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HISTORY

OF THE

5th
FIFTH REGIMENT MAINE VOLUNTEERS,

COMPRISING

BRIEF DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS MARCHES, ENGAGEMENTS,
AND GENERAL SERVICES FROM THE DATE OF ITS
MUSTER IN, JUNE 24, 1861, TO THE TIME OF
ITS MUSTER OUT, JULY 27, 1864.

BY

REV. GEO. W. BICKNELL,

LATE FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT.

PORTLAND:

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TO

Those Noble Men,

WHO SO FEARLESSLY TOOK THEIR LIVES IN THEIR HANDS,

AND WENT FORTH

TO THE PROTECTION OF THEIR COUNTRY AND NATION,—

TO THE DEFENSE AND HONOR OF THEIR FLAG;

AND ESPECIALLY TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHOSE

LIVES WERE OFFERED

UPON THEIR COUNTRY'S ALTAR,

TRUE MEN,—HEROIC COMRADES,—

BRIGHT STARS, WHICH GLISTEN IN THE NATIONAL FIRMAMENT OF HONOR,

THIS WORK IS

Most Affectionately Inscribed.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following work makes no apology for presenting to the members of the late Fifth Regiment Maine Volunteers, this narrative of their gallant services during the late civil contest. It was undertaken at the solicitation of many members of the regiment, and assumes the best form which it was possible to give it from the material and data at my command. Much of it has been written wholly from memory, although every effort has been made to present a correct and impartial record.

The work has been written under rather unfavorable circumstances. Amid the cares and labors of a large charge, and at times compelled to suspend work from the effects of a wound received in the service, these pages have been somewhat hastily prepared.

This is not a history of *individual* acts. A dozen volumes would not contain such a history. It was expressly understood between the committee of publication and myself, when I commenced this work, that it should be *general* in its character. To write out every little incident would involve more time and labor than I could possibly bestow. This volume is a general review of the services of the regiment,—not of a few men. The design has been to avoid all eulogies or even special references to either living officers or men. To praise one and omit others, would be deemed injustice. It is much better to avoid indicating the deeds of individual men so far as possible; for where *all* did so well—where all were patriots—who could justly discriminate? I know it is customary to designate the officers; but I see no reason why a man, who happened to be an officer, is entitled to special praise, or why his name should be heralded in print any more than the ser-

sacrificing private who bore the brunt of the service on small pay, and whose deeds, as noble as the officer above him, are usually passed over in silence. It has been my study to deal more with facts, than to indulge in any extravagant laudations.

This volume makes no pretensions to elaborate historical style; but the design is to gather together and preserve the principal points of interest in the service of the regiment. These points may be aids to the memory, and refresh the mind when the participant in those fearful struggles, desires to recall them to his recollection. Asking and receiving no compensation for the labor which has been necessary to produce this volume, it is hoped that criticism from the members of the regiment will be charitable and lenient.

It is but just to say, that to Lieutenant Frank G. Patterson of Portland, belongs the credit of originating the idea of writing a history of the regiment. He had secured the promise of Chaplain Adams to engage in the labor; but death struck down the good and noble man before he had opportunity to enter upon it. To Lieutenant Patterson's persistency and encouragement, much is due in producing this history. To him am I indebted for valuable aid and material.

To General C. S. Edwards of Bethel, Lieutenant-General H. R. Millett of Gorham, and to Captain Edward M. Robinson of Anson, the author desires to tender his most sincere thanks for valuable data and kind assistance.

Should the present volume meet with the approbation of the members of the noble old Fifth, it will be a source of gratification to the author, while he can rejoice that even this brief history of its services has been compiled, which is, at best, a faint outline of a description of fearful struggles, noble services, and heroic endurance.

GEO. W. BICKNELL.

Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 16, 1870.

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HISTORY

OF THE

FIFTH REGIMENT MAINE VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

People enthusiastic to defend the flag. Fifth Regiment Maine Volunteers enter the field. Organization. Preparation and departure for the front. Banner presented the regiment in New York. March through Baltimore. Arrival at Washington; Meridian Hill; Alexandria. Mail received.

THE enthusiasm and the patriotism of the people in the Northern States of this Republic, upon the breaking out of the most atrocious and gigantic rebellion ever known to any people, to rush to the support of the national standard, and to protect the honor and integrity of the nation, will live in all history. While none had any true conception of the magnitude of the labor to be accomplished, and could not, by any human agency, foresee the trials, dangers, and privations to be encountered, yet, with one common impulse, the great mass of the people were ready and willing to rise in

their might, and crush out, at a blow, if possible, the hydra-headed monster of treason; and if the first effort was unsuccessful, they stood pledged to make many. Indeed, in many communities, men struggled with each other in the laudable desire to be first to the front, to offer their services, and, if need be, their lives upon the altar of their country. The same spirit of desire and determination manifested itself alike in the palaces of the opulent, the humble cot of the mechanic, in the study of the clergyman, in the busy changing scenes of business, and upon the quiet threshold of the hardy husbandman. From the moment of the firing of the first gun upon Fort Sumter, energy, youth, and maturity seemed consecrated to the work of repelling the rebellious intruder, and of wiping out the stain upon the national flag. Companies, battalions, regiments seemed to leap into being in a moment, ready for action. Maine, never backward in meeting all demands made upon her for the nation's welfare, in response to the President's call, promptly forwarded to the front hundreds of her noblest and best men. The First Maine Regiment was among the first from any State upon the ground; and as soon as the requirements of the service demanded it, others were speedily despatched, though enlisted for a longer term of service than the First. The Second, Third, and Fourth, had hardly left the State, before the organization of the Fifth Regiment was effected, with ranks full and strong. To follow in a narrative, historical style the fortunes and the services of this last-named

regiment,—the Fifth Maine Infantry Volunteers, a regiment which achieved noble labors, and came forth from its three years' service covered with honor, of which no one has any reason to feel ashamed, but of which every soldier and every officer may well feel proud,—is the design and object of the present work.

From the fact that the Fifth Regiment was mustered into the service, and occupied, under the sanction of Maine, as well as the general government, a position in the army, is evidence sufficient that the regiment was there by authority; and hence we may pass over the long "official orders," and other minor pieces of "red tape" by which its existence was effected. Suffice it to say, that upon the twenty-fourth day of June, 1861, the official organization of the regiment was effected, with Mark H. Dummell, of Portland, colonel; Edwin J. Hsley, of Lewiston, lieutenant-colonel; and Samuel C. Hamilton, of Biddeford, major. The roster of the entire original organization, as well as other statistics of interest, may be found in the appendix to this work.

We will here give simply the roster of companies :

Company, A,	Gorham Company,	Capt. Josiah Heald.
"	B, Biddeford Company,	" Lewis B. Goodwin.
"	C, Saco Company,	" Isaac B. Noyes.
"	D, Brunswick Company,	" Edw. W. Thompson.
"	E, Lewiston Company,	" Emery W. Sawyer.
"	F, Portland Company,	" Geo. P. Sherwood.
"	G, " "	" Henry G. Thomas.
"	H, " "	" Edw. A. Scammon.
"	I, Bethel Company,	" Clark S. Edwards.
"	K, Minot Company,	" Wm. A. Tobie.

With all of the preliminary details of regimental experience, election of officers, drilling squads, officers as well as privates learning their duty, distribution of uniforms, equipments, and other essentials, almost every one is more or less familiar; for it is indeed difficult to find a family which was not represented in some regiment, either by some member thereof, or some near and cherished friend. The rendezvous for the regiment was at Portland, the camp being located near the city, and known in those days as "Camp Peble." Here the regiment was located for several weeks, perfecting its preparations for the campaign, or, as many believed, for its "little excursion down to Dixie."

Many interesting incidents might be related which occurred during the encampment of the regiment in this place, showing the mighty responsibilities which officers, from the field down to non-commissioned, felt rested upon them; the severe discipline of camp; the consequent running guard; the means of deception employed; and especially the tremors of the "advanced picket" lines on Portland bridge one night, and the sleeping of the whole command on their arms, duly loaded and capped, when it was rumored that some of the men were going to town en masse: either for a temporary or permanent season; and how all hands (the command, I should say) fell in, when a midnight shot was fired by the "sleepless sentinel" at some runaway brave, or at some immovable post, which, in case watching had deluded said sentinel to believe to be animated and moving away without the duly counter-

signed "pass." But we must pass over all these. Let the participant in those exciting seasons go back upon the wings of retrospection, and my word for it, he will laugh, whether it is the private who was ordered, or the officer who bravely ordered.

On the twenty-fourth day of June, 1861, the regiment was duly mustered into the United States service by Captain Thomas Hight, of the United States dragoons, assisted by two regimental officers. This was an interesting step to the "boys," one which they were glad to make, inasmuch as there was so much more dignity in being a United States soldier, instead of a mere State militia volunteer. In the kindness of its giant heart, and in consideration of the immense sacrifice which its sons were so willing to make, leaving all behind, and taking their very lives in their hands to go forth and fight, the State made a donation (some called it "bounty," but the word is a misnomer) of twenty-two dollars cash to each soldier, which was duly paid immediately after muster. The same day, orders were received for the regiment to prepare to move for the front the next morning.

The reality now began to exhibit itself. Of course, during the succeeding night all was excitement. Every one was busy making preparations for the departure. Recruits who had not yet learned to fold their blankets properly, must now learn at once. Officers, all of whom seemed to have permits, rode or walked hastily over to the town to see their friends once more. "Forty rounds of ammunition" were duly

distributed, that it might increase the burden to be carried, I suppose, and give the soldiers an assurance of security. At daybreak, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the camps were struck, baggage secured and loaded. At once the regiment proceeded to the depot, and at eight o'clock were on their way to the front. At four o'clock, *p. m.*, arrived in Boston, where they received refreshments, and at once proceeded to New York, via Fall River, arriving June 26th, at two o'clock, *p. m.* During their parade through the city, the regiment was halted, and after a neat speech by some friend, a beautiful silk banner was presented to them from the sons of Maine, amid many cheers and much enthusiasm. The response of Colonel Dannel was truly fine. Partaking of a well-provided supper, the regiment proceeded by steamer and rail to Philadelphia, arriving early the following morning, where a generous breakfast awaited them. Long will the soldier remember the generous ladies of the Quaker City for their kind and noble hospitality to the Union soldier. Upon arriving at Baltimore, the regiment was placed in column, and, in view of the rumors of intended attacks upon the soldiery, it was deemed prudent that every precaution should be taken against all danger. Muskets were loaded and capped, and amid mighty crowds, the command moved through the city. No disturbance took place, however, though it was easy to perceive the burning desire of the southern slave to "exterminate the intruding mul-sills." The same evening the command reached Washington, and was

duly quartered in two large halls, and upon the neighboring side-walk. The following day the regiment moved out to Meridian Hill, about two miles from Washington, and pitched their tents. Here they spent nearly two weeks, occupying the time in drill and other camp duties. Here the regiment passed their first Fourth of July in the service,—a day devoted to grumbling, if nothing more. From the city the sound of bells and revelry could be heard, in which not a soldier was allowed to participate. No man was permitted outside the guard-lines. The order may have been *wise*, but it was *awful confining*.

At half-past one o'clock in the morning of July ninth, the regiment received orders to move at once; and by sunrise were on their journey toward Alexandria. The day was fearfully hot, and the thick, warm uniforms of the soldiers caused considerable suffering. Arriving in Alexandria about noon, the regiment proceeded out about three miles, and went into camp. To-day, for almost the first time, a mail from home reached the command. What joy it generated! How eagerly the boys grasped those dear missives which would carry cheer to their hearts; and, may be, from the bright and glowing pictures of home and loved ones which the fancy loves to paint when the mind is reposing in dream-land!

CHAPTER II.

Changes of Camp. The first Scouting Expedition. March toward Centreville. The Single Log Bridge. Accidents from Fire-arms. Bivouac at Centreville. Raid on Cattle. Orders to Advance with three days' rations.

On the morning of the twelfth we, to write more familiarly, again broke camp and moved a few miles toward the front.

The air was full of rumors of the nearness of the enemy; of immediate engagements; in fine, of all those stories which serve to keep the mind excited, and the spirits raised to the highest point. The following day, companies "G" and "H" go out upon a scouting expedition, reconnoitering the country for four or five miles around, desperately determined to hurt somebody, if somebody was met. So much seriousness and gravity was attached to those movements,—so much caution and thought required to have them successful in those days,—movements which were as boys' play in subsequent times, that one cannot resist the temptation to note them, insignificant though they may be; for they cannot be without interest to those for whom this book is intended. In giving this scout, in which telegrams were duly sent North of its arrival at a certain railroad station, and of the

entire safety of the command, two negroes were captured, who gave us "valuable information" regarding the strength of the enemy, their proximity to Fairfax Court-house, the magnitude of their fortifications, and other matters, mighty in imagination, but insignificant in reality. During the return of this expedition, a small body of troops, about a sergeant's guard, were seen moving on a distant road. Volunteers were at once called for to go forth to the capture. A dozen men, more or less, sprang to the front. Headed by a valiant officer, they were soon hastening over fields, through undergrowth, and speedily gained the summit of a hill where they could "view the landscape o'er." "There they come," says one, as he peeped over his neighbor's shoulder. "Look out now," says another. Like brave heroes they all lay low. Soon it was ascertained that the body of troops was a guard which had accompanied a lady into Alexandria under flag of truce, and hence could not be molested. The boys breathed easier, though there is no telling what heroic deeds might have been accomplished, had it not been for that flag of truce.

The morning of the sixteenth witnessed a great excitement in camp. The entire army was on the move. The Fifth was brigaded with the Third and Fourth Maine, and the Second Vermont, all commanded by General O. O. Howard. By noon the command was upon the move, marching some fifteen miles, although owing to obstructions on the road, they did not reach their place of encampment until about one o'clock at

night. It was not a long, but it was a most tedious march, though during the day the regiment were favored with the deep shade of heavy trees upon either side of the road. In the early part of the evening a great many halts occurred, until the patience of the men were nearly exhausted. No one seemed to know the cause of the interruption in the march, until about ten o'clock at night, it was revealed. In the route of the march was a deep narrow ravine through which the troops passed, and at the foot of which was a deep but narrow stream of water. Over this stream was placed a single log upon which thousands of men passed over. Of course it was a very slow job. Had the enemy been posted there, even in small numbers, the "boys" might have experienced considerable trouble in effecting a crossing, *especially upon a single log.*

Ever and anon, a loud splash announced that some luckless "sojer" had lost his balance and tumbled into the water, to the detriment of his hard bread and ammunition. It is supposed that in military they might have called the placing of that log round side of "engineering;" but in the rude civilian ignorance of raw recruits, it was denominated as stupid blundering. It is feared that the custom so frequent among lawyers, many of whom displayed their ability upon this march of continuing a good thing (to them) as long as possible, and which in time becomes a second nature, prevented any more expeditious action. An axe, a little muscle and common sense, might have erected a possible

bridge in a few moments. But then these delays only served to prevent too much labor being accomplished in the famous "ninety days," at the end of which it was expected that every "Johnny" would be *non est*.

The following morning, at an early hour, the command was again in motion. It seemed to be advancing toward Manassas, though following quite a circuitous route. The carelessness of men handling firearms was demonstrated to-day by two accidents; the first, by one man receiving a severe wound by the discharge of a musket in the hands of another; and the second, the attempt of one of the men to strike an apple from a tree with his loaded musket inverted, and by some means it discharged, the ball passing through his body and his thigh, producing a mortal wound.

Word passes along the lines that the enemy are falling back before our advance. Of course this caused a great deal of joy among the "boys" as they "go marching on." Rations were getting short, and the cattle, swine, and poultry from neighboring yards had to suffer. They were eaten as soon as slaughtered. Epicures fared hard in war days. Fanciful food was not furnished by the general commissary, unless worny hard bread can be so called. The soldier must never find fault. They were machines (to interpret the notion of some men in the early days of the war), entrusted to the care of important personages, who presumed that they understood the wants of the soldier better than the soldier could possibly understand.

them himself. How wonderfully the capacities of some civilian officers at Washington were enlarged, and how ignorant the soldier had become; perhaps the latter, once far in advance of the former, within the few days of authority. "Obey orders," "grin and bear it," was expected and rigidly enforced.

At an early hour in the forenoon the command was halted; but late in the afternoon they took up a "double quick," it being reported that an engagement was in progress.

Lest the reader may here misapprehend, I will say that the double quick was in advance; the command had had no experience in retreating then. They were too late, however, to reinforce the troops. A Massachusetts regiment had been attacked in ambush, but were unable to hold their ground. That night a new experience in soldier's life was commenced, lying upon the ground with nothing to protect from a raging rain-storm save a single blanket. How closely these blankets were hugged over the heads of thousands to prevent the rain from beating directly in their faces. With the oft-repeated assurance that the war would not last ninety days, and that all present trials were only to break the monotony of the little excursion "down South," all sleep quietly, soundly, perhaps sweetly.

The nineteenth of July finds the command in bivouac in the vicinity of Centreville, and short of rations at that. No meat had been issued for two days, and the men were yearning for something substantial.

Soon some wandering cattle were discovered, undoubtedly the property of some "secesh," who, for the time being, had *union proclivities*; yet no questions were asked, and a hot pursuit was at once instituted to effect their capture. After some two hours' maneuvering in a hot sun, which, of course, caused said cattle to become *quite* warm, an axe settles their earthly career; and with jack-knife in hand, each one proceeds to cut sirloin, rump, etc., to his satisfaction. The quivering flesh was at once attached to a stick, held in the fires around the temporary cook-houses; and when it had become somewhat crisped, was eagerly devoured without salt (there was none), by the hungry boys. Visions of rare beef-steak (ours was *rare* enough), and beautifully cooked mutton chops at home, only served to increase the avidity with which the miserably prepared rations were devoured, amid, I am sorry to record, many questionable blessings upon quarter-masters, both in particular and general. Orders being received to hold ourselves in readiness to move with three days' cooked rations (we hadn't any), men began to look around themselves; but finally some salt beef came to the rescue; but which required extreme diligence upon the part of the company cooks to prepare for tender gums, and to meet the fearful grumblings of the civilian soldiery. From the falling rain of the night, a few boughs and the single blankets afforded the only protection. In the afternoon of the 20th, orders were received to move at once; but upon being formed in line of battle, a coun-

termanding order was given, but with the understanding that the command was to move at an early hour on the morrow. The evening seemed particularly solemn. A feeling pervaded the camps that a conflict must soon ensue, with what result the future could alone unfold, though hopes of victory were high. Many were the letters indited to loved ones at home that night. Many were the speculations regarding the future; but of the approaching result, no one dreamed.

CHAPTER III.

Preparations for advance. Delay. Double quick to Bull Run. Under fire. At work. Retreat. Irregularities. All night march. Contrast in the feelings of the boys in going to and returning from Bull Run. Result of the effort,—a defeat. Arrival at Alexandria. Col. Dunnell at Bull Run.

THE following morning (the ever-memorable Sunday, July twenty-first), about one o'clock, the command was aroused from their sleep by the commanding officers, and directed to prepare at once for a movement. Canteens were rapidly filled, haversacks replenished, coffee and hardtack (our breakfast) speedily devoured, and the troops were soon formed into line of battle, preparing to march "on to the fray." For two mortal hours we were in line, yet no word of forward was given. About four o'clock, A. M., we moved out of our encampment on to the Centreville turnpike, a distance of about half a mile. Here, beneath the shade of the trees, we were doomed to make a long tarry. Distinctly to our ears came the sound of the conflict; yet Howard's brigade remained. Impatience was everywhere visible; yet we must obey orders. The sun seemed to pour down his most sweltering rays; not even a cloud dotted the sky, nor a breath of wind to fan our brows. Clothed in thick

woolen garments, with our accouterments and blankets, no one knowing how soon we might march, the time passed very slowly, and certainly very uncomfortably. Nine, ten o'clock, and yet we remained in the same position wondering what detained us. In the distance we could see the glistening bayonets moving across the plains, could hear peal after peal of artillery, and the sharp, quick reports of musketry. Soon an orderly dashes up, and the order, "Fifth Maine, fall in," was responded to with a will and readiness, indicative of our former impatience. We had moved but a short distance, when "double quick" came ringing on the air; and *such* a double quick, methinks, was never before or since experienced. Fortunately our course lay through a wooded country which served to shelter us, in a measure, from the intense heat of the sun. Our water was nearly gone, and, during that whole run of some six or seven miles, we were not once allowed a halt to replenish our canteens. Unaccustomed to such severe marches, suffering intensely from thirst and heat, pressed on at as rapid rate as possible, our thinning ranks began to show the effects of overexertion. Men seemed to fall in squads by the roadside, some sun-struck, some bleeding at nose, mouth, ears; others wind-broken, while others were exhausted to such a degree, that the threatening muzzle of the officers' pistol, failed to induce them a step further. While the boys were murmuring because they had no water, we suddenly came to a brook flowing across the road, through which thousands had undoubtedly passed be-

fore; and oh! ye people of the North, could you have witnessed the avidity with which our boys would drink of that water, in hundreds of cases using their shoes for dippers, horses and men side by side, the water thickened and yellow with dirt, your hearts would have bled for us. Yet it was all we had, and how precious was even that water! For miles the road was strewed with blankets, haversacks, coats, thrown aside by the almost exhausted soldiers. Such scenes, such sights, are beyond the power of my pen to give description. On, on we ran, till suddenly a cannon ball, striking within a few feet of the head of the regiment, gave us to understand that we were "within range." Leaving the woods, we were hurried across an open plain, during which time we experienced the ideal in the reality of being under fire. Whiz! a man is struck immediately in our front, torn by a solid shot. Rapidly we pushed forward, soon passing into a ravine where we were temporarily shielded from the enemy's fire, though within a short distance of their position. Here we were met by wounded soldiers, disarmed and retreating federals, citizens, and negroes, all crying out, "go in boys," "the Johnnys are running," "the day is ours," etc., etc. It was not till half past one that we were formed into line of battle, though it was done as soon as we arrived on the field. Under the cover of a hill our regiment was halted, and the officers attempted to form our line. The regiment fronted, and oh! *what* a regiment! How sadly thinned from what it was in the morning! Nobly it had struggled through

its fearful march; nor are those men who fell by the wayside to be remembered with other feelings than those of esteem, because they each and every one did all they could. Every man seemed to realize that a solemn duty rested upon him, and he put forth every exertion to consummate it. No one doubts that the greater portion of those men missing fell from sheer exhaustion. There was fearful blundering somewhere. Let not the blame rest upon the private soldier, for it does not belong there, nor yet upon the officers of the regiment.

Our line was but formed, when, tearing down the hill through the trees came a body of cavalry. In an instant the cry of "Black Horse Cavalry" was sounded, and, at the same moment, a shower of balls whistled over our heads, causing a *beautiful panic on a small scale*, in which shoulder-straps were conspicuous, as well as the humbler badges of non-commissioned officers and privates. Being mistaken, however, in the character of the horsemen, the line was speedily reformed, and in conjunction with the rest of the brigade, we moved up the hill, taking a position on the summit. Here we were greeted with a shower of bullets, and we were ordered to fire. Fire at what? About five hundred yards in our front was a belt of woods, though not a Johnny in sight. Into this wood we poured our volleys, though wholly ignorant whether our efforts were of any use or not; but still we worked with a will. Every one was desirous of doing his whole duty, a special illustration of which was

seen in the action of a captain firing his revolver at a battery *at least three-quarters of a mile distant*. Here we were, probably in full view of the enemy, while not one of their infantry was to be seen. Remarkable strategy; yet I have no doubt the woods were well bombarded. We could see our own batteries wheeling off in the distance; yet in our simplicity we deemed it all right and worked on. But what is that? Clear rings the words, "cease firing," "about face," "in retreat march," and now my pen seems like a balloon, soaring to this point, and at once collapsing. Confusion, disorder seized us at once. How we traveled! Nobody tired now. Every one for himself, and having a due regard for individuality, each gave special attention to the rapid momentum of his legs. We reached the road, and here all discipline was at an end. Our regiment, like every other, was entirely broken up. Strike for the camp of last night the best you can, was the last direction any one heard. A more heterogeneous complication of regiments could not be conceived. Cavalry and artillery came tearing down the road, infantry here, there, and everywhere. I shall attempt no description of the retreat. There are realities which no words can delineate. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when most of the men arrived at the place of our camp the previous night. Here we took supper, talked over the incidents of the day (some few had courage to speak of their own valiant deeds), and, under the impression that we

could sleep until morning, we lay down upon the ground to rest, terribly tired.

But lo and behold, the end is not yet. Scarcely had we got into a good position to sleep, before we were suddenly awakened to obey the order to move at once. I have no doubt but a great many evil thoughts entered our brains, as we viewed, in a semi-wakeful condition, the prospect of a night-march. If they did, they found very many companions in the uttered expressions of many comrades, as they rubbed their eyes and wondered "what was up now." The sky had become overcast, and there was every indication of an approaching storm, as though the elements were desirous of damping our clothes,—even as unexpected, though indisputable defeat, had dampened our spirits.

We had gone to Bull Run with all sorts of patriotic songs upon our lips,—such as assuring our mothers that "we were thinking of them just before the battle;" "John Brown's body was beautifully dangling in the air;" and promising to "hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,"—gone with the bearing and mien of noble soldiery, doubting not but the rebel hosts would fly en masse when they saw us coming. But we came back with the expressions of a group of sick kittens, with the bearing of second-best contestants, and undoubtedly sighing within our hearts, "be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." In our advance, many had selected *their future residences*.

when secession should have become confiscated for the benefit of the soldiers. In the retreat, more special attention was given to selecting the shortest cut for *Washington*. Visions in the *ideal* of lovely villas and gorgeous residences vanished before the *reality* of a forced migration toward the Potomac. But to return,—that is, to return to the thread of our narrative,—as at that time no one was specially desirous of returning toward Bull Run. No, no; we had pressing business nearer the war office.

A little after ten o'clock at night our line was again formed, and, under the valiant charge of officers more frightened than hurt, we moved out on to the turnpike, the column heading toward Fairfax Court-house. Silently, I might say sullenly, we moved on, little caring what might turn up; for I must say that a more crest-fallen set of men than we were, it would be difficult to conceive of; and I doubt not that, while our *bodies* were moving along that dusty road that night, our *thoughts* were moving many hundred miles northward, not homesick, oh no, only slightly indisposed. The thought, however, that we might recover knapsacks (which had been sent back in our advance to Fairfax Court-house for safety, and again look over the highly cherished articles placed therein by loving hands at home, may have served to cheer us somewhat. But no, long before we arrived at that point, the ruthless flames (as we were told) had destroyed them for the purpose of *striking* them from the vandal hands of the rebels. Where-

oh where was our boasted power? Four hours' marching brings us to Fairfax Court-house, and here we are told we shall bivouac until morning. Eagerly we seek our resting-places on the ground, and a moment, almost, is sufficient to bind us in sleep.

"Fall in Fifth Maine." "Fall in rapidly, men." "What's this?" asks many an eye-rubbing soldier, "is it morning?" "Fall in, Company A," "B," "C," "lively." It can't be morning. No; that's true,—scarcely half an hour had passed before we were ordered to march again. "The rebs are in full chase, close upon us," was the remark of some officer who rode a horse. Ah! that does the business; and without even waiting for the command, each man, without any preliminary motions, throws his musket to a "right shoulder shift," ready for the march. Seventeen miles separate us from Alexandria, we were told; and by three o'clock, A. M., Monday the 22d, we commenced the task of pacing it. No double-quick now, though we move on in good time. With the rising sun comes a rain to add either comfort or discomfort to our feelings, yet hugging our smooth bores more closely to ourselves, we continue our course. Only once during that march were we allowed to rest, and then only for a few moments; and though sore and blistered feet were no blessing, yet they received no pity from the shoulder-strapped gentlemen who rode fiery chargers, and who knew about as much of the science of commanding men and managing a march, as the poor whale did of old with Mr. Jonah.

Their vanity most certainly had experienced a terrible shock; and as they had got a stomach full of defeat, and as they did not know how to throw it off they seemed to vent their spleen upon their men.

But on we toiled, mile after mile, until we arrived within three or four miles of Alexandria, where we found a train of cars upon which we were speedily placed and conveyed to the city. It must be borne in mind that the whole regiment was not together, as there were some stragglers, and, moreover, many had gone toward Washington via Long Bridge; yet very few, comparatively, were absent. Arriving at the depot, we looked around us. Where are our commanding officers? No one knows. "Gone to telegraph that they are all right, and the boys have gone up," says one. "Let's go to Washington," suggests a second, and off we move toward the ferry landing. But no, on arriving there, down dashes the commander and demands by what authority we are there. Ask monkeys why they were not made men, and they could tell about as well. "About face," is the command, *we* are all right, *we* are not going to Washington, no, not we; we ain't going to be branded as cowards; *we* will stay in Alexandria and defend the place if it requires the last man. How glorious! So backward through the streets we turn our steps, and are quartered for the night in a large house in one of the principal streets, bunking on the floors in the entries, while many make their bed on the side-walk, weary, homesick, discouraged, exhausted, almost broken-down.

Thirty-six hours we have been without sleep, marched forty-four miles or thereabouts, been in the heat of one battle, and what is the result? An ignominious defeat! Three simple words, yet how fraught with meaning. They speak of toil, privation, and hardship. They send a shudder through the entire organism of community. They reveal anxiety, care, suffering, distress, disaster. They delineate in thunder tones the horrors of the field of conflict, the heart-rending groans of the wounded and the dying, and the tearing asunder of limb from limb. They speak of death in a hundred dreadful ways. They hear the heart-broken wail of the widowed mother, the shriek of the heart-broken wife, the groan of the sinking, fainting sister, and the fearful suppressed sigh of the agonized father. They speak of poor suffering children whose only support is gone, of broken-down women toiling by the midnight candle to eke out a penny to buy a crust of bread, of cold and cheerless hearthstones, of cold, and hunger, and starvation. They tell us of couches of suffering, where the life of the noble young man and the middle-aged man are surely and rapidly wasting away, with no one near to love, to soothe, or caress. They tell us, who can write or even imagine? they tell us, I say, of horrid and loathsome dungeons, of filthy prisons, of heavy creaking doors and chains, of darkness, of tyranny and abuse, to which our brothers are consigned, month after month, because they loved their country. Need I add more? Aye; I cannot restrain my pen. Yes; they do tell us, nor can it be

hid, of the disappointed schemes of designing politicians, of the hurry and eagerness of members of Congress and office-holders to see the "fun;" of sordid, selfish curiosity to witness a fight; indifference in pushing men on to death that their own desires may be gratified; selecting the holy sabbath day for the enactment of their farce, that no time may be lost to the business world; and this last is put in the balance to weigh against the former. Aye; the blood of hundreds slaughtered that day will cry up to Jehovah, and He will hear.

Upon the whole, the regiment stood the toils and privations of the march quite well. That the men were weary, almost exhausted, upon their arrival at Alexandria, all must confess. That our ideas of military glory were considerably depreciated from what they might have been when reading the histories of Napoleon, finds its truth in the half-uttered imprecations upon every hand, upon that act which changed the garments of civilian black to the army gray (at this time the uniforms were gray, afterwards changed to blue). Whoever may be censurable for many of the blunders of that fight, it is certainly evident that the officers of the Fifth Maine discharged their duties as well as could be expected under the severe double-quick march. To the writer's knowledge there were no instances of cowardice nor of disposition to shirk duty. While no reflection is to be cast upon any regimental officer, the citing of a single instance may not be improper; and only justice demands that the true

record of a Maine officer should be set right before the public, inasmuch as his military character has been so often attacked. I allude to Colonel Mark H. Dunnell. Personally, the writer has but little acquaintance with Colonel Dunnell; and hence it is from no personal interests that his character is here vindicated. But the facts are, that at the battle of Bull Run, Colonel Dunnell was present with his command, led them into the action as well as any officer could have done with no more practical experience, gave his orders as coolly and deliberately as any man could do, nor did he issue the order to retreat, until he received it from his superior officer. On the retreat it was impossible to make any rally of men; and while hundreds were hurrying past him, he was calm, as upon the advance. He showed himself brave, self-possessed, and willing to do everything he could with his command. These are facts which cannot be obliterated. Had all high officers manifested as much pluck as Colonel Dunnell, the battle might have terminated differently. It is but just that this statement should appear in the history of the Fifth Maine.

Thus ended our first battle, one which, though insignificant in itself when compared with hundreds of others it may be, will ever live in history, and especially in the memories of its participants, not so much perhaps because it was a most signal defeat, but because it was the first successful, and, may be on that account, the most severe blow dealt at the principles and institutions of our glorious Republic.

CHAPTER IV.

Short tarry in Alexandria. Camp at Bush Hill. Long roll. Another move and a return. Short rations. Trouble in camp. More changes. Rain in camp. Personal reminiscence.

THE morning of the 23rd opens beautifully, but it finds the boys very lame and possessing but little ambition. Some attempt to promenade the streets, but it is hard work; while a loud snore from this quarter and that, clearly demonstrates that all are not sufficiently rested to enjoy the desolate views with which Alexandria abounded. There were all sorts of rumors floating round, having a tendency to keep up an excitement, which may have been well, perhaps, for it served to cause men to forget the trials of the past few days. Many improved the opportunity, while remaining in Alexandria, to ramble through some of its streets. Nearly every store, house, and building was closed, save those occupied by the soldiery. Visited the "Marshall House," made famous as the scene of the death of Colonel Ellsworth. It was occupied as barracks by a New York regiment. The staircase and surroundings where the colonel fell, were literally cut to pieces by curiosity hunters. Even the paper was torn from the walls, much of which is, no doubt, highly

treasured as mementoes of the scene and its tragic results. At every point we could see evidences of the want of Northern enterprise and energy, to impart a life and a vigor into that ancient town. In comparison with some of our Yankee cities, "mud-sill" enterprise was vastly ahead of Southern "chivalry."

"Be ready to move at twelve o'clock (noon)," was the order which we received on the morning of the twenty-sixth; and, punctually to the hour, our battalion was formed and marched to the depot, where we took the cars. Proceeding out of the city some three or four miles, we encamped near "Bush Hill," so called. It was a lovely place, excellent water close at hand, and surrounded by plenty of trees to shield us from the scorching rays of the sun. But, of course, the accommodations about here were too fine for us to remain in them long. We were compelled to bivouac, inasmuch as there were only twenty tents in the whole regiment. Our camp equipage was gone, where, it is to be presumed, no one knew; and if they did, they kept wonderfully silent so far as our regiment was concerned.

About two o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth, the whole camp was aroused by the beating of the "long roll." Verdant troops though we were, it required but little time to get us duly into line. Our clothes were hastily thrown on, — in some cases wrong side out, — for it would never do for a soldier to be in the rear when an enemy was on the alert; our muskets were in our hands, and we were ready to fight or

—run. Surely, thought we, the enemy are upon us now. But no; it was a false alarm,—only a *ruse* to ascertain how much time it would require to get the regiment into line in case of an emergency. So, feeling that no flying balls would whistle over our heads that night, we retired to rest again, blessing our stars that it *was* only a *ruse*.

In the afternoon of the first of August, we were ordered to move our encampment about one mile to the right, and which movement consumed a greater portion of the time until evening. During the march from one place to the other, the men were compelled to cross a swollen stream; and of all the attempts to get over without getting wet,—men jumping from one rock to another, and often tumbling into the water,—this was the most laughable of any like incident during the term of service. As soon as the band were safely over (Cole always had a wonderful faculty of getting over trouble well), as they witnessed the ludicrous attempts of some of the men, impressed undoubtedly with a peculiar sense of the ridiculous, they at once struck up that *modern* opera, “O dear, what can the matter be?” The cheerful notes of Cole’s cornet, heartily supported by the members of the best band in the army, checked many an angry expression, and made scores laugh at their own perplexing mishaps.

Arriving in our new position, we found that, owing to the negligence of the quarter-master, we had no rations; and hence we were compelled to go to our

beds supperless. Poor indeed as had been our rations, they were highly prized by hungry mortals, and I need not say that the loss of them occasioned some tall grumbling among the boys, accompanied by remarks neither polite or genteel. But this did not bring hard-tack or salt beef, and so after a while we were reconciled. But we were doomed to pass the following morning without any breakfast; and then the passions of hungry men assumed a more formidable mien. We were ordered to move our camp back again to the old position, because we were in direct range of the guns of Fort Ellsworth, a fact which could not be discovered the previous noon, I suppose. But the idea that they had got extra labor and marching to do without any breakfast, was highly repugnant to the boys, and savage threats were made toward the commissary. Late in the morning the quarter-master came riding into the camp; but no sooner had he made his appearance, than the most unearthly groans and shouts were sent forth for his special benefit. It required all the skill of the officers to protect him from personal injury. As it was, stones and sticks were hurled at him, causing him to beat a hasty retreat. Effigies of him were suspended and burnt, and every method seemed to be resorted to, in order to express the indignation of the men toward him. At this junction, however, our Lieutenant-colonel Esley,—who was compelled to remain in Maine from sickness when we left, and who had but recently joined us,—a man loved by the regiment, came out and as-

sured the men of better treatment in future, which seemed to calm the storm so lately raging; and then we heartily set about the work of removing back, which labor was accomplished about sunset.

We remained in our last position a few days, performing the usual routine of camp life, when we were again directed to remove to another position; but we did not accomplish our purpose until we had remained in the same position nearly forty-eight hours, wet to the skin from a severe rain-storm, expecting an attack from the enemy. But no enemy came, and at 7 p. m., on the 18th of August, we took up the line of march for our new location about one mile and a half distant. It is not my purpose, by any means, to enumerate each change of encampment; but I have particularized thus far for the purpose of showing the frequent changes and counter-changes we were compelled to make in a brief period; and which, to my mind, reflects more strongly the stupidity of our officers in charge, but who, in their bearing, were arbitrary and tyrannical, than most any other point which can be adduced. I do not refer here particularly to regimental officers, but some higher. In our course we were compelled to ford two streams which were considerably swollen by the recent rain. It was rather amusing to see the efforts of the men, in their struggles against the swift currents, up to their hips in the water, and especially to hear the orders of some officers,—whose clothes were only damp outside, but whose throat “whistles” were pretty often “wet,”—

to "dress up your squads," a point impracticable, not to say impossible. But, finally, the tedious job was over, and at eight o'clock in the evening we were upon our ground; but having no means to dry ourselves, we lie down to rest, wet and cold, cold almost as Maine's November, and with a single blanket to cover us. I cannot speak, of course, by authority, but certainly circumstances and appearances indicated, that what little patriotism did not get *sweated* out of us at Bull Run, became pretty effectually *soaked* out in a few succeeding days.

But we were destined to occupy this ground but a brief day; for on the 15th we were again removed to another position, going into camp in the rear of Fort Ellsworth, and about three-quarters of a mile from the city of Alexandria; and by which move we became detached from Howard's Brigade, and were attached to General Heintzleman's, soon after General Slocum's. Associated with us were the 16th, 26th, and 27th New York State Volunteers.

Rain in camp. For three days it has poured in torrents. How dreary, how lonely, how desolate! Not a drill, not a movement, to disturb the tedious monotony. How slowly drags the time! We feel as though the days would never pass. We could almost make oath that the nights were double their usual length. Fortunately, we had got our early start of tents. Hear the rain-drops patter on the canvas, playing their monotonous music, so finely blended with the melancholy feelings of the occupants. Let us

look within. Here is the tent-squad, twelve in number. Stretched close to the door is one sound asleep, utterly unconscious and indifferent to all surroundings. Sleep on, poor fellow, thy earthly sleep; for thou, too, knowest not how soon the cold sod may become thy only covering, while bullets shall whistle, and the cannon's roar shall sound thy requiem! Just beyond is another reading the morning paper, while another is writing some loving epistle to friends at home. A group here seek to while away the lonesome hours at a social game of euchre; while others sit silently by, seeking consolation at the stems of their treasured pipes, while all countenances seem to ask the question, "Oh, why did I go for a soger?" Wearied with their present occupations, they talk of the past, criticise the present, and speculate upon the future. But strive as one may to pass the hours agreeably, still all admit that the most tedious and disagreeable position a man can be placed in, is to pass a rainy day in a camp in the field. Can the writer be pardoned a slight personal reminiscence?

On Tuesday, August 20th, I was detailed, together with Sergeant Shannon of "H," and Sergeant Patterson of "G," to go to Washington with Colonel Dunnell and assist in the work of preparing the pay-rolls. Anxious, of course, to see all there was to be seen, we were ready to answer that call; and early in the forenoon we were busily at work upon them in a small office in the War Department. Completing our task at an early hour, we sauntered out upon a tour of obser-

vation. We turned first toward the White House, feeling that could we only get a glimpse of "Uncle Abe," we should be amply repaid for the labor we had already performed. Approaching the door to the public entrance, hat in hand, we were met at the threshold by some burly officer, who wanted to know what we wanted. Conscious of our position,—soldiers, only common soldiers,—we hardly dared to explain that we came only out of curiosity, but yet ventured to remark that we were very desirous of seeing the White House. Immediately we were told that we had better leave; when, at that moment, who should appear but the president himself, passing out toward the street. Perceiving us, humble as we were, a smile seemed to overspread his features, and, slightly bowing, he said, "How do you do, my boys?" giving us each a shake of the hand, accompanied by a look which seemed to say that we might enter. Suffice it to say, that we did enter the green and the reception rooms. It was some such little acts of President Lincoln which endeared him to the hearts of the soldiery; and even when the strongest denunciations were uttered against many men, holding high and responsible positions, there were none from the "boys" against ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER V.

Church of Washington in Alexandria. Resignations in the command. Colonel Dunnell leaves the Regiment. Rumor that Jeff Davis was dead. A private's grand dinner.

PROMINENT among the objects which attracted the soldier's eye was the stately and venerable church in Alexandria, where George Washington was accustomed to attend divine service. Amid such surroundings as those which attended the soldier, he could only gaze upon that edifice with awe and veneration. What thoughts would crowd upon the mind. The church of Washington! He who fought so long, so nobly, that this country might be bequeathed to posterity as a land of liberty, but now so fearfully torn by civil dissensions; this sacred church, within whose walls the "father of his country" lifted up his noble heart in prayer to God for the whole land, forsaken by the children of those who assembled there with him in worship, left to the chances and devastations of war. How grossly have the prayers and desires of those noble, self-sacrificing patriots of old been perverted!

He thinks that could the dust of those manly sires, mouldering beneath those ancient tablets, again become animated with earthly life, that they would fall with terrible denunciations upon those heartless and hot-

headed children, who thus sought by fire and sword to divide this glorious republic, once cemented by the best blood of American noblemen. From a shady tree overhanging the fence, I plucked a single leaf as a memento of an interesting visit.

Sunday, August 25th. After religious services to-day Colonel Dunnell made a long address, partaking of the nature of farewell advice. It was rumored that he was soon to resign, to enable him to return to an appointment in civil service. Of course some felt grieved; but, if indications were indexical of popular feeling, grief was speedily supplanted, among the officers, by the excitement in the race for the vacant colonelcy and other positions. Scarcely had he concluded, when an alarm spread through the camp that the rebels were advancing upon us in quick time—were within two or three miles, that a fight was imminent, that pickets were being driven in, out-posts captured, etc., etc. All was at once excitement. Canteens were filled, knapsacks packed, tents tumbled down, guns stacked, and all was made ready for immediate action. But we had our labor for our pains, for the night passed, and there was no sign of any blood spilt; in fine, the “rebs” were twenty miles away.

About this time, most of the captains in the regiments were resigning and going home, Bull Run having dimmed the “shiny” on their shoulder-straps. Colonel Dunnell left us on the 28th of August.

August 31st. About this time there was much excitement and discussion upon the question, whether

the Fifth Maine was really a three years' or a three months' regiment, many taking the latter ground. But it finally quieted down into a settled conviction that we were good for three years, unless sooner discharged by disease or the War Department. We all thought that the former was destined to do the heaviest business in that line. To-day there was an election among the officers to fill vacancies occurring by the resignation of Colonel Dunnell. Lieutenant-colonel Hsley was elected colonel, Major Hamilton lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Thompson, of Co. D. (Brunswick Co.), major. Will they be commissioned by the governor? is the question. We shall see.

It was on the 4th of September, 1861, that the first rumor reached us that Jeff Davis was dead. Of course we all believed it, and the sensation which the report created was great. Surely, thought we, if he is gone the rebellion must soon collapse; and already visions of a grand reception home floated before the eyes of many a poor private. In every company street, squads of men might be seen talking over the "glorious news;" and many a missive was dispatched that night, full of expectations that we should soon be with loved ones again. We laughed at the irksomeness of camp duty for a season, for, we asked, are not our days few on the "sacred soil?" Ah! we little considered that Davis was but the representative of a strong and powerful class, and still less, that even that *representative* was by no means dead. How eager these men were to get into the army; how much more eager they were now

to get out! Every possibility was magnified into a probability, and every probability was accepted as a legitimate fact. Nothing so ridiculous, no rumor so improbable, no speculation so wild, that was not accepted as fact by hundreds of eager listeners. The faintest hope that we might soon return home, became, in the minds of many, a settled conviction in less than an hour's time. But Davis did not die; the rebellion did not at that time collapse; nor did we return home. Our air-castles vanished like webs of gossamer, only to give place to others having their creation upon equally ridiculous reports.

