19	"	"	"
Sova, Franz	"	24	"	"	Deserted Nov. 24, '64.
Steiner, John B.	"	19	"	"	Dis. Feb. 3, '65, disability.
Stetzal, Mauritz	"	20	"	"	Transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.
Stockman, Otto	"	21	"	"	"
Straske, Carl	"	30	"	"	"
Thome, Wilhelm	"	21	"	"	"
Vogel, Louis	"	24	"	"	"
VonStaubenrauch, Lothar	"	33	"	West Roxbury.	Dis. May 25, '65.
Von Wymar, Anton	"	18	"	"	Transf. to 20th Inft. June 9, '65.
Wolf, August	"	29	"	"	Died April 15, '65, at Washington, D. C.
Zulsdorf, William	"	26	"	"	Transf. to 29th Inft. June 9, '65.

## COMPANY K. (Mustered in August, 1862.)

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1864.	
King, William S.	Captain.	43	Roxbury.	Dead.	Major; Lt.-Col. in 35th; Col. 4th H. Artillery; wounded seven times at Antietam; died at Roxbury, June 22, '82; buried at Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Park, Edward G.	1st Lieut.	27	"	"	Capt.; Major; wounded in the right arm, before Petersburg, Va., July 1, '64; died Aug. 14, '64, of wound, at Roxbury; buried at Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Blake, Edward, jr.	2d Lieut.	22	"	"	Wounded at Antietam; dis. on account of wound Feb. 10, '63; died of disease.
Wilkins, Frederick G.	1st Sergt.	24	"	"	2d Lieut.; arrested Feb. 9, '63, deserter from 11th Mass. Regt.
Dean, Jarvis W.	Sergeant.	34	"	Boston Highlands.	2d Lieut. Oct. 1, '62; transf. to V. R. C.; wounded severely in shoulder at Antietam.
Earle, Alfred C.	"	24	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; body sent home, and buried in Roxbury, at Forest Hills.
Rhoades, Frank W.	"	22	"	Pennsylvania.	Detailed Clerk at Washington Aug. '62.
Meserve, William N.	"	22	"	Col. Springs, Col.	2d Lieut., 1st Lieut. and Capt. Co. K, 35th; Major in 4th H. Artillery; wounded at Antietam; ex. of serv.
Bradley, Roscoe	Corporal.	21	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on field; body removed to Vienna, Me.
Barry, Charles W.	"	24	Somerville.	Hartford, Conn.	Wounded at Antietam; dis. for disability Nov. 30, '62.
Eaton, Tappan S.	"	23	Roxbury.	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam; died of wound Sept. 25, '62; buried at Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Greenleaf, Charles W.	"	21	"	Boston.	Wounded in leg at Antietam; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Perkins, Francis B.	"	27	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Wounded at Fred'ksbg Dec. 13, '62; dis. for disability Feb. 28, '63.
Wiswall, Romanzo N.	"	18	"	"	Wounded at Antietam; dis. for disability Oct. 10, '63.
Richardson, Henry	"	21	"	Lancaster, N. H.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Allen, William H.	"	35	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Sergt.; 1st Sergt.; Color Sergt., Fredericksburg. In command of Co. 5 days after Antietam; sunstruck on march to Jackson, Miss., July 7, '63; dis. for disability Nov. 16, '63.
Whitmarsh, Charles E.	Musician.	18	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Clark, James F.	"	15	"	Boston.	Dis. Oct. 20, '62, disability.
Balch, Amory O.	Private.	18	"	Dead.	Dis. Dec. 6, '63, to accept commission; died.