On the 7th of September a new report was circulated through our camp, to the effect that Colonel Jackson, formerly commander of the First Maine Infantry Regiment, was daily expected to assume the colonelcy of the Fifth Maine. Now there was fun among the officers. They laughed at *our* speculations, but methinks we could then see expressions of intense anxiety and disappointment depicted on their countenances. If he came, of course the recently elected officers failed of promotion. Fearful accounts had reached us of his "tyranny," yet there was not a man who did not know that we needed somebody to straighten us out. Our discipline was at the lowest ebb. One company at brigade drill that day only numbered twelve men, another ten, while a third had but three men. True, some were on fatigue-duty, and a large number were sick; but where there were but one hundred and fifty of the command on drill, there

ought to have been five hundred at least. Colonel Davis, commanding brigade, at once ordered us to our quarters, with a sharp reprimand to our commanding officer. We await the final denouement.

Here is a "state" dinner, in which privates sometimes indulged. I recollect seeing one which impressed me at that time particularly. So different from the ordinary fare, one could only denominate it as delicious. To it the writer was invited, and hence he can testify to its goodness. It consisted of soft bread with syrup, and some flap-jacks, otherwise called griddle-cakes, all of which were purchased for the sum of sixteen cents. The table was the head of a barrel; a huge jack-knife constituted the cutlery, a tin plate and cup was the only dinner service, unless we except our fingers. Seated on another barrel, we partook of our repast, ending with a dessert of a couple of peaches. Enjoyment was high upon that occasion. Our ideas of a private's position became elevated for a little while, not from the effects of any potations from the hills of Bacchus, but from the smiles of fortune for that day. Such an unusual departure from the usual routine imparted a geniality which lasted some days.

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Jackson arrives and takes command of Regiment. High feeling among officers and men. Indignation meeting. Speeches by officers. Dress parade in honor(?) of new officers. Insubordination. An effectual quietus put on the men. Order restored.

ON the 9th, Colonel Jackson arrived to take command of the Fifth Maine Regiment. I thought it strange that the commander should arrive, and not a single cheer be given to welcome him to the care of the ragged Fifth. I say "ragged" Fifth (a name we gave ourselves), because we were hardly anything else. Scores of us were the fortunate possessors of but a single shirt each, which at intervals we would take off and wash, and then go to bed while it was drying. Poor shirts! their respites from active duty were very brief; and were I to say that, in many instances, they were compelled to impart comfort to much more animal life than the human frame, I should but note a *lieu in* fact.

But, as we were saying, not a cheer was given to welcome our new commander. Official information was given us that N. J. Jackson had been appointed colonel, and "would be obeyed and respected accordingly." It was soon evident that there was a violent opposition to this new state of affairs, and that the sympathies of the men were strongly in favor of Col-

nel Ilsley and Major Hamilton. At the dress parade that night it was thought that a highly mutinous feeling would be manifested; but it was conducted by Major Hamilton, who was received by cheer upon cheer as he took command of the parade. The appointment of Colonel Jackson produced an intensely bitter feeling among the officers, who hesitated not to talk the matter over with their men, even advising them to show defiance to the orders of the "usurper" and "intruder." To this, of course, there were exceptions; only two or three, however. Stimulated by such authority and countenance, the feeling among the men against Colonel Jackson of course became very strong, and it was evident that they would strive to find some mode of expression to their animosity. But what was to be gained, or what benefit was to result from any insubordination, no one asked,—most probably was not taken into consideration. An idea was advanced that Jackson had been appointed inasmuch as he was a republican; while Ilsley, who had been thus summarily checked in his military ambition, was a democrat; and as there was a large element of democracy in the ranks, it only served to create a deeper feeling against Colonel Jackson. The officers affirmed that the governor of Maine had given them and the men a gross insult in the matter, and it ought to be resented. And it was resented,—resented in such a manner, that it is a matter of the greatest surprise to many that three-quarters of the regiment were not compelled to serve out their term of service on some public works, or at

dry Tortugas with ball and chain, or in some penitentiary. (Mem.) About this time we also learned that Adjutant Whitman and Quarter-master Merrill had both been displaced, and that some members of the First Maine had been appointed in their positions. This only served to increase the exasperation of men and officers. There certainly was some excuse for this intense feeling, even though it was extremely unmilitary, from the fact that our officers had done their duty so far as they could possibly do so; had been in a campaign, short it is true, yet attended with danger and hardship, while the incumbents of the new appointments had only seen quiet service, had not even been under fire (not their fault, yet it weighed in the minds of our officers and men), and it was thought that when officers in our own regiment had been in active service, and done well, that they deserved the promotions. From this cause grew the flame. Shortly before sunset the men turned out en masse, and proceeded to the quarters of Lieutenant-colonel Hsley, calling at the top of their voices for him to come out and address them. Could anything be more ridiculous in military, especially at such a season, when it was the duty of *every* officer to enforce order. But lo! the door opened, and Captain, lately elected Major Thompson, steps forth, and, mounting a box, commenced a speech, severely criticising the action of the governor, and denouncing the appointments from the First Maine in bitter and unmeasured terms. His words were received with immense applause. The fever ran higher.

Thompson was followed by Major Hamilton, who expressed regret that he must leave the Fifth; but he could not remain under the newly-appointed colonel. He should serve in the army during the war, he said, if it was only as a private. He was succeeded by Colonel Ilsley, who informed us that his resignation had been accepted, and that he should soon leave us. His remarks were constantly interrupted by cries from the men, such as, "You are the man for us," "we won't have anybody but you;" "no Jackson can come here;" "down with politics;" "bound for Alexandria jail to-morrow;" etc. But finally he *requested* all to quietly retire to their quarters, which they did after giving three rousing cheers for the three speeches, and with high anticipations of fun to-morrow.

Upon the following day new scenes were enacted. Men refused duty; papers were drawn up antagonistic to Colonel Jackson, receiving signature after signature, while a general spirit of mutiny pervaded the camp. The hour of dress parade finally came, and such parade was never before or since witnessed. Every company was turned out with full ranks, and when the line was formed, they presented more the appearance of a band of ragamuffins than of a regiment of soldiers. Many were in their shirt-sleeves, some bare-footed, others smoking their pipes, some hatless, in fine, they appeared in every conceivable shape and dress. Presently the new adjutant appears, and such a sight or reception methinks, he never saw or met with before. Colonel Ilsley, to the mortification of the men, who

were arrayed to receive the new commander, took charge of the parade, though he told us it was the last. For the time being it was quiet, though it is impossible to say to what lengths the men might have gone had it not have been for his presence. But when the companies were dismissed, then the spirit of insubordination manifested itself. The most hideous groans and hisses rent the air. Crowds walked in front of head-quarters, yelling "send Jackson home." Canteens and bottles were filled with powder, then thrown into the fire, exploding with terrible noise. The camp for an hour was almost a pandemonium; all order was destroyed. How long these actions might have continued no one can tell; but soon after General Slocum sent over an aid to ascertain the cause, and at once to suppress the noise. Threats of Tortugas from the general had the desired effect; and the line officers, finding who they had to deal with, were then ready to use their authority, at that late hour, to restore quiet, in which they succeeded after a dint of hard labor. So the troops retired to rest, convinced that N. J. Jackson was and would be their colonel, that Geo. W. Graffam was and would be the adjutant, until they resigned, and that privates might as well capitulate at once, and endeavor to become good and sensible soldiers.

So ended the mutiny in the Fifth Maine, nor was a second ever attempted. Under Colonel Jackson the regiment grew; a strict discipline was inaugurated, special care was given to the comfort and welfare of the troops, and but a few weeks rolled by before we

were as proud of our battalion as we were ashamed before. Colonel Ilsley afterward served in the Twelfth Maine as adjutant, under Colonel, afterwards General Shepley. Captain Thompson also reëntered the service, and served with considerable distinction as commander of the First Maine Battery.

Quiet and order restored, the power of the ring-leaders destroyed, we proceeded to the regular duties of the camp. None were punished, a fact which served to render Jackson popular at once.

CHAPTER VII.

Receive our first pay as soldiers. Peddlers, etc., in camp. Incidents. Change of camp. Work on Fort Lyon. Routine of duty arduous. Advantages taken of certain restricting orders. An amusing picket incident.

WE were paid off as soldiers in the service of Uncle Sam, for the first time, on the twelfth of September, having been in his employ nearly three months. There had been, previously, a great amount of grumbling because the men had received no funds; reasoning that inasmuch as they were expected and required to be prompt in the performance of their duty, government ought not to be dilatory in her pecuniary obligations. But pay-day came. The paymaster was upon the ground; we had seen the gold and the silver (not a bank-note there), the real, genuine article, and methinks it would have been interesting to any outsider to have

witnessed the wonderful change in the countenance of each soldier as his name was called, and he received into his hand those twenty-six dollars and twenty-four cents. For weeks many had been without a penny. They affirmed that they did not even know the color of gold; and one would almost believe the assertion to be true were they to see the men grasp with heartfelt satisfaction upon those pieces of precious metal. Why, we seemed to feel richer then than at any day we had ever seen in our lives. Twenty-six dollars! What a lot of little necessities it would buy; how gloriously we could now live for a short season, if no more! Each one seemed to seek seclusion, that he might gloat over his treasure in solitude. And lo, now upon the ground appeared a small regiment of camp followers, bringing baskets laden with every conceivable eatable. Old women and young, boys and girls, white and black, all are especially desirous of waiting the pleasure of the "bold sojers." Fruit and cakes, pies so hard and tough that the jaws had to set twice before they could get a portion; biscuit, a little the worse for age, and having the appearance of being handled many times; coffee, sugared and duly milked; tea, which was made upon the strict temperance principle of much water; while some, not having the fear of military law before their eyes, had secreted in their pockets several bottles of "kill-at-forty-yards" whiskey, which they gave to the boys for a consideration. Like bees we clustered around these vendors of luxuries, investing here and there a dime or a quarter for choice morsels, thinking that we must enjoy the day as it passes.

“How much for this water-melon?” we ask, taking up a small green one. “Only fifty cents; very cheap; sell like hot cakes,” was the reply.

Now we knew that they sold in the city for six or eight cents; but we could not go to the city, and hence, if temptation prevailed, we parted with the fifty cents and take the melon, in nine cases out of ten throwing the peel at the vender, and calling him or her fifty cents worth of hard names.

“What have you got in your basket?” sternly inquires the officer of the guard to some ragged cake-vender, as he tries to elude vigilance and get out of camp. “Oh, nothing, your honor.” “Let us see,” replies the shoulder-strap; and, removing the lid, behold secreted a package of sugar, some salt, bread, etc., given him for some dried-up cakes. In an instant a crowd is assembled; no one doubts but he had stolen the articles, and the consequence was a general confiscation of personal effects, for the benefit of those who were the smartest in obtaining them. Day after day the camp was surrounded by these miserable cheats and swindlers; as long as the money lasted, and then no more was seen of them until the next pay-day. Cheerfully for a season we extended our patronage to the regimental sutler, who, though he charges us from two to five hundred per cent. profit, does not cut into our limited capital in such wholesale styles as these semi-union-semi-secesh vagabonds from Alexandria are wont.

For the fiftenth time since we left Portland, we

changed our encampment the following day, moving about one mile, and pitching our tents near the proposed site of a new contemplated fort. This was a most beautiful location, upon a high eminence, and overlooking some of the most beautiful scenery we had yet gazed upon. Besides, it was convenient to wood and water, and though somewhat exposed to the sun, yet a cool breeze was almost constantly passing over us. We had hardly become settled in our new quarters, when orders were issued that every available man must commence fatigue duty upon the new fortifications, to be erected near our camp; and though it seemed rather hard to many of our boys to take up the shovel and the pick, yet we can now look back, perhaps with some pride, and say that we were among the first who ever did any work upon the doubly strong and noble fortification, named in honor of one of the bravest and most courageous martyrs to the cause of our country, Fort Lyons. I have not definite statistics at my command, but I have the impression that the fort, with its immediate surroundings, covers an area of some fifteen acres, and calculated to mount two hundred guns. It has all the appointments to a first-class earth-work, and is one of the strongest fortifications in the vicinity of Washington and Alexandria. During our stay in this camp our duties were arduous. The routine was completed once in four days. The first day every available man was sent out on picket, returning the second, in the afternoon of which we had two or three hours of battalion and company drill.

On the third and fourth days all, save those who were on camp guard, were required to labor eight hours each day on the fort. This continued for several weeks, until at last we were relieved by Pennsylvania troops, and again changed our encampment near to Fairfax Seminary, three miles from Alexandria, which latter place, known as Camp Franklin, proved to be our winter-quarters.

It was curious to note, in our early camp life, the methods which some would employ to evade the letter of the law, where it conflicted with their special enjoyments. For instance: at one time gambling was carried on to a great extent among the men; and some of the officers were desirous of checking the evil, as many were fast becoming engaged in it who could ill afford to squander their hard-earned wages. So a strict order was issued against playing any game whatever for money, under penalty of severe punishment. For a brief season all went well; but in a few days, on entering some tent, one might there see four or five engaged in card-playing, using beans and peas as stakes. These, of course, were not money, but the knowing ones were well aware that a bean was worth ten cents, and represented that sum, but still it was no disobedience of the law. What if one did say, "I chip two beans;" or another, "I go one pea better;" or a third, "I go three beans blind,"—all that was not gambling for money, and so they escaped punishment. I believe no bean order was ever issued.

A picket incident may not be out of place here. We

were, at this season, doing picket duty within about one mile of Mount Vernon, and some five miles from camp. One day an out-post, consisting of some twelve men, commanded by a sergeant, had taken the position assigned them, and where they were to remain until the following morning. Soon they had all of their arrangements perfected for an easy and comfortable season. It was indeed a beautiful location, vastly preferable to the hot and disagreeable camp.

Several of the men constructed a rude hut, in the form of an Indian wigwam, which was styled the "head-quarters." The weather being excessively hot, the men were lounging lazily about, ordinary vigilance only being required. Toward evening, orders came that the picket-line must be unusually active; that a heavy body of the enemy was expected to make an attack in the night; that they were not far away, and that at least one-half the entire force must be awake during the night. Posts were doubled, and every precaution taken to prevent surprise.

The force above alluded to was stationed near the main road in the woods, but of course divided into small posts, in close proximity to each other. About ten o'clock p. m. orders came that only two men would be allowed to sleep at once; the remainder *must* be watchful. The sergeant, who had but recently been appointed, feeling sensitively the responsibility resting upon him, and anxious to have all duties of the men under him faithfully performed, acquainted each one with the instructions, and received the most solemn

assurances from each one that all would go well. About midnight, it being then his turn, the sergeant lay down on the ground to take his nap. He had slept about two hours, when waking, found no one very near him, but did find the sentry, who should have called him, sitting by a tree fast asleep. He at once rose very quietly, and with as little noise as possible, made the rounds. Out of that whole detachment of men, there was not one awake; all fast asleep. Some were reclining on the ground with muskets in hand, others sitting, while others were leaning against the fences. Certainly, it was the most amusing disobedience of orders any one ever witnessed. The moon was shining brightly, and, having satisfied himself that they were actually asleep, he determined to play a sort of practical joke upon his comrades. Among the men was one whom we will call "Mully," who had been for a long time denouncing those soldiers who, by fatigue or accident, fell asleep on duty. "Mully" claimed to have served in British wars, and was constantly boasting of his watchfulness. This night he held an important place, and the sergeant was curious to ascertain if he practiced as well as preached. Carefully he approached him, calling his name in a low tone. No answer. "Mully" was sound asleep. Successful with him, the sergeant determined to play the joke on all. So, noiselessly, he visited all the sleepers, gently disengaged the musket from one, picked up that of another, till finally he had obtained every musket, and conveyed them a short distance and stacked them in the shade

of the trees, where they could not readily be discerned. From their position, he could look out in front for a long distance, and he knew he was comparatively safe, as there could be no surprise then, though, undoubtedly, the action would not have been indorsed at head-quarters had it been known. Having arranged matters to his satisfaction, and perceiving they all yet slept, he stepped out into the road, passed down to the front a little way, and then, as if he had discovered something, turned suddenly, and at once sounded the alarm, accompanied by the command, "Fall in quick." The first word brought every man to his feet. But how can the next moment be described. Unobserved, he had passed from the front to the rear, so that by the time the poor fellows had their eyes open, he was hastening *toward* their posts. Such thunderstruck men never were seen, as they looked about them for their guns. For a moment they could not speak,—then all was confusion. "Fall in quick," was repeated. How he must have wanted to laugh, as he beheld their frightened, almost woe-begone countenances. "Where is my musket?" tremblingly asks one, while a second feverishly exclaims, "where in thunder *is* my gun." To increase the confusion, orders were given to fall back under cover of the woods, and upon reaching that point, had they not readily have obeyed the command to "halt," the affair might have proved more serious than was intended. "Where are your guns?" was asked gravely. No one spoke, but looked at each other in almost speechless

amazement. But having sufficiently enjoyed their discomfiture, the sergeant says, "well, boys, I guess you've been asleep. There is no danger, but we will have an understanding." For some minutes they could scarcely comprehend their position, but finally perceiving that they were really caught napping, they had not a word to say. Poor "Mally," he acted like a wild man, swore soundly that he was not asleep, that he dropped his musket and some one by his side took it, and that he didn't want to create any alarm; all of which appeared very ridiculous to the sergeant, when he remembered that he obtained his gun with the greatest difficulty of any of them, his hand firmly grasping the stock; but notwithstanding all this, the poor fellow will swear to-day, if he is alive, that he was not asleep; that he never closed his eyes in his life on picket-duty, but always kept a "right smart watch out on the innemy." Having sufficiently enjoyed their chagrin and discomfiture, their muskets were restored, and the matter was compromised by an agreement that the sergeant would not report any of them to the commanding officer, provided they did not report him, for this last neglect of orders, in not reporting them. Methinks that sergeant never had sleepy sentinels afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

Camp Franklin. Preparations for winter-quarters. Picket duties. Romantic head-quarters. Correct view of Southern Unionists. Severe picket tour. Mode of punishing transgressors of the law. Musical ceremonies at divine service. Novel method to secure a good congregation. Displays of character. Thoughts upon influence of army life. The soldier.

OUR routine of camp and picket, alternating with fatigue-duty, continued without any special events of note, save now and then interrupted by orders to be ready to move at once, upon some hoax that the enemy was advancing, until the day when we moved to Camp Franklin.

It was at this camp that a thorough organization was made. We were attached to General W. B. Franklin's Division. General Henry W. Slocum, who served with so much distinction in Sherman's army, was our brigadier. He inspired us with confidence and ambition, and, schooled and drilled by Jackson, we ourselves scarcely recognized in the Fifth Maine Regiment of the winter of 1861-62, the once ragged Fifth of the previous fall. But let our acts, not our words, speak for us.

Camp Franklin was destined to be the place of our abode for many months, and, in the outset, the best

preparations were made to render our encampment comfortable and pleasant. While, of course, there were many rumors that we should not tarry there but a few weeks at most, yet the men set to work with a will to fit up winter-quarters. And it was well they did, for it was not until into the spring of 1862 that we struck tents for our final departure. The fall and winter were passed in camp instruction, in company and battalion drills, reviews, inspections, and the more disagreeable duties of picket.

Yet all these were highly essential, and though at seasons there was much grumbling among the men because we did not move, fight, have the matter settled, and then be sent home, yet we perceived, in after-time, the importance of a thorough knowledge of those duties pertaining to camp-life, to drills, etc., which could, perhaps, be only acquired when hostilities were suspended, and which we so sincerely appreciated afterward.

From this camp we were detailed about once in three or four weeks, to do picket-duty. This would have been all very well, had it not been for the *length* of each tour,—comprising from four to six days. We were thrown out on the Alexandria and Fairfax turnpike some five miles, and in the vicinity of Annadale, a little village consisting of a saw and grist-mill (or, in other words, the *ruins* of one), and two or three houses. As the weather grew colder, small log-huts were erected near the outposts, for the better protection of the sentinels, especially from the winds

and storms. Small port-holes in each wall enabled the sentry on duty to see out on all sides, and at the same time have the benefit of a shelter.

During the greater part of these seasons, our headquarters were in an old building, one and a half stories high, almost in the last stages of ruin. The rooms were covered with rough boards, thickly white-washed, and from the ceiling hung innumerable cob-webs, while the whole was covered with dust and dirt.

Every pane of glass in the whole building was gone; but a few blankets hung up answered very well for blinds. Here we passed many pleasant evenings, chatting about home and friends, relating stories and anecdotes, while a big fire in the spacious fire-place, threw a glow of light all around. Upon the walls hung our swords, pistols, etc., upon which we could lay our hands at a moment's notice; and with the floor for a bed, a stone with a piece of board placed over it, or a pair of boots for our pillows, a single blanket to cover our forms, we would sleep sweetly and soundly, thankful for as good accommodations as we had. Who that has picketed at the old Annadale tavern does not remember the many festive scenes which would occur in spite of storm, or calm, or even the supposed proximity of the "Johnnies." The cavalry support often lent their musical genius to adorn the occasion, when a fiddle and a fife and a pair of clappers, and other musical instruments, made fun for the wakeful ones, and rendered night hideous for the lazy and the sleepy ones. A neighbor, near by, used

to supply pure Virginia corn-cakes at a quarter apiece, probably making twenty-four cents clear profit. I know the papers used to talk a great deal about Union people in Virginia, and their love for their country and our soldiers. It never happened to be our fortune to see any of those exceptions to Southern character, but we were duly impressed with the truth, that their love consisted chiefly in swindling the soldiers out of their money, and getting *a shot at them at night*. Possibly this may seem a hard statement, but it is not so hard as was the reality.

Occasionally, however, we would take up an advanced position. Then all the shelter afforded would be huts made of bushes or boughs, though it was almost wonderful to witness with what rapidity a small village of brush huts would spring into sight. I remember one tour of picket-duty in January, 1862, particularly. Companies H., K., and I. were bivouacked upon a hill, some distance from much wood,—a cold and bleak position. It had commenced raining before we left camp, rendering the roads almost impassable, and by the time we reached our destination, it was pouring in torrents. Though wet to the skin, upon our arrival we at once commenced to erect our brush houses. Quite a number were built in a circle, open toward the center, where fires were built to cook, warm, and dry by. But these afforded but little protection. The wind whistled through, and the rain poured through. For six days we remained on that hill, during which time the sun was not once seen,

but the rain, snow, and hail came down almost unceasingly. Never was a body of troops more rejoiced than was that one, when finally they saw the relief coming, and they received orders to go back to camp. In all camp and picket experience, methinks we suffered the greatest from cold and exposure those six days, than any dozen other tours combined.

In military, as well as in the civil relations, we had our offenders against the established law and regulations. And I cannot say that our regiment was exempt from some of these offenders. While our discipline was strict, yet it was by no means arbitrary, and hence the misdemeanors among the men were usually of minor natures, such as absence from drill or camp without permission. Punishment for offenders usually consisted in causing the culprit to stand on the bottom of a barrel inverted, for a certain number of hours. Of course, standing in one position any length of time soon wearied the body, and, most generally, before half the time of the sentinel elapsed, the victim would promise better fashions, and sue for a release. Others would be compelled to walk a beat, under the eye of a sentinel, carrying with him a log of wood weighing twenty pounds. He would be compelled to walk two hours, then rest two hours,—this routine day and night. At the commencement, the log would seem light, but before a day had flown past, *it would seem to increase in weight* every moment, until one could not carry it without much difficulty. This mode of punishment was the most effective of

any in service. Tying men up by the thumbs, bucking and gagging, and scores of similar barbarous punishments were not resorted to, save in its early days; and I believe the discipline in the Fifth Maine was equal, if not better, than that in those regiments where such modes were adopted. There were men who were never anybody at home, and as soon as they got a little authority, used it in some such way. Those officers were seldom seen in a fight, though they were bullies in camp.

We must notice the peculiarity of the musical ceremonies at divine service. At the hour appointed for service, each company was formed in the company street, and, at the sound of the drum, all moved out into line, and thence to the place selected for "church," the band playing some solemn music. This was all well enough and appropriate, but immediately after the benediction, the troops were marched back to their quarters in quick time, the band playing "Yankee doodle," "The girl I left behind me," which Cole could always do well, or some similar strain. It seemed to be a perfect amalgamation of the sublime and the ridiculous.

During divine service, a corporal's guard patrolled the entire camp, and all absentees from service, not sick, or on special duty, were at once arrested, and given quarters in the guard-house for twenty-four hours. The enforcement of this rule always insured the chaplain a good congregation. This was going back on puritanical principles, to the disgust of the sleepy soldier.

But I must pass more rapidly over the minor points of my narrative. The routine of camp-life is about the same in all places; and few there are, methinks, who are not familiar with its incidents, either by personal observation, or frequent readings. Yet to many, camp-life was peculiarly interesting, in view of the excellent opportunity afforded to study and learn human nature as it really is. And, probably, no better school is afforded to any one who is fond of such studies, as that which is ever open in a volunteer army.

There, it is a desperate fight between morality and evil, with all the advantages upon the side of the latter. Stripped of all the restrictions and influences of home, of society and immediate friends, the natural inclinations and characteristics of a man are sure to speedily develop themselves. He loses restraint by the very common-place surroundings of the camp. So many types of society were centered even in a very small compass, that one could easily read the natural tendencies of society in all its grades; and if there be aught of truth in the adage, that "birds of a feather flock together," it was easy to judge what were the natures of many of our neighbors, even at home, by the tendencies of the *representative*, who revealed to the observer all their points. Here are concentrated in one body the low and the refined, the vicious and the virtuous, the rogue, the knave, the villain, the mean, the benevolent, the miser and the spendthrift, the ignorant and the educated, the profane and the pious, the talented and the dunce, the earnest man and

the indifferent, all mingle together, of necessity, in one common mass. Were we to speak of majorities, it must be admitted that evil and wickedness have the superabundance, and which is ever striving to wrest from its stronghold the virtue of those who have never yet gone astray. Many there are who pass through the fiery ordeal unscathed; but yet, how many fall! Here, as I have said, the natural tendencies of each are brought more clearly to light; the seeming moral man, by his associations with the vicious; and the low classes, by the extended liberty given them to indulge their feelings and propensities. Men seem to feel that they can do just as they have a mind to, so far forth as relates to exhibition of character. In civil life, man has policy at stake; in the army, he has nothing but the gratification of his own feelings. I know of no surer test upon which to apply a man's character than to place him in a volunteer army. The knave cares not who knows of his two-faced operations; he glories in them; and his very actions show to the careful observer his strategy. Here he studies, not caution, for he has nothing to be cautious of. In fine, every characteristic of human nature is represented; and from that development, the student has to read as from a printed page.

It has been stated by people, that a man must become corrupt if he joins the army. True, he may have more trials to encounter; yet methinks, there is no actual ground-work for such an assertion. A man can mingle with the high-minded if he chooses, or

with the law; in a great measure, the choice is at his own disposal. If he has heretofore lived correctly and now falls, it merely demonstrates that the only cause why he did not heretofore follow his inclinations at home, or in civil life, was through fear of a disreputable name, and not through the restraining influences of moral and Christian principle. But I do not intend to sermonize.

There was, viewing from one standpoint, something interesting in a soldier's life. A true soldier belongs to a distinct class of the human family. He glories in the possession of a knowledge of what his duty is, and its faithful performance. He feels proud of his shining musket when he knows that it is sure at five hundred yards. He looks upon his polished accouterments with an ill-concealed satisfaction. He steps with a feeling of superiority, sensible that it requires a man of heart, courage, and muscle to make a soldier. He looks upon dandies and walking tailor-shops with the deepest scorn and contempt. He thinks it beneath him to respect the civilian very much, unless he be too old to be a soldier like himself; yet woman he worships and adores. His lady is the world to him. He fights with the memory of her smile ever before him. He dies with her name trembling on his lips. The rich man and the poor are alike to him. He spends his hard-earned money with the air of a millionaire, and yet he is benevolent and generous to a fault. His motto, a short life and a merry one.

But, generally, the life of a soldier is brilliant on

paper, reads well in verse, sounds sweetly from the rostrum, reflects glaringly in imagination, has a dashing romance around it; yet the *reality* savors far differently. "The brave sentinel treading his beat, and at his post dreaming waking dreams in reverie of home and loved ones," is far more likely to be tearing and swearing because the relief don't come round, than to be indulging in sentimentalities. The soldier, "boldly bearing the musket rusty with use, and black with battle-stained smoke," will be sure to be in the guard-house with a ball and chain attached, if said musket is not bright and clean for Sunday morning inspection. That "blood-stained hero with soiled garments" will have to have a new suit before the next dress parade; and if he overdraws his allowance, will have to pay for them too. The one is poetical, the other actual reality.

CHAPTER IX.

Orders to move. Advance toward rebeldom. News of flight of the enemy. Return to Camp Franklin. Long delay in camp. Again on the move. Ride to Manassas. Advance to Catlett's. Severe storm. Uncomfortable camp. Orders to return to Alexandria. Buoyant spirits of the boys, as rumor speaks of a ride to A. Disappointment. Hard march. End of a second advance toward rebels and glory.

“PREPARE to move at once,” was the order given at dress parade on the evening of Sunday, March 9, 1862. Yes, we were to start at last; leave behind our old camp, and go forth to battle for our country and our flag. The announcement was received with the wildest enthusiasm by the troops, cheer upon cheer ringing out upon the air. No regrets, no repinings, for we were now going to work. As may be imagined but little sleep could be obtained that night, every one being busy in preparing for the march and labors of the succeeding day. Early Monday morning we were ordered into line; and, notwithstanding the inclement weather, the column moves out upon the Fairfax turnpike, and the weary march commences. We were informed that the rebels were in strong force at Fairfax and Manassas, and various were the conjectures as to the probable time of a fight. We reached Fairfax about dark, and here we went into camp. We were

provided with the small shelter tent, which would accommodate two men, each man carrying one-half of the tent, rolled up on his knapsack. We met no rebels; but we began to experience the sensations of being close upon them.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and lovely. From an eminence we could look for miles around, and never can one forget the scenes spread out before them. As far as one could see were little villages of tents. The whole army was encamped. Never before had we been enabled to form any idea of the magnitude of the army. We waited there patiently hour after hour, yet wondering why we did not advance. Ah! soon the news flies through the camps; Manassas is evacuated, the bird has flown. We looked at each other; we uttered but one word,—sold. When we commenced to advance the rebels fell back, and now, instead of only five or six miles separating us from our prodigal brethren, it is said to be nearer sixty.

On Friday night, about eight o'clock, we received orders to retrace our steps toward Alexandria. Rumors of an expedition by water reached us; and as we fully believed we were to form a part of said expedition, we were ready to go anywhere. It was a terrible dark night, yet on we plodded, arriving back to our old quarters about three o'clock Saturday morning, cold, weary, wet, hungry. A tenth-rate restaurant could have done a smushing business that morning had there been one near by; but as it was, we made good friends with our stomachs by liberal donations of

coffee, hard-tack, and salt beef, rejoicing that we were as well off as we were. We held ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice, but it was a long time coming.

We had supposed that our second sojourn in old Camp Franklin was to be of only a few hours' duration, but it proved to be days. Yet all things have an end, and so did our camp-life. We knew that troops were being sent down the river by steamers, and supposed that we, too, were to go; but not then. There was a little farce in the "show" which our division was to play; but for whose benefit, none of us ever learned.

The memory of the player can fill up the outlines which I am able alone to give in this place. On the 4th of April, we again broke camp, and marched down to Alexandria. Here we were ordered on board of a lot of freight-cars,—stowing on the inside as many as could stand, and on the tops outside as many as could sit,—and off we started toward Manassas. Strange we thought it, that our Uncle Sam should permit us to ride, when we might have doubled the expense in wearing out shoe leather; but still this reflection did not prevent us from enjoying the ride, though it was without any of the aristocratic appearances attendant upon *state trains*. We arrived at Manassas Junction about five o'clock in the afternoon, and, alighting, immediately went into camp. Eating our supper, which was brought with us from Alexandria, regardless of expense, we sought our couch of earth to rest.

The following morning was quiet, with no indications of any advance movements, and we were enabled to take observations of our whereabouts. We were encamped in the midst of those grand fortifications and entrenchments of which every one has heard so much, and which, but a short time ago, were the boast of Secessia. The famous Bull Run battle-field lay but a short distance from us to the north. Further beyond, about five miles distant, was the village of Centerville, surrounded by almost impregnable fortifications, so ignominiously evacuated by the enemy. At this place (the Junction) two railroads intersect, the one running to Manassas Gap, the other to Richmond. We propose, however, to go to Richmond on foot, though we don't *sing* much about it. All along the line of the railroad were evidences of hasty evacuations by the enemy. Piles of broken chairs, boxes, camp utensils, secesh army-wagons, wheels, carts, cast-off clothing, almost every thing one can think of, lay about in grand confusion. In and around the encampments were to be found chairs, books, blankets, shoes, etc.; while in many of the quarters of the rebel officers there was everything to render camp-life agreeable. Probably but few were members of the Sons of Temperance, at least if we were to judge by the numbers of bottles and demijohns lying around, and whose silent breath was fragrant of Medford, Holland, and "R. G." The accommodations for the rebel regiments seemed to have been very fine. Everything appeared to be adapted for comfort. . . . Their huts

were all left in good condition; indeed, their encampments seemed perfect excepting the hospital, which was nearly destroyed by fire. Near the site of the hospitals was a burial-ground, neatly arranged, and at the head of each grave was a board bearing the name, regiment, and age of the deceased. In one yard we counted two hundred and thirteen graves. A visit to the resting-place of soldiers, especially in so lonely a place as this, was indeed solemn, exciting in the breast of a reflective mind strong emotions, even though they were enemies. As I stood by those graves and thought of those poor fellows who, either voluntarily or by force, had left their homes and their loved ones to engage in the fierce, uncertain conflict of war, and who were thus cut off in the prime of life it may be, now lying at my feet cold and lifeless, I confess that a tear filled my eye, and a fervent desire filled my soul, that peace would soon dawn upon our country, and the ravages of war ended. Yet it is strange how the same scenes affect different men. While standing there several passed me, commenting upon the dead. Many experienced solemn emotions. Says one man, "war is indeed terrible;" another, "my heart bleeds for their weeping friends at home;" another, "poor fellows, they are gone; though enemies, I pity them;" while another would grunt out, "cursed rebels, let 'em rot." Such, I suppose, is human nature.

We remained in this place until the following Tuesday, April 8th, occupying our time in sleeping, writing,

and occasionally engaging in a foraging raid, which was usually successful in adding poultry and mutton to our provision stock, when we broke camp and took foot train toward the front. The highways were very muddy, and so we were ordered to march on the railroad, which we found much more easy and agreeable than toiling on through the sacred soil, especially when it was in a sticky state. We moved steadily on, reaching Catlett's Station about 1 o'clock P. M., where we were ordered into camp, having marched about eleven miles. Scarcely had we reached our camping-ground, which fortunately was located in a heavy growth of trees, before it seemed as if the very heavens had opened, the rain pouring down in torrents. The utmost expedition was used to prepare temporary shelters, but no one succeeded in doing so until they had been thoroughly drenched. For an hour the rain continued; and then, as if despairing in rendering our condition sufficiently uncomfortable, it retired to give place to a cold and severe snow-storm. Huge fires were built to enable us *to think* we were comfortable, even if we were not; but yet we could not help contrasting our present with our past condition, and methinks that there was not one but wished himself anywhere but at Catlett's Station. For three days the storm continued; for three days we remained in that position cold and wet, the surface of the ground a perfect mud-pond; and I make no exaggeration when I say, that the mud was eight inches deep throughout the whole encampment, rendering pedestrianism almost

impossible. We resembled pigs in their wallowing mire in every particular, save we did not possess four legs nor curly tails. Such terrible exposure in the month of April, one of the most disagreeable of southern months, told fearfully upon the men; and had it not been that we were abundantly supplied with rations, the sickness must have been alarming. Who can blame us for rejoicing when, on Friday evening, we received orders to be ready to move? The storm had passed away, and we were ready to go anywhere to get out of that place. But what is this? The order is, return to Alexandria. Franklin's Division back to Alexandria? (I should have said we were attached to McDowell's command on leaving A.) Had we got to retrace our steps a second time? True it was. The cars were at the station, and men were being pushed on with all possible haste. One brigade, two brigades, a part of our own had gone. Well, no matter, we were going to ride back. But we must wait until morning; so we endeavored to sleep. We were in open air, our camps were all struck, and wearily the night passed, though rendered more agreeable from the belief that those long weary miles were to be rode over, not paced. Morning came, and we looked for the cars. Heavens, what a disappointment! For the Fifth Maine there were no cars. After all, we had got to march; and down-hearted, not to say ugly, we started on our long weary journey. We reached Centerville, distance twenty-three miles, at 6, p. m. Bivouacked during the night. Left Centerville about 8 o'clock

Sunday morning, and same evening we arrived at our old quarters in Camp Franklin, having marched forty-four miles in two days. Sore feet, lame legs were in profusion. I need not say that there was some loud talk relative to the manner our regiment was used. Who was to blame? But what is that to private soldiers or company officers? And didn't the field and staff officers ride? didn't they have a glorious chance to see the country? didn't they carry with them all the comforts of the march? and what did they care? Thus ended our second advance toward the rebels and glory.

CHAPTER X.

Another movement commenced. Embark on the steamer *John Brooks*. Sail down Potomac river. The Chesapeake bay. Arrival and sojourn at Poquosin flats. Excursion to Fortress Monroe. Disembark at the flats. Expected engagement. Disappointment. Reëmbark. Sail up York river. Torpedoes at Yorktown. Arrival at West Point. Preparation for a fight. Battle of West Point. An incident.

It is said that the third effort to accomplish any labor seldom fails; and so, after remaining in Camp Franklin some two weeks, when, one fine afternoon after dress parade, we received orders to be ready to march at an early hour in the morning; with possibly the recollection of that advance in view, we felt confident that we were now about to move on at last to success and glory. At eight o'clock on the 17th of April, 1862, we again packed up our knapsacks, folded our shelter-tents, and marched directly to Alexandria. Many were the conjectures what we were to do now, though guess-work pointed toward McClellan down at Yorktown. Our march through the city was accompanied by quite an ovation; our reception being quite enthusiastic, and the citizens seemingly wishing us God-speed. The regiment never made a finer appearance than upon that day. After a delay of some three hours, we finally embarked on board the steamer *John*

Brooks, a large and commodious vessel, and which, I may here remark, is the identical vessel bearing the same name which now plies between Portland and Boston, on the regular line of the Steam Packet Company. All being on board, in a few moments we were steaming down the Potomac river. This was quite a change from our usual mode of locomotion. There was upon the steamer our own regiment, and some six companies of the Ninety-sixth Penn. Volunteers. There was, the reader can judge, not a great deal of spare room either on deck or below. The upper saloon was the quarters of the officers, who were about as snugly stowed as the men below. After proceeding down the river two or three miles, we came to anchor for the night. Guards were duly mounted and posted, whose principal duty seemed to have been to keep the men in their respective company quarters, and reserve the upper deck as a promenade for the officers. The strictest discipline was observed in all parts of the ship. "Early to bed and early to rise" was observed to the letter; but I doubt if anybody got specially wise or wealthy upon that occasion, even if the pay of officers and soldiers went on just the same, whether sick or well. It was deemed a source of consolation by some, that, even if they were on the sick-list, there was no deduction of wages. High salaries, in some cases, destroyed the emotions of pure patriotism. Fighting for glory was, at that day, deemed poor business unless backed up by greenbacks. Nor do I think the sentiment changed in later days, especially when duty could

only be seen by men at home, through the lens of big bounties. The next morning we take in tow four heavily laden schooners, and in company with other steamers and transports, proceed upon our journey. Owing to a severe storm, and the darkness of the following night, we again came to anchor off Mathias Point. At daylight the following morning we were again on our way, soon entering Chesapeake bay. The sail was delightful. Some of the men were admiring the beauties of the scene, some sleeping, others reading, others given to games of chance, while others were busily engaged in capturing those miserable little annoying "critters," with which the soldier was, and is well acquainted; and with which the John Brooks was running over. Sunday morning, the 20th of April, we arrived at Poquosin flats, near the mouth of the York river; and there we were to await orders. The large number of transports which were anchored in company with us, gave the flats the appearance of much business.

Day after day rolled by, and there we remained. What did government or McClellan propose to do with us, was very frequently asked. The disagreeable music of the artillery often reached our ears; yet our steamers lay as quietly as though there was no such thing in progress as a war. During our stay at this place, the men were frequently sent on shore by means of the pontoon boats, to wash and enjoy a run on the beach. These were happy incidents in our lives. A sail down to Fortress Monroe, in order to procure coal

and water, was indulged in to the delight of all hands ; giving us all an opportunity to see the noted fortress, and more than all, the famous little "cheese-box on a raft,"—smart enough to take the wind out of the rebel Merrimack ; and though the rebel occasionally looked around the point which shielded her from our guns at the cheese-box, she never dared to present herself in any holiday attire, nor go out upon any more excursions among wooden batteries. The tedious monotony of ship-life was frequently relieved by dances in the cabin ; the ladies being represented by men in shirt-sleeves. The "quadrille" and "contra" were frequently gone through with a gusto ; while a waltz occasionally ended in a test-wrestle to ascertain the best man.

Good news at last. On the afternoon of the third of May, having been on shipboard nearly all the time for seventeen days, orders were received to disembark and go into camp for the night. Rumor reached us that early Monday morning Yorktown was to be attacked, and we were to support the storming forces. Better to die on the field than to be eaten up by vermin, was the unanimous expression of every one. Never did men step more lightly than did ours upon that afternoon. It required but little time to get into camp, and we felt we were to live once more. Grumbling ceased to be the occupation of both officers and men. During the following night, some of the severest cannonading to which we had ever listened, took place in our front. It was the parting message of the "Gray-backs." We

little dreamed the Johnnies were running when such terrible firing was in progress; yet so it proved.

Sunday morning dawned, and we were ordered to strike tents. What now? oh, going back on to the steamer! The news filled us with about as much joy as the appearance of the State's prison does the recaptured prisoner. But as "we do not run this machine," and we were expected to "dry up" all grumblings (the Fifth Maine boy understands the interpretation of those quotations), we proceeded to quietly embark and await developments.

On the morning of the fifth, at sunrise, we weighed anchor and proceeded up the York river as far as Yorktown. Here we remained during the day and night. Many went on shore to view the deserted works of the enemy. Mighty and strong were their defenses. It almost seemed strange that they should leave them without at least a terrible resistance. But it seemed so ordered, and off they went, leaving behind them a large number of splendid guns, besides an immense amount of ammunition, etc. Torpedoes were arranged in different localities, some of them exploding and fatally injuring some of our men. An order from head-quarters which compelled some captured rebel officers, who were acquainted with the location of those torpedoes, to proceed to remove them, and kept them until these dangerous missiles were all unearthed, was received with great joy among our boys. These torpedoes were artfully concealed, so that no one unacquainted with the marks which revealed

their location, could tell where his foot might press the fatal cap, and he be torn in pieces. The arranging of those torpedoes was an infamous piece of business, worthy of only such men as could bear arms against a noble nation.

Here, also, we had a view of the old works erected by Washington and Cornwallis in the days of the Revolution. Strange, that the ground made memorable in history as the scene of noble struggles for a country's independence, welfare, and rights, should also become the scene of desperate endeavors to divide and ruin the same country by the very sons of those noble fathers whose blood was spilt in its defense.

During the day the gunboats were reconnoitering the river above to discover and destroy any batteries which might prove obstructions to the passage of transports. Anxiously we listened also to the severe cannonading, which told us that the battle of Williamsburg was raging. Sometimes it seemed to be coming nearer and nearer, then again receding. Rumors filled the air, and kept us in a whirl of excitement. We could not of course determine what result might grow out of the battle. If our troops were overpowered, what could save the army of the Potomac? There seemed to be mighty issues involved. We could only hope for the best. But God ruled, and the Union arms were triumphant.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th, we again weighed anchor and proceeded up the York river. The day was delightful; the sail beautiful; the boys in

the best of spirits; while a spirit of determination to press forward in the path of duty, seemed to reign in every heart. The farms upon the banks of the river exhibited more evidences of thrift and prosperity than any we had before seen. Really, one felt almost at home as he gazed upon a type of old New England.

We are now a part of Franklin's Division; our brigade being commanded, as before stated, by General H. W. Slocum. The point of our destination was soon made manifest, as we dropped anchor near West Point,—a locality at the junction of the York and Pamunkey rivers. Owing to the shoalness of the water, our steamers could not approach within about one-third of a mile of the shore, and hence the troops were landed in pontoon boats. Rebel pickets were seen on the shore, and a small body of rebel cavalry seemed to be watching our movements; but a shell or two from our gunboats, which the "Johnnies" had learned to regard as flying devils, caused them to beat a hasty retreat, and permitted the landing of the troops without any serious inconvenience. Immediately upon landing went into camp, rejoiced to be once more on terra firma. Probably nothing inspired us more with a desire to get on shore again, than the hope that then we should get something to eat. We had been pretty short. Hard bread, coffee, and molasses had constituted our principal diet for three days. A slight change, it was thought, might be agreeable; one is apt to tire of the same thing morning, noon, and night, even if it be ever so rich and dainty,

like our bill of fare above, for instance. It was amusing, while on shipboard, to see some of the officers, who never before knew the beauties of 'privates' fare,—but who had always lived upon the best the market afforded,—steal away in some corner, and amid wrinkles, I will not say grumblings, endeavor to think they were making a good meal off of soaked worm castles (commonly called hard bread).

A detail from our brigade performed picket duty during the night. Considerable skirmishing was in progress at intervals in the night. One lieutenant and one private in the 27th New York Volunteers were killed. Five rebel prisoners were taken and brought in. Large forces of the enemy were said to be in the immediate neighborhood. The 7th day of May will be a day long remembered by the Fifth Maine, as well as by the other regiments in company therewith. Not that the transactions of that day will ever be particularly blazoned in history, but because of its dangers and some of its hardships which attended our work; and, secondly, that it was almost the only fighting we had seen since Bull Run. At 4 o'clock A. M. the troops were formed in line of battle, ready for any emergency which might occur. Remaining in line a few moments, and no enemy appearing, we broke ranks, but with the understanding that we were to be ready to fall in at any time. Our position was a peculiar one. We were in an open field, perhaps half a mile in diameter, upon the banks of the river. On our right was the York river; on our left, another stream; in our

rear, the river again; and in our front, a dense piece of woods which was almost impassable save upon the several roads leading through it. An attack could only come from our front. That was pleasant, at least. Every man seemed to realize the position. If attacked by overwhelming numbers, one of two things was certain; we must fight for our lives, or become walking skeletons to decorate the halls of some infernal Southern prison. There was no retreat. Our force was supposed to number about ten thousand men. They had great faith in the gun-boats; the rebels had great fear of them.

About 8 o'clock, sharp musketry was heard in our front. We were at once formed in line, and moved forward to the woods. We were then directed to advance into the woods one-quarter of a mile. We had just entered when a tremendous roar of musketry saluted our ears. We advanced about one hundred yards when we met a body of our troops, probably the advance of skirmishers, coming in at double quick. We immediately took a position and determined to hold it. The batteries shelled the woods for some time, which had the effect of silencing the enemy for a season. Soon after, Company "K," of our regiment, was sent forward and deployed as skirmishers. Becoming severely engaged, Company "G," under the command of Captain Harris, was sent to reinforce. Though the enemy were in much stronger force, yet our boys held their advance magnificently. For a time the fight was sharp and severe. At the critical

moment, when the enemy threatened to turn our left flank, a New Jersey regiment charged through the woods, driving the graybacks in all directions. An advance was then made a short distance, and, though we were masters of the situation, we were frequently annoyed by attacks from the enemy. We afterwards learned that we had engaged the rear division of the rebel army, which was so strong, that, had they known our true position and strength, they could have driven us into the river. Fighting did not cease until about 6 o'clock P. M. Our regiment received great praise for its conduct during the day. Our loss was small, but our labor was great. The following day was spent in caring for the wounded and bringing in the dead. One poor fellow, who had been wounded, was found with his *throat cut*. How that sight maddened the men! It was said, at that time, that this throat-cutting business was quite general. A fully armed and equipped negro soldier was brought into camp as prisoner, today. A walk among the hospitals revealed the fact, that the action of the day before was severer than at first supposed. It was said that we had lost, from the few regiments engaged, about one hundred and ninety killed and wounded.

An incident occurred which exhibits what a firm and decided man, who knows his business, can do among those who are uncertain. A board of surgeons examined a poor fellow who had been wounded in the leg. The wound was severe, but not dangerous. Surgeons then had not had much practice in amputations, and

they were probably anxious to have all the experience possible. So they decreed that the leg must come off. Associated with them was Dr. Francis G. Warren, of Biddeford, then assistant surgeon of the Fifth Maine, afterwards promoted to surgeon. Dr. Warren expressed the opinion that amputation was not necessary. The whole board decided against him; though they thought that, if the operation was performed, the probabilities were, that the man could not live long. Everybody who knows Warren, knows that when he has made up his mind, there is no change. He was firm in the belief that the fellow would live, and his leg might be saved. "Die! of course he will die if you cut it off. Let me have the case; I'll take the responsibility." Reluctantly the golden chance to amputate was given up. Warren takes the case, and the result was, the man did not die, did not have his leg amputated; but he got well, and, for all the writer knows, is smart and active to-day. Had all our surgeons been governed by principle in such matters as was Surgeon Warren, we should have less cripples claiming our sympathy and assistance than we have to-day.

The following morning, at 9 o'clock, we struck tents, marched one mile, pitched tents, supposing we were to camp. At 7 o'clock struck tents again, marched to Brick-house point, three and one-half miles, pitched tents; at five o'clock struck tents again, and moved out one mile, this time finding ourselves stationed as a picket-guard. If the above was not going to house-keeping and breaking up again pretty often, then we thought we should like to know what was.

CHAPTER XI.

On the march. At last at Mechanicsville. Take possession of the place. Richmond in view. In camp. An incident. Cross Chickahominy. Engagement of June 26th. The battle of Gaines' Hill. Lieutenant-colonel Heath killed. Gallant act of two companies. False reports.

THE morning of May 10th found us relieved by the Eighteenth New York, and, rejoining the main body of troops, we were permitted a day or two for rest. While at this point, Generals McClellan and Franklin rode through our camps; they were enthusiastically received.

It was now evident that we were on our way to Richmond, though there was less fuss about it, and considerable less *singing* than when our first advance to Ball Run was made. The famous "ninety days" had gone by, and the back-bone of the rebellion was far from being broken.

Day after day we approached nearer to Richmond, taking in our course the interesting points of Cumberland, White-house Landing, etc. The several marches were severe; the weather being hot, the water miserable, and the dust terrible. Among the duties which were imposed upon us, was the building of corduroy roads in bad localities. It was a branch of scientific business few men desire to permanently follow. It is difficult at this point to be explicit in details, inasmuch

as we made so many changes that one could hardly recollect at night the position of the previous morning. Speculations were wild, and the confusion (in one's mind) grand. So we shall be pardoned for passing rapidly over a few days, until we shall arrive at some point which shall make a decided impression. The men were generally well; the officers generally cross; hence, all standing fatigue quite well.

Some of our marches, during the advance toward Richmond, were pleasant; others, hard and tiresome. It was a season of the year when nature wore her most beautiful robes; and the admirer of her paintings could oft find enough to feast his taste and fire his admiration. Frequently we passed large fields of wheat, comprising hundreds of acres, which did not, certainly, indicate very great danger upon the part of the Southern people of starving to death, statements of Northern newspapers to the contrary. At every house, almost, lots of little woolly heads might be seen, eagerly watching the "putty sojers." But very few white persons were to be seen. Occasionally a white flag floated from some house, an emblem of peace, and which indicated that the inhabitants were loyal. Yes; loyal by day, and the contemptible picket-shooters and bush-whackers at night. Loyal indeed! It would have been better for the soldier and the country, if, instead of a guard being detailed to protect them and their property during the passage of the troops, a guard had been detailed to pass them behind iron bars. Loyalty and union sympathizers among the

Virginians! It makes the soldier almost sick to think of it. It is pretty sure that we never saw any of it that lasted over night.

May 22. The regiment are under arms all day, supporting a skirmish line. Were not specially engaged.

Steadily we have been advancing, and the forenoon of May twenty-ninth found us at Mechanicsville, only four miles from Richmond where dwell "the tribe infernal," who had put us to all this fuss. This "city" of Mechanicsville, which will ever figure prominently in history, we found to consist of about eight houses, one blacksmith shop, and one store. It was supposed that the proprietor of the latter sold out by wholesale, as there were no goods left. It required some little fighting to gain possession of this position. The houses were badly riddled from the effects of our shells. A company of rebel sharpshooters were stationed upon the roof of one of the houses, to pick off our men. But the first shell went smash through the roof; and, as the negroes told us, "down dey come 'ead over 'eels," and no trouble was experienced from them during the fight. We found that the enemy had learned the significance of the modern expression to "skedaddle," which they soon reduced to practice, while we marched into the village triumphantly. We soon pitched our encampment in a lovely location, upon the brow of a hill. In our front the ground was gently descending; before us, a half a mile distant, was the Chickahominy river; beyond rose another hill, beyond which was the city of Richmond. By climb-

ing a neighboring tree, we had a good view of the rebel capital; we were in sight of the goal we had so long desired to reach. The Johnnies have given us a great deal of trouble in our endeavors to pay them a visit in their beloved home. Shall we succeed in our undertaking? This was a question which was asked very many times. But time could alone unfold.

The time was occupied, during our encampment here, mostly in picket duty. Almost every day there was interchange of compliments with the rebels in the way of artillery practice. Our picket lines and the enemy were very near together. Interchange of coffee, etc., for tobacco, was of frequent occurrence, the best of feeling prevailing, but as soon as each had returned to their posts, they would lie in wait for one another, hoping for a shot. One moment trading and chattering in friendly terms, the next ready to take the other's heart's blood. A laughable incident occurred one night. A certain lieutenant, a captain, and Cole were asleep in a tent, when suddenly the lieutenant aroused his companions, growling terribly because the birds sung so loud. Cole hops up to listen to the music, while the captain rubs his eyes to listen to the midnight melody of the forest songsters. For that moment all was still. In another the music commenced. "Thunder," jerks out Cole, "do you call that music; lay down, captain, it's those confounded jackasses braying." The lieutenant's musical tastes were often commented upon afterwards, rather to his chagrin. Hope he will excuse this reference to his musical cultivation here.

In the afternoon of June 18th, we crossed the Chickahominy, taking up a position further to the left. Fighting was in constant progress in different locations on that line. Every moment we expected to be brought into action. Truly, there was not much peace in war.

In the afternoon of June 26th, a fearful engagement took place upon our right, but two or three miles off. It did not cease until late in the evening. As may be supposed, the camps were full of excitement. We heard the most glorious news. We were told that the rebels fell upon our lines like a thunder-bolt; that our men stood the shock nobly; that ultimately our boys charged, drove the rebs over the river, and put them to perfect route. Bands played, joy seemed to almost illuminate the night. Orders were received to be ready to march the following morning, with two days' cooked rations. *Richmond was to be ours.* No one doubted it. Our triumph was soon to be heralded in every part of the world. We were assured that McDowell, with a column of forty thousand strong, was to join us that night, and the pickets received special instructions to be careful how they fired, as McDowell's pickets would surely reach us; while his noble battalions were to aid us in the morning, in event of any unusual labor.

Early Friday morning we were ordered to be ready to move in light marching order, and, of course, we were not long in getting ready. Our brigade, now commanded by Colonel Jos. J. Bartlett, of the Twenty-

seventh New York Volunteers, General Slocum commanding the division, was sent down to the left and front to act as a guard at a bridge. The fighting had already commenced on the other side of the river, and it was soon evident that a general engagement would take place. We had not been in our new location but a few moments, when the enemy opened a severe fire of shot and shell upon us. To this, our own batteries responded nobly. Until eleven o'clock A. M. we lay in line of battle; the sounds of terrible musketry coming to our ears from over the river, while artillery was at work upon every hand. At that time we received orders to march over the river and reinforce McCall and Porter. We had proceeded but a short distance, before the enemy sent shell after shell whizzing upon us. Apprehensive of an attack in that direction, perhaps, we were ordered back to the bridge again. But we had not long to remain; for the enemy's batteries soon ceased, and we were directed to obey the former order and cross the river. Making a forced march of some three or four miles, we were soon where death's winged messengers flew fast and thick. Coming upon the top of a hill in rear of the engaged columns, a view met our vision which is not often seen, even in a soldier's experience. There, in full view, were the contending armies; our own to be seen, of course, more distinctly. The infantry moving steadily to the front, cavalry galloping here and there, artillery wheeling and counterwheeling, couriers dashing hither and thither, cannon roaring, musketry rattling, clouds of smoke

rising from the fields, or rolling through the woods; it was indeed an awful scene, yet grand and sublime. Take away the thought of death and suffering, and it was one upon which no one could look with other emotions than those of awe and admiration. But we were not there to admire scenes and landscapes. We may have been needed to complete the picture. So on we press to the position assigned us, led by Colonel Jackson, and which was within a few rods of the enemy's line, but protected by the brow of a hill from their direct fire. Here we laid down in line for a few moments, and listened to the awful work which was in progress. Just then the Ninety-sixth Penn. Volunteers, who were upon our right, set up a tremendous cheer, which attracted (this or something else) the attention of a rebel battery, which sent a perfect broadside over into the ranks, and from which we did not escape. It was the most effectual "dry up" we had seen for some time. Our brigade was immediately ordered to advance, and, with an unbroken, unfaltering front, it passed over the brow of the hill, and commenced its forward move. Having advanced some fifteen rods, perhaps, the order came, "lie down." In a moment every man was on his face. The movement was not executed too quick, for, almost the same moment, a full volley from a brigade of the enemy was fired at our men, without the slightest effect. Now the fight grew terrific. The air was full of bullets. You could hardly hear your own voice. "On," came the order. Up rose every man. No eye turned backward. Intense eager-

ness pervaded every file. Home, comfort, life, death, all forgotten. Victory was alone thought of, alone desired. The whistling balls chimed music to the soldier's ear. Wipe out the enemy, was the aim of every man. The battalion advanced. No short, timid step. Down dashed our commanding colonel. "Take such a position and hold it," was the order. Look in those men's eyes and see if you think they will fail. No. On—now quicker—quicker still. No one seemed to breathe:—charge:—the brow of the hill was ours. The enemy fell back, only to concentrate their strength. At once we opened on new lines advancing to their rescue, a terrible fire. A house proved an obstacle in our lines, and the four companies I., G., C., H., became disengaged from the rest of the regiment. "Move these companies to the left and perfect the line," was in substance the last order which the talented and brave Lieutenant-colonel Heath gave to his command. Colonel Jackson had just been wounded and borne to the rear, and Colonel Heath was in command. Ten minutes had not elapsed before he fell, shot directly through the brain, without uttering a groan. There were sad hearts in that command when that young officer fell. His body was carried to the rear, but never was recovered. Major Scamman had been in the hospital several days, and now here we were in a terrific fight, without a field-officer to command. Each seemed to be fighting on his own responsibility. Comrade after comrade fell upon either side, yet there was no faltering. The enemy approaching nearer the left of our regiment

than was deemed advisable by the brave Captain Backman in command of Co. "K.," he at once detached his own company; and, with another, made a gallant charge upon them, driving them like sheep before his brave boys. Still the battle raged, and still we held our position. About sunset the fire came too hot; it was more than flesh and blood could resist, and backward the men began to fall. By some mishap, the colors of one of the regiments of the brigade were left behind. We had gone but a few rods, when Bartlett, our brigade commander, brave as a lion, came dashing up amid a perfect shower of bullets, calling out, "boys don't leave your colors,—about face;" and about face it was. Back the boys charged with a perfect yell, gained the colors, and held again the position until directed by Captain Edwards, upon whom the command now legitimately devolved, to fall back. In good order the regiment marched to the rear, that is, what there was of the regiment, for it had become, after dark, somewhat scattered, four companies being left on the battle line over half an hour after the others had retired, and its loss had been heavy. It was for some time exposed to a severe shelling; but night closed in, and the battle of Gaines' Hill was fought. A terrific slaughter, accompanied with terrible scenes. In the course of our march we were halted, while general officers announced that McClellan's left wing (we were on the right) was in Richmond. Such a cheer, it almost seems, never before went up from joyful throats, as greeted the promulgation of that news.

We felt amply repaid for our labors. We had suffered ; but we were victorious. Delusive thought ! The cheer was gotten up to deceive the enemy into supposing that reinforcements had come. McDowell was hurrying back to protect a general in Washington, and if we had gained a victory, it was only to last until morning. It required but little time for the boys to become acquainted with the nature of the trick which had been played upon them. Suffice it to say, there was but very little cheering, no matter what the nature of the news may have been, in the Fifth Maine Regiment after that.

About nine o'clock in the evening we moved back across the river to the old camp ground which we had occupied in the morning. It was late at night when we got ready to lie down. No one could tell what the morrow might unfold ; but there were many sorrowful hearts upon and around Gaines' Hill that night. The hopes of the morning had been cruelly dashed. Memory paints fearful pictures. The loss in the whole army was terrible. The loss in our own regiment was ten killed, sixty-nine wounded, and sixteen missing.

CHAPTER XII.

Preparations for another movement. Precious mementos. Advance toward the front. Curious movements of companies. Under fire and retreat. Acting as rear guard. On the move toward the James river. Cross the Chickahominy. On picket. General McClellan visits the camp. Battle of Charles City Cross Roads. Gallant and terrible charge of the enemy. Heroic repulse.

EARLY the following morning, Saturday, June 28th, we were directed to break camp, and with rations duly prepared, to be ready for immediate movement. Many speculations were indulged in. All seemed shrouded in mystery. And, as remembrances of yesterday, with its terrible scenes and disastrous termination, stole over our minds, it was with no great enthusiasm that we set ourselves to work to make the necessary, though hasty preparations for a movement, the result of which no one could see or know. The mail-bag left the camp that morning heavier than usual, for there was scarcely a man who did not desire to communicate again with loved ones at home, even though their missives might bear little which would cheer the heart, or which spoke of hope in the breast of the writer. Where doubt and uncertainty stare one in the face, especially where the issue is one of life or death, the first impulse is to assure those far away, who may be

thinking of us, of safety up to the moment of writing; while I doubt not that missives, sent from that camp-ground, by men now lying in their silent graves, forwarding that evening the last line which it was ever their pleasure to do on earth, are cherished as precious mementos by many, many people, who love now and then to draw forth the dear writing from its sacred, secret hiding-place, and read again and again the words of affection which their dead soldier-boy hastily indited on the field, before the battle. Heaven bless those who suffered such terrible losses, but which redound to the nation's gain!

At eight o'clock we were pushing forward to the front. There was certainly a peculiar satisfaction in *going forward* which is not experienced in *going backward*. The one stimulates, the other most fearfully depresses. It was, however, apparent to every one, that an important movement was at hand; and the fact became gradually unfolded, that it was our duty to keep up appearances and make a show in order to deceive the enemy. Having fallen back from our position of the previous night,—and of which fact the enemy certainly could not be ignorant,—it became at once conclusive, that, if we did not present ourselves “in battle array” at an early hour, the enemy might presume that we were in much worse condition than we should feel ready to admit; and hence might cause us an immense amount of unnecessary trouble, which we did not then desire. So we marched out upon an elevated plot of ground, occupying an extreme front

position, and in direct and full view of the rebels, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from their lines. Stacking arms, we proceeded to pitch our tents, and gave every indication of going into permanent camp. Even if the Johnnies did not laugh at our movements, they must have been very strongly impressed with our impertinence. Possibly two hours might have elapsed, when we again struck tents, and moved some little distance to the rear, marching down over the rear brow of the hill, leaving our knapsacks and other equipage upon the top of the hill where we had previously pitched our tents. After stacking arms, orders were given for each commanding officer of the companies to march his men to the site of the camp, obtain the knapsacks of the men, and return; the first company to go first, and, upon its return, to be followed by the second, and so on. The object of that move, a great many of us were never able to comprehend, nor do I think we can at the present day. If it was to furnish animated humanity as a target for artillery practice, the design worked well, and the aim was secured. Three or four companies, without arms, had gone forward and obtained their knapsacks, and another company was just gathering theirs, when whiz, bang, whiz came shot and shell from the land of rebeedom, as much as to say, "you have been there long enough with your foolishness—get out of that," and we *did* get out of that, lively too. There was no discount upon our retreating qualities then. Leaving a large portion of our knapsacks (they were afterwards recovered), we struck

for the woods on double-quick, though in good order, traversing ravines in order to escape the fearful fire to which, we believed, only folly had exposed us. Finally, we succeeded in getting out of range, and, moving about a mile to the rear, we received the order "in place rest," which we were happy to obey. It was at this place that we learned for the first time, that "the change of base" was to be made,—that the whole army were upon the move excepting our division, which, under the command of the brave and gallant Slocum, was to cover the retreat, or render aid in consummating a military necessity of visiting some other locality than the environs of Richmond during the warm weather. Notwithstanding the disheartening work of the day, when the division was in readiness, our regiment,—ever ready to answer every call to duty,—never backward,—and who never knew when they were whipped,—advanced cheerfully with the rest far to the front, and went into position. Our duty was to check any advancing movement which the enemy might see fit to make upon our retreating army. More or less fighting took place late in the afternoon and early part of the night. Every moment we expected it to assume the severe type. Our position was now on what was called "Golden Farm." Truly, the hours were long. Certain it was, that there were some things to be dreaded almost as much as actual conflict. Among them was the terrible anxiety which accompanied an expected attack. At two o'clock, however, on the following morning, we were quickly formed in

line, the pickets were drawn in, and we, too, were on the march to the rear. All our baggage-wagons had gone the evening previous. The artillery was moving when we were awakened from our fitful slumbers, while everything which we could not carry was burnt, indicating that we were not intending to return again to that locality. Those who were able or thoughtful enough to replenish their haversacks with food, did so from the abundance which was lying about. It was some days before another opportunity presented itself, and many were the hungry mouths before it occurred. All being in readiness, we received the order, "forward march" (if backward is forward), and with light step moved out upon the road. Thus we bade farewell to all of the attractions of Golden Farm, which we could not enjoy save at great hazard and perplexity.

Daybreak saw us some three or four miles from the old camp-ground, moving in the direction of the James river. Such sights as met our vision! the vast bodies of troops upon the move, the immense trains of baggage-wagons, ambulances, and artillery, a mighty mass, yet all moving like clock-work, were seldom seen even by the soldier. Slowly we marched forward, suffering intensely from the hot sun. It seemed to be our fate to have our heaviest work to do upon the Sabbath, and which seemed to be, inevitably, either the hottest or the stormiest day. This may arise from the fact, perhaps, that we noticed the labors of Sunday more than of other days.

At an early hour in the afternoon, we crossed the Chickahominy swamps, and glad indeed were we to safely arrive at the other shore. We had heard the "music," as the poets would call it, of the roaring cannon, intermingled with sharp rattling musketry all day; but we had not been molested thus far. Our march, though every moment expecting an attack, was one of peace. Having marched some twelve miles, our division was halted, and the Fifth Maine was ordered out on picket. Of course we had but little rest and but little sleep. During the night there was one or two alarms, at one time putting the whole command under arms. Every man seemed to comprehend the situation, and vigilance was the universal watchword. The enemy were upon both flanks, in front, and pressing our rear. Certainly, our position was not one to be envied. Yet brave hearts beat upon those fields, and strong arms were ready to do their whole duty.

Early in the morning, June 30th, our picket line was relieved, and fell back upon the reserve. About sunrise, General McClellan, attended by a single orderly, rode through our camp, tarrying a moment to make inquiries regarding our location and other minor matters. It certainly gave great cheer to the boys to see their beloved commander. No one can question the place which he held in their affections at that period.

That morning our division was assigned the duty of rear guard, and directed to hold the enemy in check until all our trains were safely by. We were moving

on a single road; and hence the necessity of keeping the Confederates at a respectful distance. Forming our lines, we moved back to a point called Charles City Cross Roads, about two miles distant from our location of the morning; and, as no enemy was in sight, we made a temporary camp. The precious time was diligently improved in preparing our coarse meal; for the last few hours had given us but little opportunity to recruit the inner man. Dinner over, we were quietly resting, when word reached us that the rebels were advancing rapidly upon us in great force, and that we must be on the alert. Down came our tents lively. We had been so drilled in that peculiar duty of late, that a camp could be struck pretty expeditiously. About this time, a terrible skirmish was in progress in our rear, as we occupied a point upon the right flank of the route of march. On our right, General Kearney was holding a large force, while we were expecting the rebels in our front. For a single division, our position was certainly a very disagreeable one. We were posted on the edge of a piece of woods near the brow of a gentle rise of ground, and directly in the rear of our batteries, which occupied the summit. Over the brow of the rise, the country was quite open, and, for some distance, gently descending. We had, as I have been informed, some forty pieces of artillery in position; and these were supported by our division numbering about seven thousand men. Soon our cannon announced that the enemy was in sight. Our shots attracted the attention of the advancing col-

umns, and with what vigor they replied to our guns I will not attempt to describe. The air seemed full of shot and shell. The roar increases. The missiles of death fly faster and thicker. Limbs of trees, torn off by the solid shot, fell all around us. Fragments of shell came hissing in every direction into our ranks. For an hour it was a perfect thunder-roar. Then came a brief cessation. Why is it? Ah! see; steadily in broad, deep column, thousands upon thousands, the infantry of the enemy advanced toward our lines. Like an irresistible mass, on they came. Double-shot-
ted was every cannon in our front. In a moment our guns opened. Down before the grape and the canister, drop hundreds of the best of Southern braves. Instantly their places are filled. Now comes the contest. As swiftly as possible, our boys load and fire their guns. An hundred shots per minute was the rate of those cannoneers. The guns grow hot. On sweeps the enemy's lines. Faster work the gunners. Like tigers ready to spring upon their prey, even though death stare them in the face, our brave infantry lie low, ready for instant action. The roar of the cannon, the terrific yell of the charging columns, is deafening. The ground absolutely trembles. Like grass, the ranks of the enemy are mown down; yet on they come. A dozen rods only separate them from our cannon. Every eye of our men is upon that summit. Every hand grasps, with a desperate energy, the faithful musket. Every vein seems to swell with determination. On sweep the enemy. Will they sweep

over us like an ocean billow? Their force is immense. "Spherical case and cannister," rings the voice of our artillery commander through his trumpet. Quick as a flash, almost, a murderous fire is poured into the advancing columns. A few more feet, and the enemy will reach us. Our guns are again loaded. "Fire," shouts the brave commander of the artillery, as he sits upon his noble steed, calmly surveying the scene, "fire" is the word. And such a fire. It was too much. The form of the enemy's column reels and trembles. It had accomplished all that human power could do. Back, back, it falls, and the guns of Slocum's division, handled and supported by brave men, were victorious.

Instantly our infantry was ordered forward into the woods to our left, charging with a perfect recklessness, until they reached a point about one-third of a mile, where they took a position to prevent any demonstration of the enemy from that direction, a point which it was important that we should then hold. But the cannon had proved too much for human endurance, and the enemy fell back to recover from his terrible shock, leaving us, for the time being, masters of the situation. Never was the nerve of our regiment more severely tested than at this fight, and never did it behave with greater credit to itself and all concerned, than under the terrible cannonading of Charles City Cross Roads.

CHAPTER XIII.

Surrounded by enemy's lines. Our escape. Flag of truce to an escaped command. Malvern Hill. Arrival at Harrison Landing.

AFTER a brief cessation of conflict, the enemy again opened his artillery upon us, and from the various directions from which this firing proceeded, we discovered, to our dismay, that we were nearly surrounded. It is said that the enemy, in firing at us, so narrow was the diameter of their surrounding circumference, fired over our heads into their own ranks. It would be difficult to describe our feelings, when we discovered our true position. We knew that the force of the enemy was heavy; we knew, also, that our own was very light. Strategy could alone relieve us. Though we might make for a little while, a most desperate resistance, and send a host of Southern soldiery to their last home, yet we could not, of course, hold out long against overwhelming numbers. Richmond prisons, hunger and thirst, everything terrible and horrible was pictured before our imaginations. Yet hope never deserted us; and hence we trusted that ultimately, all would be well.

About one o'clock at night, upon the assurance of our general that that was no place for his boys, the

men were aroused from their slumbers, and bid be ready to move. Wearied and tired, even amid the dangers which surrounded them, the great majority of the men were glad, even then, to get one hour of quiet rest. Strict orders were issued that no noise should be made; and, upon the march, orders were transmitted from one officer to another in a low whisper. It seems that there was an aperture of about a thousand yards in the rebel lines which had been discovered, and through that, under cover of the darkness, we proposed to escape. The utmost caution was required that the movement should not be revealed to the watchful enemy. Everything which would make the slightest noise was ordered to be tightly secured or thrown away. Death was the penalty of speaking aloud, or striking a match. The march commenced. Every bush seemed to us to be a watchful Southern sentinel. Upon either side of the route a slight skirmish was kept up between the pickets to deceive the enemy. As we moved on, we soon passed the battle-fields of the day previous. What if now we should be discovered. But no, on we go in safety. The camp-fires of the rebels shone brightly but a short distance from our route. General Kearney rides along as we pass the most dangerous points. "Move on steady, boys," whispers the general as we pass; "but if the hounds tread on your heels, kick." Aye, thought we, surely we will. Yet almost perfect silence reigned. The dawning morning found us well upon the road, the enemy in our rear, and Slocum's little band, for the

most part, safe. I should here note, that there were some few of our men who, in the haste of the moment, were overlooked, and hence not awakened. Being taken prisoners by the rebels in the morning, after a short confinement they were liberated. They reported, that, in the morning following our escape, the enemy sent in a flag of truce to demand our surrender, supposing it impossible for us to escape; and they were very much taken by surprise to find that their bird had flown. By sunrise, after a cool and easy march, we were upon the summit of Malvern Hill. Here we found almost the entire army in lines of battle, and the mouths of hundreds of cannon pointing to the enemy's land. We were ordered to the rear some distance, where we erected a barricade to meet any attack which might be made in that direction, and to add our strength to the supporting column of the army during its fearful contest of the day, and which is known as the battle of Malvern Hill. As the day waned and we found ourselves victorious, we laid down upon the ground, and sweet was that sleep to the poor, weary, tired soldier, the first sleep which could be called sleep, for five nights. Many were the knapsacks which were empty, and hunger stared many in the face. But we were assured that we should soon see better times, and in rest we forgot all our troubles.

The following morning we awoke to find a severe rain-storm. Now for a march in the mud. Our journey was not finished, and so again we pushed on.

Marching some five or six miles, we finally pitched our tents in the mud at Harrison's Landing, our retreat being ended, and our fighting done for the present. Here the whole army, with all its baggage-wheats and artillery, were massed in one large field, forming a scene which can never be forgotten. Worn and almost discouraged, it mattered but little to the boys, for a day or two, what became of them. It was a dark hour, not only for the soldiery of the army of the Potomac, but also for the whole nation.

On the afternoon of the third of July, we moved out from the river some three miles, and after one or two moves, we finally went into camp on high and dry ground, much to our comfort and joy. Here we were to spend some time in getting ready for some other movement, and which we could only hope would result more favorably than any in which we had engaged thus far.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hot weather. Bad food. Band leaves for home, Wood-chopping incident. Another illustration of the sincerity of Southern love for the soldier. Regimental commander returns to camp. Woodenguns. Again on the move. Back to Alexandria. Advance toward second Bull Run. Responsible positions of regiment. Return to camp Franklin.

It was not until the thirteenth day of August, that we received orders to be again on the move. In some relations, these orders came as good news; in others, they were not so pleasant. Campaigning beneath an almost tropical sun was not so agreeable, though perhaps preferable to winter work. During our stay in this camp, the weather had been fearfully hot. Every resource that ingenuity could devise was resorted to, to make life even tolerable. But though the days were almost like furnaces, yet the nights were cool and pleasant, and which, of course, added greatly to our comfort. There was, however, a great deal of sickness in camp, much of which arose, unquestionably, from the outrageous food which was provided for the men. It was a disgrace and shame for men to be imposed upon in the manner that they were by army contractors, who were paid the highest price for everything by the government, and who betrayed the trusts reposed in them by base impositions. Smoked (so the

"returns" said) *sides* of hogs, were furnished as meat; and when issued to the boys, were frequently literally covered with blisters. This may have arose from the exposure to the sun of the meat, yet it does not alter the fact regarding the character of the food men had to eat; nor yet the fact that the bacon furnished was of the meanest description. At home it would make a decent man sick to look at it. But it was that or nothing. No wonder the army was reduced when fed on such meat. Nor was this all. Wormy hard bread,—I dislike to record such things, but the truth must be told plainly,—the greater part of the bread issued during our stay at Harrison's Landing, was literally alive with worms,—such bread as that, I say, was poor food for the human stomach. No doubt that many a nabob, who now rolls in his carriage, obtained his fortune from some swindle upon government in a provision contract. No wonder such as he wanted the war to continue. No wonder he considered every new issue, which might prolong the war a day or two, a blessing and smile of fortune, adding new stores to his ill-gotten treasure. While he gained wealth, the soldier, his victim, found his grave. The Fifth Maine boy has, or should have but little regard for that man, who made his fortune off of the absolute necessities of the soldier.

From this camp, by orders from the War Department, our band, which had cheered us so many hours, which had so often sent a thrill of pleasure through our beings, when melancholy and home-sickness may

have come over us, was discharged, and left us for home. Sadly we parted with those true men, who had contributed so much to our happiness. During the sad scenes of the seven-days' fight, they rendered splendid service in taking care of the wounded and other important labors. We all felt proud of Cole and his noble companions.

The time was passed quietly in camp, interrupted only by occasional inspections, and the usual routine of picket duty. The latter duty was very pleasant, as it took the men out from the hot camp, into the pleasant woods in our front. But little fatigue duty was required. An incident occurred in the early part of our encampment at this place which may not be out of place here.

The Fifth Maine was detailed to chop down a piece of woods which was in front of the encampment, and in the way of the range of our artillery. The woods being about half a mile to the front, covering considerable ground, and it being rumored that the enemy might pounce at any moment upon fatigue parties, a Pennsylvania regiment was sent out to protect them, and repel any attack. Armed with their axes, under the lead of their escort, our boys proceeded to the woods, and went to work with a will. The troops advanced about half way through the woods, and there halted. In the course of two or three hours, the boys had leveled the woods up to the point where the troops were stationed. Of course, the troops were requested to advance their line. This their commanding

officer absolutely refused to do, upon the ground *that it was dangerous*. This was a bounty regiment, which had probably enlisted more for the pleasure of the soldier's life, than for any work, or for meeting danger. But the Fifth Maine had been detailed to do a piece of work, and do it they would, support or no support. So on they moved (not the troops but the choppers), and rapidly tree after tree was laid low. By some management, which seemed to be understood by the boys, but which I cannot explain, the trees were fallen in such a manner as to form a barricade completely around the troops, and there they were. On went the choppers, singing away and indifferent whether the rebs were ten rods or ten miles away, until they had the satisfaction of seeing every tree down, and seeing, also, their *brave* support imprisoned among the prostrate trees. Having enjoyed their discomfiture sufficiently, the boys fell to, and in a few moments cut a passage through, by which the troops might escape. Whether such a course upon the part of the choppers was censurable or not, it becomes not me to say. An opinion would favor the negative. Possibly such a support may have been better off hemmed in than otherwise; for had there been an attack, they could not have disgraced themselves by running, as unquestionably they would have done. But then, there was no absolute danger.

As another illustration of the love (?) which the Virginian farmers pretended for the "old flag," many will remember the following incident, which took place while we were encamped at this place.

An apparently intelligent white man, who lived just outside of our lines, was often visited by our pickets for the purpose of obtaining food. This patriotic, union-loving man, over whose class so much fuss used to be made in the North, and upon whom so much deep sympathy was wasted, sold our hungry boys the cheapest kind of corn-meal cakes, at *one dollar each*; and he had by this method of outrageous extortion, accumulated a snug sum of genuine greenbacks. One day the Fifth Maine being on picket near this point, a veteran of Company G., organized himself with an expedition for foraging purposes. Having had some experience in this line of duty, he was not at all scrupulous in dealing with such people. Hearing of the tricks of this farmer, the veteran immediately made it in his way to call upon him, and ordered five dollars' worth of corn-meal cakes. These cakes are made by simply mixing up meal with water, and baked before the fire. They were about the size of a common plate. As soon as the cakes were baked, the veteran tendered in payment a fifty dollar bill on the "Kathairon Bank." These bills, I should say, were simply advertisements printed in the form of bank notes, by an enterprising hair oil proprietor, and were of no value. The over-eager patriot took it, remarking, as he examined it carelessly, "I suppose all Yankee money is good," and going to his bed-room he took from between the bed-clothes, a well-filled pocket-book, and counting out forty dollars in government greenbacks, and five dollars in Virginia State bills, handed the

change to the veteran, who pocketed the forty-five dollars clear profit, and returned from his expedition singing, "Oh! who wouldn't go for a soldier?" Possibly we cannot fully justify the action of the veteran; but it seemed to be a case of diamond cut diamond, with the advantage on the side of the Yankee. It illustrates the spirit of the Virginian, and the superficial character of Southern love and loyalty.

Colonel Jackson, who had been absent several weeks on account of his wounds, and Major Seaman, who had also been absent on account of sickness, had both returned to the regiment, and a better feeling pervaded the command than for some time past. We were all glad to see Major Seaman return to the field, wearing the straps of a lieutenant-colonel, to which rank he had just been promoted.

As was stated above, we received orders on the thirteenth of August to be ready to move at once, and with which we speedily complied. Our tents were struck, and all things being in readiness, we waited anxiously the word forward. The troops were already in motion on the road passing near by the site of our camp. Hour after hour we waited. The night passed. Well, finally the word came that our division would act as rear guard, and hence we should not move until the entire force had got well on the road. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the fifteenth, we finally took up route step, glad enough to leave the monotony of a camp without tents, and go in quest of new scenes.

Before our final departure, the ingenuity of some of the men was displayed in duly mounting the breast-works, which had been thrown up in our front for our protection, with logs about the size of ordinary cannon, and which, being covered with rubber blankets, looked so much like actual cannon, that, at a little distance, any one would be deceived regarding their true character. Several straw-stuffed uniforms represented the watchful sentinels. The disguise was perfect. With the works thus guarded, we left them. While, of course, the enemy were well aware that the main part of the troops had moved, yet the fact (apparent) that a force was still in the fortifications, made them extremely cautious in their approach toward the rear guard. We were creditably informed, that those "quaker guns" and straw-stuffed men, actually held the advance of the enemy's corps of observation at bay for a long time, expecting every moment that the guns would open. Their chagrin, upon understanding the real state of affairs, must be imagined. So it seems that it was possible for others to be deceived by wooden guns, as well as our own boys at the advance toward Manassas in the spring, and of which so much sport has been made.

A march of six days brought us to Newport News. It was a hard, tedious march, especially the first two days. The roads being very dry, the dust was awful. It rose in such clouds that a person, riding at the head of the regiment, could not see the colors which were carried in the center. How the boys endured the

heat, and this additional torture of breathing in the "sacred soil," is almost difficult to conceive. The third day brought us into better roads and purer air, much to our joy and comfort. Arriving at Newport News, we remained in camp a day or two, when, on the twenty-third day of August, we again embarked on board the steamer "John Brooks," bound for Alexandria. Things appeared strange and mysterious in those days. It was beyond the power of any, in our little band at least, to solve satisfactorily what the nature of the next movement would be. It was amusing to listen to the different stories, which gained credence among us all, in those ever-to-be-remembered days. On the twenty-sixth of August, we reached the place of our destination, without any occurring incident of note, and immediately landed. Back to Alexandria. It was difficult to tell whether the men were mad or pleased. Surely they did not enjoy passing in review the scenes of the past few months. Yet, as some one used to remark in regard to almost every event which transpired, it was "all in the three years."

On shore once more, we proceeded to our old camp at Fort Lyon.

It was late in the evening when we approached the site of our former camp. Adjoining it was the camp of a new Pennsylvanian regiment, just from home, and hence wearing all the airs and style of newly-created military men. We were marching on quickly, anxious, of course, to get into camp as soon as possible, when

we were suddenly halted by the watchful sentinel of the new recruits. It seems that, in order to reach the ground we desired, we must necessarily pass through a corner of their camp-ground. Our commanding officer informed the sentinel who we were, but we must halt. The corporal, then the sergeant, then the officer of the guard were called, but all to no purpose, we could not pass. Finally, the commanding officer got a little angry, and roared out, "Get out of the way, you raws; think you are going to stop veterans,—get out—forward, Fifth,"—and "they did forward," and the gentlemanly recruits stepped aside as lively as if we had been rebels themselves. I never knew these airy at-a-safe-distance-fellows, who were ever very valiant in seasons of danger.

We remained in camp until the twenty-ninth, when we received orders in the morning to again be upon the move. Where now? queries this one and that. "Bull Run" is alluded to as the possible scene of future operations. Taking the Fairfax turnpike, we moved on at an easy pace, until we reached a point some eight miles distant, where we went into camp for the day and night. It seemed as though our services were not much required, or else we should have been pressed on more than eight miles, after having had quite a long period of rest. But then, to polish up a common expression which we so often used to hear in the later days of our service, we did not engineer the mechanical works of our gigantic military.

We were now upon this road for the fourth time,

upon the same errand, and which errand we were finding it difficult to perform—"on to Richmond."

Bright and early upon the morning of the thirtieth of August, we were moving upon the road toward Centreville. Pope, the man who had his head-quarters in the saddle, was in a scrape; and we were to be pressed forward to the rescue. Dashing around too much, he found himself in a fight at Bull Run, already the scene of one general's disgrace; and, as the conflict pressed upon his "head-quarters," the wail came over to Little Mac's army, "Come and help us." I do not suppose any of the army of the Potomac boys entertained any great love for Pope; for they had been made the butt of his half-dedged wit, and which did not serve to foster such friendship as should exist between different portions of the army. Yet our men never neglected duty on account of any personal feeling, but were as ready to support the man they hated, as the man they loved, if such were their orders.

Many miles separated us then from the contending armies. Yet on we marched, making as rapid progress as possible. All day long the sound of the heavy artillery and musketry came to our ears, telling their tale of the fearful work which was in progress in the distance. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, we came upon a hill which overlooked Bull Run; and, in the distance, we could see the contending forces. Scarcely had we arrived at this point, before the evidences of a hasty retreat, aye, a panic began to

exhibit themselves in our front. The valley and the fields were soon filled with men, retreating in every direction. The sight was truly disheartening. Instantly we were formed in line to arrest and stop the stragglers. Every man who came near our lines was pressed into the ranks. Our regiment was larger that night than ever before. Of course the stragglers were soon forwarded to their own commands. This sudden check of the retreat may have had a most beneficial effect upon the other portions of the army. It was evident, however, that the tide of battle was against us, and that we were now to occupy a most important position. It was usually easy enough to get into a fight; but to get safely out when we were worsted, was an entirely different matter. As soon as night came on, we were at once sent over Cub Run and detailed as picket-guard. This duty was not particularly pleasant, especially following a hard and hot march. But we could not choose our duty; our work was to obey orders. The night passed quietly. Early the following morning, however, the enemy made a demonstration upon us, wheeling a battery into position, and proposing to exterminate us. We were quietly withdrawn from our position, as it would do no special good to remain there. The Fifth Maine was the last infantry which crossed Cub Run. They held the advance line to the last moment. But hardly had we passed over the Run, when the battery opened vigorously upon our lines. This action was not relished by our batteries, under whose protection we

were then resting; and so their fire was most earnestly returned, which, in due season, served to silence the disagreeable salutes of the enemy. Holding our position until late in the afternoon, we then fell back to Centreville. Here we remained a day or two, when the movements of the enemy admonished us that another change of base upon our part would be desirable. On the following Monday, we commenced a night march toward Alexandria. The roads were very muddy, besides being filled with obstructions. We were *eight* hours marching a distance of six miles. Arrived at Fairfax Court-house about daybreak. Every moment, during the night, we had expected an attack, passing in our route the battle-field of Chantilly, which had been the scene of a terrific fight only the day before, and in which contest the noble and brave General Phil. Kearney yielded up his life. It was a sad hour for the army of the Potomac, when the news spread from regiment to regiment that Kearney was dead. No man in the army was more popular at that time, than the one-armed hero of scores of battles.

After resting at Fairfax Court-house for two or three hours, the command continued its march, arriving the same evening at their old quarters in Camp Franklin, three miles from Alexandria, tired, weary, and many discouraged. And here, for several days, we had opportunity to review our various journeys, though I think that many of the reflections made upon them, were not in the best of spirits. Terrible had been the hardships to which the command had been exposed

since it left that old camp-ground four months previous. Almost every step had been marked with blood. Many noble men and comrades who went forth from that camp, then slept their last sleep, their earthly duty accomplished, their labor nobly consummated. All honor to their memories. Yet there was one source of satisfaction even amid all of our disappointments, that never had the regiment failed to do its whole duty, had never proved recreant to the trust reposed in it; but it had won, upon every occasion, laurels and honor of which every member might feel justly proud.

CHAPTER XV.

Break camp and move toward Washington. March through the city. Sunday on Georgetown Heights. March into Maryland. Battle of Crampton Pass. Ludicrous retreat of a recruit. Patriotic and cheerful feelings among the troops.

Thus far we had always assumed the aggressive. It now seemed to fall to our lot to act upon the defensive. Rumor reached us that the rebel forces were moving toward Maryland, with an intention of invading that State, and which report gave rise to the usual camp stories and various conjectures regarding our future probable movements. Men seemed to forget all of the hardships, defeats, and disasters of the past, in the enthusiasm which was kindled, as the prospect presented itself that they might enjoy the discomfiture of the enemy, who must certainly fly from the first field upon which he might meet the boys in blue. However weak we might have felt as we reviewed the past, the moment that the news spread through the camp that Northern soil was to be invaded, that moment saw us strong and fresh for any work or enterprise; and, it may not be egotistical to add, ready to meet any danger which it might be necessary to incur for the good of the cause in which the soldier was engaged. These rumors indicated one

certainty, and that was that we were not long to remain in idleness. Such soon proved to be the fact, for on Saturday afternoon, September sixth, while out upon battalion drill, we received orders to be prepared to move immediately. Of course, we hastened back to camp, and, without "standing much upon the order of doing things," we struck our tents, and about dark were in line, ready for the word forward. At last it came, and about eight o'clock in the evening we took up our line of march, moving in the direction of Washington, and leaving old Camp Franklin behind us for the last time. It was a most lovely evening. The moon was shining brilliantly, almost seeming to bless us in our new undertaking. Never did men move with a lighter step than did our boys upon that beautiful evening. Had the men been assured at that hour of certain victory, methinks they could not have been more cheerful than they were then. A march of five or six miles brought us to Long Bridge, over which we passed into the city about ten o'clock in the evening. The streets were crowded with people, who seemed to receive us very enthusiastically. In our march the whole force passed by General McClellan's residence; and, as he had then been restored to the command of the army since Pope's disaster and the complete overthrow of his "head-quarters," as regiment after regiment passed by the abode of their idolized chieftain, they caused the air to ring with the wildest cheers, thus demonstrating that the army of the Potomac had not lost its confidence in its general.