COMPANY K. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1884.		
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Barnes, James	Private.	25	Roxbury.	Dead.	Dis. Jan. 19, '64, for disability; died at Boston Highlands.
Bixby, Levi S.	"	18	"	San Francisco, Cal.	Transf. to V. R. C. Jan. 15, '64.
Bills, James P.	"	18	"	Hyde Park.	Corp.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Blake, George W.	"	21	"	Dead.	Taken prisoner Sept. 30, '64, at Poplar Grove Church; died in Salisbury Prison Feb. 16, '65; buried in Salisbury Nat'l Cem.
Bowman, Baxter W.	"	22	"	—	Dis. Jan. 11, '63, disability.
Bowditch, Henry H.	"	31	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Dis. March 20, '63, disability.
Blackmar, George A.	"	28	"	—	Dis. Dec. 31, '63, disability.
Blanchard, Edward	"	28	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Brown, Francis D.	"	41	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on field; body removed to Roxbury and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills.
Brown, Charles W.	"	22	"	—	Transf. to V. R. C. July 1, '63.
Blake, Dearborn S.	"	37	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on the field; body removed to Roxbury and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills.
Call, Christopher K.	"	21	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Wounded twice at Fredericksburg; leg amputated below the knee; dis. March 6, '63; two amputations.
Card, Henry M.	"	20	"	"	Corp.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Chapin, John S.	"	21	"	"	Dis. March 26, '63, disability.
Chamberlin, Henry B.	"	23	"	"	Corp.; Sergt.; 2d Lieut.; 1st Lieut.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Clark, Charles A.	"	32	"	"	Corp.; slightly wounded in leg, Spottsylvania, May 18, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Clark, Frederick W.	"	29	"	Weymouth.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Cleveland, Henry H.	"	39	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on the field; body removed to Roxbury, and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills.
Cobb, Joseph W.	"	38	"	"	Killed at So. Mountain Sept. 14, '62; body sent home, and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills.
Cook, Walter H.	"	19	"	"	Lost finger at Antietam; dis. Feb. 18, '63, disability.
Cook, William H.	"	18	"	Newburyport.	conductor B. & A. R. R. Oct. 25, '71; bu. Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Corporal, William A.	"	18	"	—	Severely wounded at Antietam; dis. on acct. wound Mar. 14, '63.
Carrier, Oliver S.	"	21	"	Dead.	Transf. to 2d U. S. Cav. Oct. 25, '62.
Danforth, Edward T.	"	31	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Killed, Dec. 13, '62, at Fredericksburg.
Danforth, George H.	"	18	"	Alexandria, Neb.	Wounded at Antietam; dis. Nov. 28, '62, disability.
					Wounded slightly at Antietam; dis. Dec. 17, '62, disability.

Decatur, David F.	"	24	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Wounded, Antietam; leg amputated below knee; dis. Mar. 13, '63.
Edgar, Samuel D.	"	20	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam; died of disease after the war; buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Ellenwood, Samuel D.	"	44	"	"	Dis. Jan. 6, '63, disability; died of disease.
Estes, Herbert	"	21	Newton,	New York.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Faunce, Leander W.	"	25	Roxbury.	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried at Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Fisher, Francis H.	"	30	"	Somerville.	Dis. Dec. 6, '62, disability.
Ford, Seth H.	"	22	"	Boston.	Dis. Jan. 22, '63, disability.
Ford, William H.	"	19	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Dis. Jan. 5, '63, disability.
Gilman, Jasper H.	"	24	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died of disease after the war.
George, Henry R.	"	22	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Goodwin, Horace	"	36	"	"	Killed at Antietam; body sent to Roxbury, and buried in the soldiers' lot at Forest Hills.
Harris, Augustine M.	"	27	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Wounded at Antietam in leg, and at Weldon R. R.; dis. May 25, '65; Corp.
Hackett, Horatio B.	"	25	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; body sent home, and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills, Roxbury.
Heath, James A.	"	22	"	San Francisco, Cal.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Hodgman, Andrew J.	"	33	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Transf. May 31, '64, to V. R. C.
Hodson, Charles H.	"	28	"	"	Corp.; Sergt.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Inhoff, Charles	"	18	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on the field.
Jeffers, John	"	21	"	Lexington, Mass.	Corp.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Kenfield, Chester B.	"	25	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Wounded in leg and hand at Antietam; leg amputated below the knee; discharged.
Knowles, Royal W.	"	28	"	"	Transf. Jan. 15, '64, to V. R. C.
Lambert, Joseph	"	18	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; body sent home, and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills Cemetery.
Lord, George E.	"	29	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Dis. Dec. 10, '62, disability.
Lovell, Charles B.	"	24	"	Boston.	Corp.; Sergt.; slightly wounded at Fred'k'g; ex. ser., June 9, '65.
Lyford, Byley	"	29	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam.
McLeod, William	"	23	"	"	Dis. Oct. 24, '62, disability.
Morse, Lewis W.	"	23	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Corp.; Sergt.; wounded at Antietam; severely wounded in face at Spotsylvania, May 18, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Morse, Solon E.	"	27	"	Dead.	Corp.; taken prisoner at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 29, '63; died at Belle Isle, Va., March 1, '64.
Mace, Benjamin T.	"	24	"	Boston.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Nason, George H.	"	27	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Corp., Sergt., 1st Sergt., 1st Lieut. and Capt. Co. K.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Nute, Andrew T.	"	32	"	"	1st Lieut. 4th H. Artillery, Aug. 23, '64; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Parshley, William I.	"	35	"	Dead.	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died of disease.