Rapidly we proceeded upon our way, when, at one o'clock at night, we bivouacked at Georgetown Heights.

The following day, Sunday, was passed very quietly until near the evening, when we again took up the line of march. For the first time on that day, for nearly fifteen months, the sound of the church-going bells, chiming their sweet music from the towers in Washington, greeted our ears. Few can tell what emotions were kindled in the breast, or how many thoughts flew homeward, recalling the sweet associations of long ago. Surrounded by such circumstances as we were then, it was not strange that these church-bell tones should touch, within our hearts, the finest as well as the most solemn feelings.

For several days our march was continued, passing through Rockville, Darnstown, and other minor places, passing around Sugar Loaf Mountain near Frederic, where we did picket duty one night after a hard and fatiguing march. Our regiments were now much decimated. The long, tedious tramps, the poor and scanty rations, the intense heat, these all contributed to reduce our ranks materially. Our own regiment now numbered but three hundred and ninety men who were able to carry a musket; but those three hundred and ninety were *strong* men, and were *determined* men. In our march, on the fourteenth of September, we crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains. The ascent was long and very tedious; but when upon the opposite side of the summit, the view was most magnificent. A valley extending for miles, dotted

here and there with snow-white villas, with little streams flowing in various directions, abounding with beautiful groves and fields, lay spread out before us. It was the loveliest landscape I ever beheld. A painter's ideal could not have surpassed it. Expressions of surprise and admiration fell from hundreds of lips. The bright and the beautiful seemed to attend us at almost every step.

Upon the other side of the valley some four miles distant, rose another range of mountains, and upon the side of one of the mountains, we could distinctly see the smoke of cannon performing their deadly work. We little thought then, that, before sunset, we should also be actively engaged in the fearful labor. But so it seemed fated to be.

It was considerably easier marching down the mountain, than it was an hour before marching up. Hence we soon reached the valley, and moved swiftly on to Jefferson. Here we learned that McClellan was pounding away at South Mountain. The citizens here seemed to be very loyal. Fifty men were said to have joined our ranks from this single place alone, only the day previous, which certainly was a good quota from a little village of less than two thousand inhabitants, and which fact bore strong testimony, certainly, to their patriotism and loyalty.

Having become a little refreshed, the bugle sounds, and early in the afternoon we were again upon the move. We now seemed to be approaching the mountain further to the south than the point where the

principal portion of the army was operating. There were, it seems, two or three passes over the mountain, either of which, secured by our troops, would compel the rebel army to fall back, inasmuch as we should hold an important key to its base and position. Watching the course of the head of our column, we soon discovered that we were on the way to what is called Crampton Pass, being, I believe, the center one of the passes over the mountain. Another division of our corps was still further to the south, though their efforts to secure possession of a position were fruitless. When we had arrived within about two miles of the mountain, we discovered near its base a rebel battery in position, supported by quite a large body of infantry. Anticipating a movement in that direction, it appears that the enemy were determined to be prepared. Certain that now we had work before us, we advanced accordingly; and, by skillful maneuvering, we succeeded in approaching to within about half a mile of the enemy's position, apparently unperceived, at least unmolested. This was accomplished by marching through ravines and pieces of woods, with which that part of the country abounded, until finally we reached an open plain which extended to the base of the mountain. Covering ourselves by a neighboring hillock, our artillery threw a few shells over in the direction of the enemy, in order to discover their true position, and to develop their strength. The rebel cannon soon answered our challenge, and at once our troops moved out from their cover and pre-

pared for the work. The gallant Sixteenth New York and the Fifth Maine were formed in a line of battle, and placed in advance. Our position was a difficult one. There was the mountain in our front, steep and high, guarded by a heavy force of infantry, with a body of cavalry and a battery, and our division was expected to storm and to take it. It looked almost impossible. Yet General Slocum said that it must be done, and that his boys were the boys to do it. A mighty responsibility rested upon us. Capture Crampton Pass, and the key to the rebel position was in our hands. If repulsed, no one could tell what terrible consequences might follow. About four o'clock in the afternoon, everything being in readiness, the two regiments above alluded to, advanced to their work. We were now in an open field, in full view of the enemy, who were busy pouring shot and shell into our ranks; yet we advanced with as good a line as we ever presented on drill or upon review ground. With the advance, our own artillery ceased its work. The infantry was the only arm of the service which was to be used in that battle. During the forward movement, which was a distance of over three-quarters of a mile from the point where we formed our line of battle, we climbed over five rail fences, marched through a large cornfield, which, under peaceable circumstances, would have caused a great deal of difficulty in keeping any sort of a decent line, and yet all in good order; and though shots were ploughing through our ranks, and shells were screaming and bursting all around us, yet

not a man faltered. Under this fire, galling and terrible as it was, we advanced with quick strides, until we reached a fair position within about three hundred and fifty yards, perhaps, of the enemy's lines, where, scarcely waiting for the word of command, we opened a fearful fire of musketry. For over an hour we poured volley after volley into the enemy's ranks. Never did men work harder than did the noble soldiery of those two regiments. Almost every man seemed angry because he could not load and fire more rapidly. Hot indeed was the fire which the rebs returned; yet every one of our boys seemed determined to "send as good as received." A single exception must however be made; and, from the public exhibition of this exception, it may not be out of place to note it here. It will be remembered by the participants in that gallant struggle, that, previous to the charge made upon that occasion, the regiment was ordered to lie partially down for better protection. It was in the midst of a grand chorus of bullets that one recruit, whose courage had entirely leaked out of his boots (I borrow this figure), dropped his musket, and had just started upon a full trot to the rear, when he was halted by an officer, who inquired what he was going to the rear for. The demoralized youth, with frightened visage and disheveled locks, tremblingly cried out, "du ye 'spose I'm guine to stay here and sit w-a-u-n-d-e-d?" and immediately broke into a full gallop for a less dangerous neighborhood. The ludicrous nature of this case, restrained any enforcement

of discipline, causing even the missiles of death to be forgotten for a moment, while shouts of laughter came from all who had witnessed the fun. It is almost needless to add that the above subject never was found in the front again, the remainder of his term of service being occupied in guarding brigade teams.

For upwards of an hour, the fire continued brisk and hot. Death was making, in that short time, fearful havoc in the ranks of the noble soldiery. Then ammunition began to fail. Every round had been expended; and as the soldier sought in vain for another charge in his own box, he eagerly sought the cartridge boxes of the killed and the wounded, discharging their contents as rapidly as possible. Word was sent to the rear to send up ammunition. The only reply which we received was to hold our position at all hazards. Held a position under such fire as the enemy was pouring into our ranks, and we with scarcely a round to a gun! Flesh and blood could not stand that many hours. It began to look alarming. But few of our muskets were then at work, not enough to make even a decent show of a fight, because the men had long since exhausted their sixty rounds. Why don't the ammunition come up? was a frequent inquiry. Officers, as well as the men, began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness. Keep men at work, and there is no danger of demoralization. Let them be idle, and every spectre becomes a reality, and every danger magnified ten-fold. Of course, the moment the men generally ceased firing, they began to contem-

plate their position. They looked one to another, nervously querying why our general officers did not reinforce the lines, or send more powder and ball. Again, word comes to us to hold our position. Ah! what is that? Down the side of the mountain poured reinforcements for the enemy. It was a sight which caused our blood to run cold. If our task a moment before seemed arduous, how did it then appear with fresh troops sent to support our foe? Word was sent to the rear. The officers in the rear were aware of the fact of reinforcements to the enemy, they said; yet we perceived no movement upon the part of our troops. Almost every moment, some poor fellow in our lines was struck down by the fire of the rebs. Intently we watched the movements of the troops who had been double-quickening down the mountain. And now they began to form in line. Why, oh why did we delay? We could distinctly see one regiment formed in line and about moving forward into position, while a second was rapidly taking its place. Our men were almost frantic. The enemy were outwitting us, was the universal opinion. "Attention," cried an officer to our command. "About face," directed an aid to our commander, "move to the rear," was the order. "Is all this work to be lost," asked a dozen. There were men in that command who could then have cried with rage, as they commenced an obedience to the last order. Backward a few paces, just over the crest of a gentle rise of ground, our command retreated, and then we beheld a sight which made our hearts leap for joy. No wonder our

order was to hold our position, for thereby preparations were made of which we were then ignorant, but upon which the fortunes of the day hung. There was our whole division formed and ready for the advance. Aye, we saw it then. During the confusion which must necessarily take place among the enemy's lines while receiving and placing reinforcements, and which had probably been hurried some distance, *we* were to charge and *increase their confusion*. "Forward," rang out upon the air, and in a moment the entire division was in motion. We were directed to take our position as soon as certain regiments had passed. "Quick time," rings the voice of the general. Then our troops moved down a slightly-inclined plane toward the enemy, like an avalanche. The earth almost trembled beneath the tread of mighty men. "Double-quick, charge;" and such a charge. In an instant the enemy's cavalry were seen galloping up the hill. The infantry looked for a moment, fired a single volley, and lo! they were scattered in all directions. Like frightened deer, they flew up the mountain, followed by the victors. They endeavored to rally; futile were all of their efforts. The Union storm-cloud was irresistible, and it swept all before it. In fifteen minutes from the time that the division moved forward, the top of the mountain was in our possession, and its now thoroughly-demoralized defenders were seeking the protection of their main army, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. It was, indeed, a sad sight to walk over the sides of that mountain, and see the

strong men who had fallen in support of what we could only feel to be an unrighteous cause. Desperately had they contested our progress, but our work was too hot and impetuous for them. This victory, so grand, and fraught with such mighty results, compelling Lee to change the whole plan of his operations, and to fall back from his proposed invasion of Northern soil, was purchased with the heavy loss to us of thirty-five killed and severely wounded in our own regiment, and ten missing. The Sixteenth New York also suffered heavily. Our division captured some cannon, and also about eight hundred prisoners including the wounded. Some of the rebel prisoners expressed themselves as perfectly thunderstruck when they perceived our boys charging down upon them, inasmuch as they considered their position impregnable, and that we could not be realizing what we were attempting to do. However well they might have withstood the "thunder," it is evident that they did not specially desire to be "struck" with the points of Union bayonets; and so took to their heels. While, of course, we rejoiced in our brilliant victory, we could not repress a sigh as we thought of the fate of our noble comrades, who were either killed, or suffering from wounds and pains.

We occupied, for the following two days, the heights of Crampton Pass, making a temporary camp, while fatigue parties were engaged in burying the dead. During both of those days we could distinctly hear the sound of battle upon our right, though evidently

coming nearer and nearer; and we felt that at any moment, we might be called into action. Stimulated as the troops were at that time, by the enthusiasm of a success, of a brilliant and decisive victory, there was not, I verily believe, a single man who would not have received with joy the order to give the enemy battle; but the order was not long coming. It makes, however, a great deal of difference in a man's feelings, whether he whips or gets whipped. The former used to make men feel strong, and able for any work; the latter weakened men and unfitted them, for a brief season at least, for the responsibilities which rested upon them. But yet, as I have said before, it was our good fortune to belong to a command which never really knew when they were whipped, at least they were ever ready for duty; though the brightness of victory was ever more pleasant than the darkness of defeat.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the march again. A few thoughts not legitimately historical. The Fifth in the battle of Antietam. Severe fighting. An Union sharpshooter. The battle-field. Maryland campaign ended.

ON the morning of the seventeenth of September, we received our orders to move. Distinctly we could hear the sound of the conflict raging in the distance, and we knew that the battle of Antietam had commenced. Inspired by the success which, during the last few days, had attended our arms, our noble boys marched out from their camp ground with light and cheerful hearts, and with quick step. There were no stragglers on *that* march. Every one felt too animated to loiter in the rear. On we pushed, never minding the hot rays of the sun, or the long, fatiguing route of march. Colonel Jackson being seriously ill, we were now under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Scamman. One thing certainly must have inspired our commanders, no matter who they were; they always enjoyed, especially in the season of battle, the confidence of their men; and the Fifth Maine was composed of that class of men who never hesitated to obey the minutest order of their superior officers. If rivalries and jealousies ever existed, they were never

manifested in seasons of action, or when there was any duty to be performed. Would that this same principle of harmony might have extended itself throughout the entire army. Methinks had that been the case, there would never have been enough left of the rebel army long before the battle of Antietam, to have even maintained their position at home, to say nothing of an attempted invasion. Jealousy on the Peninsula, ambition to wear the straps of a lieutenant-general, and fears who might be the next president, caused more than one sad defeat, exulted over more than one noble soldier's death, and prolonged a war which might have been closed in 1862, as well as in 1865. But I am straying from my narrative. But as I live over in retrospection those fearful scenes of this year 1862, which I am now attempting to portray, my blood boils sometimes, when I reflect upon the political influence and power which tampered with the army, of the eagerness for gain and power, which, to attain its ends, did not hesitate to ride rough-shod over the life-blood of hundreds of the true sons of the nation, and bring defeat upon defeat upon Union arms, and all under the hypocritical guise of "for the nation's good,"—when the true English of the matter was, to secure their official positions, or fill their pockets with gold.

Before we took this winding path in our narrative, our command was on the march toward Antietam. At every advancing step, the tumult of war seemed to be growing louder and louder. When within two or

three miles of the scene of action, we began to see evidences of the work which was in progress, as we could see, in every direction, the wounded either walking, or being conveyed to the rear. We also met many who were not injured, and who gave us, in the haste of the moment, fair accounts of the progress of the battle. Of course, the news was cheering. Who ever knew any unwounded retreating man to give any other than cheering news? They saw every thing through the lens of their own joy at being out from under fire. "Everybody is running, and we are victorious; the Johnnies are pushed to the wall," these were stereotyped expressions and reports. We soon learned to weigh them well, before we gave vent to any unusual demonstrations of joy.

We had marched six or seven miles, perhaps, when we reached a piece of woods within about half a mile of the battle-ground. There the regiment rested for a little while, during which time the firing on both sides seemed to have nearly ceased. But we were not long to remain in idleness. In less than an hour we were again on the move toward the front. We soon took our position which was in the front line of battle. We were formed in line upon the edge of a piece of woods, while a large open field lay before us. Upon the other side of the field, possibly a third of a mile across, was other woods, which were occupied by the enemy. Rumor ran along our lines that the Sixth Corps had all the ammunition there was in the army; that all the other corps had expended theirs, and that

the fortunes of the day hung upon the ardor and faithfulness of our corps. Certainly things looked dark, as we did not know but that the whole rebel army might be down upon us. How much truth there was in the report I am here unable to say; but I can say, that, true or false, it did not serve to add any to our feelings of security.

Our position taken, the next thing in order was to wheel our batteries into position, which was done with that promptness which ever characterized the artillery of our corps, and, in a moment, they opened fire upon the enemy's position, sending him a few cards in the shape of solid shot, announcing our arrival and soliciting an interview. The response soon came in the character of "at home, sir," which was announced in a sort of a screaming noise, as a massive shell exploded just over our heads. And now the fearful work had commenced in earnest. The earth almost heaved beneath the thunder of the cannon. The fight became terrific. Shot and shell, grape and cannister fell all around us. The woods were literally riddled. Every moment some poor fellow received a blow and was borne to the rear. Horses were flying hither and thither riderless. It almost seemed as though the energies of both armies were concentrated upon that immediate point, and were determined to win the advantage or die. For two long hours we supported the artillery, and stood the test of the enemy's galling fire. About four o'clock p. m., our own regiment and the Sixteenth New York were ordered

out of the woods to support Davidson's brigade, which occupied an advanced position upon our left. In a moment, Lieutenant-colonel Scamman had his command in line, and though it seemed almost sure death to advance, yet the men moved forth by the flank with a firm step. Scarcely had they marched twenty yards, when the enemy, detecting the movement, directed upon them a most terrible fire. Yet there was no breaking, no hesitating, but the best of order was preserved. With the missiles of death hissing and howling all around them, they moved on to their new position. Slightly protected by the crest of a hill from the enemy's musketry, though terribly exposed to his artillery, we held the position until darkness closed the scene. Never before had our boys been exposed to such fierce artillery, or held a position upon which so much absolutely depended; but the inspirations of the former victory made them bold and ready for any duty which might be assigned them; and that duty was sure to be consummated, if it laid within human power to achieve it.

That night was a terrible night. Within a few feet of our front was the scene of the terrible fight of the afternoon previous,—our infantry engagement,—and we were occupying the site of the rebel line. All night long the groans of the wounded, especially of the rebel army, came to our ears, and they were truly heart-rending. Of course all assistance was rendered which could be. Our ambulance corps worked nobly, caring for our own first, and then for the enemy. Af-

ter taking the customary precautions against a surprise, we laid down to sleep. And there we passed the night, with no blankets to cover us, nothing to shelter, our supper consisting of hard bread and raw salt pork, surrounded by dead men and horses, in fine, in as disagreeable a condition as it is possible to conceive.

Early the following morning the battle recommenced. We were now in an open cornfield, exposed to the intense hot rays of the sun, compelled to remain in our positions, as our orders were to make no demonstrations. Indeed, for a man to rise from his place, was almost sure death, so watchful were the enemy's sharp-shooters. We were ordered to hold the position at all hazards. So lying flat upon our faces, exposed to the heat and a galling fire, we remained hour after hour, hoping for relief, and wondering what would turn up next. It was a tedious season. But the men were determined to hold on to their ground, and hence all of the persistency and active work of the rebel sharp-shooters failed to dislodge, though they fearfully annoyed us. We could not help noticing the work of one of our own sharp-shooters, who was stationed near the left of our regiment, behind a large oak post. During the whole forenoon he stood watching his opportunities for a shot. His attention seemed to be directed especially to rebel horsemen, who might be seen dashing here and there about their lines. Many times he lifted his rifle, but not being always sure, he brought his piece down again. During

the forenoon, he fired sixteen shots; and with every shot, some poor rebel bit the dust. Hard, indeed, is war which enables men without any malice against those in arms against them, to shoot down human beings in cold blood. But such is, and I suppose always will be its nature, and the tendency of its influences.

A little after noon a flag of truce came in from the enemy, desiring a cessation of hostilities, in order that they might bury their dead. Of course there were many blunders upon both sides in the management of campaigns; and the granting of this request was one of them, affording an opportunity to the rebel army to retreat across the river, as evidently they thought Maryland was too hot to hold them. There was more or less fighting after the expiration of the time for the flag of truce, evidently conducted upon the part of our opponents, to keep up the appearances of strength. About four o'clock our regiment was relieved from their arduous and perilous position by other troops. Several times before dark we were called into line of battle by alarms of intended attack upon our lines; yet it proved that our active labor, for that contest, was over. It was a dangerous and severe duty assigned to our regiment; but it was nobly and faithfully performed, receiving the thanks and the compliments of our commanding officers.

It would be useless here to attempt any extended description of the battle-field of Antietam, as it appeared to the beholder the next day. No words can convey any idea to any one, who has not seen a great

battle-field after the contest; and those who did see it, probably have such a vivid impression of it photographed upon their memories, that they can never forget it, nor will it ever grow dim before their mind's eye. Hundreds of poor fellows were lying there suffering from wounds, while the dead were scattered all over the field, lying in the same position in which they had fallen. Many bodies, even at that early season, had already commenced to mortify, and the stench was terrible. Broken gun-carriages, dead and dying horses all lay scattered around, presenting an awful spectacle. In places, the dead lay piled one upon another, some dying apparently without a struggle, while others exhibited the pain which they must have suffered by their distorted features. From some the brains were protruding, some had lost a leg or an arm, and others were literally covered with blood. Friend and foe, all lay upon the field of death and suffering together. In one of the infantry engagements of the day before, the two lines had approached very near to each other, and there the men fell, fighting to the last. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The men turn back to their regiments, sick at heart, and doubtless thankful that they had been preserved amid so many dangers.

The enemy had retreated, gone; and after listening to the conflicts between his rear guard and our pursuing cavalry and light artillery, the sound of battle died away, and we patiently awaited the developments of the future.

In our move of September twentieth, the day but one following the battle, our regiment had a little skirmish with the enemy; but they were soon out of sight and hearing, leaving the Union boys masters of the situation. Thus ended our part in the Maryland campaign.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bad condition of the regiment. Rest and shoes "reorganize" it. On the march again. Incident at Young Ladies' Boarding School. Capture of an artillery officer from the house. Arrival at New Baltimore. General McClellan's removal. Forced marching. Arrival at Acquia Creek. Forced halt. Changes in field and staff. White Oak Church. Storm and snow. Arrival at Belle Plain. Camp guard of officers.

THE regiment was now in rather bad condition, almost every man being bare-footed, with clothes ragged and soiled, and all weary and worn down. It was all very fine for newspapers at home to set up a howl because our troops did not give chase to the rebels, who certainly could not have been much worn down by marching, when our troops had been upon the constant move for weeks, fighting and marching wearily all the time, with sore feet, and limbs stiff from exposure and hard campaigning; but the reality of such a movement would have told fearfully upon our brave boys, who had then accomplished about all that human nature could stand under. It was easy enough to take up a map and trace with a pencil, how little effort it would have required for our army to have slipped over the river, and, by a few days' march cut off the enemy; but let some of those map generals place themselves at Antietam after the victory

(though at one time we hardly knew who was whipped, the rebels or ourselves), and with blistered feet and hungry stomachs, and wearied bodies, and with fifty pounds upon their backs, just try the little cut-off march; and before many miles were paced the wail would come trembling forth, oh, "why did I go for a soldier?"

Believing, I suppose, that an army in our condition was not fit for campaigning, our commanders ordered a rest, which was most cheerfully embraced by the boys in which to get recruited. This rest was interrupted only by a few short marches. The quartermaster's department was unremitting in its efforts to get the boys all right for the next move and trial of strength with the enemy. In the latter part of September, Colonel Jackson was commissioned a brigadier-general, and hence the command of the regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel Scamman. At this time we were in camp near Sharpsburg, Maryland, and which proved to be one of the most pleasant camps we had had during our active campaigning. A few reviews, camp duties, and picket duty, constituted our labors for several weeks. After a little time, there was, of course, some complaint because the army did not move and crush out the "rebellion exhibition" forever. But it is not my purpose to enter into any disquisitions upon the feasibility of any movements, but simply to record, as well as may be, the services of the regiment. I cannot, however, pass by the fact, that, like all other soldiers, the Fifth Maine boys did

not hesitate to growl when things did not go to suit their notions. The best men did that.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth of October, we again received orders to be ready to move. This news was welcome. So when the word forward was given on the morning of the thirty-first, and the columns began to be headed southward, it was with rejoicing that the boys swung on their knapsacks, shouldered their muskets, and took up the step for another campaign. Even though dark may have been the past, yet the future was always bright and cheerful. We encamped that night upon the ground which had been the scene of our former contest and brilliant victory, Crampton Pass. Our subsequent line of march continued on through Berlin, crossing the Potomac near this village, entering once more upon the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and, after two or three days' tramp, unattended with any striking incidents, we found ourselves in camp near New Baltimore. On the last day's march, before reaching this place, the regiment acted as rear guard to the army, a most responsible position, inasmuch as Stuart's cavalry were watching every opportunity to dash upon our baggage-teams. They did not venture too near, however.

During the march of this last day, about noon-time, while the regiment were resting for a little while, some of the field and staff officers espied a large brick house near by, and off they galloped to the house in quest of something upon which to make a dinner. Dismounting and ascending the steps to the front

door, the bell was rung, or the knocker pounded, I have forgotten which, but by whatever method their presence was made known, the summons was speedily answered by a middle-aged lady, who inquired respecting their wants.

"Can you give us some dinner?" blandly inquires one of the officers.

"We haven't much," was the response, "but walk in, and I will see."

So they filed into what seemed to be a reception-room, and which was already well filled with young ladies, who gave them as cold a reception as it is possible to conceive. It seemed a little strange to the officers to see so many ladies together in such a remote place; but the mystery was soon solved by being informed that they had blundered into a "young ladies' boarding school." Half an hour passed, and but few words were exchanged between the different parties. There was present, however, an artillery captain, who, it seems, had been sick for a few days (or who pretended to be), who was very gallant, and applauded their little sesesh speeches to the infinite disgust of our true officers. Finally, dinner was announced, and the entire company sat down to a neatly-arranged table, and all seemed to do justice to the work before them. Finally, one of the ladies spoke of President Davis as being a relative of hers.

"You don't say," answered our colonel, in true Yankee style, which made the artillery captain look all colors, "why, you and I are relatives. Davis is a cousin of mine."

“Cousin of yours?” exclaimed the indignant lady, “impossible.”

“Fact,” was the response, “don’t you know aunt and uncle so and so?”

How the colonel ever got hold of the names, I cannot tell here, but it seems that he had given names correctly.

Never did any one behold more astonishment, anger, and doubt blended in any one’s countenance, than in hers. She could not utter a word. Steadily she looked at the colonel, who at once continued,—

“Yes, he’s a cousin, sure; going down to see him, and guess when our boys do see him, he will want a tombstone marked—in memory of collapsed secessia’s stay-at-home chieftain.”

Some thought the last a little tough, as at once the entire lot of girls, together with the captain, left the room, leaving our party alone. As soon as the door closed upon the last lover of the confederacy, the colonel turned and said,—

“Boys, I’m hungry, these victuals were going down those girls’ throats too fast. Now to your dinner.”

Suffice it to say, a good dinner was enjoyed, at the *moderate* price of one dollar each.

No sooner had we got into camp, which was some three miles distant, than the colonel thought of the artillery captain left behind, and at once reported to General Bartlett the whole fact. The general immediately ordered an officer to be accompanied with two orderlies armed to the teeth, to proceed to said house,

and which was about two miles outside of our lines, and take said captain and report to him. It was now dark. All being ready, the three proceeded rapidly to the house, and, having stationed the two orderlies to prevent any escape, the officer rung the bell, which was at once answered. Seeing who stood before her, she screamed, and attempted to shut the door. But the officer was too quick for her, and, after preventing that action, he called for the captain.

"He ain't here," screamed a dozen voices. But the captain, anxious to exhibit his bravery, rushed out of an adjoining room, and with sword in hand demanded by what authority he was called in such a manner.

"By this, sir," answered the officer, presenting the muzzle of a revolver.

The captain surrendered.

"Now we will go to camp, sir. I have an order to bring you to General Bartlett. No words and no delay."

At once the officer's horse was brought, and amid the screams of some of the women, and the curses and anathemas of others, the four started for camp. Scarcely half a mile was passed, before horses' hoofs were heard in the rear. Of course, it was some of the enemy, for as soon as they had started, signal lights were seen from the upper stories in the house. It was now a race. The officer solemnly swore by all that was good, that if the captain made the slightest attempt to escape, he would present him with the contents of his

revolver. Like the wind they flew. On came the pursuers. The race grew exciting. But it soon ended. The party passed within our lines, a movement which the rear horsemen did not attempt. The captain was reported over to General Brooks, who then commanded our division, and who knew how to deal with such toadyists to rebel favor as that captain demonstrated himself to be. He was dismissed the service. I do not suppose any of those ladies remember the visit of the Union officers to their place, nor Davis' "cousin" with any particular feelings of love or affection.

While in camp at New Baltimore, Governor Washburne, of Maine, visited us, making, at dress parade, a short complimentary speech. Of course we all felt pleased to be noticed a little by our home officials.

Clouds of dust, rising upon the other side of Blue Ridge, indicated that the enemy were moving southward; and now the race was to be for Richmond. It was said that we had the inside track, and also forty-eight hours' advantage of the enemy. "Shall we win the race?" was asked a thousand times. And if we do not, why? might also have been a pertinent inquiry.

But one bright morning a rumor reached us at this place, which filled a great many hearts with sorrow, though there were a few who seemed to rejoice. It was to the effect that General McClellan was to be removed from command of the army. Of course, it was the constant theme of conversation. On the tenth

day of November, the general rode through the various camps, bidding farewell to his troops, and admonishing them to support General Burnside as well as they had supported him. The rumor thus became authenticated, and we had a new commander. I will not here pass any comments upon the feelings and the indignation of the troops, while these scenes were in progress. Evidently almost everybody was disappointed. Officers and men, who never blanched before a cannon's mouth, could not repress the tear when their beloved general waived them a last adieu. The excitement in camp for a few hours was intense.

But wishes and feelings were not to be respected, when marching was the order of the hour. Let us follow the regiment on its marches for a few days.

Well, on the sixteenth of November, after a delay of eight days, we again struck tents, proceeded fourteen miles, and camped near Catlett's Station. There was a familiar look about that place, which was not at all attractive to our boys. They remembered too plainly their three days' encampment in the spring amid rain and snow, to have any special love for that locality. The next day, the seventeenth, eight miles were paced. The following day we made a good march of seventeen miles, camping for an hour or two, three miles beyond Strafford Court-house, when we broke camp, and performed picket duty during the night. About daybreak commenced a rain-storm. The roads were heavy, and a forward movement

seemed impossible. Relieved from picket, we went into camp upon the ground which we had occupied the evening previous. We were now near Acquia Creek. Day after day we remained in the same position. "Why don't we move?" was an hourly inquiry. Simply because the army could not. When we arrived at that point, we were only two or three hours' march from Fredericksburg, a point of vital importance to us. We were, upon our arrival at the place of our camp, almost destitute of rations, only a sufficient quantity being issued at New Baltimore to carry us to Acquia Creek, where we were to receive fresh supplies from Washington. It was also understood, that the pontoon boats and materials for bridges would be there upon our arrival, and, with only a brief delay, we were to push on, take Fredericksburg before the enemy could possibly reach it, and then push for Richmond. But when our quartermasters went to Acquia Creek, lo, there was not an ounce of forage for horses, many private horses going without anything to eat for forty-eight hours, save the hard bread with which their owners fed them out of their own haversacks, not a pontoon boat, in line, nothing which would aid us; and so we must wait until red-tapeism saw fit to supply our necessities. We were ahead of the rebel army until we arrived there; but the delay gave Lee an opportunity to get in and occupy Fredericksburg Heights; and, in our efforts to secure them in subsequent times, dearly did we pay for the indolence of Washington officials. Soldiers, at

that time, had become pretty fully assured, that some civilian officers, in their finely-furnished apartments in Washington, were pretty mean operators upon the battle-field; and who can truly say that the failure of more than one general upon the field was not attributable to the political wire-pulling at the capital, and to ambitious men both in, and seeking power?

During our stay in our last-named camp, which proved to be over a month in duration, many changes had been made in the officers of the regiment. Lieutenant-colonel Seamman had been promoted to be colonel in place of Jackson promoted. Major Edwards, formerly captain of Company I, was made lieutenant-colonel, Captain Henry R. Millett was made major, Lieutenant Geo. W. Bicknell was promoted to adjutant, Sergeant William B. Fenderson was promoted to quarter-master, and Assistant Surgeon Francis G. Warren was made surgeon, a full list of all changes, compiled from the best data I have been able to secure, may be found in the appendix. General Jackson secured the appointment of Lieutenant R. C. Shannon of Company II, who had been serving for a year upon General Slocum's staff, and who had always proved himself a noble soldier, as his assistant adjutant-general, and hence his place was made vacant in the company. It was filled in due season by Lieutenant John D. Ladd from "C" company.

But all things have an end, and so did our encampment at this place. On Thursday, December fourth, we received imperative orders to move. Accordingly

we struck tents, and took up our line of march down the Potomac river. We proceeded some twelve or fifteen miles, and then went into camp at a place called White Oak Church. It was a lonely, solitary place, but bid fair to figure conspicuously in our future history. The place probably took its name from the fact of a church being erected there in a white oak grove. There were but very few houses within long distances of the place. One single road ran along by the church, and upon either side was thick timber and undergrowth. The surrounding country looked like a hard place for a camp; but soldiers knew full well how to change the outward appearance of any place in a very brief time. But our time to remain in this locality was not then. Another fearful farce was to be played before we were to retire to winter-quarters, for now winter was close upon us.

The following morning, the heavens began to grow rapidly dark, and about nine o'clock the rain began to pour in torrents. Possibly this might not have been so particularly observed had it not been from the fact that word reached us that we were on the New Jersey brigade ground, and that we must move. This was tough. Packing up and moving in a rain-storm was no pleasant work. But, of course, it was no use to complain, although there was some pretty exciting conversation indulged in. Speedily the colonel found a new location, where a good camp might be made. It required but little time to get the regiment into their new position; for soldiers did not like

standing in the rain any better than civilians. Perhaps we had got our tents half up, and the baggage partially unloaded, when orders came to be ready to move again in half an hour. If these movements were not provoking, then the men were not sincere in their denunciations of the unknown powers that were. Down came the canvas with such a jerk, that one might almost think the tents were to blame for all the perplexities of the soldiery. But military was stern in its requirements, and so the teams were reloaded, knapsacks were packed, and we were ready to proceed—anywhere.

By this time, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the rain-storm had become converted into a furious snow-storm. Curious weather thought we; but then, that was a department over which we had no charge. Soon the march commenced. We were having a taste of winter campaigning in reality. The roads were very heavy, the mud being at least six inches deep. The wind blew terribly, snow and hail filling the air; in fine, it was a tough time and a tough march. Judging from expressions made upon that day, I think that patriotism must have become somewhat crystallized in more than one breast at that time.

The regiment proceeded some four or five miles, when it came upon a large open portion of the country, which was called Belle Plain. It was situated upon the banks of the Potomac, reaching up the river a long distance, and back from the river for nearly two miles. The river at this point being very wide,

it afforded the wind an excellent opportunity to exert its full power upon any person or thing upon the open country. It was, indeed, a cold, bleak, barren place. This was the spot selected for our encampment! Not a stick of wood within a mile and a half of the place where we halted,—the wind sweeping across the plain from the river like a hurricane,—exposed to a raging north-east snow-storm; and here we were expected to rest and to *enjoy* ourselves. It was now almost dark. Every man was wet to the skin, and literally shivering in the cold. When the men had stacked arms, and were told to pitch their tents, scarcely a man moved; but they stood looking at each other, hardly knowing what to do. The whole movement was an outrage upon humanity. When men called the ordering of the Fifth Maine and one other regiment only to such a location to camp for the night, in such a storm, while the other troops were in the woods, and there was plenty of room for us, “blundering indifference and stupidity,” methinks they were not far from right. Nor were these ill feelings manifested among the men alone. I do not believe that there was a single officer in either regiment, who was not literally mad,—and this expression means a great deal. Of course they had no business to be, in a military point of view; but yet that does not blot out the fact in the case. I should here say that our Brigadier-general Bartlett was absent on a leave of absence, and that we were commanded by Colonel Cake of the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers,

who had before manifested his consummate (?) ability as a military man, by getting his command into tough and needless trying positions.

Soon some of the men asked permission to go for wood, which was granted by the colonel in such a manner as indicated the wish of his heart that he could stand some *superior* officer in that snow-storm all night. The colonel was a man who loved his men; and an outrage upon them, was an outrage upon him; and which he did not hesitate to resent as became his position. Permission for one, seemed to be permission for all, for *en masse* the regiment, line officers as well as men, without their muskets, start for the woods; and once there, not a man was seen returning until the following morning. But four or five officers were left on the ground. Procuring by loan an officer's tent from another regiment, it was duly pitched, and constituted the quarters of the camp-guard, who were to watch over the stack of arms. The camp-guard that night consisted of the colonel of the regiment, the major, adjutant, one captain, one lieutenant not of the regiment, and one of General Bartlett's A. D. C. Alluding to the regiment away in the woods, the colonel remarked quietly, as he looked around upon his little body of half-frozen companions, "the boys have had it tough, and we must do guard duty. We need the exercise." So the colonel shouldered a musket, and, for two hours and a half, kept good watch over the gun-stacks. About midnight the storm ceased, so that the duty of the last two

watches was much easier, and attended with less exposure. Probably it was not exactly military for a colonel and major of a regiment to stand as camp-guard; but it was not military to order men needlessly into such a position; nor would the colonel order the men out of the woods on such a night, even though he was himself subjected to inconveniences. It was always a fact that his heart was infinitely bigger than his dignity, though when required, he was by no means deficient in the latter article.

The next morning dawned pleasantly. Slowly the men and company officers came in from the woods. Of course they had been absent without leave; yet not a reprimand was given to a single one. Who could blame them? Not the camp-guard of the night previous, certainly; and it was carefully kept from the ears of any who might display their foolishness in some terrible general order. The whole affair passed as one of the laughable incidents of our military life.

During the forenoon we changed our encampment, glad enough to escape the bleak and not fondly-remembered Belle Plain. Yet all these things were, as the boys would say, "all in the three years." The following night it was terrible cold, the ice forming quite thick, and sufficiently strong to bear up a man. New England weather seemed to have accompanied her sons for a short time, at least, down into the land of Dixie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the road toward Fredericksburg. The Fifth in battle of Fredericksburg.

WE remained in camp until the morning of December tenth, when we were again on the move. We marched on about three miles toward the city of Fredericksburg, and bivouacked for the day and night. Early upon the morning of the eleventh we resumed our march. About seven o'clock, the heavy booming of cannon announced to us that the battle of Fredericksburg had commenced. We moved along at an easy pace until we arrived within about one mile of the banks of the Rappahannock river, where we came to a halt, had all of our pieces loaded, and everything put in readiness for action. That we should become participants in a fierce and sanguinary struggle before the setting of the sun, none of us doubted at that time; while every man seemed nerved and prepared for whatever time might unfold. It is really in the beginning—in approaching a scene of conflict—which requires nerve and courage. When once at work, the inspiration of the occasion supplies all deficiencies. If a man's knees shake at all, it is while marching the last mile toward the fight. As we neared the heights upon the east side of the river, the musketry and

artillery, in a great measure, ceased. At this time we could not determine whether this was in our favor or against. About noon we were massed with the rest of the army in the large fields and pieces of woods upon the eastern heights, awaiting further orders. Attempts had been made in the early part of the day to effect a crossing of the river; but the vigilance of the enemy had forced back our troops, and the prospects of ultimately throwing our pontoon bridges across looked dark enough. Later in the afternoon commenced the bombardment of the city of Fredericksburg, which lay almost directly in our front. The whys and the wherefores of general movements, their right or their wrong, I do not propose here to discuss. To other works than this the reader is respectfully referred. We knew not at that time, the reason assigned for the bombardment of the city; but we learned afterward, that the enemy had broken their pledge to withdraw their troops from its limits, and had improved the time which was given them to effect the withdrawal, in forming rifle-pits in the streets, but which proved to be of little use to them. We had probably all seen paintings of bombardments, but we little dreamed, may be, that we should ever behold the reality. Upon the heights overlooking the city our view was perfect. The opening fire was terrible. At a given signal, long lines of guns opened simultaneously. It was truly deafening. Fast and rapidly the huge guns vomited forth their terrible shot and shell into every corner and thoroughfare in the city. The enemy's

troops were soon seen flying in all directions. Here and there the devouring element wrapped itself around dwellings, while a thick black smoke hung over the doomed city. Faster and faster the artillery applied their energies to the consummation of their orders. Deeper and heavier grew the roar, reverberating through the woods and valleys around, the very earth trembling as with fear, as shock succeeds shock, and the terrible work increases. War seemed to have worn his deepest and blackest form, as he looked over upon this once beautiful city. From his hand he hurled the most destructive missiles which civilized warfare permit in seasons of contest. For an hour the work continued. Grand, awful, sublime,—language cannot give expression to the scene. It must live in the memory alone, for the pen is a poor delineator of such a reality.

But while this work was in progress, and the attention of the enemy was thus diverted from the intention of our commanders, the engineer corps had succeeded in throwing three pontoon bridges over the river; and about five o'clock, an orderly dashed up with the information that our regiment was to cross the river immediately. At once we were in motion. Upon arriving near the banks of the river, we found that one brigade was already partially across, and that a force was engaged in a sharp skirmish with the enemy. We had just arrived at the bridge, when some general ordered us to halt. It had then got to be quite dark. What is up now? thought we. But

of course no one knew. In a moment or two we perceived that our troops were all recrossing, and we were ordered to about face, and move back to the position we had occupied during the day. There was wisdom in that, perhaps, for night was coming on, and we were advancing into a strange country; our whole army could not cross with safety, as in the night there was always more or less confusion in the movements of troops, unless each regimental commander knew where he was going, and what he had to do; and, moreover, we had made a demonstration, driven in the enemy's pickets, and had accomplished all that could be desired that night, while a place of safety was certainly preferable to one of danger.

Early the following morning we were up and prepared for the duties of the day. Various speculations were rife as to the intentions of our leaders, and our ultimate success. With buoyant hearts, our regiment was soon on the move toward the river; and about nine o'clock we were crossing the famous Rappahannock, which was accomplished without molestation. We were immediately directed to our position in line, where we halted for a rest of a couple of hours, and for other portions of our army to cross.

And here, while the troops are resting, let me endeavor to give a slight description of the country, that the reader may form a better idea of the position in which we were placed, and the base of our operations.

Immediately, upon ascending the opposite bank of

the river, we come upon a large open plain, long, and perhaps a mile and a half wide in places. Upon the right of this plain, and perhaps a mile from where we lay, was the city of Fredericksburg. A range of hills, difficult of ascent, thickly wooded, form a semicircle around the plain, and which commanded every inch of the level ground, each extremity resting upon the river, and rendering movements, either to the right or to the left, impossible. Behind these hills lay the rebel army, while the tops were literally lined with forts, redoubts, rifle-pits, etc., well mounted with cannon. This was the enemy's stronghold. With the naked eye, we could easily discern the enemy and his position. Advance whichever way we might, we could see the cannon's mouth opened toward us. A more magnificent line of defense, probably, was never seen, with every facility for shelter, artillery posted in such positions as to sweep the entire plain on which there was scarcely an obstacle or shrub. Every movement, especially in the center where our division lay, which our troops might make, could be easily discerned by the enemy, to meet which, with an overwhelming force, would be an easy matter upon the part of the foe. Midway from the river to this range of hills was a long, deep, and narrow ravine, beyond which was a road running nearly parallel with the range of hills. On the opposite side of the road was a bank some six feet high, beyond which the plain still continued for some distance, when we come to the base of the hills, beyond which we knew nothing of the country, inas-

much as *we had never been there*. On this field, then, with nothing for protection, was to be fought one of the severest battles of the war. Even every private was fully convinced that we must fight or die; for to be routed would insure capture and annihilation. There was the plain, skirted by a lofty range of hills, upon which was the enemy strong and confident, the river behind us, and our duty was manifest. Against the plans and protests of our generals, pushed forward by political power, *we were there*, and we must make the most of it. With this brief outline of the scene of future operations, let us return to our brigade, and to our regiment in particular.

About noon, our immense force (though, as it proved, a small army compared with the foe) had crossed the river, and, for a long distance, both to the right and left, could be seen heavy columns of troops moving into position. The cavalry were galloping to and fro, now moving to the front to ascertain, if possible, the enemy's lines, then back to their ground; the artillery hastening to different points and preparing for the coming contest,—all presented a most beautiful and majestic spectacle, and must be *seen*, in order to be appreciated.

During the entire time of crossing, the enemy had not fired a single shot. They seemed to view us with supreme contempt, and, I must confess, it was rather a "stunner" to know what they meant or intended by their apparent indifference. But shortly we were ordered to fall in; and first changing our direction of

march one way, and then another, moving with the utmost caution, we advanced toward the front in line of battle. Marching, perhaps, twelve hundred yards, we entered the ravine to which I have alluded, where we halted for a short time to receive orders regarding our ultimate position. As was usual, our brigade was in the first line of battle, occupying the advance of the right of Franklin's grand division.

At two o'clock "fall in" was the word, and steady as veterans the regiment moved up out of the ravine, and forward toward the road. Scarcely had we showed our heads above the banks of the ravine, when a whole column of smoke arose from the hill-top in our direct front, while bang went a couple of shells just above us. The rebs had at last opened upon us. Steadily, however, we marched to the point indicated for us, shells in the mean time bursting directly over our heads, the hundreds of pieces just skipping over us. But we reached our position in safety; and, sitting down behind the banks previously alluded to by the road, we listened for two mortal hours to the whizzing of the shells from the land of rebellion. Some of them would strike just behind us and ricochet directly over us. Our artillery in our rear replying briskly, we were thus between the two fires, a position that was never to be desired. When actively engaged in a fight, a man heeds shot or bullets but very little; because he has something to occupy his attention. But to lay and listen,—lay and listen to the roar of artillery, not knowing but the next moment may be his last,—to hear

and see, and not be able to *act*,—this is what tries men's nerves, and proves the good soldier. Almost any soldier had rather be engaged, at any time, in a severe musket fight, than to be lying in the background and take a shelling, either of which are dangerous enough for all practical purposes. But, for a wonder, no man in our regiment was injured, though several were killed and wounded in the next regiments both on our right and left. It was certainly a relief to every man when the sun sank behind that contemptible range of hills, which was sweet and refreshing.

Thus ended the hostilities of the day, and we prepared for rest. Every man slept with his musket in hand; every officer with his sword and pistol on, ready for action at a moment's warning. Laying down in our positions, some enjoying the luxury of a bed made out of fence rails, we rolled our blankets around us, and slept that sweet sleep, which tired nature of right demands. The next morning before daylight we were aroused, and hastily despatching our hard bread and raw salt-pork (a nice fighting ration), we were ready for the events of the day, and what a sad day it proved for hundreds and thousands in our land. A thick heavy fog hung over the valley, completely obscuring our position, as well as that of the enemy's. The first hours of the morning were improved in sending another brigade a little further forward to the front to relieve us in a measure, inasmuch as we were upon the advance the day previous, but we still retained our former position. About ten o'clock

the veil rises, and we momentarily expected orders to assault the enemy's position. But such orders did not come. It was wise, though we could not understand it then. I truly believe that had we, in the center, made any perceptible demonstration of an advance, that we should have been *totally annihilated*. As it has since been shown, a mouse could not have lived where we were, had the enemy opened their whole line upon us. But of this hereafter.

Hark! what is that? The fight has commenced on our right, and now upon the left. Franklin is pushing forward his left, and Sumner engages the right. All is in full view, and we can see a part of the terrible work in progress. For four hours we listen to the rattle of musketry and the deafening roar of artillery. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy throw a lot of shell at us, giving us a second edition of yesterday. Probably many have seen much more graphic accounts of that day's work than I can possibly give from the standpoint of my observation. I can merely say, that it was terrible. We could not move from our position, lest we bring destruction upon ourselves, and it was all-important that we should present a force in the center, to prevent any attempt which the enemy might be disposed to make to break our lines. But the foe, after shelling us to their hearts' content, find they have business in other directions, and hence concluded to let us alone for the present. I need not say that we *appreciated* their kindness very much. Encouraging accounts of the success of our troops in driving the

enemy some distance, were constantly reaching us, imparting a good feeling among the boys, notwithstanding the experience of the last few days. But night again settled down and all was quiet.

But Sumner, who had been on the right all day, and only about three-quarters of a mile distant, had *not* finished his work. He was determined to carry the hills upon the right if possible; and silently he prepared for the work. The camp-fires of the enemy were burning brightly. It was dark, and possibly they little suspected an attack. Some of us were standing upon a slight eminence in front of our regiment, thinking of our chances of success, when a sudden yell arose, and in a moment or two after an officer riding by told us that Sumner was making a charge. At this instant the rebel cannon opened with terrible roar. In a moment, almost, the musketry commenced. You could just perceive the troops by the camp-fires. On go our brave boys. The muskets flash like lightning. Shot and shell fly fast and thick. You can see the forked fires of the death-dealing missiles as they whirl through the air. The first line of forts are reached. Nerved to the utmost we gazed at that spectacle, so grand, so magnificent, yet so awful, so terrible. Like fiends the enemy worked their guns. Will Sumner accomplish it? Alas! the task was too severe. Death came too fast. Our boys had done all they could, they had gone as far as possible, they were compelled to fall back. Oh! the feelings which crowd upon a soldier, when he has ventured all to gain a desired end,

and is thus defeated. Sadly they retraced their steps, the enemy mowing down their ranks like grass. It was too true, we were virtually defeated. We sought our resting-place. The future looked dark. If success was impossible, could the army escape? was a question which weighed heavily upon us. Every effort, every attempt now seemed frustrated. We looked forward to the morrow with dread. It would be Sunday, and many were the silent prayers offered up, that that day might be one of rest. But there was the *apprehension* which is so dampening to a soldier's spirits, that possibly the fight *would* recommence, and with no prospect of victory; and when one has that feeling, he cannot rest. Yet we endeavored to court sleep upon our beds of rails.

Sunday morning dawned, a clear and beautiful day. At an early hour the skirmishing of the pickets in our front commenced; but there were no appearances of a general engagement. About nine o'clock, our regiment was ordered to proceed to the front to support our pickets in case of an attack. Scarcely had we reached the lines, when an officer rode down from the enemy's lines and ordered the pickets of the confederates to cease firing, and cried out to our pickets that "General Jackson desires picket-firing to cease immediately upon both sides, for this day." Not a gun was fired afterwards. Picket-firing does not amount to anything, and is nothing more than cold slaughter. It is an abominable practice, and it was certainly gratifying to us to hear the command, and also such a wish expressed from the opposite party.

We advanced some three hundred yards in column, being closed by divisions in solid mass, and laid flat on our faces behind a straw-pile, so as to present as little front and force as possible. The object of lying down was to lessen the liability of shot or shell striking us in case that the enemy opened upon us. The day passed quietly, however, and at last darkness came on; and, shaded by the sombre mantle of night, we could stretch our limbs a little, for we sadly needed exercise after the cramped position of the day. As soon as it became fairly dark, we received orders to throw up a small earth-work about four feet high and an hundred yards long, in our front. It was to be built in the same form as the straw-pile; so that the enemy might not mistrust when it came morning, that we had taken any precautions against bullets. From seven o'clock in the evening until half past two the next morning, we were busily engaged in the labor, having one company at work at a time, while the others rested. No man was allowed to speak above a whisper; nor was a light or the slightest noise permitted. As soon as the earth was thrown up, it was at once covered with straw, and no one could have told the next morning, standing three yards off, but that it was the original straw-pile. It was a pretty hard night's work, but we felt repaid for all our labors, because of the apparent satisfaction it gave to our commanding officers.

Monday morning dawned, and we were ordered back to our position in the road. The enemy shelled us a little during the day, but without inflicting any loss

upon us. The fighting on the right and left was very feeble. Why does not the battle recommence? was a frequent inquiry. Ah! we have it. The rebel general Lee has sent in a note to Burnside giving him twenty-four hours to remove the wounded from Fredericksburg, the city being in exact range of the enemy's artillery. This accounts for the quiet of Monday; for us, a most fortunate quiet. All day long ambulances were engaged in conveying the wounded to the rear, and when night settled down upon us, we all felt that the next day would witness the most desperate struggle known in the annals of civilized warfare. Orders were given to every man to keep his equipments on, and his gun by his side. All horses were saddled and bridled. Everything was in readiness for action at a moment's notice, and we laid down to sleep. But who could determine the future? About twelve o'clock, we were aroused from our slumbers by the colonel, who hastily informed us that we were to move immediately. Special instructions were given that no noise should be made. In three minutes the regiment was in line. Not the slightest suspicion of a backward movement crossed the mind of any save one or two, the most of the officers and men supposing we were to make an immediate attack upon the enemy. In a moment we were on the move. We had not, however, proceeded far, when we perceived that we were to recross the river. Silently we retraced our steps over that plain, with what feelings I cannot describe. There was no halt. Everything moved in per-

fect order. The bridge was reached. We were now over. Before daylight the whole army was over, the bridges were up, all of which was accomplished without the enemy's knowledge, and we were all quietly sleeping in the neighboring woods; though the monotony of the thing was a little disturbed by a shower lasting three or four hours, giving us a tolerable soaking. When the sun arose in the morning, the enemy hastened over their works upon their supposed prey, but behold the bird had flown, "the Yankees were *not* where they were." Incensed, probably, they sent a few shells through the woods to annoy us if possible, and remind us of their presence; but before noon the last cannon was fired, the smoke had all disappeared, the battle of Fredericksburg had closed, not a single success achieved, and about seventeen thousand men its victims. Thus ended our labors in one of the most desperate battles of the war; not desperate as far as our regiment was concerned, perhaps, but yet one in which it bore an important and responsible part.

Undoubtedly the enemy intended to have opened upon us that morning; and every one admitted that about total annihilation would have been the result. General Burnside saw this, and silently he withdrew the troops, and it was accomplished in a most masterly manner. The evident plan of the confederates for action was a splendid one. Acting in a great measure upon the defensive, and hamstringing all offensive movements, presenting as small a force as possible, and even when attacked, employing only so much artillery as

was necessary, designing, probably, to get our entire army over the river; and trusting that we should become flushed by our success, in driving a part of their force, that we would move over our baggage and supply-trains; and when we were in just the position they desired, open upon us with their whole power, and thus rout, annihilate, or possibly capture the entire force. And it has been demonstrated, that such was their intention from the fact, that battery after battery opened on Tuesday morning in localities where they were least supposed to be. Possibly some might sneer at this; many, perhaps, ignore the possibility of our army being taken under any circumstances. But I always noticed that rebel powder burned as quickly as ours; and that rebel shot, bullets, and shell were apt to hurt one when they struck, just as much as shot from our guns did the rebels.

For our own part, we considered the escape of our army from the clutches of rebellion as almost miraculous; and certain were we then, that nothing could have been accomplished in a more masterly manner, or placed Burnside in greater favor with military men.

Early in the day of December nineteenth, we moved back from the river some four miles, and went into camp near White Oak Church. Everything indicated winter-quarters, and we prepared accordingly. It was well that we did; for some months elapsed before we again broke camp, save once, to which allusion will shortly be made. The time was principally occupied

in the usual routine of camp and picket duties, both the "Yanks" and the "Rebs" maintaining a respectful silence.



CHAPTER XIX.

Formation of houses for winter. Work of the chaplain. Revival in camp. Colonel Seaman resigns. His farewell address. Lieutenant-colonel Edwards assumes command. Preparatory movements for an advance. On the move. Storm. Mud march. Stuck in the mud. Fall back. Once more back to White Oak Church.

IN camp. It was, indeed, quite a job to clear away the timber and the scrubbed undergrowth which had stood so long upon the site selected for our temporary home near White Oak Church, Virginia. The ground presented anything but an attractive appearance when, in the midst of rocks and bushes, we received orders to halt on our march at this point, and pitch our tents. But the perseverance of the Maine boys was always manifest upon every difficult occasion; and soon a camp, presenting a very respectable appearance, was fashioned, having, perhaps, a greater regard for ease than for any particular beauty. We had not, at that time, become proficient in the art of camp-making, save as very short occasions required; and hence did not understand all of the necessary details which are so essential to health and true comfort. Furnished in the main with shelter-tents, the men made excavations in the earth of some three or four feet in depth,

and five or six feet square, erecting over them their shelter-tents, making the interior of their house six or seven feet in height. Many built hot fires in the excavations for a day or two, thus hardening the sides and the bottom of the ground, and which protected them, in a degree, from the cold and dampness of the ground. In one side of the square they formed a fireplace which was their means of warmth and comfort, and extended the flue upward for the escape of the smoke, by forming a chimney of small sticks which was plastered with mud both inside and out. The interior of each house was arranged according to the fancy of each occupant. The officers' quarters were not much improvement upon those of the men. In fine, the location of the camp was such, that it gave no encouragement to any one to make any attempts to beautify or adorn their grounds.

Thus, underground in a measure, the men passed the winter of 1862-3.

Of course there was much sickness, more, however, in other regiments in our vicinity than in our own. Cleanliness, as well as it could be observed, was a matter of pride with our men; and to this fact may be attributed much of the good health of the regiment.

During the first few weeks of our encampment the weather was delightful. It seemed very much like our lovely New England Indian summer. But little dissatisfaction was expressed because we did not move, for the recollections of the fearful disaster of Fredericksburg, were too vividly impressed upon our minds to

admit of any superfluous eagerness to again encounter the foe.

During those days our beloved and faithful chaplain was not idle. Officers might sit in their quarters, totally indifferent to the advancement of the material cause in which we were engaged—the suppression of the rebellion; but our religious leader was not indifferent to the spiritual interests and welfare of those under his charge. Almost every sabbath, when it was possible, our chaplain had held regimental religious services. In this duty he was always earnest, prompt, happy. But in this camp he was to behold some of the fruits of his work. Almost involuntarily, so to speak, a strong revival sprang up, among the men first, and which afterwards extended itself in a degree among the officers. Meetings near head-quarters were held every evening for some considerable time, and the earnest praying and singing, accompanied by heartfelt and soul-inspiring exhortation, revealed the deep hold which an awakening of religion had upon the hearts of those noble men. Its influence upon the regiment was marked. Profanity was much less frequently heard. Many of the vices of the camp lost their hold, in a measure, upon the men and officers. At tattoo, the voice of prayer and supplication could be heard ascending from many a tent, where once revelry or indifference reigned. In this noble and Christian work the chaplain received great aid and cheer, especially from the brave Captains Deering and Clark; and prominent among the non-commissioned officers was Sergeant-

major Chandler, whose conversion had great weight upon the minds of many. Nor was this religious awakening of a mere temporary character. In very many cases it proved to be lasting; and to my certain knowledge, some of the now prominent members of the Young Men's Christian Association, in various locations, can date their first interest in religious matters to the happy hour which brought them to a sense of their wants and needs in the camp at White Oak Church. Captain E. W. Robinson of Anson informs the writer, that the last words of the noble Captain Clark were, when his young life was ebbing from terrible wounds received in battle, "how sweet is the name of Jesus." His life, a bright jewel in the coronet of character, went out in a perfect blaze of Christian glory. The work of our chaplain was great, and its results grand.

The many rumors which were circulated in camp that we were soon to have a change in our regimental commanders, proved true, when, on the eighth of January, the resignation of Colonel Seaman was accepted; and upon the morning of the ninth, he bade us farewell, and started upon his homeward journey. The announcement of his resignation filled many hearts with sorrow. All had the greatest confidence in his soldiery qualities; and I believe that I express the sentiment of every Fifth Maine soldier when I say, that he had the love of all. His business relations at home were of such a nature that duty seemed to call him from the service. And so the soldier, brave and

true; the man, kind and genial, left us. At the next dress-parade the following address, prepared by the colonel, was read to the regiment. A few copies were afterward printed and distributed among the men. His words were timely, and, I trust, not without their influence.

HEAD QUARTERS 5th MAINE REGIMENT, }
Friday evening, 11 o'clock, January 8th, 1863. }

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE FIFTH MAINE:

I announced to you, on parade last evening, that I was meeting you for the last time as your commander. My words were brief, for my heart was full. But I would tender you one more parting word.

Assisting in the organization of this regiment,—leaving the Pine Tree State at the same time with you, almost daily associated with you for over eighteen months in the camp, or on the march, or on the battle-field, the cords which bind me to you cannot be severed without pain. If my parting words were brief, it was from no want of interest in you that I did not say more. I felt what language could not utter. And now that my official relation to you has ceased, I cannot leave camp without assuring you once more, that the welfare, honor, and prosperity of the MAINE FIFTH REGIMENT lie near my heart.

I wish to thank you, one and all, for the kindness and courtesy I have uniformly received from you, and for your faithful coöperation in the necessary discipline of the camp. I shall ever rejoice to hear of your good health, your moral welfare, and military success. If summoned to gory battle-fields, I shall always expect to hear a good report from you, both officers and men. Soldiers, like you, who have not yet blanched amid the smoke of war, can be relied upon as valiant and true in all time to come.

My new duties in civil life will not weaken, I assure you,

my confidence in your cause, or the necessity of defending the constitution of our country, or vindicating the honor of our national flag. If our cause is a just one,—of which none of you, I believe, entertain a doubt,—there should be unity of feeling with the civilian and the soldier. The same spirit should animate both, whether on the exchange or in the camp, free from local or political strifes and animosities. It shall be my duty, when I return to my Eastern home, to express my deep interest in the army of the Potomac, and to impress upon all the variety and severity of your labors, together with the fortitude and courage with which you have met the trials of the campaign, and periled life and limb amid the missiles of war. I invoke the blessings of Heaven upon you, and pray, that, in coming scenes, you may be efficient in every service whereby there may be success to our arms, and prosperity to our nation.

Situated as you are, you will often hear, through the press and otherwise, many criticisms upon the mode of conducting the war, and strictures upon men and measures. In a free country, honest differences may exist, but nothing can vitiate that which is right, and no influences or circumstances should estrange the American soldier from his love to his country, or make him forget the sanctity of the oath which he has taken to vindicate her honor and her laws.

Do not forget that something more is needed than perfection in the manual or drill. Remember that you are MEX. nursed in the free schools of New England, nurtured by the side of Christian altars, and taught to respect the "Order-book of high heaven." Remember that there are many obligations and responsibilities resting upon you, which time and distance can never displace. Remember your birth-right, and bring your whole moral natures into a healthy discipline to divine rules. Be sober and temperate, be lovers of truth and manly integrity, and be not ashamed to vindicate the right, though opposed by contempt and abuse. Be bold and fearless in resisting pernicious influences which

may be thrown across your path, and cherish such associations, that, when you return to your homes, it shall be with self-respect, and the honest convictions that the discipline of the camp has made you wiser and better men. You will return with thinned ranks, for many of your comrades have found their graves far from their early homes. You may also bear upon your persons the scars of many battles, but the memories of the dead shall *not* die, nor *your* valorous deeds be forgotten by those who prize your valor and honor your patriotism.

As I leave camp at an early hour in the morning, I cannot say more now.

Officers and men! Once more I bid you farewell. May the God of battles bless and preserve you.

EDWARD A. SCAMMAN, *Colonel*.

The command of the regiment now devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel Clark S. Edwards, who had already proved himself a soldier and a fighting man of unusual bravery and courage, and which, indeed, was maintained during the entire period of service. In March he was commissioned as colonel of the regiment, and led it in all of its subsequent campaigns. Major Henry R. Millett, who had won a bright position in the esteem of the command, and who was a fine tactician and fighting man, was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, while the promotion of Captain A. S. Daggett to the rank of major, proved the "right man in the right place." Major Daggett, who for bravery won the several brevets of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, is now a captain in the regular army. With this departure from the rules

which govern us in the compilation of this work, but which merit demands, let us return to our narrative.

Everything remained quiet both in camp and on the line, until about the middle of January, when indications began to manifest themselves that a forward movement might be possible. The weather was superb, the roads good, and evidently our commanding general was desirous of improving the opportunity to retrieve his lost fortunes, and change defeat into victory. So we quietly awaited the order which should place us upon the move once more.

Tuesday morning, the twentieth of January, opened dark and cloudy, all appearances foreshadowing a storm. The various busy movements in our vicinity indicated that something a little unusual was in progress; and hence there were the usual conjectures, whether the army would move or not. Privates walked respectfully up to captain's quarters, and giving the salute, inquired,

"Going to move, captain?"

"Don't know," was the response.

Away walked the captain to regimental head-quarters, who in turn inquires,

"Going to move, Colonel?"

"Don't know, no orders yet," was still the answer.

Everybody supposed that somebody else knew, when, in fact, nobody knew positively anything. But if anybody *thought* a certain thing, it flew as a certainty from one to another. While enjoying (?) the uncertainties which attend possibilities, many an anx-

ious glance was thrown up toward the heavens; and possibly, as we contemplated their general appearance, not a few fears were entertained that some winter storm might soon open upon us in all of its wrath and fury. Yet it was hoped, of course, that, if there was to be a forward movement, it would not be attended by any disagreeable action of the natural elements.

About nine o'clock in the morning, the final order reached us, that our division would move in heavy marching order at twelve o'clock, noon, and at which time we were directed to be in line. Now all was life and work. The tents came down rapidly; and possibly, as the men looked into the *holes* in which they had been living for several weeks, a feeling of relief and pleasure may have come over them at the prospect of a change, which, so far as camp was concerned, could not be any more disagreeable than the one which we were about to leave. Dinner was served at an earlier hour than usual; but I never knew any such irregularities to interfere with the appetite. The prospect of carrying forty or fifty pounds' weight upon the back for an indefinite season, made hard bread and salt pork in good demand.

All being in readiness, we commenced the labors (as we supposed) of a winter's campaign. At noon, precisely, we moved forward, taking our route through fields and woods, it being much better traveling, we were told, for the infantry, than upon the main highway, which was filled with teams, artillery, and cav-

alry. It soon became evident from the direction in which we were marching, that we were not to cross the river at the point which we had previously, and which the reader may be assured was a matter of great relief to us, as the plains near Fredericksburg had but few attractions for us. We could advance with much firmer steps and with bolder hearts upon any new scene of action, than to revisit any old positions, especially where we had been compelled to exhibit to the foe our capacity for retreat.

Our route of march lay through swamps and woods, presenting a very disagreeable appearance, and afforded nothing of interest. The great theme of talk among the men was, the probable result of the present movement. The alacrity and the buoyancy of spirit with which the men entered upon the work before them, notwithstanding all the trials and hardships which imagination depicted as accompanying a winter campaign, was especially marked. Once start a soldier upon an enterprise, and he almost laughs at any horror or trial which presents itself to quell his enthusiasm. And sometimes I think that there is really more discomfort in thinking and brooding over whatever we may, or *expect* we may have to do, than there is in the actual performance of the labor or duty.

All the afternoon we marched on, though the distance gone over was not much, only nine miles, when, just as darkness came on, we were ordered into a piece of woods to encamp for the night. It required

but a few moments to pitch our camp of shelter-tents, while the busy axe soon leveled trees in every direction, and huge log-fires gave forth their cheering light and heat. A dipper of water and coffee attached to a stick and held over the fire, soon gave the soldier his quart of refreshing beverage; and with the information that upon the morrow we were to cross the river, all were soon lost in sleep, save those who were to watch upon their beat the safety of the command.

The still small hours of the following morning found us busily engaged in almost paddling ourselves out of the water which was running in small brooks all around us, and which had, very unceremoniously, wet us through to the skin. The clouds of heaven had opened, and how the rain poured! Beautiful position that! There was, of course, more or less grumbling, as there always was on special occasions; but yet the rain poured. Daylight found things no better, but did find everything thoroughly drenched. As our orders were to be ready to move at six o'clock, breakfast, such as it was, was speedily dispatched, and tents struck, and we were ready to be going away down to Dixie. The time rolled by, and still we remained in our position. Why don't the army move? Yes, that was a question, timely, pertinent. Look into yonder adjoining field and there you read one portion of the answer. The torrents of the night before, and the continuation of the storm in the morning, had set the soil in commotion, and a deep coating of mud was everywhere visible. A dozen pieces of

cannon, belonging to our own division, were stuck fast in the mud, which all the energies of the horses, who pulled and tugged beneath the blows, accompanied with the cursings of the drivers, failed to start. Truly, the beauties of a winter campaign were being realized! Ten, fifteen, and, on some pieces, twenty horses were required to draw the cannon out into the main channel of flowing mud, which channel, in a dry season, might have been a road. Some assistance from the men was required to get the pieces started; but, finally, the work was accomplished, and at nine o'clock we again resumed the march. But what marching! Hardee and Scott's infantry tactics forever! Men picking their way along in all manners and shapes on one side of the road, and then upon the other—tumbling down into masked mud-holes—jumping over logs—pushing through bushes—then briers—I know not what—horses half up to their bodies in mud—riders cutting up all sorts of antics—everybody and everything covered with the "sacred soil,"—what a picture for a painter! What a spectacle for a panorama!

About noon, having waded through water and dirt well mixed for about two miles, we were again brought into a camp within about a stone's throw of the banks of the "flowing Rappahannock." Our artillery was immediately placed into position, and measures were taken to lay the pontoon bridges. As well might we have attempted to bridge Niagara. No boats could be got within twenty rods, and, as a sol-

dier remarked when contemplating the position, "we ain't so much across as we was." Late in the day, rumors were current that we should not cross the river if the rain continued, as it would be impossible to move. But the rain *did* continue, making the soil worse and worse every moment. The conclusion to which every one arrived at was, that we had made another stupendous movement, and had consummated a most gigantic fizzle.

Our houses, which had afforded us such *excellent* shelter the night previous, were soon repitched, and everything put in readiness for the night. Every one hoped something might yet be done, though I do not believe any sleep was lost for fear there would *not* be.

The next morning found the rain still pouring. All day long the men lay round, the time hanging heavily upon their hands. Report had it that there were several interesting sign-boards to be seen upon the other side of the river. We go down to the banks of the river to see what it is that attract so many there. Ah! we have it. The rebels, acquainted with our dilemma, have erected upon the other shore signs printed in large letters, "Burnside stuck in the mud." We saw the point. We thought the "Johnnies" had a good thing upon us; but yet we could not repress the reflection, that they made very light of a serious matter. I doubt if they were universally forgiven.

Friday morning dawned. The rain had ceased, but the heavens were black and threatening. We were

informed, at an early hour, that the army had proceeded as far as it would, and that the several corps would resume their former positions in their old camps. Under all the circumstances, this was cheerful information, though every one dreaded to return over the old ground. But wait. Brooks' division, of which our regiment formed a part, did not get off so easily. While others were making for their comfortable camps, we were detailed to remain behind, and assist in getting the pontoon wagons, artillery, etc., back to the rear, and also to meet any demonstration which the enemy might see fit to make. In the afternoon, the sun came out bright, and we were advanced to the extreme front. Hungry, tired, wet, and possibly a little cross, we remained in that position until the following morning, when we were assigned to the arduous labor of helping the poor brutes pull off the wagons.

About two o'clock, P. M., we struck tents, and marched about one mile. Arriving at the base of a steep hill, all hands were placed to the work of getting the teams to the top of it, as it was impossible for the horses to draw wagons. The horses being disengaged, a long rope was attached to the wagon, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in length, and half a regiment man it; and, at the word "go," the manner that those wagons went up the hill was not slow. All day the men had been engaged in the work, and it was our duty to finish it. Never did men work harder or more steadily than did the men of our

division to accomplish their "special" duty. Toward night the last one was up, and marching a short distance, fully convinced of the frailty of all human things, and of soldiers especially, we went into camp for the night.

We had now bid the Rappahannock good-by for the present, and, at an early hour on Sunday morning, we took up the line of march for the old encampment. It was slow, tedious moving, mud half way to our knees, terrible severe for both man and beast. All day we worked along, when about dusk we reached our former camp-home. Probably a more happy set of men, when that campaign was ended, is seldom seen. Some idea of the hard march and the heavy roads may be formed from the fact, that we were thirteen hours moving between seven and eight miles. While, of course, there was some pleasure in reviewing past experiences, yet I doubt if there are many who would like to pass through those experiences in order to derive that pleasure.

Thus ended our first experience in winter campaigning.

CHAPTER XX.

Snow-storm, and muddy season. Army visited by a gentleman from Maine. General Hooker assumes command of army. His grand review. Courts-martial. Curious facts elicited. Reorganization of various departments of army.

UPON our arrival at the old camp-ground, the men were not long in reëstablishing themselves as well as circumstances would permit. Some houses (holes) had to be bailed out, and which required a pretty hot fire to dry; but patience and perseverance accomplished wonders, even though a few growls, to free the burdened mind, were occasionally heard.

On the twenty-eighth of January, we were visited by a furious snow-storm. It was a regular down-easter, and lasted until noon the following day. The measure indicated twelve full inches of snow, which we all thought would have been much more at home in Vermont, or Central Maine, than in Virginia. The weather was also intensely cold, and it was a wonder that our boys were not frozen. After a few hours the sun came out warm and genial; and it was not long before nature threw off her cold mantle, and appeared dripping with mud.

Now followed the muddy season, and also the cry from Northern quarters, "why don't the army move?"

The clouds, however, gave us plenty of rain to keep the roads in an impassable condition. It seemed to be a difficult matter for people North to comprehend, that the mud was nearly a foot deep everywhere about our locality, and that movements were absolutely impossible. This had been abundantly demonstrated to us in our movement of January. An incident, illustrative of this feeling, and also of our own condition, may not be inappropriate.

A gentleman, resident of Maine, had occasion to visit Washington; and having a son in the division to which we were attached, thought that he would take a little trip down to the army, to spend a day or two with his boy, and see the sights. Procuring the necessary papers or passes, he went upon board of the steamer which plied between Washington and Falmouth, where he met an officer who belonged to our regiment, and the two soon engaged in conversation. After the usual preliminaries on weather and other kindred matters, the conversation fell upon the topics connected with the war movements of the army, and future prospects. Finally, the gentleman expressed his indignation because the army did not move, and was allowed to remain in camp, idling away its time. The officer gently expostulated, defending as best he could the action of the generals in not attempting that which was an impossibility.

"What, my friend," asks the gentleman, "is to prevent a movement? The weather has been charming of late. What hinders?"

"The mud, sir," replies the officer; and here he entered into an explanation of the awful condition of the roads.

"Nonsense," replies the gentleman. "You can't make sensible people believe that there can be mud enough down there to prevent the army moving. Think I could march twenty miles a day myself, without being much troubled."

"Oh, well, we will see," was the reply, and the subject changed.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer arrived at Falmouth, and, upon landing, the twain separated. The officer had business at some of the neighboring head-quarters, and having procured his horse, and pointed out the way to the gentleman who carried an ordinary valise in his hand, he at once rode away. Off trudged the gentleman to take his first march in Virginia mud. An hour or two later, the officer, having finished his business, began to proceed to his camp. When about half way (we laid some seven miles from Falmouth) he overtook his steamboat friend, resting beside the road, the very picture of weariness, home-sickness, and discouragement. Evidently he had been down in the mud several times, as Virginia roads were very treacherous. His boots and pants were literally covered with the "sacred soil," and it seemed quite an effort for him to walk. He was very tired, and well he might be, for it was terrible tough walking in that country at that time. As the officer rode up, recognizing his military critic, and

at once comprehending his situation, he merrily inquires,

“Why don't the army move? How is this for marching?”

I do not think that it would at all grace these pages to record the gentleman's answer; but it indicated that he wished himself back to Washington, where he might, as did thousands of others, *tell* what the army had best do an hundred miles away, but not experience such difficulties as were then surrounding him. The officer kindly took his valise and carried it for him a long distance; but even when relieved of that incumbrance, a more forlorn and crestfallen man never was seen. He finally reached the regiment which he desired, after four hours' tramp, which time was required to make the seven miles; but I do not think that he inquired of any one during his stay, “why don't the army move?”

Early in the spring, General Hooker assumed command of the army, and the expectations of the men were high. His popularity was great, and the prestige which accompanied him as he came into command of the troops, made us all feel that surely victory would be inscribed upon our banners in our next movement. Officers, as well as men, were all in the best spirits and full of animation.

One day, two horsemen came riding into camp. Evidently they were two cavalry men upon a pleasure trip. Dismounting at one of the cook tents, one of them inquired of the occupants,

“Well, boys, how do you fare nowadays?”

“Hard,” was the reply, an evidence in the shape of a box of mouldy hard bread being introduced to corroborate the statement. “Little rough,” says the stranger, and rode away.

The next day better bread and more of it was distributed, both to the joy of the boys and the quarter-master; and we heard that some high quarter-master got, what we used to style a terrible blowing up, “perfect fits.”

The horsemen were General Hooker and a corps inspector.

Such attention to the minor wants, not so “minor” either, but yet matters which it was hardly expected that the commanding general would particularly interest himself in, and the novel method adopted, in some cases, to ascertain the usage and the necessities of the troops, soon won the love, confidence, and esteem of officers and men.

Every member connected with the regiment remembers the grand review by General Hooker and the President upon the third of April of this year. Never did troops present a grander spectacle than upon that occasion. The marching was superb, and everything moved like clock-work. The men’s bright muskets, their neat and clean uniforms, and their white gloves, made the review appear imposing. If my memory serves me right, the troops which were on review that day, and a large portion of them in full view, were about eighty thousand infantry, twenty thousand

cavalry, and between four hundred and five hundred pieces of artillery. To look upon that army, they appeared invincible. Yet their future was hidden from mortal vision; and well indeed it may be, that such was and is the law of earth-existence.

About this time, or rather about the time General Hooker took command of the army, desertions seemed to be the order of the day. In almost every brigade, courts-martial were in full blast, meting out justice or injustice to military offenders. Curious indeed were some of the developments of the court-marshal. Frequently, when upon trial, the prisoner would introduce letters received from home, in extenuation of his defense, letters bearing the tale of the suffering of families, of the tedious, lonely hours of loved ones, all of which served to produce its influence upon the soldier's mind; and, in fits of desperation, they would leave for home, where the eagle eye of some detective, who saw in every returned soldier an increasing chance of *his* being called into the conflict, soon found him out, and the next train would find him on his way back to the front, to be tried for desertion. Some communities and some States rendered assistance to soldiers' families. But, in many instances, they were actually permitted to suffer for the necessities of life. Facts gleaned by the writer during a long connection with courts-martial, warrant this statement. In many places, there was much more *theoretical* patriotism than practical. It was enough to make one's blood boil to know how soldiers' fami-

lies in some States were neglected. Most generally, men who deserted through the influence above spoken of, were found guilty of simply "absence, without leave," and fined a small sum. Though military might have demanded strict justice, yet humanity often demanded mercy and leniency, and, in such cases as we have spoken of, won the case. But there were many aggravated cases of desertion, such as attempts to desert to the enemy's lines, or give information injurious to our cause. With such cases, neither courts-martial nor generals were disposed to treat with any other methods than the stern hand of martial law. Examples were frequently made, and desertions were checked, for a season at least.

General Hooker's appointment to the command of the army was the signal for a general reformation in almost every department of its organization. His indomitable will and energy soon began to be manifested in the reconstruction of the whole force, infusing into it a new life. A brief description of the nature of this reorganization, extracted from Surgeon Stevens' three years in the Sixth Corps, may not be uninteresting.

"The first step, in the progress of reconstruction, was the revocation of the order making three grand divisions of the army. By the abolition of the grand divisions, Generals Sumner and Franklin were relieved from their commands; and the corps commanders, no longer subject to immediate commanders, were again directly responsible to the general-in-

chief of the army. Doubtless General Hooker had seen that the creation of these grand divisions had much to do with the failures of General Burnside.

“The cavalry next engaged the attention of the general. The whole force was thoroughly reorganized, and put into an efficient condition, under command of Major-general Stoneman. Hereafter, men were not to ask, ‘Who ever saw a dead cavalry man?’ To General Hooker the cavalry of the army of the Potomac owed its efficiency and the glorious record, which, from that time, it made for itself.

“The superiority of the rebel cavalry, in the early part of the war, was generally attributed to the supposed fact, that the young men of the South were so much better horsemen than those of the North. In reality this had little, if anything, to do with it. It is even very doubtful if there was any difference in favor of the superior horsemanship of the Southern cavalry. Their strength lay in their union. The rebel cavalry was organized from the beginning; ours was an incoherent mass of men, having no proper relations or dependencies within itself. From the day that it became organized, the superiority of the rebel cavalry passed away forever. We always had better horses, and our men were certainly never inferior to the rebels. All that was needed was the proper combination of action; and as soon as this was secured, our cavalry became the finest in the world.

“The business departments were also thoroughly renovated. The changes in the medical, quarter-mas-

ter's, and commissary departments were such as to bring each to a standard of perfection, which had never before been reached by those departments of any army in the field. No army had ever been provisioned as was ours that winter. Soft bread, potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, fresh beef, flour, sugar, and coffee, constituted the regular rations of the men, and facilities were afforded for procuring luxuries not in the regular supply.

“The medical department became so thoroughly systematized, that wounded and sick men were cared for better than they had ever been in an army before. This radical change had commenced under General Burnside; but it was perfected under General Hooker, by the efficient and earnest medical director of the army, Dr. Letterman, and to whom belongs the honor of bringing about this most desirable change.

“By the new system, the surgeons were enabled to accomplish a far greater amount of work, and in much better order than under the old; and the wounded were better and more quickly cared for. By this system, the hospital of the division was the unit. From the division, a medical officer of good executive ability was selected, to whom was assigned the general oversight of the hospital. One or more surgeons of well-known skill and experience, were detailed from the medical force of the division, who were known as ‘operating surgeons;’ to each of whom was assigned three assistants, also known to be skillful men, who were either surgeons or assistant surgeons. To the

operating surgeons all cases, requiring surgical operations, were brought; and thus the men had the benefit of the very best talent and experience of the division in the decision of the question whether he should be submitted to the use of the knife, and in the performance of the operation in case one was required. It was a mistaken impression among those at home, that each medical officer was the operating surgeon for his own men. Only about one in fifteen of the medical officers, was intrusted with operations.

“From each brigade, an assistant surgeon was detailed to furnish food and provide shelter for the wounded. His duty was to superintend the erection of hospital tents as soon as there was a prospect of an engagement; and to have hot coffee and rations ready for the wounded as soon as they came into the hospital. He was also to attend to their clothing, bedding, and rations, as long as they remained in the hospital.

“Another assistant surgeon from each brigade was selected to keep the records; to take the name and the character of the wound of each one who was brought to the hospital, with the operation, if any; and the list of deaths, the place of burial, and all other matters necessary to record. An assistant surgeon was to remain with each regiment, and to attend to getting the wounded from the field into the ambulances, and to arrest hemorrhage in case of necessity.

“Thus, all labor was systematized. Every officer and nurse knew exactly what to do. Each had his own part of the work assigned him, and there was no conflicting of orders, or clashing of opinions.

“Our ambulance system was also very perfect, so complete, indeed, that after a year of trial in the army of the Potomac, Congress adopted it as the ambulance system of the United States. To Doctor Letterman, also, belongs the honor of originating this system.

“The ambulances of each corps were under command of a captain, who acted under directions from the medical director of the corps. A lieutenant commanded the ambulances of a division, and a second lieutenant those of a brigade. To each ambulance was assigned a driver and two stretcher-bearers; and to three ambulances, a sergeant mounted. The ambulances of a division always went together behind the division, and, on the march, were attended by a surgeon, an assistant surgeon, a hospital steward, a cook, and three or more nurses, who were to attend to the wants of the sick in the ambulances, and, at night, if any were unable to return to their regiments, to erect tents for them, and to supply them with food and bedding. In an engagement, the stretcher-bearers of each regiment, with the sergeant, reported to the assistant surgeon in attendance with each regiment. As soon as a man was wounded, he was brought to the medical officer, put in an ambulance, and taken to division hospital. By this means, ordinarily, every man was carried to the hospital of his own division.

“The improvements in the quarter-master’s department were nearly as great; and we have already alluded to the abundant supplies furnished by the commissary departments.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Ordered on picket. Orders to the advance. Battle of second Fredericksburg. Crossing the Rappahannock. On picket. Drying blankets and throwing up breastworks. Charge of the heights. Glorious success. Fight of Salem Church. Terrible position of the Fifth. Falling back. The Fifth the last to cross at Bank's ford. List of killed and wounded. Close of the campaign.

ON the morning of the twenty-eighth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, our regiment was ordered out on picket; but, as it proved, only for a brief season. We were aware that portions of the army were already upon the move, that the time was near at hand when we must be at work, and hence we were every moment expecting marching orders. Camp-life had become irksome, and many were sighing for more active duties than those of the mere camp routine. The argument used was, that, so long as we were soldiers, and had got a work before us, we wanted to be about it, and get it done. If a man had got to be wounded, he seemed to reason that he might as well get that wound one time as another. There was nothing to be gained by delay. Again, if a man could get free from a soldier's life by having the rebellion closed, the sooner the fighting was done and over,

the better he would feel. There was considerable sense in this; but whether the reader may think so or not, it was, at least, the feeling of the greater portion of the army.

About noon our final orders came to move at once in heavy marching order. At once here meant, as soon as you get ready; and though three o'clock in the afternoon was the very latest hour indicated for the movement, yet we did not take up our march until an hour later. We moved out of our encampment at a rapid pace, and marched to the banks of the Rappahannock river, resuming the same position that we occupied in the campaign of the previous December. Here we bivouacked for the night.

The next morning opened very foggy. The weather, certainly, was not very inspiring for the work which we realized that we had before us. Man's armor is not generally very warm, when all of one's surroundings are cold and dampening. But I suppose that it was intended that *action* should warm us up. The various busy movements around us indicated speedy work; and, at an early hour, we commenced our own preparations for the general advance. So heavily did the fog lie around us, that one could see only a very short distance in advance. If fog was to be of any protection, we certainly had plenty of that kind of protection upon that morning. For some time we waited, though, from the sounds which reached us, we knew some portions of our troops were upon the move. We were within gun-shot of the enemy's picket-lines

upon the other side of the river, and we knew not with what sort of a reception our forced early morning call might experience. Warm, no doubt, it would be to us, and yet secretly we believed it would be repulsive to our feelings, especially if any of their salutations should happen to hit us fair. We were all ready to go down the banks of the river, when a full chorus of bullets from the other side, whistling their infernal songs, skipped over our heads, informing us that some portion of our division were near the enemy. Such dodging for a moment,—the flying of teams to the rear,—the speedy lying down of the troops,—a general scare,—a wanting to run, and yet held back by temporary courage, was seldom seen. The fact was simply this; it was unexpected, and so first impulses ruled for an instant. But only for a moment, for order was almost immediately restored, and we felt sure, that, if opportunity presented itself, the rebels would “get just as good as they sent,” and with interest, if possible.

Soon our time came to move. Cautiously we proceeded down the banks of the river, and embarked in pontoon boats which were to convey us over, and which were so arranged as to receive an entire brigade. Each boat carried some sixty or seventy men. The river at this point was narrow, and hence our transit would be brief. All being in readiness, we pushed off, and rapidly neared the opposite shore. Before we had effected a landing, another body of troops had gained a foothold, and, forming at once in

line, charged up the opposite banks, and reached the enemy's picket line almost before he was aware of their presence. At once they opened a hot fire which was speedily checked by our men; but not until a full volley had been received by our men in the boats, which resulted in a loss to us of two men killed and nine wounded. We all now felt that the time for action, work, and terrible duty had arrived; and there were none who were not now nerved and prepared for the work. In less time than it requires to write this, our boats reached the shore, and the men were at once in line of battle, and moving forward to the front. Having secured the enemy's picket line, scarcely one escaping, a line of skirmishers were deployed, and the advance commenced. All of our operations were now upon the same ground as were those of the last campaign. Slowly we advanced across the plain which we knew to be in our front. Now the line of skirmishers would advance a few rods, halt, while a brief cavalry reconnoissance would be made, supported by a battery of field-pieces wheeled into line, then an advance of the infantry, expecting every moment an attack from the foe. In this manner of advance, marching and counter-marching, ready for work at any instant, we spent nearly three hours, until about ten o'clock in the morning the fog suddenly lifted, and we saw plainly where we were. We had approached near the ravine and read spoken of in a previous chapter, a little more than midway across the plain. The enemy's advance skirmishers were

within a short distance of our own; and, by seemingly mutual consent, each force halted, forming of the skirmish line a picket line, the troops making themselves as comfortable as they could. There in plain view lay the Union army, and yet all day long the enemy made no demonstration, though their long line of rifle-pits and batteries admonished us to be careful how we trifled with rebel patience. Having secured a crossing and a foot-hold, that seemed to be the entire desire or aim of our commanders for that time at least.

The succeeding day proved to be one of quiet. Our regiment moved out from their temporary camp of the day before, and performed picket duty on the extreme advance. The picket lines, the Union and the rebel, were so near together, that conversation between the two could be easily carried on. Some trading of coffee for tobacco was indulged in, coffee being as great a luxury to the Reb, as good tobacco was to the Yank.

Night came on, and with it special instruction was received regarding our duty. Never shall we forget the experiences of this night's picketing. Strict orders were issued prohibiting fires or conversation above a whisper in our own ranks, while both officers and men were enjoined to keep the sharpest lookout, as the rebel pickets were but a few yards off on an open and unobstructed plain, and we knew not what whim might seize their fancy. Back and forth we paced on the designated beats, with our eyes constantly on the ghost-moving sentinels of the foe. Anticipating a

night attack from a powerful enemy, with the deep Rappahannock cutting off our retreat to a great extent in our rear, the anxiety was but intensified, when, toward morning, a heavy fog coldly enveloped us in complete gloom. Chilled through and through, never was daylight and the rising sun hailed with greater joy by the boys than on that morning. By seemingly mutual consent, there had been no picket firing for some twenty-four hours. Early in the forenoon, we were relieved by the noble Sixth Maine and some other troops, who soon opened a severe and rapid fire upon the enemy, apparently for none other reason than "to stir up the rebs." The fire was returned with energy. A deep, wooded ravine on which rested our right flank, ran up and by the rebel line to the foot of the heights. A small force of Union troops were quietly sent up this ravine, and reached a position just in rear of the enemy's left flank, without discovery. All at once the enemy received a deadly fire in flank and rear from an unseen foe, and without waiting for an investigation, gave way in confusion, and, as we may imagine, in dismay and terror. Our own picket line, no less astonished, perhaps, than the rebs, at this unexpected turn in affairs, improving the opportunity afforded by the confusion of the enemy, dashed forward with a cheer, and drove the whole line pell-mell under cover of their fortifications. This closed all fighting in our immediate vicinity for that day. Upon our right, however, we heard the sound of severe fighting, and we learned that evening that

“Fighting Joe” had engaged the enemy, and had met with a success. This, of course, gave great satisfaction to the boys in blue. I may say here that the force which had crossed the Rappahannock at this place, consisted of the First and the Sixth Corps of the army under General Sedgwick. The balance of the army under Hooker were some miles away upon our right. The First Corps was also soon sent to Hooker’s support, leaving the Sixth Corps as the great actor in the second battle of Fredericksburg.

It is an adage that the wise man looks out for possible dangers, and so acting upon this idea, the work of throwing up breastworks was considered necessary, in case the enemy advanced upon us. But how was this to be accomplished in the face and eyes of the enemy? A novel plan was hit upon. Our blankets had, from exposure to the fog and mist, become very wet. It was necessary that they should be dried. So a long line of guns were inserted, the bayonets sticking in the ground, thus answering as poles, and upon these the blankets were hung up to dry, forming, of course, a perfect screen. Behind these, with shovel and pick, our men worked with a will, and succeeded in throwing up quite formidable intrenchments to our great satisfaction, and of which the enemy were in blissful ignorance. Our blankets did us good service then; and had we been attacked, we might have had occasion to be very thankful that the fog wet our blankets, and that the opportunity was offered to dry them, accomplishing what otherwise might have been impossible.