COMPANY K. — Continued.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Peck, Moses	Private.	42	Roxbury.	Dead.	Transf. to V. R. C.; died of disease; buried Forest Hills, Rox'y.
Pennell, Arthur	"	26	"	"	Transf. Sept. 1, '63, to V. R. C.
Penniman, Edward M.	"	45	"	Dead.	Wounded Dec. 13, '62, at Fredericksburg.
Potter, Russell B.	"	24	"	California.	Corp.; transf. Jan 19, '64, to V. R. C.
Pratt, John F.	"	23	"	"	Wounded at Antietam; dis. Oct. 9, '63, disability; died of consumption, and buried at Forest Hills Cemetery.
Riley, Michael	"	18	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Wounded seriously at Antietam; lost one eye; dis. Dec. 18, '62, on account of wounds.
Ripley, James O.	"	21	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Reynolds, John A.	"	21	"	Cambridge.	Wounded at Antietam; Corp.; Sergt.; 1st Sergt.; 2d Lieut.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Robinson, Oliver P.	"	20	"	Dead.	Killed at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, '62; buried on the field.
Robinson, T. S.	"	29	"	"	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65; died of disease.
Rust, James	"	18	"	"	Killed at Antietam; body sent home, and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills Cemetery.
Simmons, George C.	"	22	"	"	Detailed Clerk at Washington Aug., '62.
Smith, Ai B.	"	26	"	Dead.	Wounded at Antietam; died of wounds Sept. 30, '62, Md.
Stone, Charles	"	28	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Transf. to V. R. C. July 1, '63.
Sullings, Ivori R.	"	20	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; buried on the field.
Stephenson, Ralph C.	"	19	"	"	Wounded, Antietam; and before Jackson, Miss; dis. Oct. 10, '64.
Sweeney, Michael	"	18	"	Dead.	Died Apr. 18, '64, at Annapolis, Md.
Thing, Stephen S.	"	33	"	"	Corp.; Sergt.; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Trask, Lyman P.	"	27	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Dis. Aug. 23, '64, commissioned 1st Lieut. 4th Mass. H. Art'y.
Waight, Sylvester D.	"	28	"	"	Wounded at Antietam; dis. Feb. 27, '63, on account of wound.
Wenborn, Charles T.	"	19	"	Dead.	Killed at Antietam; body sent home, and buried in soldiers' lot at Forest Hills Cemetery.
Williams, Alfred	"	39	"	Boston Highl'ds.	Hospital Steward Aug. 2, '63; ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Wood, Charles W.	"	19	"	Norton, Iowa.	Wounded at Antietam; dis. Jan. 10, '63.
Worcester, George F.	"	26	"	Dead.	Corp.; Sergt.; 1st Lieut. Sept. 6, '64; Brev.-Capt.; died of consumption.
Wright, William R.	"	18	"	"	Corp.; Sergt.; killed at Spottsylvania May 18, '64; buried at Fredericksburg Nat. Cemetery, Va., grave 75, sect. A, div. B.



# RECRUITS.

(Mustered in from Dec. 9, 1863, to Sept. 22, 1864.)