Saturday, May second, the day following, was a beautiful and quiet day for us, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we began to assume a threatening attitude. The sky was clear, the air soft and still, when, about the time above indicated, from the rebel lines came the clear notes of a band playing the air of "Dixie," a favorite tune with the confederates. Three or four times they played it through, and then stopped. In a moment, a band in our own army commenced the "Star Spangled Banner." Once through, and midway again, when, as if with a sudden impulse, the picket lines opened a severe fire upon each other. In another moment our boys charged the foe, driving him a long distance, and securing thereby quite an advantage for us by advanced ground. In the next few moments, our entire force was in motion, deploying lines to the right and to the left, and presenting every appearance of immediate attack. The orders were, I believe, to make demonstrations, but not to bring on, at that time, a general contest.

Thus in making demonstrations, but in reality affecting nothing definite or useful, we passed the time until night settled around us, and we were once more at rest. Yet the most ignorant man in the command fully realized, that, from the nature and character of the movements and demonstrations of the few hours previous, that another day could not pass without severer work than we had seen.

The counter-marching of the day previous had brought us to the river-side of the ravine which has been alluded to.

Sunday morning, between one and two o'clock, the quick but whispered commands of our officers aroused us from our slumbers, and bade us be ready for action. It was a beautiful night, almost too lovely in which to engage in blood and carnage; yet we were not the arbiters of our own fortunes or movements; and so we must put aside the sentimental, in order that we might engage more faithfully in the real. It did not require long to get us ready to move wherever the powers directing should see fit. We soon found ourselves massed in heavy column with other troops, and, immediately, musketry commenced upon our right. Troops had been sent up to the city, where it seems that they had found the enemy in considerable force, and now the fight of the second Fredericksburg, so called, was opened in earnest. About this time, a message was received from Hooker stating that all was going well. This was received with great cheer among the men, and if any spirits were low or drooping, the message revived and invigorated them. Our artillery threw a few shots, and then our lines seemed to be somewhat deployed. After remaining about two hours in our position, we moved forward about sunrise into the ravine, and took up a new position. Here we received a severe fire from the enemy, but without material damage. But the ravine was not *our* place. We could never crush the rebellion there. We stood a much better chance of getting crushed than hurting anybody else. So about eight o'clock in the morning, orders came for us to move about half a

mile to the left. So up out of the ravine we moved rapidly by the flank. Scarcely had we exhibited our forms, before the enemy opened his batteries which were placed near the base of the heights, with a fearful fire upon us. That won't do, was probably the thought of the Union commander of artillery, for in a moment, our parrotts, ten guns in number, were pouring into the enemy's batteries such a fire, as caused them to be glad to flee in hot haste. Perceiving their batteries crippled, the infantry supports were at once broken, and those who could get away, seemed to fly almost on the wind. I think they were demoralized. Their business to the rear was probably as important and as pressing as was ours at Bull Run No. 1; and, so far as that is concerned, Bull Run No. 2 gave us no opportunity to remain long in that country. But we did enjoy the prospect hugely, as the Johnnies seemed to be competing with each other as to who could gain some cover of safety first. They made good time, and fully demonstrated the fact that *they had legs*.

At this instant our brigade, having completed its move to the left, was ordered forward toward the front. Now commenced hot work. From the heights in various directions, the enemy opened a number of guns, and all the fire seemed to be concentrated upon our devoted brigade. We moved forward, perhaps an eighth of a mile, under a terrible fire, when, to perfect our lines, it became necessary to move by the flank again, and pass through a narrow ravine ex-

tending to our right. Perceiving our movement, the enemy literally showered shot and shell in upon the opening of the ravine, which was in direct range of their guns. The opportunity for them to slay our men was too good to be lost. They would at least, make the attempt; and although our regiment was not over two minutes in passing through the opening to the ravine, yet we lost in killed and wounded, in a place not twenty feet square, eighteen of our number. Never did mortal witness a more fearful fire or more severe destruction in such a brief space. Nobly our batteries worked to save us. Nobly did our men press forward. The ranks seemed mown down, only to be closed up again by as brave soldiers as ever carried a musket. On they pushed through that pass of death, without a break or a halt. General Bartlett, sitting on his horse near by amidst bursting shells, watched the movement, and could only exclaim, as he saw these men rushing into the very jaws of death, yet undaunted—knowing—feeling—realizing only one thing, their duty, "Noble men, noble men." Aye, they were noble, and they won for themselves upon that day, true honor and glory.

Filing at once under the bank of a stream which ran near by, the regiment halted, while the remainder of the division assumed their positions. Shielded in a measure from the screaming shells which seemed to fill the air, we listened to the roar which was, indeed, terrible and deafening. But we were by no means fully protected, for, almost every moment, some poor

fellow received the terrible assurance of the presence of shot and shell. Several officers and men were killed and wounded, even after we had reached our shelter. And here I must introduce a little incident connected with our brief sojourn here.

Under the banks of the stream, which were, perhaps, ten or twelve feet high, lay the boys all in heavy marching order. Down through the ravine tears a solid shot, and in its progress, it struck the knapsack of a soldier, tearing it off from his back, and scattering its contents, a part of which was his rations of pork and hard bread, on every hand, and the force of the blow rolling the soldier over two or three times. Picking himself up, he looked around, examined himself to see if he was all right, and, looking up with a half grin upon his usually rigid features, quietly remarked, as he contemplated the general smash-up of his knapsack's contents, "golly, boys, five days' rations gone to thunder." A roar of laughter greeted this coolness, and made us forget, for a moment, the awful danger to which we were exposed.

It was at this place that the writer was severely wounded in the head by a piece of a shell, from the effects of which he was absent from the regiment about three months. To follow the command in its services during that period from such data as I am able to obtain, and which is somewhat limited, will be all that I shall be able to do.

But to resume. The troops remained in this position until late in the forenoon, when, all being in

readiness, the ever-memorable charge upon St. Marye's heights was commenced, made, and proved a success. Although our own regiment and brigade were not exactly members of the charging party, yet I cannot resist the temptation to introduce from the pen of our eye-witness, the grand work which was accomplished in capturing these heights. About the time the charge commenced, our regiment was ordered out of the ravine, and was engaged in the work of watching any offensive movements of a rebel battery near by, and hence was exposed to and received a terrible fire. Surgeon Stevens thus writes:—

“At half past ten, the arrangements for storming the heights were completed, and Newton's batteries opened upon the enemy. At the sound of Newton's first gun, General Howe ordered his batteries to direct their fire upon the heights, and then ordered the storming columns forward.

“The division advanced toward the bold bluffs, which, bare of trees as well as the plain below, allowed the enemy an excellent view of all our movements. A railroad traversed the plain near the bluffs, and in a deep cut, through which the road passed, were the rebels. They rose up as we advanced, and poured showers of leaden hail into our line; but one of our batteries, getting an enfilading fire on the road, sent the gray-coated occupants hurriedly to the rear. For a moment we halted, the batteries on either side playing into each other with spirit.

“It was a moment of contending emotions of pride,

hope, and sadness, as our gallant boys stood face to face with those heights, ready to charge upon them. At double-quick and in splendid style, they crossed the plain. Our line was perfect. The men could not have made a more orderly appearance had they been out on drill. The matter was taken as coolly, as though they had been on parade.

“Just in rear of the division, three batteries of parrott guns were playing into the works of the enemy, while, from the heights above, all of the opposing batteries poured a terrible and destructive fire upon the advancing lines. Having gained the rifle-pits at the base of the hills, they pushed forward to capture the heights.

“A more grand spectacle cannot be imagined. There were the hills, enough to fatigue any man to climb them without a load, and with no one to oppose. At the foot of the hills were thousands of the enemy pouring into them volleys of musketry, and on the heights were their lines of earth-works with their artillery, from which they poured grape and canister in a frightful storm. But the boys pushed nobly on, the rebels steadily retreating as the division moved up in splendid style. Yet it required a mighty courage, an iron will to face that leaden storm. Our men were falling in every direction, but the lines were immediately closed, and, as they passed, with shouts and cheers that almost drowned the roar of artillery, the noble division, with bayonets fixed, mounted the heights, the rebels retreating in confusion. Scarcely

had they been gained, when upon our left, from an earth-work of strong profile, the rebels turned their guns upon us. Against this the column turned, and soon it was in our possession. A third stronghold then fell into our hands, and we were in undisputed possession of the heights.

“It was at the signal of the first gun in Newton’s front, that General Howe had ordered the charge of the Second division. The Third and the Light division had not been idle while the events which we have described were going on. The ascent in front of the Third and the Light divisions though steep, was less precipitous than in front of Howe’s column, and a good road led to the heights. But a stone-wall skirted the base of the hills, behind which the rebels swarmed in great numbers.

“Under the fire of the rebel batteries, Newton’s and Barnham’s regiments lay, some in the outskirts of the town, some in the cemetery, until General Sedgwick gave the order to advance. When, almost at the same time, both the commands moved up the glacis toward the heights. The Seventh Massachusetts and Thirty-sixth New York pushed forward up the telegraph road, against the stone-wall bearing to the right of the road. Their haversacks and knapsacks were left behind, that they might be unincumbered with useless burdens. As they approached within about three hundred yards of the wall, a murderous volley checked the advance, and threw the head of the column into disorder. In two minutes the men were

rallied, and again they approached the wall, nearer this time than before. A third time they rallied; this time they pushed straight forward to the works.

“Another column under Col. Spear started briskly forward, divested, like the others, of knapsacks and haversacks. Sallying from the town at double-quick, in column of four ranks, they crossed the bridge just outside of the city, when its gallant leader received his mortal wound, and fell at the head of his men. The Sixty-first New York, which led the column, shocked at the death of their beloved leader, broke, and in confusion turned toward the town. This unfortunate confusion spread to the men of the Forty-third New York, who, checked by the disordered mass in their front, and submitted to a galling fire, also commenced falling back. But speedily both commands rallied, and bounding forward, they reached the heights, scarcely behind the columns on the left, capturing a gun and many prisoners. The line of battle under Colonel Burnham advanced on the left of the road. Leaving everything behind them but guns and ammunition, they started forward, encountering a shower of bullets, grape, and canister, as soon as they rose above the slight knoll which had concealed them. We of the Second division looked with admiration upon the advancing line; our flag—*it was the flag of the SIXTH MAINE*—in advance of the others, its brave color-guard bounding forward, then halting a moment while the men came up, then dashing forward again, and finally gaining the heights before us

all! It was a noble spectacle, and filled our hearts with pride for the comrades of the Light division. The Light division secured as trophies about seven hundred prisoners, and five cannon.

“Thus the heights were won. It was a glorious day for the Sixth Corps. Never was a charge more gallantly made. But it was, too, a sad day; for many scores of our brave comrades lay stretched in death along the glacis, and on the steep ascent, in the ravines, and along the road.

“The wounded were speedily taken to the city where they were kindly cared for by the surgeons of the corps, who had then seized the town for hospital purposes. Churches and private dwellings swarmed with the unfortunate men, whose mangled forms told of the fearful work of the day. Surgeons were hard at work ministering relief to the suffering, binding up wounds, or removing the mangled limbs which offered no hope of recovery; while nurses administered food and coffee, and prepared beds, such as could be extemporized from blankets spread upon the floors. More than three thousand wounded were brought into the city before nightfall.

“Upon the very heels of the brilliant success of the corps commenced disaster. An order from General Hooker had directed General Sedgwick to advance toward Chancellorsville, and form a junction with the main army. So the corps, which had so nobly won the heights, pressed on to further achievements. The heights were left behind. Brooks' division (in which

was the Fifth Maine) which now took the lead, had advanced as far as Salem Church on the Chancellorsville pike, when, instead of meeting with any portion of Hooker's army, a few shells from rebel guns warned the division of the presence of the enemy.

"A dense thicket was in front, and Bartlett's brigade, which had the advance, was deployed to skirmish and to ascertain the position of the concealed foe. Presently, having fallen upon a strong line of skirmishers, the brigade was formed in line of battle, with the Twenty-seventh New York on the right, then the Fifth Maine, then the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, and on the left the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania; the Sixteenth New York holding the skirmish line in front. The skirmish line was then advanced to the thicket, the Sixteenth New York driving the rebel skirmishers, the brigade following closely. At the edge of the thicket the brigade was halted; but being ordered by General Brooks to advance rapidly, they pushed on again.

"Advancing through the thicket some thirty rods, the brigade suddenly found itself face to face with a rebel line. The confederates were lying down in a road which traversed the thicket; and when the Union line was within about twenty yards, they suddenly discharged a volley, which, had it been well aimed, must have almost annihilated the brigade; but the fire was returned with effect, and presently the enemy was glad to leave the road which was almost filled with their dead and wounded, and seek

shelter behind their rifle-pits. The rifle-pits were but a few yards in rear of the road, and here a very strong force was posted. The Union forces occupied the road, and directed their fire against the works; but the rebel fire cut down their unprotected ranks like grass before the scythe. For fifteen minutes the regiments endured this murderous fire, and then fell back in good order, losing in twenty minutes nearly seven hundred men."

The fighting of our regiment in this terrible contest, I am told, was grand. At one time receiving a most fearful fire both from their front and upon the flank, the troops upon their right having been overpowered and driven back, the enemy swung round upon the Fifth, nearly surrounding it, pouring in a terrible fire of musketry; and it almost seemed as though they would be annihilated. At this critical moment, the regiment received orders to fall back, which they did in excellent order, though keeping up a sharp fire upon their foe. Falling back upon the main line, they were able to hold their position. Our loss, in the engagements of the day, was just one-third of our regiment, with which we started in the morning, one hundred and one. During the whole day, which opened so terribly and closed so fearfully, there was not a single moment that the old Fifth did not sustain its well-earned reputation, and performed deeds of which any State or people might well be proud.

The fighting continued hot and severe, until the

friendly darkness of night covered the scene, and permitted the men rest and sleep. Arduous and terribly severe upon the nerves of each and every one, in these sanguinary struggles of the day, had been their work; and even upon that field of death, with doubt and uncertainty regarding the future staring each one in the face, yet wearied nature demanded sleep, and all were glad to yield to the demand.

The morning finally came, too soon to many, and with it the disheartening knowledge that the enemy had, during the night, sent a large force and reoccupied Fredericksburg heights, and thus cutting off the Sixth Corps entirely. In fine, nearly the whole of Lee's army was in their front, a large force upon their left, the rebels with heavy columns in their rear, and an impassible river upon their right. Now was the time to try men's courage, and when the qualities which make the man and the soldier were to be tested. The only avenue of escape was by a single road leading to a ford above the city of Fredericksburg some six or seven miles. It was certainly a most precarious situation. It was a dark season for the noble corps.

Of course measures were at once taken to make the necessary retreat, for indeed a retreat it must be of necessity. A demonstration was made upon portions of our lines early in the morning by the enemy, but they were repulsed, and the day passed comparatively quiet, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when another terrible page in blood and carnage was opened to view. Howe's division received the heaviest blow. Says Stevens, in his history :

“In front was the Third Brigade, holding a crest which overlooked a ravine through which the rebels must pass. Behind the brigade was another ravine in which was a thin skirt of woods. In the rear of this second ravine, and behind a swell of ground, the Vermont Brigade was strongly posted, forming the second line of battle. There were in each of these two brigades, about three thousand men.

“Now commenced the most fearful struggle of the campaign. At five o'clock the rebel hordes came with deafening yells upon the division. The divisions of the rebel Generals Early, Anderson, and McLaws rushed upon the single brigade of less than three thousand men, massing their troops in the ravine, and charging with impetuous fury. But the noble regiments heroically withstood the shock, the Germans of the Twentieth New York only going to the rear in confusion. The stubborn resistance of the brigade prevented the rebels from piercing our lines, and cutting off our retreat, and thus, by its gallantry, enabled the corps to cross at Banks' Ford. But the cost was great. Over one thousand men fell upon that crest. Yet their lives purchased the safety of the entire command. General Howe now ordered the brigade to fall back, and the decimated regiments left the front line and fell behind the strong position held by the Vermonters. The rebels, thinking this to be a retreat, followed with yells of exultation, but were met by the second line of battle, which, from its position behind the swell of ground, was concealed, with a murderous

fire which sent them reeling back to the cover of the first ravine. Their charge had inflicted but little damage to the Union line. It was now nearly dark, and the reception which the rebels had received, had so completely routed and broken them, that they made no further attempt upon our lines."

As soon as it was dark, the entire force fell back to Bank's Ford, and were soon in secure position behind breastworks. It was a miraculous escape, and our boys acted nobly in each trying hour.

As soon as daybreak the following morning, "the corps recrossed the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges, but not without the utmost difficulty; one bridge being destroyed by rebel artillery, and the other barely saved from destruction long enough to allow the troops to pass hurriedly over."

The Fifth Maine Regiment was the last to cross over the river upon the bridge, their duty being to cover the retreat. It was immediately taken up. During the entire campaign, the regiment had occupied important positions, and the fearful list of losses among the men testifies to their noble fighting.

The corps had passed through a fearful ordeal, and had shown itself to be of heroic material. No two more brilliant feats had been performed during the war, than the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg, and the splendid resistance when surrounded and attacked by overwhelming forces. The men came out of that fight, not demoralized, but as ready to scale those terrible heights again, if called upon as they had been on the third day of May."

The following is a list of the officers of the Fifth Maine's killed, wounded, and taken prisoners in this action. Killed, Second Lieutenant Cyrus W. Brann, Company G. Mortally wounded, Second Lieutenant Smith G. Bailey, Company H., and Second Lieutenant W. F. Brown, Company A. Wounded, Captain Albert Dearing, Company H. severely; Second Lieutenant John H. Stevens, Company B. slightly. Taken prisoners, Second Lieutenant Frank G. Patterson, Company D., and First Lieutenant William E. Stevens, Company B.

Thus closed our second campaign near Fredericksburg, and though in the commencement we made some slight advances over the success of the first, yet the end found us once more in the camps occupied as winter-quarters, being permitted a season to review the events of the past, and to prepare for the future.

CHAPTER XXII.

In camp at White Oak Church. Departure of the Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh New York Regiments. Third movement at Fredericksburg. Movement northward. Hard marching. Night march to Fairfax Station. Pleasant incidents on subsequent marches. Forced march to Gettysburg. Position and action at Gettysburg. Gallant reconnoissance. Following up the enemy. Hard march up a mountain. Fights at Funkstown and Williamsport. In camp at New Baltimore. Deserter shot. Raid on General Bartlett's headquarters. Move to Culpepper.

THE several commands had now returned to their old quarters; and hence the Fifth was again enjoying the rest which might be gained in its old camp near White Oak Church. The few following weeks were spent quietly. The weather was fine, the days warm, the roads good, and yet there seemed to be no indications of any forward movement. To any other than patriotic men, remembrances of the past must have filled them with sorrow and depression. Yet all seemed to be in good spirits, and ready for work when called upon by authority.

On the ninth of May, the noble and gallant Sixteenth New York Regiment, whose term of service had expired, bade farewell to the brigade, and turned their footsteps homeward. Side by side, the Fifth

Maine and the Sixteenth New York had fought in many a hard contest, until they seemed bound together by the strongest ties. It seemed hard to give them up, yet who could ask men, who had rendered such noble service, to remain longer? Who of the Fifth does not remember the Sixteenth at Gaines' Hill, when their line moved so gallantly over the crest of the hill and charged down upon the enemy—their straw-hats, the gift of their intrepid colonel, making their line particularly conspicuous?

Scarcely had the Sixteenth gone, when the Twenty-seventh New York, another regiment which had been banded with us from the early days of our brigade existence, was discharged by reason of the expiration of their term of service, and the old Fifth seemed almost alone. Like the Sixteenth, the Twenty-seventh had long been by our side; and strong friendships had sprung up between the two commands. Ever will the Fifth Maine boy remember the Sixteenth and the Twenty-seventh New York with feelings of affection; and also can he point with pride to them as parts of the noble Bartlett's brigade in the first two years of military service.

General Brooks, who had for some time commanded our division, was about this time assigned to another command, and so dissolved his connection with us. Rough as was the old general, yet both officers and men had learned to love him as well as to fear him. Soldiers admire bravery, and become very fondly attached to the person who exhibits it, no matter

how austere or even repulsive may be the man; and certainly a braver man never lived than was General Brooks. His departure was sincerely regretted by his entire command.

Quietly the days rolled by, until the men themselves almost began to wonder why the army did not move. If tedious labors were to be performed, they could scarcely be more tedious than laying idly in camp.

But finally the day of action, or rather of movement, arrived. The regiment was quietly performing a tour of picket duty, when orders came one day which indicated that the camp-life of the command was once more ended, and that active duties were to be inaugurated. So upon the sixth of June, simultaneously with the arrival of the regiment in camp, came the order to strike tents and pack up preparatory to another forward movement. All things being in readiness, the following day the line of march was taken up, when lo, from the direction taken and from the familiar appearance of the route, it became evident that the fortunes of the troops was once more to be tested upon the familiar plains below Fredericksburg. Reaching the banks of the Rappahannock, the pontoon bridges being in readiness, the regiment crossed at the same old place, this time unmolested, though not unnoticed. The regiment took up a position somewhat to the left of the former position, near a place called the "Barnard House." Nothing of special note transpired upon this day.

At an early hour the next morning, June eighth, the men were detailed on fatigue duty, and spent the entire day in throwing up breastworks, digging rifle-pits, and putting several guns into position. Though the enemy could be plainly seen upon the surrounding heights, holding with quite a force their former entrenchments and fortifications, yet the mystery of their silence no one could seem to understand. Why they let our men quietly entrench themselves, when it lay within their power to put them to a great deal of inconvenience, seemed strange at the time. It was understood, however, long before our troops moved from those plains, that the enemy were making an aggressive movement on some point, and so probably they designed to hold our corps there in order to prevent its interference with any rebel plans or movements.

On the ninth of June, the regiment was thrown out on picket on what is known as the Bowling Green Road. Fortifications were in progress of erection all day long; and, as before, the work was generally quietly carried on, scarcely receiving a single compliment in the way of shot or shell from the Johnnies' guns.

All quiet on the Rappahannock, might have been a truthful telegram so far as the two following days were concerned; though, upon the eleventh, orders were received to be ready to march at short notice. It was not, however, until the night of the thirteenth that definite orders came, and the march commenced.

The men were very impatient. Go anywhere, get anywhere, rather than to stay upon that plain, liable at any moment to receive a deadly fire from the enemy, and the question, whether the enemy could be driven away, one of great doubt.

But all things have an end, and so did the suspense as related to that encampment, if encampment it might be called. Soon after dark, that the movement might not be discovered by the watchful though evidently lazy rebs, the command moved out of their entrenchments, taking a route toward Potomac Creek. All night long the troops were on their way. This was, in fine, the commencement of a long series of hard marches, and which was to test the endurance of the men.

On the morning of the fifteenth, the troops reached Strafford Court-house, where a halt for rest was directed; but only about two hours had gone by, when "fall in" was the order, and an all-day march was the next scene in the tragedy of the campaign. The weather was now very hot. The men were quite generally suffering with sore and blistered feet. Some received sun-strokes which incapacitated them for service for considerable time. The march was continued the greater portion of the next day, at the conclusion of which, the command went into camp at Fairfax Court-house.

The next day was one of rest, greatly to the joy of the weary men.

On the eighteenth, another movement was made,

marching this time to Chantilly, where, in a beautiful grove the regiment went into camp, and for several days were destined to enjoy a little peace and quiet. It had been a hard tramp reaching this point, and each man seemed determined to enjoy all of the comforts which it was possible. The peace of this encampment was broken one day, however, by the sounds of a severe engagement, which afterwards proved to be a cavalry encounter, going on in front of the regiment, though it was some distance away. Of course there was considerable excitement, perhaps I may say anxiety, as there always was when an action was in progress, and no one could determine whether they would be brought into it or not. It is useless for any one to say, that he was perfectly indifferent regarding such matters; for we never saw one yet who was even apparently indifferent, who was not missing when the time of action arrived. Yet the day went by, and no order came to advance our brigade.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth of June, orders came for an immediate movement. Down came tents, knapsacks were packed, and amid a severe rain-storm, the regiment marched to Fairfax Station. This movement was said by some to be a support to a cavalry raid; others thought that an attack on the station was intended to be made by the enemy. We had at that place, a very large store of rations, forage, etc., and which was a tempting bait to the rebs. In case of an attack, the Fifth was to do its share toward a

repulse. Whatever might have been expected or intended, no attack was made; and after waiting as patiently as men hungry, tired, sleepy, and wet could do, they resumed their march back to their former camp-ground, amid the darkness, rain, and mud, querying in their own minds what act in the programme of the rebellion they might next be called upon to take a part.

Scarcely had the regiment got into a posture in which to rest, before orders were issued for another immediate movement. A hasty meal was taken, and at three o'clock in the morning, the troops were again on the tramp. And now followed a series of forced marches, which have never been excelled, even if they have ever been equalled in the history of American campaigning. All the morning, all day long the rain poured and the men tramped, tramped, marching that day twenty-five miles, and this following a sleepless night. As a matter of course, the men were very, very tired.

June twenty-seventh. The regiment was in line at three o'clock in the morning and marched fifteen miles, crossing the Potomac river on pontoon bridges.

June twenty-eighth, Sunday, a march of twenty miles was made on this day, and at night the regiment went into camp near Hyattsville.

Early Monday morning—it was half past two—the command was again aroused, and without any delay, proceeded at once upon the road. A march of seventeen miles was made before the men were allowed to

halt sufficiently long to make that necessary beverage to the soldier—coffee. Nor did they have anything to eat save what they might swallow while marching. This was taking morning exercise with a vengeance. After their long tramp, a hasty breakfast was prepared, and the march was again resumed, making the distance traveled in all for the day, twenty-five miles. It was better of course, to make the heavy marches in the cool of the morning, as many of the days were excessively hot; but yet traveling such distances day after day, it almost seemed at the time as if a trial of the strength of the men was being made to see what they could endure. But while it was a mystery to the troops in a degree, the commanding general was well aware that a great deal depended upon this march and the prompt appearance of the Sixth Corps at a point not far away.

The regiment camped this night near Windsor. The country round about was most beautiful. The farm houses and everything around them, indicated thrift and prosperity. Nature seemed to have lavished some of her sweetest charms upon the portions of the country through which the troops were now passing. A sight met the eye here, which did the hearts of the Maine boys much good. It was a modern school-house. So seldom had one of those New England institutions been seen since the regiment left home, that the appearance of this one excited considerable comment and remark. Evidently there was a spirit of progress among that people.

The men fared well at this place. The citizens seemed to extend to them a hearty welcome, freely opening their store-houses, bringing out provisions, and through their kindness, the inner man of many a soldier was strengthened and refreshed.

The next morning, June thirtieth, the regiment was again upon the move. Approaches were now being made to the rebel positions. Information was received that the enemy were gradually falling back before the advance. This news, that the Johnnies were running, was always gratefully received by our men. Whether true or false, it always had an inspiring effect upon all who may have heard it.

In the march of to-day, an almost perfect ovation met the command at Westminster. The weather was beautiful; and the appearance of the Union soldier rendered every inhabitant enthusiastic. Cherries and other fruit were in abundance, and of which all were invited to partake. The ladies in town turned out en masse to the work of preparing bread and other provisions for the men, furnishing them with milk, meat, etc., anxious to do all that they could; and when offered pay for the articles, work, and trouble, not a single cent would they take. It was a free-will offering. It was to them a labor of love. But there was one thing which they did receive, and that was the grateful and sincere thanksgiving of noble-hearted men.

The command passed on through Windsor, making a march of twenty-five miles in all for the day, and

went into camp near Manchester. These long and continued marches began to leave their effects upon the men. Feet were blistered. Frames were sore and weary. Besides there seemed to be nothing of special attraction to keep up an interest in the movement.

The following day the regiment was allowed a rest; and truly it was refreshing. All seemed to feel that great efforts were yet to be required of the men; and hence the hours were passed in securing as much sleep and repose as it was possible. Yet with all of the fatigues of the past, there were none who were not ready to give the enemy a lurch should they meet them; and if extra labor and extra marching was required to accomplish that purpose, they were still ready to do all that was necessary, and all that was required of them.

The regiment lay in camp all day (July first), until about nine o'clock in the evening, when orders came to march at once for Gettysburg. The air was hot and sultry; and marching was hardly to be desired; yet there was no hesitancy. Having feasted upon the best that the country afforded, the men were in the best of humor; and notwithstanding that the greater portion of them had lain down for a good night's rest, when the order came to "strike tents and be ready to march in ten minutes," yet they seemed ready for the work. It was now certainly known that the enemy had invaded northern soil. They had contaminated with their presence, the pure atmosphere of freedom.

They must be hurled back. This was the work of the soldier. The road was a long one, almost forty miles, yet brave and strong men were upon it ready for any emergency.

About eleven o'clock, the command was halted; and after a tarry of about one hour, the information was received that they had *taken the wrong road*. This was tough. By the time that the right road was discovered, the boys were mostly asleep; and the starting up and the turning of them around to retrace their steps, caused much strong language. This night's march was one of the most severe of the campaign. Those who have never had the experience, would hardly believe it possible, that one could sleep while marching; yet many there were who actually slept while moving on their way, until meeting with some obstruction in the road which caused a sudden awakening.

All night long the command, which consisted of our entire corps, moved on, making as quick time as it was possible. Brief, and only brief halts were made for rest and to take a bite of hard-tack, but no camping. And here let me note, that during the entire march, which extended from nine o'clock of the evening of July first until four o'clock the following afternoon, nineteen hours, no halt was made long enough to make a drop of coffee, nor did they have any till late in the afternoon. Coffee was a great support on the march, but it was not their fortune to have it upon this occasion.

The day following the night found the boys still tramping. The distant roar of the cannon told them that the conflict, which was supposed to be in the vicinity of Gettysburg, had begun. Now a thrill of interest sweeps through their frames. One, two, three o'clock in the afternoon, and still the corps was moving on toward Gettysburg. The conflict seemed nearer. New strength seemed imparted to the men. Four o'clock, and the Sixth Corps led by the Fifth Maine Regiment, arrived at Gettysburg, having made a continuous march of nearly forty miles in nineteen hours, and all this after the forced marches of nearly a week. During that severe march, I am reliably informed, that in our own regiment, there were only four stragglers. This was very remarkable, when we consider the physical condition of the men. Yet weary as they were, there was not a single murmur or word of complaint.

Upon the arrival of the corps at Gettysburg, a short halt for rest was made, and then they were at once pressed forward into position. The Fifth Maine was still in the advance. As our lines came up, the news spread like wildfire throughout the army, and cheer after cheer ran along the lines. The men seemed wild with excitement. Drums beat, colors were flying,—it was a season of rejoicing. The long weary miles were all forgotten. On to the contest was the thought and spirit which now inspired the men. Danger was not for a moment considered. The Johnnies were met, they were out of their usual entrench-

ments, and now an opportunity was presented for a fair test of strength and ability. Proudly one might look upon our troops, for they seemed permeated with a power which no rebel hordes could overthrow.

Rigorously our regiment leaped forward to the word of command, and at once took up the position indicated to them, forming themselves into line of battle, the left of the regiment resting upon the side of Little Round Top, a point which was so prominent on this battle-field. As our corps came up, the enemy fell back; and hence a position was gained with but little comparative difficulty. The work was principally to hold it. Our boys felt proud that, at that almost turning point in the fortunes of the day, the arrival of the Sixth Corps, they should lead that noble body of soldiery into action, and thus become the first regiment under fire. Who could blame them for a little enthusiastic feeling over the matter?

That night the entire force lay upon their arms ready for action at a single moment's notice.

In the evening about ten o'clock, a detachment of three companies of the regiment, by permission of General Sedgwick, made a reconnoissance in front of our line, the object being to recover if possible, a portion of the Ninth Massachusetts battery which had been captured by the enemy during the previous afternoon, but which had not been conveyed away. It was a most brave and gallant undertaking, and resulted in bringing in one brass piece, two caissons, and one limber. The horses attached had all been

killed. Not afraid of using a little physical strength, the men drew the pieces in by hand, and they were proud, as well indeed they might be, of their trophies secured at such great hazard and danger. Some few prisoners were also secured in this brilliant dash, reflecting considerable credit upon all concerned. I have been unable to learn definitely who commanded this detachment; but the fact that it was a Fifth Maine officer, supported by Fifth Maine men, is enough to establish the affirmation that it was a brave exploit, and courageously executed.

The next morning, July third, dawned bright and beautiful. The position of the regiment was not materially changed. Heavy and severe skirmishing was in constant progress in front; and our boys were admonished to protect themselves as well as they might, from bullets and other missiles which might be unceremoniously flying about. Taking advantage of the many rocks which lay in their vicinity, they soon erected some admirable breastworks of the rocks and stones, and which proved to be of great benefit at a later period in the day.

Of course it is not intended to give any description of the battle of Gettysburg in this volume. That would be impossible, unless I was to quote from other writers; and as I find no data speaking specially of regiments, I must pass it over save in general terms. This battle has been the theme of so many writings, and has been so frequently described by lecturers, that probably its details are familiar to almost every

one. In the memory of its participants, it will ever be fresh. I confine myself wholly in this and the subsequent action of the regiment for a very few weeks, to its general experiences.

During the forenoon of the day to which we have alluded, the conflict was comparatively light; and it seemed to be a question whether the regiment would after all be under any considerable fire. Yet it was only the lull before the storm, for about one o'clock in the afternoon, opened the terrible artillery duel which has been pronounced the severest cannonading ever known upon the American continent. Shells burst in and around the ranks of the regiment, solid shot ploughed the ground both in front and the rear, the air seemed filled with the missiles of death, and yet during the entire two hours' bombardment, the regiment lost only three wounded. The stone breastworks saved our men wonderfully. The position of the regiment was one of great importance, and during the entire fire of shot and shell, not a man flinched; but showed his determination to faithfully execute the work which he had traveled so far to do.

Night finally closed around, and with it came the belief that our forces were victorious. It had been a terrible fight; but if crowned with victory, we might be compensated in a degree for the danger and exposure to which we had been subjected, and for the labors which we had undergone.

The night following was one extremely disagreeable to all. The rain fell in torrents. Not even a shelter

tent to protect from the water. The position of the regiment was such that the men had to lie on the large flat rocks which they held, and which certainly did not afford a very easy couch for weary limbs. Soldiers had become accustomed to pretty hard beds; but the resting places near Little Round Top were a little *too* hard.

On the morning of the fourth, the division, of which the Fifth was a part, was ordered forward to feel of the rebs' position. The verdict of yesterday had admonished the foe to make backward tracks; and during the night, they had seen fit to heed the admonition. The command found them in force a few miles distant, and after a short engagement, returned to the old position, the ends of the reconnoissance having been achieved. The rain still continued to fall in torrents; and even in victory, outside surroundings were disagreeable enough.

On the Fifth of July about noon, commenced the following up of the enemy. A march of some six miles was made, when the rear guard of the enemy was overtaken, where a slight skirmish was indulged in, a few shells, probably as a parting token, scattering their complimentary fragments round about; but yet neither party specially desirous of giving or bringing on a battle.

July sixth proved to be a very foggy and stormy day, while the roads were heavy, rendering marching very slow and tedious. But yet the afternoon of the day was devoted to that work, though permitted to go into camp at night.

July seventh. To-day the regiment made a march of twenty-four miles. At its close the men were very tired, and rest was truly sweet.

A portion of the night of July eighth was spent upon the march. It rained very hard, and the night was very dark. In the progress of the march, it became necessary to climb over a mountain. The road, it was so called, was but a foot-path, only about wide enough for a single file. The regular road being needed for pushing forward the artillery, this rough foot-path was all there was left for the infantry. Up—up—up—the path seemed to have no end. The mud rendered it very slippery, and the extra efforts required, made it more arduous for the men. Owing also to the narrowness of the way, and to a division which was in advance, the progress was very slow. It was so dark, that one could form no idea of the height of the mountain they were to go over; and tired—wet—hungry—the boys kept hoping against hope that they were nearly to the summit. To say that there was no growling, and various expressions indicating anger and irritability upon the part of most everybody, would be to state an absolute untruth, and to record an absolute impossibility. They were inseparable with hard work, and were deemed by many as essential to keep up the men's spirits. Along the side of the narrow path could be seen increasing numbers of "played out" soldiers, who had lain down exhausted; and as the ascent grew steeper, ludicrous mishaps were experienced upon every hand. One mounted officer's cook,

with a lot of live hens attached to his saddle, in attempting to keep his seat, pulled his horse from the perpendicular to the horizontal position, and cook, horse, and hens rolled down an embankment together. The difficulty experienced of climbing over fallen trees, rocks, etc., in pitch darkness, suggested the idea in one Yankee's head, of lighting his bit of candle. His example was soon followed by one after another, until a continuous line of twinkling lights could be seen up the steep sides of the mountain. Their insignificant glimmer afforded a little cheer to the men.

It was nearly midnight before our own boys began to fall out through sheer exhaustion; and by one o'clock, the time that the regiment halted upon the summit of the mountain, there remained about twenty or twenty-five men with the colors, who at once dropped upon the ground, and were soon asleep, notwithstanding the falling rain.

In the morning a "village" (?) was found on the summit which was called Hamburg, but the boys soon changed the name to what they considered as more appropriate, "Humbug," as there were only one or two houses, and a population not exceeding five.

The regiment remained at this point until about nine o'clock, when the most of the absentees having come up, they were again on the move. The view from the mountain in a perfectly clear day must have been beautiful. This day it was somewhat obscured, but yet it was very fine. Antietam, Frederic City, and other points of interest lay opened out before the

delighted eye. Vast fields of grain waved in the valleys below, while the groves and the small streams, and the snow-white cottages formed a lovely landscape, almost repaying one for the considerable trouble to which he had been to catch a glimpse of one of Nature's best paintings, though I do not suppose that object was at all considered when the troops were ordered over the mountain, but presume it was intended to take the shortest way to find the running rebels. A march of eight miles was made, and again the regiment was in camp, and this time short of rations, so much so that at night many sought their sleep with almost empty stomachs. A furious storm raged for a little while—in the minds of the troops, finding occasional demonstrations through their lips, about general commissaries. But that did not materially help the case. The next morning brought a generous supply of rations, however, which caused a great rejoicing; and strict attention to the business of devouring them, was given by all.

At five o'clock, July tenth, the command was on the march, advancing up to Antietam Creek, until they found the enemy in force, and then the regiment was sent out on picket. Considerable firing was indulged in between the two lines. The Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania which was on picket below the bridge, had some killed and quite a number wounded during the night.

The next morning, the Fifth was relieved by the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania. Sharp skirmishing was indulged in all day between the two lines, though no general engagement followed.

Five o'clock on the morning of July twelfth, found the troops again in motion, the advance being made toward Hagerstown. A detail of skirmishers was sent out from the various regiments of the division, to open the way for the general advance. Some sharp musketry was interchanged; but the enemy seemed to fall back before the advance, and soon the town was once more in Union possession. Secession did not have much sympathy in Hagerstown. The people seemed rejoiced to see the stars and the stripes again; while their actions indicated that their hearts were with the Union soldier. In the afternoon, another advance was made, the Sixth Corps leading, moving on to a place called Funkstown. At this place the enemy were found in considerable force, and a battalion consisting of three companies from each regiment in the brigade, was sent out to engage them. The fight was sharp, but of not long duration, resulting in the repulse of the enemy, and inscribing another victory upon our banners. In this fight, Lieutenant John A. A. Packard was severely wounded, and several men whose names I cannot now obtain, were also wounded while gallantly performing their duty. The position thus gained was held for two days.

Though the next day proved to be stormy and disagreeable, yet the time was diligently occupied in throwing up breastworks and digging rifle-pits, and listening to the picket-firing, which at times was sharp and brisk, and then succeeded by comparative silence.

On the fourteenth, another advance was made to

Williamsport. At this place the enemy were again encountered, and a sharp fight occurred between the Sixth Corps, in which the Fifth Maine was somewhat engaged with the enemy, and which resulted in the rout of the foe, and the capture of about fifteen hundred prisoners by our troops.

For a few days, I present a brief diary of movements, and which generally, were without much interest, though they indicate hard labor upon the part of the men.

July 15th. The command moved away from the river toward Boonsboro, at which point they bivouac for the night.

July 16th. To-day the regiment marched to Berlin, thence to South Mountain, over which they passed, and thence to Petersville, where they go into temporary camp.

On the 17th, the rain poured in torrents, though portions of the army were in motion. From what data I have at my command, I judge the Fifth was not again upon the march until the twenty-third, when they were aroused at three o'clock in the morning, and marched for White Plain, which place they did not reach until about noon. Gladly they improved the opportunity to rest, after such a hard, tedious movement.

On the twenty-fourth the onward march was again resumed, moving on toward New Baltimore; but the day's work did not end until eleven o'clock in the evening. The weather was hot and very sultry.

Reveille sounds early on the morning of the twenty-fifth, and soon the command was on its way toward Warrenton, which place was reached about the middle of the forenoon.

Moving on the twenty-sixth about one mile out of the village, the brigade went into camp in a beautiful location, and which place they were destined to occupy for some considerable time.

An inspection was held upon the next day, and most certainly the regiment and brigade looked remarkably well, considering the severe marches to which they had been subjected, and the arduous nature of the campaign.

Breathing away the time with nothing special to do save the light routine of camp duty, the regiment and brigade remained in this vicinity until the sixteenth of September, a period of over seven weeks, with only one or two incidents, of any special note, to break up the monotony. One of those was the execution of one of the members of Company D, who, upon the fourteenth of August was shot to death by sentence of general court-martial, for the crime of aggravated desertion. To all external appearances, at least, he met his death calmly. The entire division was drawn up to witness the tragic scene. Forming three sides of a square, with open ranks sufficiently wide for a team to pass between, the men facing inward, the execution party appear at one opening, and proceed to march between the ranks, until all the troops are passed. The order of the procession was, usually, first

a guard, followed by the shooting detail, then the culprit in an open baggage-cart, seated upon his coffin, and usually attended by his religious adviser, while these were followed by another guard, and all under the charge of the officer of the day or the provost marshal.

As soon as the procession began to move, the band or drum-corps stationed at the right of each regiment commenced playing the death march, the most melancholy and soul-depressing piece of music ever written upon five bars. The whole arrangement was calculated to awe the victim. Generally, it had the desired effect. Some men had to be supported during the entire movement of the procession. Not so in this case. The culprit seemed to have estimated the necessary amount of nerve which was requisite to carry him through, and prided himself upon being able to exhibit it. As he passed our regiment he waved his hand, saying, "good-by, boys." Reaching the outer side of the square, the procession halted, the culprit alighted, and, after being blindfolded, knelt upon his coffin, and at a given signal the shooting party, which consisted of six men, discharged their pieces at the heart of the deserter. He fell without a groan. One of the guns was without a ball, and as the guns were handed to the men loaded, yet with the knowledge that among them was one which had no ball, each hoped that it was his, and thus escape the consciousness of having been one to shoot down a fellow being.

Immediately following the discharge of the mus-

ketry, the command closed ranks, broke into column, and marched past the body of the culprit who lay just as he fell, that all might read the lesson of the results which follow treachery and desertion. It was a most awful sight.

Anticipating, perhaps, that our officers were enjoying their peace too much, some of the Johnnies conceived the idea that it would be an excellent plan to give our general a little shaking up, and to throw our camp into confusion. So on the fifth of September, about nine o'clock in the evening, a body of some of the enemy's cavalry, commanded by the noted Dick Lewis, attempted to carry their idea and design into execution. Our brigade was detached from the rest of the army, laying about five miles distant, and occupying the position of a corps of observation. A picket-line, about one mile in diameter, was thrown out around the brigade. The head-quarters of the general were near the picket-line on a hill a little south of the village of New Baltimore; and though extra vigilance was not deemed as absolutely necessary, as no heavy force could reach the brigade without warning being given it in season to rejoin the main army, yet a sharp lookout was kept for the little bands which hovered around the lines, and who might put the troops to some considerable trouble.

Well, upon the evening mentioned, when all was silent, suddenly a band of horsemen approached the lines. At once the sentinels fired their alarm. To this the horsemen responded with the sharp crack of their

pistols, and with loud yells, pressed down toward the general's head-quarters. The long roll at once beat, the men were almost instantly in line. Down dashed the horsemen. They neared the tent. Catch the general asleep? Not much. Seizing his pistol, he dashed outside, and opened a sharp fire upon the intruders. Shot after shot was fired into his tent, striking in and about his bed; but their intended victim was not there. In the mean time the guards were closing around, and apprehensive of their own safety, the rebels, without stopping to do any more damage, wheeled their horses and dashed out of camp, and escaped under the cover of the darkness. It was a bold raid, although many considered it as poorly executed.

Apprehensive lest there might be other bands lurking in the vicinity, a scouting expedition was planned; and, on the morning of September 7th, at about two o'clock, our regiment, with small detachments from one or two other regiments, was sent out, and spent nearly the entire day in exploring the vicinity. Nothing of special interest was seen or occurred; and at night the troops returned to camp, satisfied of safety for the present at least. The raid, however, afforded a theme for conversation for some considerable time.

On the fifteenth of September, orders came for the brigade to be ready to move, and at five, A. M., on the sixteenth, they were again on the march, advancing as far as Warrenton where they camped for the night. The next day they proceeded as far as Culpepper,

where they again encamped; and as no one seemed to be in any haste about crushing out the rebellion, it was thought that the command might as well remain at that place as anywhere for a few days; and so another delay was made, and another quiet season indulged in.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On picket at Rapidan. More movements backward and forward. Advance toward Rappahannock Station. Enemy found. Position at the station. Advance of Fifth Maine and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York. Glorious charge upon the enemy's works. Gallant action along the enemy's pits. Grand victory. A few stirring results of the victory. Order from regimental head-quarters regarding the battle. Rebel flags captured. Advance movement. Rest at Hazel river.

Our camp-life, which had extended over a space of two or three weeks, again ended on the morning of October fifth, when orders from head-quarters directed us to strike our tents, and to enter upon a tour of picket duty near the Rapidan. Our corps was directed to relieve the Second Corps, which had been upon duty at that place for about four weeks. Changes were sometimes pleasant, and this proved to be a pleasant one to us. The duty was light, though at no time without its responsibilities and possible dangers. Quiet reigned throughout the lines, whether to our real satisfaction or not, I cannot well determine. The beautiful weather added to our comfort; and so long as our commanders did not see fit to place upon us the severe burdens of campaigning, we could see no harm in enjoying the few pleasures which even a soldier's life afforded.

Our picket-tour, however, did not continue so long as was at first anticipated; for, at the expiration of six days, we again packed up our effects, and commenced a rear movement, marching, upon the tenth of October, back to Culpepper. What few inhabitants there were left in such places as Culpepper, Warrenton, etc., manifested the most insolent disposition toward us, as we passed through their "sacred" streets. Those who were once styled as ladies, hesitated not to heap the most opprobrious epithets upon the soldiery, frequently using language which would put almost a Five Point rough to shame. No notice was taken of them, while their rage and indignation was allowed to boil on.

Reaching Culpepper we made coffee, and, partaking of a hasty meal, proceeded down the railroad, marching as far as Rappahannock Station upon the northern side of the Rappahannock river. Weary and tired, the men slept sweetly and soundly that night. The following afternoon, learning that the enemy were following us up too closely, and would not hesitate to interfere with our business provided opportunity offered, we thought it best to acquaint them with the fact that we were posted in their movements; and hence we recrossed the river, and engaged the rebels' advance guard, driving them back, and earnestly admonishing them, with a brisk and well-directed fire, to be careful how they ventured too near our troops. They speedily sought refuge back in the town of Culpepper, while we, to perform our part in the great

tragedy, fell back ourselves to a point called Bristow Station.

On the fourteenth of October we resumed our backward movement, marching as far as Chantilly, a point between Centreville and Fairfax Court-house. Here we went into camp in a lovely place, as beautiful and pleasant as we could ask, yet we could not resist the query among ourselves, why this backward movement was being made, if our object was to *go* to Richmond; nor why we should give up so much advance ground for which we had been fighting so long to gain. Yet our business was to mind our own business, and, resigned, allow the powers that were to act as foolish as they chose with us.

We had scarcely got settled, before an alarm spread through the camp that the enemy was advancing, and we were ordered to prepare at once for action. Determined this time to have the advantage, we at once threw up earth-works, resolving to give the rebels a warm welcome, provided they came upon us. Of course all was excitement and expectation, and every picket-gun was interpreted as the commencement of a mighty battle. How strong we felt behind those earth-works! It seemed much better than to stand out upon open ground to be shot down from *behind* earth-works. News reached us that the enemy were indeed advancing—were only a short distance away; but alas! for the hopes of those who expected to fight behind breast-works, it proved to be only a reconnoissance of the enemy to discover our whereabouts and

the strength of our position; and away they marched, leaving us in quiet possession of the field.

We remained in this place about five days, when we again strike tents, and, abandoning the retreat, conclude to resume the advance. Nothing of interest occurred for two or three days, save that our marching brought us back to the vicinity of Warrenton, where we were destined to remain a little over two weeks. If our coach was slow in the early part of our service, we could not help asking, what was it now? Methinks that even at this late day, those roads would look familiar to almost every man in our command, if he was to visit that locality, so frequently did we march and counter-march in that vicinity. Yet I suppose that there was wisdom in all this; but to us it was a blind exhibition of it. Our policy seemed to be to fall back when the rebels were advancing, and to advance when the rebels were falling back. It used to remind us of two boys, who wanted to fight most terribly, but whose real status was, "one was scared, and the other durstn't." I quote the boys' expression as conveying what many of us conceived to be the condition of men in power upon both sides.

Swiftly the time flew by until the evening of the sixth of November, when orders were promulgated to the various commands to be ready to move at an early hour upon the following morning. Whether backward or forward was to be our march we could not determine; but, nevertheless, preparations were made with an accustomed promptness and dispatch.

At seven o'clock the next morning the columns began to move, and we soon discovered that our movement this time was forward. The Johnnies were, of course, supposed to be running, and we marched along in peace. The morning was beautiful, just cool enough to march easily and comfortably. We moved on with the usual route step, conjecturing, querying, and speculating regarding the result of our enterprise this time. Soldiers were great speculators in their minds. Halting about noon to prepare our dinner, which really did not require or consume much time, our reveries, if any were indulged in after the inner man was duly strengthened with pork, bread, and coffee, were suddenly disturbed by the roar of artillery and the sounds of sharp musketry some distance in our advance. "Fall in," came the order, which was obeyed with a promptness and a will. We seemed now to be moving with some real purpose in view. For some time the sound of conflict continued, perhaps for an hour, and then all was quiet. Expectations of a brush with the enemy, so far as we were concerned, seemed to die away; yet it was evident from general appearances that we were being hastened to some point, and possibly our services might be required in support of some movement important in other portions of the army.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, we found ourselves in the vicinity of Rappahannock Station, a position which, but a few weeks before, we were in quiet and undisputed possession; but which, from all

that we could then learn, would cost us much precious blood to regain. We had been marching through heavily timbered land, when almost suddenly we came upon an opening stretching away for a mile or more to our right, and extending to the banks of the river. This opening reached for a long distance up and down the river, and was very free from trees or other obstructions, thus rendering all operations upon that field in full view of the enemy. Halting in the edge of the woods, we had an opportunity to glance around us, and perceive our situation.

From our position to the banks of the river, which were quite high above the water, the ground was gently rising. Upon the banks of the river the enemy had thrown up one or two forts, which were protected by a battery of ten pound guns; and, stretching out for a third of a mile upon the right, and for a short distance upon the left, were strong lines of breast-works and rifle-pits, all commanding the open ground in their front. These pits and works could be easily discerned; and, with the naked eye, we could see that they were full of men, and who were no friends of ours, as a shot or two from their guns on our first appearance, loudly informed us. Two or three of our batteries were in position, but at this time, they were remarkably quiet. Before our arrival it seems that a portion of our corps, in which the noble Sixth Maine bore a most conspicuous part, had stormed these works; but the fire of the rebels was

too severe for them; and, after one or two attempts to take the fortifications, each one of which were failures, though almost successes, they were compelled to fall back, and leave the enemy masters of the situation for a time. Later in the afternoon, the exact time of which I have no data, the Sixth Maine ahead, supported by the Fifth Wisconsin, made a brilliant charge upon the left of the enemy's position, sweeping over his works, and though the attack of the rebels upon their line was terrible, our boys proved too much for them, and secured an important foothold upon the rebels' strong position. The severity of their fighting (the Sixth Maine), may be inferred from their terrible loss of sixteen officers, and one hundred and twenty-three men killed and wounded. Nobly they sustained their glorious name and record of the past; and it is with pride that we can point to the Sixth Maine and pay it our highest praise for their noble work in that day's conflict.

An advance of our lines could only be made in full view of the enemy, and, if he so chose, under his fire. To move across that plain under cannon and musketry a full mile, seemed to us to court all the opportunities to secure death and disaster possible. As we contemplated the position, I do not think any hearts were very light or buoyant, nor did it add to assurances of success when we saw that our artillery would be of little or no avail in case we made a demonstration. It did seem to us that if we did attempt an advance, it must be with our eyes wide open to the certainty of a defeat.

I should have mentioned before that our brigade was at this time commanded by Colonel Emory Upton of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Regiment, which had been for some months brigaded with our regiment, a man in whom the officers and men had considerable confidence.

It may have been about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the colonel's assistant adjutant-general rode up to Colonel Edwards, and directed our regiment, in company with the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, to fall in, and we were at once placed in line of battle, and prepared for an advance. In our rear were the Ninety-fifth and Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Regiments. At the order "forward," the first two regiments advanced in line from under the cover of the woods, and commenced their march across the open plain. Two single regiments, both of them numbering less than six hundred men, all alone, moving directly toward the enemy's works; works so strong, and which it seemed to us would require ten times our force to even present an ordinary hope to gain, what could it mean? Surely, we were not expected to take the whole rebel army, or wrest some of its brightest jewels from it; this could not be. It bore a very strong resemblance to the boy David going forth to meet the giant Goliath. But if we were the boy, we, by our action at least, indicated that we felt pretty large, or else were supremely ignorant regarding the danger which threatened us upon every hand. Steadily our boys advanced, however, openly, and, at

heart, defiantly. If the enemy were astonished to see that handful of men thus bearding the lion in his den, *we* were astonished that he did not open upon us his whole battery, and exterminate us at once. As the distance decreased between us and the foe, the shells which came for a little season quite fast and thick, admonished us to keep well off, an admonition to which we did not seem to pay any respect or attention. It seemed to be a bold advance which we were making, alone and unsupported as advancing lines are usually supported; yet on the regiment moved as though the entire Northern army was at its heels. What view the enemy may have taken of our movement, it is difficult to determine; but from the fact that they contented themselves with only comparatively light artillery practice at our heads, we may have been regarded as a corps of observation, or a force sent out to establish a picket-line; and hence scarcely worthy of notice.

Possibly we might have approached to within five hundred yards of their works, and formidable enough did they look to us, when a few shells seemed to say to us, you are near enough, and we were at once halted, and there in the very face and eyes of the enemy, so as to speak, who, should they see fit, might almost crush us at a blow, we very quietly proceeded to stack our arms and rest. At this moment, a piece of bursting shell struck down Lieutenant-colonel Millett, and he was borne to the rear, and rendered incapable for duty for some months.

Scarcely were we in position, when out upon the air upon our left, rung the wildest yells, with a grand chorus of cheers and musketry. It was an exciting moment. Inspired with a mighty will and resolute courage, the Sixth Maine had dashed upon the enemy, and captured a part of his position. We expected every moment to see the rebels leap over their other works, and bear down upon us; but such did not seem to be the order of the day.

Stacking arms, the men proceeded to kindle fires, and make their coffee. There was not, however, much peace to be taken at that supper, out there comparatively alone, and not knowing what whim might seize the rebs, and, at the same time, they seize us. To our comprehension, the whole movement was shrouded in mystery.

We could not have been in this position long, before night closed in around us; and, having nothing better to occupy our time or our attention, the greater portion of our little force made their preparations for the night; and without fires, tents, or shelter of any kind save a single blanket, they laid down to sleep and to rest.

The night was dark. No moon to light up the surroundings, and to make the hours pleasant to the sleepless. The stars themselves seemed to hold back a little of their usual radiance, lest too much cheer might surround us. A faint, only a very faint starlight beamed in through night's mantle; and while there might have been those who might have wished

for more light, yet for us, darkness proved to be preferable; in fine, it proved to be the instrument of our salvation.

It had got to be between eight and nine o'clock, I should think, in the evening, when all was still and quiet as silence itself, when the order was whispered from one to another "get up quick; fall in; silently and lively." This being turned out so unceremoniously was not at all times agreeable; but, nevertheless, upon this occasion it required but a very few moments to execute the order, and soon the line of the two regiments was formed, and in readiness for movement. The Fifth Maine was in a single line of battle. The One Hundred and Twenty-first New York was in close column by divisions, presenting a much shorter front than that of the Fifth. For a season we were in the blackest ignorance of what was designed to do with us; but, of course, with our little band we expected to fall back as had been our usual custom for some weeks when we had come up to the enemy. Every movement was conducted as silently as possible; for, whatever might be the nature of our action, it was not desirable to give the enemy any alarm, or give them any premature information regarding our intentions. Colonel Upton rides along the line and gives his instructions. We were to advance. Before us was the enemy and his position. We, a handful of men, were to storm them under the cover of the friendly darkness. Our commander relied upon the faithfulness of his troops, and also

upon our ability to take those works, and thus accomplish one of the most brilliant labors of the war. We were to advance in good time, and in silence until the proper time. Colonel Edwards directs that when the first gun is fired from the rebel works, that his men shall lie down at once, unslung their knapsacks, and allow the volley which we expected we might receive, to pass over us instead of into us. This is simply a synopsis of instructions. Under the cover of the darkness, it was hoped that we might near the works without being perceived, and thus be able to "steal a march upon the enemy."

All being in readiness, with firm step, five hundred and fifty men move forward, a forlorn hope almost, sent to do the work which five thousand men could not have done by daylight. Noble spectacle—the devoted consecration of men to a service where they looked boldly into the face of death, and yet hesitated not, but moved on, regardless of results if duty was only done.

Up the gentle slope those devoted men march. Not a sound breaks the stillness of the evening. Men's hearts almost cease to beat. The eye strains to pierce the darkness. Nearer,—nearer,—nearer the boys in blue approach the den of the foe. It is life or death, it is victory or a rebel prison. Ten thousand thoughts flash through the brain, yet not a thought which checks a single step. On moves that devoted band. "Steadily," whispers an officer. The moment for work has come. A flash, a bullet sings by our

colors. Quick the alarm rings through the enemy's works. Another flash. "Lie down," "unsling knapsacks," is the quick order of Colonel Edwards. At the next instant, from over the rifle-pits, flashes a full volley of musketry. The prostrate position of the men had saved great slaughter. We see our position. Not a dozen rods are between us and the rebel breast-works. Their volley had told us plainly that the rebel force was heavy. The leaden hail sweep over our ranks for a moment. Darkness closes in. "Fifth Maine and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, honor the flag of the United States; forward," was the speech of the plucky Upton. Down went knapsacks in a twinkling. "Double quick! Charge!" shouted our commander. Like tigers eager for their prey, our boys spring forward with a yell which was both terrible and deafening. In an instant, almost, before the rebs had a second opportunity to fire, our boys were in the rifle-pits, had gained the breast-works, swinging and thrashing their bayonets right and left. "Quarter," cries the reb. "Surrender," roar the boys in blue. "Forward" is the impetuous order of Edwards, who with sword in hand, was rendering brilliant service, leading on his column, a brave man at the head of brave men. Over the works, up into the fortifications, our boys rush like a whirlwind. On every side, the enemy throw down their guns, crying for mercy. Hand to hand was now the conflict. A few shots received answers from our bayonets. The enemy saw only death before them.



The Charge at Rappahannock Station.

"Quarter," was the cry from all sides. The works were ours, and the band of five hundred and fifty men were victorious. A most glorious achievement, and one of which all might well feel proud.

One circumstance conspired greatly to aid us in our achievement and victory. In the very first assault, so surprised were the rebels, that, in many instances, almost whole companies surrendered up to two or three of our boys. These were speedily hastened to the rear, and going in various directions, as one peered through the darkness, there was the appearance of huge bodies of troops in motion, though they were the rebels themselves being marched away. Yet to the disordered minds of the enemy, they might have almost thought that the whole Union army was upon them. Captain Walker of Company "I" was assigned to the duty of receiving and guarding the prisoners. It was exciting to see our boys come in with their captures. A single illustration must suffice. One little fellow in "II." company, Dennis Murphy, reported thirteen prisoners, big men all of them, given up by the little five-footer. Many others, whose names I cannot recall, did brilliant service in securing prisoners. As soon as the breastworks were gained, Colonel Edwards, with three or four men, swept down upon the right and compelled the surrender of a large portion of a Louisiana brigade. I find an interesting sketch of his adventure reported in a newspaper entitled "Yankeeism on the field." Says the writer,—

“Colonel Edwards took a few men from Company ‘G.’ and pressed on in quest of prisoners, supposing that some might be trying to get away in the darkness of the night. Following the line of fortifications down toward the river, he saw before him a long line of troops in the rifle-pits. Finding that he was in a tight fix, he determined to put on a bold face.

“Where is the officer in command of these troops?” demanded the colonel.

“Here,” answered a colonel, who was commanding the rebel brigade, “and who are you, sir?”

“My name is Colonel Edwards of the Fifth Maine, and I demand you to surrender your command.”

“I will confer with my officers first,” replied the rebel officer.

“Not a moment will I allow, sir,” said Colonel Edwards. “Don’t you see my columns advancing? (pointing to a large body of men marching over a slight eminence, but who were the rebel prisoners being marched to the rear). Your forces on the right have all been captured, and your retreat is cut off,” and, as the rebel commander hesitated, he continued, “Forward, Fifth Maine and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York!”

“I surrender, sir,” said the rebel commander quickly.

“Will you allow me the courtesy of retaining a sword that has never been dishonored?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Colonel Edwards, “but I will take the swords of those officers,” pointing to the colonels by his side.

They were handed to him.

“Now order your men to lay down their arms and pass to the rear with this guard.”

They obeyed, and a whole brigade of Louisianians permitted themselves to be disarmed and marched to the rear as prisoners of war by Colonel Edwards and less than a dozen men of his regiment.

This brigade was the first command ever assigned to the late “Stonewall” Jackson.

Many incidents might be introduced regarding this glorious achievement, but we have neither time nor space for only one or two. One simply showing an utter disregard for rebel rank was seen in the action of our grand color-bearer Bumpus, who being attacked by a rebel captain when on the fortifications, seized him by the hair of the head, throwing him headlong down an embankment twelve or fifteen feet, to the utter demoralization of said captain. The captain would not surrender to a soldier, and so the soldier made him surrender to the ditch.

At the time of the charge, there were in Company “K.” two brothers from Peru, Maine, named Frost. One was the file-leader of the other. As the regiment neared the works, the front rank brother was shot dead. Over the prostrate body, the living brother pushed on, thus closing up the ranks, entered the works, doing his whole duty, and, after the victory was gained, sought permission to go to the rear and pay the last kind offices of affection to his unfortunate brother. Such faithfulness to duty, stilling for a little time the promptings of the heart, till his

absence could not prove injurious to the regiment and to his comrades, deserves special mention. No nation can ever fall when she is supported by such stuff as this incident reveals.

The fight on the fortifications was but for a moment. To give up their colors was almost to give up their lives. Our engraving, representing the charge at Rappahannock Station, gives a true scene. On the breast-works, Lieutenant Lyon, commanding Company "K," with sword in hand demanded the color of a rebel color-sergeant. The sergeant draws his pistol upon the gallant lieutenant, but before he could discharge it, one of our own boys thrust a bayonet between the reb's ribs, and the color was borne away in triumph.

In connection with our charge, a detachment was sent around the fort, who cut the bridge leading over the river, and upon which the enemy intended retreating if so compelled, but which design was checked by thus effectually cutting off their escape. A few rebels got away by swimming the river. Finding all hope of escape gone, and believing themselves overpowered, they at once yielded up their position and themselves.

During this whole movement, advance, attack, triumph, *not a single gun upon our part was fired*, the bravery of our boys with their bayonets doing the work. *More than two hundred prisoners were captured.* The battle-flags of the four regiments who had opposed us were captured by men in our regiment.

It was a proud time for our boys; and the chagrin of the enemy can be, perhaps, more easily imagined than described, when they found to what a little force they had surrendered. Said the major of one of the Louisiana regiments, "this is one of the most brilliant things I ever heard of for *you*, and one of the most disgraceful for *us*."

Even at the risk of repetition, I must here introduce an order which was subsequently read on dress parade to our regiment, relating to this contest.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTH MAINE REGIMENT.
November 18, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 31.

The colonel commanding this regiment, desires to tender to the officers and men of this command his sincere thanks for the bravery and gallantry displayed by them at the recent battle of "Rappahannock Station" on the seventh inst. Directed by superior authority to charge one of the most formidable intrenchments of the enemy, exposed to his murderous fire, plunging into the work so unexpectedly, especially after a hard and tedious march, the firmness with which every member of this command moved forward in the valorous and energetic execution of his whole duty, neither faltering nor wavering for a moment, the resolute manner and soldier-like conduct of each and every man, call for a special return of thanks from the regimental commander who has been thus nobly supported in one of the most fearless and illustrious achievements of the war, gaining to each one the lasting plaudits and honors of an appreciative public. Under the cover of night, ignorant of what was before you, you charged the enemy in his pits, sweeping all before you; and though the first rumors published in our papers have not accorded you full justice, yet the colonel command-

ing assures you that all shall be done that is possible to award you due honors of your unquestionable gallantry. Over that portion of the enemy's works which you so chivalrously carried, were found the next morning over twelve hundred small arms; and to this regiment is indisputably awarded the honor of capturing four stands of colors, one caisson, besides many hundreds of prisoners.

You have all contributed everything within your power, facing the cannon's mouth, indifferent to your own personal welfare, following the standard of your nationality unhesitatingly, determined upon the downfall of traitors to your country, to your flag, to your prized institutions, to mantle the Fifth Maine Regiment with imperishable honor and glory; in a word, to make the command *what it is*. All honor to the officers and men of this regiment, honor which to you is *individually* due,—justly and nobly won.

And while we are permitted to enjoy the laurels which the gallantry of the regiment has won, let us not forget those noble and self-sacrificing comrades, who, fearing nothing, rushed on with the word "victory" upon their lips, till the fatal missiles of death cut them down in the very moment of our triumph. Forget not the example of the gallant FRENCH, who, lying wounded and in the very agonies of death, cried out, "don't stop for me, boys, but *on, on*," nor forget others, all known to you, who though suffering from the most severe and acute wounds, scarcely uttered a groan, smiling amid their agony as they listened to the victorious shouts of their triumphant comrades. Sacrificed upon the altar of our country, let us cherish their memories, emulate their examples, and glory will wreath our histories.

By order of

CLARK S. EDWARDS, Col. Comm'd'g. Regt.

GEO. W. BICKNELL, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant.

Our loss in this engagement was seven killed, including Lieutenants John S. French, of Company "B."

and William A. Tubbs, of Company "I." and twenty-eight enlisted men wounded, many of whom did not long survive their transfer to Washington, making an aggregate of thirty-five loss. Considering the length of the action, this loss was very heavy.

The rebel battle-flags were captured by the following wounded men.

Lieutenant ANDREW S. LYON, Company K., captured the Eighth Louisiana.

Corporal EMORY P. BLONDELL, Company D., captured the Sixth North Carolina.

Corporal THEODORE SHACKFORD, Company A., captured the Fifty-fourth North Carolina.

Private JAMES A. LITTLEFIELD, Company I., captured the Seventh North Carolina.

It was but a few moments after the decisive blow had been struck before the enemy were all taken care of, and peace and rest surrounded the field. Even though we had been blessed with such a success, we did not deem it best to waste too much of our precious time in talking it over; for we had learned that sometimes adversity follows the brightest prosperity. Besides, the labors of the day and the night had been extremely arduous, and nature demanded her rights, that we might be prepared for future duties.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and having disposed of our breakfast, we were soon again upon the march. We at once crossed the river, but found that the rebels had fled. We had captured the key to their position, and so they wisely took to

their legs. Evidences in the shape of half-finished log-houses, a well laid out encampment, indicated an intention upon their part to make that vicinity their winter-quarters. Our intrusion upon their plans evidently was not desired. But we could not stop to consult their feelings upon such matters. We at once pushed on, following them very closely, though they, having the start of us, were able to move more rapidly. We marched to a point near Brandy Station, where we went into temporary camp. The weather was now terrible cold, and huge log fires were appreciated.

On the morning of the tenth, a large detachment of the regiment, in company with a detachment from the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, proceeded in light marching order to General Meade's headquarters, for the purpose of presenting the flags which had been captured to the general. This public and noble recognition of our services was by the command of the general himself; and the reader may rest assured that it was appreciated. High compliments were bestowed upon the bravery manifested by the command, and thanks were especially expressed to the fortunate bearers of the trophies. It was a proud day for the boys, one which can never be forgotten. They returned to camp with light hearts, happy in a consciousness of duty well performed, and joyous over its honorable and meritorious recognition.

The following morning we marched some three miles, and went into camp near Hazel river, where we were destined to remain about a fortnight, when

another scene in the drama of our campaigning for eighteen hundred and sixty-three was to be enacted, before we should settle down into what we supposed must ultimately follow—winter-quarters.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Orders to move. On the march. Fatigue duty. Cross the Rapidan. Under fire. In the wilderness. Preparations for a charge. Enemy's position. Heroic appearance of the men. Enemy's strength too much. Troops fall back. Arrangements for camping.

A COLD storm had been raging for several days; but finally it cleared away, and, with the returning sunlight, it was deemed expedient to make another demonstration upon the enemy, and endeavor again to enact the *role* of "on to Richmond." So, stumbling along amid the darkness as well as he could, an orderly from the general's head-quarters appeared about midnight one night at the various colonels' tents in our brigade, and with grim tones, announced the instructions with which he was commissioned, for us to be ready to move at precisely six o'clock the following morning. It was generally understood that this advance meant work; that we were to push on until we found the enemy; and that, when we had found him, we were to give him a test of our pluck and strength in a regular pitched battle. So it seemed to be our lot that, upon the very day that our loved friends in New England were enjoying their annual thanksgiving, we were to be pressing forward to terrible conflict, and

many, we knew not who, to receive their death-blow. We had received indirect instructions the evening previous, that a movement might be expected upon our part, as the roar of cannon, not very far distant, indicated an uneasy feeling between the two forces.

At six o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth of November, we were all ready for a movement, and at seven o'clock we commenced our forward march. It was a bitter cold morning; and a brisk march, as ours proved, was indeed preferable to the slow, torturous movements which had frequently fallen to our lot. The roads were not in a very good condition; and so, after a march of a few miles, we found it necessary to assist the teams along, in many cases, the horses being unable to draw them through the mud-holes on the way. Our brigade was assigned to the duty of rear-guard of the division; and as it is usual for the teams to follow the troops, and they finding much difficulty in their passage, our duty was almost doubled.

"Hold on, a team stuck," cries somebody.

On go the ropes which were carried in case of emergency, and being manned, away pull the boys, defying all horse-flesh in getting a cart out of a bad place. There was one hole in particular where every passing team was sure to get mired. Here we labored in this fatigue duty for six hours. Sometimes down would break a cart. "Tip it over out of the way; demolish its contents," would be the instructions which we would receive, instructions usually

faithfully carried out, thus giving the boys an opportunity to display their destructive qualities, without any regard to Uncle Sam's pecuniary interests. Smashing up things was not deemed a matter of conscience in those days. Now don't let the civilian reader go into a long-faced homily over this evidence of depravity, and sigh over such wastes which have made taxes a little higher perhaps; for where the soldier, through what seemed necessity, caused a loss of one dollar to the government, too many are the instances where the man at home, through returns which he knew to be a little "irregular," has caused a loss to the government of tenfold that amount. So glide gently over these faults, dear reader, remembering that they are simply recorded here to carry the mind of the Fifth Maine soldier back and strengthen his recollection of the exciting scenes of by-gone days.

Well, we were speaking of a mud-hole in particular. Every team which was compelled to pass through it, and there were a good many of them, would sink in over the hubs, and which no horses or mules could draw out. So, in order to get on to Richmond, and carry our rations, the men must pull as well as march; and pull they did with a will and spirit. There we worked until nearly eleven o'clock at night, when our duty being accomplished, we marched onward for about one mile, and bivouacked for the night. Our thanksgiving dinner and supper that day consisted of fat raw pork, hard bread, and

cold water. We almost sighed for some of the good things which at home were freely given the dogs. I need not assure the reader, that, at the close of that day's work, we were all very tired.

On Friday morning at five o'clock we were again in line, and, soon after, we were pushing rapidly forward toward the Rapidan river, which we crossed at eight o'clock the same morning. Here we found a very large body of troops, some told us the whole army, massed and preparing to advance. About noon we were again in motion, but had proceeded only about one mile, before we heard heavy musketry in our front. The Third Corps had met the enemy, and all the afternoon the battle waged hot and fierce. Our corps soon assumed position, and about three o'clock we were advancing in line toward the battlefield. It did not require long to bring us within range, and for an hour or two our ranks received their full share of shot, shell, and bullets. Nearing a point within about five hundred yards of the rebel position, we threw up a sort of breastwork made out of fence rails. This answered as quite a protection from the enemy's musketry. We were acting as supports to another line immediately in our front, and which position prevented us from giving the enemy the benefit of any of our musketry, though we were compelled to receive heavy volleys from the foe. As soon as the sun had set, the enemy fell back, and left us in possession of the field. We were kept upon the alert, however, until nearly ten o'clock, when we were allowed to lie down and rest.

At one o'clock the following morning we were aroused, and at once put into motion, pursuing the enemy toward Robinson's Tavern, which place we reached about sunrise. Here we prepared and eat our hasty breakfast, and then were ready for the day's work. Skirmishing was going on in our front, and about eight o'clock we were deployed into line of battle, and advanced toward a piece of woods called the Wilderness. And indeed it was a wilderness,—truly and well named,—a wild forest, twelve miles square, with only an occasional opening, and with only one or two passable roads or paths through it. It was with the greatest difficulty that any sort of a line could be kept; indeed, it was most terrible marching. One could scarcely keep upon his horse, nor could we see either right or left or front more than a rod or two. But yet all things are possible, perhaps, at least we managed to advance a long distance, I cannot tell how far, perhaps three miles into this forest, to find the rebs. I know we kept going on, on, bearing with us most anxious hearts, and expecting a volley from the infantry, or destruction from some masked battery, every moment. Finally, we reached the top of a hill, which overlooked a plain beyond, and also another gentle rise less than a mile away, but upon which the enemy were posted in one of the strongest positions we ever beheld. We reached this point about noon, wet to the skin, a severe rain having fallen all the forenoon.

At this point upon the hill we halted. We were in the advance, and so we thought the halt was given

in order that the remaining portions of the corps might get into position. Yet the afternoon passed and still we remained. Possibly we congratulated ourselves upon this, because when one is tired and cold and wet he does not have much encouragement or disposition to engage in mortal conflict. Skirmishing in our front, and cannonading on either flank, was in progress all the afternoon. We looked forward to the future with anxiety; and though ready to do our duty I believe, yet it was not unaccompanied with dread.

The next day was Sunday; and, strange to relate, it was a quiet and peaceful day, except a little picket firing along the line. Though the rain had ceased, yet it was cloudy and unpleasant. Besides, it was very cold, so cold that water froze hard. No fires were allowed either day or night, and hence, without our customary coffee, it was very tedious. During the day rumors spread through the camp that the next morning the ball would open in earnest. If fires were allowed, our position might be easily determined by the enemy, who might make it very unpleasant for us. So, running about to keep warm, the day passed, and probably all hoping that such another one would not fall to our lot again.

At two o'clock on Monday morning we were aroused from our restive slumbers, and, without waiting for any breakfast, our brigade commenced a movement to the right of our position. We marched perhaps half a mile, more or less, when we were halted,

and stacking arms, we remained "in place rest," anxiously awaiting orders. We knew something of what the plan of operations was to be,—to carry the enemy's position by storm. General Warren was to make a demonstration upon the left, the center was to be pressed forward, while our corps, by making a mighty charge, was to turn the enemy's flank. A very good arrangement, provided it might be successful.

The hours passed slowly; but finally daylight came, and we were enabled to perceive our position. Posted as before in the edge of a piece of woods, upon the summit of a rise of ground which lay before us, we had a full view of the field for the intended operations. From our front, the ground descended for a third of a mile, perhaps, though gently. At the foot of this descent was a narrow stream of water about four feet deep. Rising from this stream was another open space, filled with rifle-pits and breastworks of the enemy, terminating at its summit in woods, along the edge of which lay the enemy's artillery and army. Over this interval two-thirds of a mile, under the constant fire of the foe, to ford this stream, becoming thus thoroughly wet, the weather so cold that one's clothes must freeze in a short time, push over the well-filled pits of the rebel skirmishers and gain the enemy's position, and, in the mean time, give him an opportunity to mow down half of our men, and, in case of failure upon our part, kill and capture the balance, we were expected to charge and perform an almost

impossible task. Not a man in our command who did not realize his position. Not one who, as from under the cover of those trees he looked down and up that open space, did not see the letters death before his vision. Watch those men as one after another take a view of the situation. Not a word is spoken. All are silent. No discussion of probabilities. But you see the teeth set a little more firmly, the hand closes involuntarily. The step is heavy, but firm. There is a look of determined desperation. Every one has counted the cost. "Fall in," comes the order. Do those men hesitate? Not a man. No skulking, no going to the rear, no suddenly sick ones now. They know nothing but duty, and that duty is to obey.

Hark! a signal gun. The left throws itself upon the foe. Anxiously our men await their orders. The fight grows terrible. Every nerve is strained. The suspense is awful. See,—down dashes an orderly. A few words with our general. A whisper could be heard through the ranks. The brief conference is over. The news flies with lightning speed through the ranks. General Warren has failed! The enemy is too strong! We shall not charge!

I cannot describe the next moment. No cheering, no expression. But oh, such a sense of relief as over-spread those men, cannot even be imagined. It almost seemed as if they had been rescued from the very jaws of death. Not but that they would have obeyed orders to rush into any conceivable danger; but never before nor since had such an *universal* fate

seemed to hang over a command as would have hung over, and I believe attended us, had an advance movement, as proposed, been made.

On Tuesday morning the army began to fall back. The wounded were placed in ambulances, and for two days were jerked and jolted over the worst road possible to conceive. It lay through woods and fields, through brooks, ravines, over rocks, and almost every imaginable unevenness. Fancy the roughest wood road in our forests in mud-time, when wheels go nearly to the hub, then over rocks, logs, and stones, and you have a slight outline of the Virginia road over which the ambulances traveled. The route of the troops was a little better, though that was rough enough, and tough enough. After falling back some fifteen miles, we went into camp near the Rapidan, experiencing all of the sensations which accompany a party who has come out *second best* in any undertaking.

The next day our labor was mostly directed in assisting our teams along. The next, December third, we continued our retreating march, arriving about noon back to our old quarters, finding our camps in good condition, and every man ready to sing, "oh, ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness—out of the wilderness—out of the wilderness."

It became now the general conviction that we had done campaigning for a season at least; and that the sooner that we put ourselves into comfortable quarters for the winter, the better it would be. The very

cold nights, and the frost-tinged days admonished us that we could not hope for much favor from the outside weather. So when advised by authority to take such measures to make ourselves as comfortable as we could for an indefinite period of time, it was with a will that the men set themselves to the work of arranging their camp, and securing a comfortable home for the winter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Camp at Wellford's Ford, Hazel River. Its streets, tents, houses, guard and opera houses, chapel, etc., etc. Captain Walker's bridge. Leaves of absence and furloughs. Ladies in camp. Capture of Lieutenant John H. Stevens and men. Reënlistments. Amusements in camp. Reconnoissance from camp. A hard march back to camp.

THE camp which we now occupied, was hardly deemed desirable for permanent winter-quarters, and so permission was obtained from head-quarters for our brigade to cross over the Hazel river, which was rather a narrow stream, and pitch our camp in a magnificent grove back from the banks of the river, and upon high and dry ground. This was upon the property of John Minor Botts, a professedly strong Union man. We had learned much in the business of camp-making since our encampment at White Oak Church; and now the ingenuity of the men was displayed in erecting the best winter-quarters in the army. The timber upon the ground afforded abundant material, and which was used to most excellent advantage. Immediately upon entering upon this ground, the camp, with all of its streets, walks, parade, etc., etc., was laid out with scrupulous exactness; and every man was expected to conform to regulations. The

company streets were wide and neatly turnpiked. A side-walk about four feet wide, made of small limbs of trees about two inches through, lain down cross-wise and secured by long rails pinned to the earth, ran through every street, and also through other parts of the camp. This was a work which required some time and labor, but its appearance and convenience amply repaid the men for their trouble. One could step from any tent and traverse the entire encampment upon this walk.

The houses were built of logs split in two, the flat sides neatly hewn to a smooth surface and placed outward, presenting a neat exterior, the ends dovetailed, thus rendering them warm and tight. These houses were built about five feet high, and about six feet long and wide. The roofs were steep, formed of the shelter tents, thus affording plenty of height, and admitting the light. The interiors were models of neatness, nearly all of the walls being covered with paper and pictures. Each house was the quarters of four men, two bunks being placed one above the other, each wide enough for two, across the inner end of the house. The chimneys were built by the entrance of the house, and, throughout the camp, presented an uniform appearance. Though small, yet these houses were very comfortable and cosy and pleasant.

The head-quarters of the regiment were at the rear of the regiment, though facing the river. Trees were set out in front, presenting a very pleasant scene. The guard-house was a large log-house built expressly

for the purpose. In fine, everything throughout the camp was tasteful and pleasant. The quarters of some of the company officers were especially neatly arranged, as company was expected from the North.

Some days were expended in the arrangement of our camp, when the colonel commanding the brigade, desirous that the officers and men should not get rusty in military matters, inaugurated regular battalion and brigade drills almost every day. Schools of instruction for the officers in tactics were also re-established, and in which many made great proficiency. A thorough system in every department in the brigade was effected; and here it may be said, that the discipline was established by which such great results were effected in subsequent time. Our battalion drills were usually conducted in most excellent manner either by Lieutenant-colonel Millett, or Major Daggett. Our colonel was a magnificent fighter, but he hated the dull monotony of the drill-ground.

It has not been my purpose to eulogize any living men or officers, nor call special attention to any of their works, for the reason that such discriminations might be unjust to other members of the regiment whose gallant deeds would fill many volumes. I have preferred to give general outlines which would enable the Fifth Maine boy to refresh his mind relative to the scenes and events of the past. I cite the following incident simply to record testimony to the intelligence and mechanical skill of the troops from the Pine Tree State.

Preparatory to his great campaign in the spring of 1864, General Grant abolished the regimental Pioneer Corps; and in order to render that arm of the service more efficient, he organized what was termed the Division Engineer Corps. The First Division Engineer Corps was commanded by Captain Nathan Walker of the Fifth Maine. The Second Brigade of the First Division, of which we formed a part, camped, as I have said, upon the opposite side of the river from the main army, and occupying a position upon the extreme right of the army, our only communication with the main body was by a pontoon bridge which was extremely liable to be carried away by every rise of water in the river. Captain Walker was, therefore, directed to build a substantial bridge. Upon examining the resources at his command, it was found to consist of an axe and shovel to each man, one two-inch auger, one one-inch auger, one cross-cut saw, and one chisel. With this small complement of tools, and not a stick of timber cut, a trestle-bridge *two hundred and forty feet in length and twenty-five in height, together with seven hundred and fifty yards of corduroy road necessary to reach it, was built in three days' time*, employing less than a dozen men. It was constructed entirely of round timber cut from the woods, and would bear wagon trains or artillery. I venture to say, that, with such limited facilities, this piece of engineering skill and rapidity is seldom equaled. It was visited by General Meade and many other distinguished officers, who highly complimented the work

of our boys and their commander. Captain Walker's Engineer Corps rendered very efficient service during the active campaigning, in building bridges, roads, rifle-pits, and were under fire much of the time. It is generally supposed that the work of the Engineer Corps was one of safety. But in Grant's campaigns it proved to be vastly otherwise.

In the early part of our camp-life, orders reached us that leaves of absence and furloughs would be granted to Maine officers and men, a certain number to be absent at a time. These were precious seasons to those who were so fortunate as to secure them. To look *forward* fifteen days, it seemed a long time of happiness; to look *backward* when they had expired, oh how short, how brief!

A new feature during our stay in that camp, was presented by the presence of many ladies in various commands, wives of both officers and men. The ingenuity of each man who gained permission for his wife to visit him in camp, was displayed in fitting up the very best accommodations it was possible. Great care was exercised that there should be no impositions practiced. There were several ladies in our own regiment; and certainly their presence carried much cheer, not only to their own companions, but to all of the boys. One could not help noticing the feeling of refinement which a single lady would exert over the entire command.

On the fourteenth day of December, Lieutenant John H. Stevens of our regiment, was ordered, with a

detail of three or four men, outside of the lines of our encampment to procure some bricks with which to build fire-places. Nearly reaching the place designated, a band of guerillas bore down upon him, killing his horse beneath him, and finally capturing both him and his men. A tour in "Libby," and other Southern prisons, was the consequence of this. But it was no fault of Stevens that the boys did not get their bricks for which they were looking anxiously for some time. He showed fight; but surrender or death was his only alternative, and hence discretion accepted the former.

In the latter part of December, instructions were received by the different regimental commanders, that any enlisted men in their regiments might, if they chose, reënlist for three years more, or during the war; and that all of those who should thus reënlist, would receive the great bounties which were being offered and paid by towns, States, and the general government; and in addition thereto, thirty-five days' furlough would be granted. These inducements were supposed to be sufficient to awaken considerable enthusiasm. Many of the men had been away from home for two years and a half; and naturally their hearts turned with longing to their homes and to their friends. Thirty-five days' furlough! It seemed almost an age. So long did it seem in prospective, that one might have almost thought, from the action and conversation of some of the men, that there was a possibility of the war being actually over before it

could expire. The news spread like lightning. Re-enlist? Yes. What tempted those men? Bounty? No. The opportunity to go home. Ah, kind reader, no one who was at home can tell how the soldier's heart yearned for that sacred place. Oh, if they could only see home again, they were ready to risk anything and everything. The theme was upon all lips. It was reënlistment—furlough—home.

Yet there were some who would say, no, only six months more anyhow, and "then a big furlough." But others lived for the present. For a few days it was busy enough at regimental head-quarters. Re-enlistments were made every day. Nearly one hundred men in our own regiment signed their names for three years more. As soon as it was possible, they received their furloughs, and were on their way homeward rejoicing. With a great portion of them, money was nothing; and, free for thirty-five days, they spent it with a perfect abandon. But soon the thirty-five days rolled away, and back to the old camp-ground they came. There was sorrow on many a poor fellow's face as he reflected that he had rebound himself, and that possibly he had seen his home for the last time. The whole camp seemed gloomy for days after the reënlisted had returned.

I should have mentioned, in connection with our building-camp, our opera-house, which was legitimately, perhaps, a brigade arrangement, yet something in which our own men were interested, and rendered assistance. It was about forty feet long,

twenty wide, and perhaps ten feet high. It was constructed for the purpose of affording amusement and entertainment to the troops. The roof was formed of branches of trees laid upon rails stretching from one side to another. A stage was arranged at one end, and a curtain made of various materials, answered for a drop-scene. The seats were made by driving crotched sticks into the earth, and placing a round pole from one to the other. When one got weary sitting, he could stand. Blessed privilege! But then the arrangements were very good for an army concern. Entertainments were frequently given. The orchestra was a very good affair, as we had good musicians. The ladies in camp kindly donated their second-best dresses, and sometimes made costumes, which enabled various smooth-faced striplings to personate the ladies' part in the drama or comedy. Admission was always low, only one-fifth of a soldier's day's wages—ten cents. Full houses always greeted each performance, and which were generally given when the various members of the "star company" happened to be off duty at the same time. Everything was orderly, and the affair contributed much to the enjoyment of the boys.

A fine chapel for religious purposes was also erected in our regiment, the men being greatly interested, and laboring earnestly to carry out the wishes of our beloved chaplain in this respect. This was built of logs with considerable taste, and covered with a large canvas which was kindly furnished by the so-

called "Christian Association." Meetings were well attended, and the influence for good was daily experienced.

Races were a favorite amusement of the men in this camp. Some fine horses were owned by different members of the brigade, and an occasional test of speed, both in trotting and running, was sure to call out a crowd; and sometimes, I am sorry to say, a large part of a man's spare wages were staked upon the result. An amusing feature of these horse-races was the spectacle presented by a little darkey, perhaps ten or twelve years old, waiter of one of the officers, and who usually rode one of the horses in the race. As he came in on the "home-stretch," riding without saddle—holding on with both hands to the horse's mane—his eyes fairly sticking out of their sockets—his mouth wide open—his teeth shining like polished ivory—his body almost rolled up upon the horse's back—he presented a most laughable spectacle; while his "hi, hi, hi, i, i," in response to the applause which greeted his success, always provoked the greatest merriment. It was really worth something to see the little darkey rider.

Foot-races among the men were frequently indulged in, though not for the purpose of developing any *retreating* qualities. These were always exciting, and usually afforded themes for discussion and conversation for one day at least.

Base-ball and foot-ball were favorite amusements among the soldiers, and afforded recreation which was highly appreciated.

And thus passed the winter of 'sixty-three and 'sixty-four, a general routine of duty, with occasional excitements to prevent the ennui, and to break up the monotony.

The season passed with only one military demonstration; and which was a reconnoissance of the corps to Madison Court-house. Orders to be ready to march—no one knew where—filled the camp with surprise, and those who had wives with them, with consternation. But when another order came to leave each camp with a guard, men breathed easier, as it indicated that the movement was only of a temporary nature. So on the twenty-seventh of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, all of the able-bodied men were in line, and off upon a tour. The ladies, of course, were left behind; and who generally employed their time (I do not mean any disrespect) in considerations as to which way it was best to run, in case that the enemy swept down upon the camp. I verily believe that the Northern idea of a reb was nearly as horrid as the Southern idea of a Yank. But there was no attack, and hence no scare.