Private.	31	Boston.	-	-	Corp.; Slightly wounded at Petersburg; transf June 9, '65, to 29th Mass. Inft.
Beal, Caleb Hadley	31	Boston.	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Inft.
Barbier, John B.	37	"	-	-	"
Barboux, Joseph	32	"	-	-	"
Baxtoff, Cornelius	28	"	-	-	"
Bennays, Francis	20	"	Dead.	-	Taken prisoner Sept. 30, '64, at Poplar Grove Church, Va.; died Oct. 21, '64, in rebel prison.
Becker, Oscar	20	Middleboro	"	-	Killed April 2, '65, at Fort Sedgwick, Va., while carrying ammunition.
Block, Jacobus	20	Boston.	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Bockmun, Joseph	26	"	-	-	"
Bohn, Leopold	33	"	-	-	"
Carsanviers, Pierre	27	"	-	-	"
Colon, Paul	20	"	Dead.	-	Taken prisoner Sept. 30, '64, at Poplar Grove Church; died Nov 8, '64, in rebel prison.
Dakmun, Frederick	34	"	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Delariviere, John	39	"	-	-	"
Delende, Francois	23	"	-	-	"
Demets, Leopold	26	"	-	-	"
Dessert, Conrad	34	"	-	-	"
Eckhardt, Martin	22	"	-	-	"
Florquir, Francis	-	"	-	-	"
Ford, Thomas	33	Beverly.	-	-	Wounded in leg Aug. 19, '64, at Weldon R. R.; dis. April 1, '65, disability.
Gaisbrecke, Joseph	23	Boston.	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Geeremo, George	27	"	-	-	"
Gerard, Charles	33	Roxbury.	Dead.	-	Wounded Aug. 19, '64, at Weldon R. R.; died of wounds Aug. 30, '64.
Gravier, Victor	29	Boston.	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Greenwood, Geo. A.	19	Roxbury.	Dead.	-	Killed July 30, '64, at the mine, Petersburg, Va.
Guater, Francis	27	Boston.	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Guffens, Louis	32	"	-	-	"
Harmon, Stephen M.	21	Roxbury.	-	-	"
Heintz, Christian	29	Palmer.	Dead.	-	Died of wounds Aug. 3, '64, at Washington, D. C.
Hendericks, Edward	23	Boston.	-	-	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Hymincek, Charles	23	"	-	-	"

COMPANY K, RECRUITS. — *Continued.*

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.	RESIDENCE OR PLACE CREDITED TO.		TERMINATION OF SERVICE, REMARKS, ETC.
			In 1862.	In 1884.	
Indruk, Cornelle	Private.	19	Buckland.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Ingles, Charles	"	20	—	—	"
Jager, Joseph	"	38	Boston.	—	Wounded Aug. 19, '64, at Weldon R. R.; transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Jaumes, Antoini	"	18	"	—	"
Kelly, James	"	40	Lunenburg.	Dead.	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Knollenburg, Pietras	"	21	Boston.	—	Lost both eyes at Weldon R. R., Va.; dis. Oct 18, '64; died.
Krum, John	"	24	Lancaster.	—	Ex. of serv., June 9, '65.
Marsden, Arnold	"	34	Boston.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Marcy, Geo. B.	"	24	—	—	"
Mariel, Petras	"	37	Boston.	—	"
McCarthy, Dennis	"	25	"	—	"
McQuinn, John	"	42	"	—	Ex. of serv., May 23, '65.
Pattyn, Dominick	"	38	"	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Rogers, Anthony	"	25	Palmer.	—	"
Rouehain, Jules	"	27	Boston.	—	"
Shumpaine, Henry	"	19	"	—	Ex. of serv., May 29, '65.
Shehan, James	"	18	Roxbury.	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Sneyer, Jaques	"	26	Boston.	—	"
Templeman, Robert	"	21	"	—	"
Vanael, Pierre	"	27	"	—	"
Vanheigen, Antoini	"	32	"	—	"
Ver, Munisshe, Emil	"	20	"	Dead.	"
Vivier, Edward	"	40	"	—	Died Jan. 5, '65, at Washington, D. C.
Vose, Edward A.	"	18	"	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Welsh, Anthony	"	18	"	—	"
Williams, Frank	"	32	"	Dead.	"
Wiley, George	"	24	Roxbury.	—	Killed Aug. 19, '64, at Weldon R. R.
Wilson, Silas F.	"	21	"	—	Transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Wrenn, Joseph C.	"	21	Chelsea.	—	Ex. of serv.
Zenmer, Francis	"	35	Roxbury.	Dead.	Wounded July 30, '64, at mine, Petersburg; transf. June 9, '65, to 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.; died; buried Forest Hills, Roxb'y.









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