Our troops marched on through Culpepper to a place called James City, a city of about four or five houses, and camped for the night. It was understood that the infantry were supporting a cavalry raid. Early the following morning, we were again upon the march, moving slowly toward Robertson's river, and halting at a place about three miles from Madison Court-house. Here the troops rested for forty-eight

hours, when a cold rain-storm set in, to the terrible discomfiture of everybody. The cavalry returning from their tour dripping and forlorn, the duties of the infantry were closed; and, on the morning of the second of March, we turned our faces campward. The roads were terrible, the mud heavy, sticky, deep; yet before sunset—and the days were very short—the command marched twenty-eight miles, carrying their usual burdens, and *not a single straggler upon the route*. It was an exhibition of endurance seldom seen. That night all seemed to get rested, and the camp resumed its usual aspect of cheerfulness and activity. The health of the troops was remarkable during the entire winter; so that when the spring campaigns opened, there was no long list of sick and feeble for which to provide, for nearly all were in health and good spirits, ready to try again the troublesome and difficult road which led “on to Richmond.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

General Grant in command. Advance movements. Cross the Rapidan. In action in the Wilderness. Terrible fighting. General Sedgwick killed. Brief biographical sketch. The fearful charge of the tenth of May. Partial list of casualties.

GENERAL GRANT was now in command of the army, and it was believed that when the army moved, it would be to some purpose. The reputation which he had acquired in the West, the indomitable and invincible spirit which he had ever manifested, filled all hearts with the hope that there would be no end to the next movement, until the backbone of the rebellion was decidedly broken, and the confederacy emphatically crushed. So when finally, orders came for the regiment, in unison with the entire army, to be up and doing, there was a manifest cheerfulness with which the order was obeyed, for all believed more in work than in idleness. Even though the camp on Hazel river was pleasant and attractive, yet none desired to make it a permanent home.

It was on the third day of May, 1864, that the command again struck tents, and with knap sacks packed, rations and ammunition duly distributed, they were soon upon the move toward the haunts and retreats of rebellion and its armed supporters.

I regret extremely that I am not able to enter into the particulars of this campaign as I should like to. Unable to continue longer in the service than March, 1864, I am unable to present anything from the standpoint of my own observation. What is here given has been gleaned from conversations with various parties who were present during the campaign. For constant labor, persistent advance, and terrible fighting, nothing in the experience of the Fifth Maine ever excelled it. The remaining portion of the service of the regiment was one of constant labor, almost unceasing conflict, and which left their impress upon every feature of the noble band, which, in a few months, returned to their homes.

On the third day of May, as I have said, the regiment left camp, moving with the rest of the division rapidly out upon the road which leads to the Rapidan river.

Crossing the river at Germania Ford upon pontoon bridges which had been lain the day before, the regiment moved on about three miles to the south of the Ford, and went into camp. With appetites sharpened by their long walk, the boys were not long in placing themselves outside of their hard bread, pork, and coffee. There seemed not the least indication of the close proximity of the enemy, and with the bands playing as usual, and the pleasant camp-fires burning up bright and cheerful, this night's bivouac was rather of the jolly character.

Early the next morning, all things were in readiness

for a movement, and soon the command was again on the move. It was not long before scattering shots were heard in the distance; yet the prospect for a fight upon that day seemed very remote to regimental officers and their men, who had not quite so clear a knowledge or understanding of the situation as their gallant corps commander.

Advancing a short distance, the command entered a field, where a line of battle was formed. In their front was a thick piece of woods with heavy underbrush, and it was surmised that the enemy might be holding a position under the cover of this wood. They had now approached the Wilderness, a place made ever memorable by the hardships of the campaigns conducted in its dark retreats.

Entering this piece of woods, skirmishers were sent forward to feel the enemy's position, or rather to discover if there were any rebels in that vicinity. Advancing a little way, the line was halted, as indeed the underbrush was so dense it was highly dangerous to advance rapidly. A painful silence of some moments occurred, when a picket on the right of the line startled his comrades by exclaiming, "there is one of the rascals," and fired at what proved to be a dismounted cavalry man who had exposed himself by stepping out from behind a tree. This was enough to convince our men that the rebels were very near, and at once the whole line was advanced. Almost simultaneously with the advance, came a deafening roar of artillery, and shots and shells flew lively above our

boys. Yet on moved our brave lines. Cannon was not to awe the Union soldier. Hand to hand conflict was preferable to him. And soon it came. A few hundred yards of advance, and the quick sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a full volley of musketry, announced the presence of the rebel infantry. In this volley, Colonel Carroll of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, fell shot through the head. He was a brave and gallant officer. Several men were killed and wounded. One poor fellow lived just long enough to utter these words, which thrilled every one near him, "My poor mother. Oh! my poor mother. What will she say? O God, I have been so wicked. Forgive me, Jesus." He gave a single gasp, and was no more.

Engaging the rebels sharply, our men soon succeeded in driving them from their front, and a still further advance secured. A new position was now taken up, the Fifth Maine being posted on the side of a wooded hill, commanding a view of an open field beyond. The enemy occupied a position in the woods upon the other side of the field. There was considerable sharp rifle practice during the remainder of the day, which made it a little more safe to be behind shelter than to be exposed to rebel bullets.

Just about dusk, a detail was ordered from the regiment, in connection with the rest of the brigade, to relieve a picket line which was established in a sunken road in the open field in front. The enemy probably supposing that our men intended making a

charge, opened upon them a terrible fire of musketry. The air seemed to be alive with bullets sent out upon their death mission; yet strange to relate, two or three men were but slightly wounded.

The morning of the sixth found the regiment in readiness to repulse a charge which was momentarily expected; but which did not take place until late in the afternoon, when a furious attack was made upon the Third Division of the corps, resulting in a most disgraceful retreat. The Third Division, so called, had just been attached to the Sixth Corps; and being composed mostly of troops who had seen but little real fighting, had never earned a place in the famous old corps; nor would the boys afterwards recognize them as members of the corps.

Says Surgeon Stevens, in his History [of the Sixth Corps, upon the situation at this time,—

“The right wing, if not the whole army, was now in danger. It was at such times that the great spirit of the noble Sedgwick rose to the control of events. It seemed to require adversity to bring out all of the grand qualities of his nature.

“Rushing here and there, regardless of personal danger, he faced the disordered mass of fugitives of the Third Division, and with threats and entreaties, prevailed upon them to halt; and then turning to the veterans of the First Division, he shouted to them to remember the honor of the old Sixth Corps. That was an irresistible appeal, and the ranks of the First Division and of our Third Brigade were formed along

the turnpike, which was at right angles with our former position. The corps now charged upon the exultant foe, and forced them back until our breast-works were recaptured. But our flank was too much exposed; and again the enemy charged upon our front and flank, forcing the corps to wheel back to the turnpike where it had first rallied.

“General Sedgwick now ordered another charge, and bravely the men rushed forward to obey any order from the revered lips of “*Uncle John*.” The enemy was again forced back, and again the corps occupied the breast-works. It was now dark; but the roar of musketry, mingled with the deep-toned artillery, shook the ground, and the dense forests were lighted by the scores of thousands of flashing rifles which sent death to unseen foes.

“The corps had not recovered its line of works without sacrifice, for the ground was covered with our fellow comrades, while many more had been captured by the enemy. But we were now able to hold our ground. . . . Although, for a time, forced back by the surprise of the rebel onset, the old troops of the corps had shown no want of courage. *The Sixth Corps proper had not lost its pristine glory.*”

At midnight the command fell back upon the plank-road; and, taking up a strong position, they intrenched themselves, that they might be in readiness for the enemy. The following day was comparatively quiet, but little fighting taking place in the vicinity of the regiment.

Upon the night of the seventh was commenced that series of flank movements which gained great notice in this campaign. Moving to the left, the command passed, on the morning of the eighth, the Chancellorsville House, and also over a portion of the Chancellorsville battle-field of 1862. Large numbers of skeletons lay in the woods; and anon they came to some graves, so called, of Union soldiers, where a leg or an arm showed itself, all of whom, doubtless, were among those reported as "missing," with not enough of mother earth to cover their bones.

Heavy fighting seemed now to be in progress in the front of the Fifth, though at considerable distance. Pushing steadily forward, about two o'clock they arrived at the scene of action. To add to the horror of the scene, the woods in places were on fire; and many poor fellows of both armies, being wounded in the severe fight of an hour previous and unable to help themselves or escape from the flames, had been burned to death. The sight made the heart sick.

Immediately upon the arrival of the regiment to the scene of action, it was at once formed in position with an assaulting column; and, to our boys, the prospect appeared anything but cheerful. The rebel lines were admirably posted on a thick wooded crest, and their sharpshooters made every shot tell while our men were awaiting the order to advance. Shortly after the order to charge was countermanded, when a movement was made by our command to the right into a piece of woods where they were to bivouac for the

night. Soon after dark the teams came up with a supply of rations for the boys, which were thankfully received and in excellent demand.

This night was remarkable for nothing except false alarms, which kept the men in a constant state of agitation, and prevented, of course, much sleep. Some of the officers, after undressing three consecutive times only to be roused each time by a terrible fire of musketry, so close apparently, that haste was deemed necessary, and so much indulged in, that trowsers wrong side out or wrong side to, were not unusual sights, it was finally concluded to turn in fully armed and equipped, and let things take their own course.

May ninth was passed principally in skirmishing, but in which the Fifth was not actively engaged. During the day, while the regiment was making a short movement to their right, an head-quarter ambulance was seen driven at a rapid rate from the front, with staff officers and escort in attendance. Inquiries were at once made regarding who was injured. No satisfactory answer could be gained at the time, as it was desired to keep the real facts from the knowledge of the troops. But yet the truth soon became known that the gallant SEDGWICK, the brave "*Uncle John*," the noble corps commander, whom all the men respected and loved, was no more. A sharp-shooter had struck him down while he was engaged in superintending the placing of some guns. His death cast a gloom over the entire command; but fortunately a man and a soldier, who was already well known in the

corps, succeeded to the command; and though the men could not repress a sigh over the memory of the brave SEDGWICK, yet they were ready to do their whole duty under General WIGHT.

To surgeon Stevens' history I am indebted for the following sketch of General Sedgwick, which may not be uninteresting, and also for the description of the conflict of May tenth.

“Major-general John Sedgwick, who had been so long identified with the Sixth Corps, was a native of Connecticut. He graduated at West Point on the 30th of June, 1837, and was at once assigned to the Second artillery as second lieutenant. In 1839, he was promoted to first lieutenant. He served in Mexico, and was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. He was soon after brevetted major for gallant conduct, and greatly distinguished himself in the attack on Cosino gate, Mexico city. In 1855 he was made major of the First United States Cavalry, and served in Kansas until the breaking out of the rebellion. In March, 1861, he was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of the Second United States Cavalry, and in April promoted to the colonelcy of the Fourth Cavalry. He was made a brigadier-general of volunteers in August, 1861, and assigned to the command of a brigade in the Army of the Potomac.

“He was afterward assigned to the command of the Third Division, Second Corps, then under General Sumner. He participated in the siege of Yorktown,

and greatly distinguished himself in many battles on the Peninsula. He was particularly noted at the battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, and Glendale. His division was one of the few divisions of the Army of the Potomac that rendered any assistance to General Pope in his unfortunate campaign.

“At Antietam he led his men repeatedly against the rebels, and was as often forced back, until the ground over which his division had fought, was covered with the dead. He was thrice wounded, but refused to be carried from the field until faintness from the loss of blood obliged him to relinquish his command.

“In December, 1862, he was nominated by the president a major-general of volunteers, and was confirmed in March, 1863, to rank from the 31st of May, 1862.

“In January following his promotion, he was assigned to the command of the Ninth Corps, and on the 5th of February was transferred to the command of the Sixth Corps, relieving General Smith, who was assigned to the Ninth Corps.

“Soon after taking command of our corps, the famous charge upon Fredericksburg Heights was made, in which both the corps and its commander gained lasting renown. General Sedgwick was especially commended by General Meade for the manner in which he handled his corps at Rappahanock Station; and, in General Meade's absence, he was several times in command of the army. He was, on several

occasions, offered the supreme command of the army; but his excessive modesty forbade him to accept so important a command.

“No soldier was more beloved by the army, or honored by the country, than this noble general. His corps regarded him as a father, and his great military abilities made his judgment, in all critical emergencies, sought after by his superiors as well as his fellows.”

“Our position on Tuesday morning, May 10th, was the same that it had been the day previous. During the lull of battle on the 9th, both armies had gathered their strength, and perfected their plans for a renewal of the contest on a scale of magnificence seldom, if ever, witnessed by any army before. This was destined to be a day of fearful carnage, and desperate attempts on the part of each antagonist to crush the other by the weight of its terrible charges.

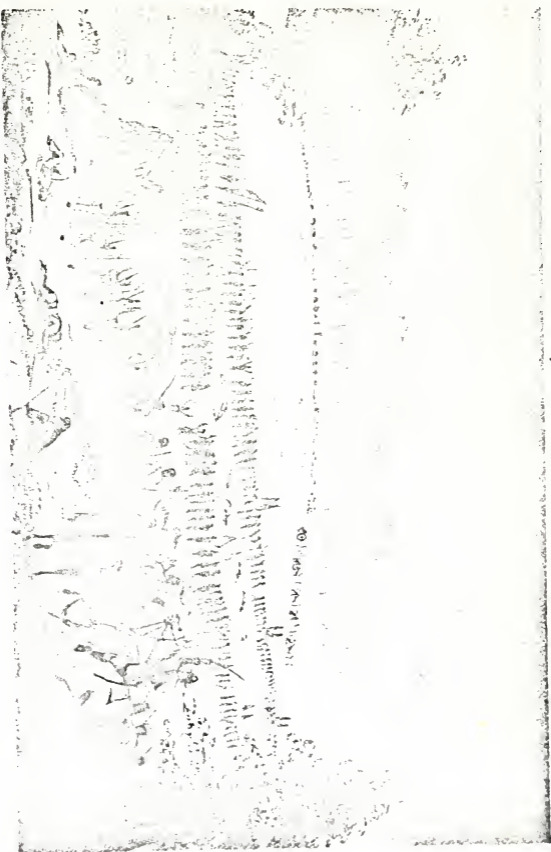
“Active skirmishing commenced along different portions of the line early in the morning, and continued to grow more and more general until the rattle of the skirmishers’ rifles grew into the reverberating roll of battle. From one end of the long line to the other, the tide of battle surged, the musketry continually increasing in volume, until it seemed one continuous peal of thunder. During all of the battles in the Wilderness, artillery had been useless, except where here and there a section could be brought in to command the roadway; but now all of the artillery on both sides was brought into the work. It was the

terrible cannonading of Malvern Hill, with the fierce musketry of Gaines' Hill combined, that seemed fairly to shake the earth and skies. Never, during the war, had the two armies made such gigantic struggles for the destruction of each other.

"At first, the heavy assaults were made against the right, Hancock's and Warren's corps sustaining the principal shocks. Massing their forces against particular points of the line held by these two corps, the rebel generals would hurl their gray legions like an avalanche against our breast-works, hoping by the very momentum of the charge to break through our lines; but a most withering storm of leaden and iron hail would set the mass wavering, and, finally, send it back to the cover of the woods and breast-works in confusion, leaving the ground covered each time with an additional layer of their dead. In turn, the men of the Fifth and Second Corps would charge upon their adversaries, and, in turn, they, too, would be forced to take shelter behind their breast-works. Thus the tide of battle, along the right of the line, rolled to and fro, while the horrid din of musketry and artillery rose and swelled as the storm grew fiercer.

"Meanwhile the Sixth and Ninth Corps were quietly awaiting events, and it was not till six o'clock in the afternoon that the Sixth Corps was called into action. Then it was to make one of the most notable charges on record.

"At five o'clock the men of the corps were ordered to unslung knapsacks, and to divest themselves of



Grand Charge May 10th 1864 near Spottsylvania Court House.

every incumbrance, preparatory to a charge. Colonel Upton, commanding the Second Brigade of the First Division, was directed to take twelve picked regiments from the corps and lead them in a charge against the right center of the rebel line. The regiments which shared the dearly purchased honor of this magnificent charge were, in the first line, the Fifth Maine, the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, the Ninety-sixth and the One Hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania; in the second line, the Seventy-seventh and Forty-third New York, the Fifth Wisconsin, the Sixth Maine, and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania; in the third line, the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Vermont. It was indeed an honor to be selected for this duty; but it was an honor to be paid for at the cost of fearful peril.

“The twelve regiments assembled on the open space in front of our works, then silently entered the strip of woods which was between our lines and the rebels. Passing through to the further edge of the woods, the twelve regiments were formed in columns of three lines, each line consisting of four regiments.

“As the regiments took their places, they threw themselves upon the ground, and all orders were given in suppressed tones, for the rebels were but a hundred yards distant in the open field, and the minies of their skirmishers were whistling among the trees and the brushwood.

“The other corps of the army were prepared in case this charging party succeeded in breaking the enemy's

lines, to rush in and turn the success into a rout of the rebels.

“At six o'clock all things were ready, and the artillery, from an eminence in the rear, opened a terrific fire, sending the shells howling and shrieking over the heads of the charging column, and plunging into the works of the enemy. This was the signal for attack, and Colonel Upton's clear voice rang out, ‘*Attention, battalions! Forward, double-quick! CHARGE!*’ and in an instant every man was on his feet, and, with tremendous cheers, which were answered by the wild yells of the rebels, the column rushed from under the cover of the woods. Quick as lightning, a sheet of flame burst from the rebel line, and the leaden hail swept the ground over which the column was advancing,—while the canister of the artillery came crashing through our ranks at every step, and scores and hundreds of our brave fellows fell, literally covering the ground. (The engraving accompanying gives a view of the position as the charge was made, the Fifth being on the left of the line.) But, nothing daunted, the brave fellows rushed upon the defenses, leaping over the ditch in front, and mounted the breast-works. The rebels made a determined resistance, and a hand to hand fight ensued, until, with their bayonets, our men had filled the rifle-pits with bleeding rebels. About two thousand of the survivors of the struggle surrendered, and were immediately marched to the rear under guard.

• Without halting for breath, the impetuous columns

rushed toward the second line of works, which was equally as strong as the first. The resistance here was less stubborn than at the first line, yet the gray occupants of the rifle-pits refused to fly until forced back by the point of the bayonet.

“Our ranks were now fearfully thinned, yet the brave fellows passed on to the third line of defenses which was also captured.

“It was but a shattered remnant of that noble column which rushed from the woods against the hostile works that reached this advanced point; and finding that reinforcements were reaching the enemy, while our columns were every moment melting away, a retreat was ordered.

“There was not even time to bring away the six pieces of artillery which had been captured; they were filled with sods and abandoned.”

I am informed by officers in our own regiment, that one reason of the fearful mortality in the regiment, and which occupied a position upon the left of the first line, was from the fact that the division which was to support, or protect their left, did not go forward; hence, when the advance was made and the charge partially perfected, the enemy wheeled round a part of his force, and poured in a terrible enfilading fire. With a fire in front, such a one as that was, and also one on the flank, it was surprising that a single man escaped. General Edwards, then colonel commanding the Fifth, informs me that in that fight the Fifth lost over one hundred out of his small battalion of about two hundred; and also that eleven officers

were either killed or wounded out of a complement of seventeen.

Every man who was reported "missing" in the Fifth in this action, proved afterwards to have been either killed or wounded.

Lieutenant O. B. Stevens, of Westbrook, and Captain Daniel C. Clark, of Portland, were among the noble dead. Captain Edward M. Robinson, of Anson, who had been previously twice wounded, was wounded terribly in both knees, as was also Captain A. P. Harris, of Portland. Captain John D. Ladd, of Saco, received a severe wound, and Lieutenant Sidney Hutchins lost a leg. I regret that I have no data to give a full list.

A brave little squad of the Fifth Maine and of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, having heard no orders to retreat, stuck to their position amid a terrible and increasing fire of bullets. Hemmed in on three sides, the devoted band hurled defiance into the teeth of the enemy. Perceiving the situation, Lieutenant Andrew S. Lyon volunteered the perilous task of going back to Colonel Upton for reinforcements. The gallant Lyon started on his dangerous mission, but was never seen afterward. The supposition is, that he was mortally wounded, dying in some field hospital of the enemy, and hastily buried. Our boys soon fell back from their position. The enemy taking up a new position during the night, the field was left to our men, who visited the scene of action, but could not find any of our dead or wounded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Continued movements. Position near the "angle." A deception—a charge—its terrible consequences. Trees cut off by bullets. Mortars brought to bear on the rebel position. Amusing incident of musical bravery. Cross river Ny. Retreat.

THE following day, May eleventh, the position which had been occupied before the charge was resumed. It had been deemed impracticable to longer endeavor to force the enemy back; and hence the desired result was to be attained through flank movements. There was considerable skirmishing along the lines, although the Fifth was not actively engaged. Says Stevens:

“During the night, the Second Corps, General Hancock, silently withdrew from the position which it had occupied on the right of the line, and, marching along the rear of the army, occupied a position between the Sixth and the Ninth Corps which was not before occupied. With great caution and silence, preparations were made for a desperate attack upon that part of the enemy’s lines fronting this position. This line here made a sharp angle, and by seizing this angle, it was hoped to turn the right flank of Lee’s army. Between the position of the Second Corps and the rebel works, the ground was covered with pines and underbrush;

and, as it neared the defenses, ascended abruptly to a considerable height.

“As soon as the gray light of the morn began to stream through the mists, all was in readiness for the charge, and, with the strictest orders of silence, the corps in mass advanced rapidly across the field, the thick fog concealing the movement. As the column neared the rifle-pits, a shower of bullets met it; but charging impetuously up the hill and over the works, the rebels, surprised and overpowered, gave way; those who could escaping to the second line in the rear, though thousands were obliged to surrender upon the spot, so complete had been the surprise. The victorious column now pushed on toward the second line of works; but here, the enemy, fully prepared for the attack, the resistance became more stubborn. The battle now raged with the greatest fury. The Sixth Corps was withdrawn from its position, leaving a strong picket-line to guard its front, and, marching along the rear of its works, joined in the attack with the Second Corps.”

The brigade, of which the Fifth Maine formed a part, went into action on the “double quick,” under a galling and severe fire, and took up a position to the right of a point known as the “angle,” which was indeed the key to the whole position of the enemy. This “angle,” so called, was strengthened by a huge breast-work of logs and earth, and was held by a force of Mississippi and South Carolina troops. The rain was pouring in torrents, yet the men readily obeyed

the order to lie down in the mud, and commence firing.

Soon a white flag was seen waving from the rebel works, and other evidences of a desire to surrender were exhibited in the front of the lines occupied by the division, which filled the boys with new inspiration; and, anxious to gain all the progress possible, a body of our troops, in which the Fifth figured conspicuously, moved forward at a rapid rate to avail themselves of the advantage of the demonstration. They had advanced only a short distance, when a terrible and murderous fire was opened upon them from the works, and directed with such fatal effect, that the truth flashed immediately upon the minds of all that they had been deceived. It was a terrible moment. No other alternative presented itself but retreat; but long before they could reach any point of shelter, scores of brave men lay stretched in death upon the ground. It was in this advance that Captain Lemont, of Company E., fell, riddled with bullets. Six balls pierced his feet, and fifteen wounds were upon his body, bearing terrible evidence of the severity of that fire. Other officers and men fell here, whose names I have not been able to obtain, while fighting bravely, and against all hope.

It afterwards proved to be through the drunkenness of a general officer that this needless sacrifice of life was made; for the position was not tenable, and no attempt was made by our troops to reoccupy it during the day.

It was during this terrible ordeal that the genial and gentlemanly Captain Fish, acting assistant adjutant-general on Upton's staff, was shot through the head. Only a very few moments before his death he had indited an affectionate epistle to his wife, in which he wrote :

“We are in the midst of terrible fighting, night and day ; but, thank God, I am all right so far.”

In less than a quarter of an hour he was dead. Such were the uncertainties of life in war.

The twelfth of May will ever be remembered by every man engaged in that terrible conflict. From day-light until three o'clock the next morning, at which time the enemy fell back, it was a continuous crack of musketry. During that whole period, the noble soldiers of the Fifth worked like heroes. I am told that our men fired, during that time, between three hundred and fifty and four hundred rounds to each man. Multiply this by fifty thousand men, and it conveys a little idea of the accompanying buzz of bullets. Horses and mules, everything which was within range and unprotected, were almost literally cut in pieces.

Some idea of the terrible nature of the musketry of that day may be gleaned from the fact, that a large oak tree, which stood between the lines, was actually cut off with nothing but bullets. The stump of that tree is now in the patent office in Washington. Many other trees, though of smaller dimensions, were also cut down by minies.

As long as the enemy held the "angle," previously referred to, they had the advantage of position; and as both musketry and artillery failed to silence their strong-hold, it was determined to try a mortar battery, which came into position about three o'clock in the afternoon, under the command of a plucky, but rather green Dutch officer. Although considered at a safe distance from the front, yet two or three stray bullets which went singing through the air, appeared to him a narrow escape from instant death, for he jumped up in the air, and, clapping his hands to his ears, exclaimed, "Oh my—my—that just skipped mine ear."

As a consequence merry peals of laughter saluted the earnest remark.

Having obtained perfect range, the mortar shells were dropped into that angle with fearful effect, completely silencing, at that point, the heretofore troublesome customers. This was a result devoutly to be desired. At day-light, the enemy having retired, our men advanced to the position held by the enemy. The sight was perfectly awful. The foe lay actually piled up in every conceivable manner. The shells of the mortar had been terribly fatal. It was a sight from which the hardest heart recoiled.

The manner of death of one poor rebel soldier was specially noticed. A limb of a tree, which had been cut off by bullets, fell, passing through the soldier's head, as he lay upon the ground, pinning him to the earth.

When the brilliant result of the charges of the Sec-

and Corps on the morning of the twelfth was known officially, General Upton sent orders to the regimental commanders to impart the glorious news to the boys, who were then on the march to aid in establishing a new line. The intelligence was received with rousing cheers. Meanwhile, General Upton had sent an aid to order up the brigade band, who were about one mile in the rear. They were found and brought up at the double quick. On approaching the front, the dodging of rebel shells which were coming quite lively, brought forth some laughable remarks from the band, such as "we didn't enlist to play in a fight," "don't see what the general wants to get us up here to get killed for." By skillful manœuvering, the aid succeeded in getting them up within sight of the brigade, who were then hotly engaged. Ordering his band to shelter themselves in a certain position, and remain there until his return, he reported to the general, who countermanded his orders for music, and gave permission for the band to retire to a less dangerous position. The aid returned to the point where he had left his musicians, when lo! not a "horn" was to be seen. On looking across the bare fields about a mile to the rear, the courtails of some two or three (the others were probably in advance of them) were seen flapping in the breeze, as they disappeared below the horizon. "Well," said one of our boys on hearing of the incident, "no wonder, them's Pennsylvania."

The command remained in that position during the day and night of the thirteenth; but upon the morn-

ing of the fourteenth, the pickets were quietly withdrawn, the troops marching to a place called the "Anderson House." They were not to rest here long, for picket duty was to be their work for a short time at least. Orders were received for the brigade to move, and at once they crossed the river Ny in search of the enemy. The river at this point was quite deep, with almost impassable banks, except at the fords. Moving up the slope of the opposite bank, a few rebel videttes were discovered, and immediately a line of skirmishers was deployed, the center of the line resting near a frame-house somewhat in advance, and the right and left resting on the river, thus forming a semicircle, the Fifth Maine occupying a position upon the extreme left.

By the time the line was formed, there was only one vidette of the enemy to be seen: and the brigade commander, desirous of ascertaining whether there was any considerable force of the enemy in that vicinity, directed the colonel of the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania to send a man forward as a reconnoiter, and gain the information desired. A bright little fellow, some thirteen years of age, a stray waif in the army, who had been a sort of a waiter around head-quarters, begged for the privilege of going, saying he "wasn't afraid, they couldn't hit him." Permission was granted, and away the little fellow galloped within shooting distance of the enemy, where he halted, and coolly surveyed the situation, until several shots admonished him of his dangerous position. Waving his little cap

at them, he turned his horse, and reported that he saw "lots of them in the woods." The future history of that brave little fellow would be interesting, if it should continue as well as it commenced.

Nothing serious was apprehended, and General Meade and staff were at the extreme front, endeavoring to examine the position with their glasses, when suddenly a yell, and three lines of battle of the enemy arose from their concealment and pressed down upon our devoted lines, while a battery opened a sharp fire. It was observed that General Meade and staff found it necessary to hasten their steps somewhat to avoid being captured. Although our line was only a thin skirmish line, the brigade held their ground and poured in a rapid fire, until overwhelming numbers compelled them to beat a hasty retreat. The Fifth Maine was able, fortunately, to move directly across the river to the left, and not a man was lost, although necessity obliged a wide scattering, inasmuch as there were no supports. It was really a ludicrous and laughable retreat. As soon as our troops were safely across the river, our artillery opened a sharp fire, driving the enemy back to the woods, and from which they were soon glad to escape. The next morning, the regiment and brigade made another advance of a short distance, taking up a position in the woods from which the charging column of the rebels had come the day previous.

Previous to the charge spoken of above, Colonel Edwards perceiving, as he thought, an intended demon-

stration upon the part of the enemy, sent word to brigade head-quarters, which were located near the banks of the river, of his suspicion. No attention was paid to this information, and the occupants of the head-quarters were soon at their case. It was only a short time thereafter that the charge came, and head-quarters just had time to get out of the way, and that was all. They were not usually caught napping; but feeling secure, they came very near it that time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Move to North Anna river. A little incident. Continued movements. Heavy fight at Coal Harbor. Severe exposure of a soldier. Incident of a single bullet. More movements. Term of service expires. General Upton's letter. Departure from the front. On the move home. Reception in Portland. Regiment offer their services for ninety days to defend the capital. Muster out. The close.

On the twenty-third of May the command moved on to the North Anna river, where they found the Fifth Corps sharply engaged with the enemy. Remaining in that vicinity until about midnight, they again advanced as far as the Virginia Central Railroad, where they bivouacked for the night, or what little there was left of it. In the morning, the bumps of destructiveness of the men were permitted a little exercise in tearing up portions of the road. Soon after effecting the desired work, orders to march to Hewlett's Station, a distance of thirty miles, were issued. During this march many chickens and other edibles were captured, to the great delight of officers and men.

A little incident occurred during one of the halts of the regiment, in which a noble soldier, now dead, acted a prominent part, and which must be related

here. Lieutenant Paradis, with two men whose names I cannot obtain, went out about one hundred rods in front of our lines, on foot and unarmed, to a house, probably with the design of obtaining refreshments. As they neared the house they discovered two horses and one mule hitched to the fence outside; and they readily conjectured that they belonged to some of the rebel videttes. Having no arms, of course they could make no movement upon the rebels themselves; but they at once conceived the idea of capturing the aforesaid property. Approaching the house very cautiously to a point where they could act rapidly, they quickly charged down upon the animals, which they loosed in a twinkling, and were at once upon their backs. Looking into an open window, they saw three rebs, fully armed and equipped, taking a lunch; but before the rebs could recover from their surprise, our brave men waved them an adieu and were off, bringing the property triumphantly into camp. It was a bold and daring feat.

On the thirtieth of May another movement was made toward Hanover Court-house, where the enemy were again encountered, and a brisk skirmish was soon in progress between our division and the enemy. General Russell, commanding the division, ordered the Jersey brigade to skirmish across the open plain in front, and drive back the enemy's skirmishers, and who were supported by a body of infantry. It had every appearance of being an arduous and dangerous undertaking. The term of the service of the Jerseys

would expire in two or three days. They had done great service, and their ranks were much decimated. It seemed hard to put men into such a position who had but so short a time to remain in the field, and whose minds were now so fondly regarding home. They protested against the order. The general, appreciating their feelings, withdrew the order, and directed the Fifth Maine to do the work. Immediately they jumped forward with a will, opened a brisk fire, and in a short time exhibited to their fellows what courage and perseverance can do in gaining the mastery of the field desired.

On the first day of June, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the regiment left the position recently occupied and marched to Coal Harbor, where they became engaged in a sharp fight with the enemy at an early hour in the evening. On the second, the fight was fiercely continued, accompanied by great slaughter. Over five hundred men were killed and wounded in our single brigade. This day the enemy occupied a position in the woods, and a charge was deemed necessary to drive them out and gain their works. Lines of battle were accordingly formed, and when all things were perfected, the columns moved forward with loud cheers, and on the double-quick. Before the Union bayonets the gray-backs could not stand, and, after delivering a terrible fire, they fell back in confusion. *This was the second time only in the history of the Fifth Maine, that it acted as a support to infantry, and the first time that the regiment, during*

some portions of an action, was not on the front line of battle. Wherever there was danger, work, responsibility, there the Fifth Maine was sure to be. That this fight was severe may be seen from the fact, that the Second Connecticut (forming a part of the brigade with the Fifth, and which was originally a heavy artillery regiment) lost over four hundred in killed and wounded!

Having reached a position near a heavy force of the rebels, the lines of the contending armies were now only twelve or fifteen rods apart; and hence, for five or six days, constant skirmishing and fighting were in progress. It was during one of these days' fighting, that Lieutenant-colonel Millett was badly wounded, and Captain Joseph C. Paradis, a noble fellow, mortally wounded.

On the evening of the third of June, information was received that the enemy were in line of battle. Not knowing what was intended by this, the Fifth Maine and the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York opened a hot and a vigorous fire upon them. For a season it was very exciting,—as, indeed, a night skirmish—the darkness—the flash of the muskets—the singing balls—all conspiring to produce an exciting effect, cannot be otherwise. To add to the scene, the Fifth Maine Battery opened a roaring fire upon the enemy. Though small was the force which thus exhibited to the foe a substantial evidence of their presence, yet if the rebels intended making an assault upon them, it had the desired and intended effect of

permanently exterminating such thoughts from their minds, if we are to judge by their actions.

An almost ceaseless fire was kept up between the two lines, making it extremely dangerous for any one to show himself to the other. General Edwards recently told the writer of one poor fellow who laid just in front of our lines, from the evening of June first to the evening of June sixth, it being impossible to rescue him. He had one leg broken, and the other was badly wounded, so that he could not walk or help himself away, besides having a severe wound in one side. In this condition the poor fellow lay between two fires without food or water, almost famished when finally rescued. A strong constitution and an iron will alone saved him. As soon as he found that he could not escape, with his bare hands he dug a sort of a hole in the ground, throwing the earth up in front of him, and thus escaped the enemy's bullets. When finally rescued, his wounds were actually full of maggots. He presented a horrible spectacle. Strange as it may seem, he finally recovered. He belonged to the Twenty-third Pennsylvania regiment, which formed a part of our division.

Material things take curious freaks sometimes, as may be seen in the course of a single bullet one day, while a skirmish was in progress. So accustomed had the men become to skirmish firing, that, unless actively engaged at the very front, the men scarcely heeded the balls unless they were flying very thick; and with this feeling of indifference, acquired through long

continued exposure, if there was anything to be done in their temporary camp, went right to work to do it, as if the enemy were miles away. One morning a member of Company I. was busily engaged in shaving another man, when a bullet struck the arm of the man who was shaving, causing the razor to fly over the head of the man being shaved, but without inflicting any injury. The bullet, severely wounding the first man, passed by, striking the arms of two other men, standing in range near by, inflicting bad wounds, and struck still another man in the side, knocking him over, but not badly wounding him. So much for one bullet, by which four men were disabled for a considerable time. The sharp-shooter who fired that ball was said to be nearly half a mile distant!

The regiment remained at Coal Harbor several days, when it was ordered on the march again, proceeding to the White House, thence across the Chickahominy to Charles City Court-house, thence to James River where the troops took steamer to Bermuda Hundreds, at which point they disembarked and were again on the march, advancing to a point about seven miles from Petersburg, which was reached about daylight on the morning of the seventeenth of June.

The men were now beginning to grow anxious. The term of their service had nearly expired—only one more week—and could it be strange that they should dread any more active service? Yet the record, so pure, could not be tarnished; and if called upon, there was not a man who would not cheerfully respond.

On the morning of the eighteenth the regiment was turned out in hot haste to assist in making a charge. When nearly ready, it was ascertained that at that point the enemy were too strong to assault, and hence the charge was abandoned. During the day another move was made, passing around to the left of Petersburg, crossing the Appottomax River, taking up a position near the railroad. At this point a hot skirmish took place between the enemy and our boys. To protect itself, the regiment dug rifle-pits, which were occupied for two days, when another movement was made still further to the left. Finding the enemy in force, preparations were made for an attack. For some reason the attack was delayed; yet when, on the twenty-third of June, orders came relieving the Fifth Maine from further active service on account of the expiration of its term of enlistment, they found the regiment all ready to engage the foe if ordered,—thus exhibiting to the very last moment, the spirit of heroism and bravery which had ever distinguished it.

Marching to the rear some few miles, the command went into camp until arrangements for their departure could be made. While in that camp, the following letter from Brigadier-general Upton, then commanding the brigade, was received:

HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
June 23, 1864.

COLONEL EDWARDS, OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIFTH
MAINE REGIMENT:

At the expiration of your term of service, I feel it a great pleasure to signify to you my appreciation of the services you have rendered your country.

Your gallantry, your constancy, your devotion to the flag of your country, your patient endurance of fatigue during the campaigns of three long years, entitle you to the lasting gratitude and esteem of your countrymen.

Springing to arms at the first sound of danger, you have given proof of your valor and patriotism on every field, from the first Bull Run to the present time. Leaving your native State with over one thousand and forty men, and receiving a large number of recruits, you now return with but two hundred and sixteen.

The long list of battles in which you have participated, including Bull Run, West Point, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross-road, Crampton Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, eight days' battle in the wilderness and at Spottsylvania Court-house, and Coal Harbor, will account for your losses.

Repeatedly have the colors of the Fifth Maine been floated over the enemy's works. From behind their intrenchments, you have captured the battle-flags of five of the proudest regiments in the confederate service; and while inflicting a loss equal to your own, you have, in addition, captured more prisoners than you have borne names on your rolls.

But while your former services have won for you the admiration and confidence of your commanding officers, your example and conduct during the present campaign, forms the brightest page of your history.

After three years' hard fighting, well knowing the risks of battle, not even the ardent desire or the immediate prospect of being restored to your friends could dampen your ardor or enthusiasm; but like brave and patriotic men, you have fought nobly to the end of your term, adding, with each day, increased luster to your arms.

With this brilliant record and the proud consciousness that you have stood by your country in the darkest hour of her peril, you now return to your homes where you will receive the homage due the services you have rendered.

Bidding each and every one of you, in behalf of your old comrades in arms, a hearty God-speed, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

E. UPSON, *Brigadier-general Commanding.*

As soon as the arrangements were perfected, the regiment broke camp and marched to City Point, where they embarked upon board of a steamer bound for Washington. The reënlisted men and those whose term of service had not expired, by permission accompanied the regiment to the Point, where sad partings were made. It seemed hard to leave the old comrades on the field; and it was with sad hearts that the reënlisted returned to their terrible duties. These last-named men, together with the recruits, were transferred to and organized temporarily with the Sixth Maine; but soon after, the veterans of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Maine were organized into a distinct battalion, known as the First Maine Regiment Veteran Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Thomas W. Hyde, of Bath. They were mustered out of the service on the twenty-eighth of June, 1865. A brief account of the services of this battalion, compiled by its gallant commander, is annexed to this work.

The active work of the regiment was now done. The fears and anxieties of the past few weeks were all gone. With their faces turned homeward, there was joy in the ranks, as well there might be. They had done their whole duty, and they had done it well.

In due season they arrived in Washington, and immediately marched down to the grounds of the Smith-

sonian Institute, where they went into camp. The following day they were paid off, and at once they took the cars for Baltimore. In this place they had considerable trouble at the depot, attempts being made by the railroad officials to put the regiment into dirty cattle-cars for transportation. This was not in accordance with the feelings of the men, and they did not hesitate to express themselves accordingly. But, finally, tolerable second-class cars were obtained, and the regiment proceeded to Philadelphia, where a hearty reception was given them. Proceeding to New York, they found themselves in that city in the hands of friends who delighted to honor the returning heroes. Showing them proper military respect, providing them with substantial refreshment for the inner man, the regiment was escorted to the point of departure; and, after an all-night journey, arrived in Boston the next morning, where another hearty reception greeted them. The secretary of war had allowed the regiment to take home with them the five rebel colors which they had captured. The trophies attracted great attention.

News had already reached Portland that the Fifth Maine was coming, and about the time of its expected arrival, a dense crowd was at the depot to welcome them. At quarter before five o'clock in the afternoon, the train bearing the grim heroes arrived, and at once the regiment alighted and formed into column. A large escort under Colonel E. A. Seamman, consisting of the city government, city military, and the Veter-

an *Reserves*, accompanied by Poppenburg's Band, led the column. Marching through some of the principal streets, at every point of the route the citizens gave them unmistakable evidences of their respect and admiration for the gallant regiment. Finally, arriving at "Barnums," the regiment and its escort sat down to a fine collation, after which various sentiments and a little congratulatory speech-making was indulged in.

Some days were necessary in which to prepare the official rolls for muster out and final settlements. But a few days after their arrival home, the news came of the rebel General Early's raid toward Washington. Everything indicated that the capital was in danger. Notwithstanding the hardships to which the regiment had been exposed, its arrival home fresh from the front, yet the spirit of patriotism still glowed in their hearts, and at once they volunteered their services for ninety days, to defend the capital. It was a noble and laudable act. Early's speedy departure from Washington dispelled the fears of the officials, and hence the services of the regiment were not required.

Furloughs were granted the men for a few days, until the rolls were completed. These were improved as seasons of great rejoicing.

As soon as the necessary documents were prepared, upon orders from the colonel, the regiment reassembled in Portland, and upon the twenty-seventh of July the command, numbering one hundred and ninety-

three officers and men, were mustered out of the service by Lieutenant I. H. Walker, of the Fourteenth United States Infantry; and the members of the glorious old FIFTH MAINE, were once more civilians and citizens of the State, which all conceded had been honored by her sons on the gory fields of Virginia

BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE SERVICES OF THE RE-ENLISTED MEN AND RECRUITS
OF THE FIFTH MAINE REGIMENT, WHO WERE TRANSFERRED
TO THE FIRST MAINE VETERAN INFANTRY.

PREPARED BY GENERAL T. W. HYDE.

THE reënlisted men and recruits of the Fifth Maine, who were retained in service by reason of the non-expiration of their term, were formed into two companies and joined to three companies of the Sixth Regiment, and five of the Seventh Regiment, and became, by order of the War Department, the First Regiment of Veteran Volunteers. This regiment formed a part of the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. This name seemed singularly appropriate to the regiment, for there was scarcely a man in its ranks who did not bear the scars of battle upon his person. Lieutenant-colonel Hyde of the Seventh was appointed colonel of the new organization, and Major Fletcher of the Seventh and Captain Sannaer of the Sixth, respectively, lieutenant-colonel and major. Captain John Goldthwait of Windsor, and Lieutenants Walter Foss of Biddeford, P. Jordan Mitchell of Greenwood, J. A. Greenier of Portland, and John McClellan of Casco, were the officers of Companies A. and B., once the Fifth

Maine Battalion, when Early struck Sheridan's forces near Charleston in the Shenandoah Valley. The day of its organization saw the new regiment in a sharp skirmish, and losing some thirty men; and Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek followed so fast, that no time was left for jealousies between men at the same time homogeneous and intensely proud of the glories of their former commands. Lieutenant Mitchell fell in one of these valley combats. His promotion to a company reached him too late to cheer his soldier's death.

While in camp near Strasburg, and resting after the extinguishment of Early's army, the regiment was entirely reorganized and its vacancies filled. Lieutenant McClellan was now commanding the Division Sharpshooters. Lieutenant Grenier was adjutant. Sergeants I. P. Wing, C. P. Stevens, W. C. Plimney, E. J. Dolan, and A. A. Dwinial became lieutenants; and by transferring Fifth Maine officers to Sixth and Seventh Maine companies, and *vice-versa*, the whole tone and efficiency of the regiment was much improved, and as merit and special gallantry in action were the *only* tests for advancement, it was not long before Colonel Stevens, the division inspector, increased the growing *esprit du corps*, by pronouncing in his official report the First Veterans "in the best order of any regiment in the division."

Passing over the dismal trip in box cars through a snow-storm from Harper's Ferry to Washington, and the foggy voyage to City Point, we find the little remnant of the "Fifth" back again before Petersburg,

on the Squirrel Level road, in a winter's camp, behind the vast works of circumvallation of which now, perhaps, remain but a few grassy mounds. The winter was one of much digging and hard picket duty. An occasional dash of the enemy upon our pickets, frequent drills, constant police duty, and the daily brigade dress-parade, when crowds thronged to see two thousand men go through the bayonet exercise in unison, and watch their arms glisten in the setting sun; while the Brigade band charmed the eye, and lady visitors in dark riding-habits made home seem nearer,—all these conspired to beguile the lingering hours, and to bring us to the scene that was to close the war.

One night the rebels yelled and charged, capturing a dozen of our pickets, besides waking up the camp. This had been tried by them several times, but never so successfully before. It was a direct slap in the face. At daybreak Capt. Goldthwait went to head-quarters, and asked permission to take his company at night through a ravine he had discovered, and fall upon the enemy's picket reserve, whose fires were visible every evening in the cold mist that seemed the natural clothing of the land around. His handsome, melancholy face was lighted with enthusiasm, and he said, "I do not expect to live through the war; I must win glory and honor before I go. As well here as elsewhere." Poor Goldthwait! A few weeks proved that utterance prophetic, and he lay, well up among the first, near those works now frowning grimly oppo-

site. Request was immediately sent to General Meade to make the desired reprisal, and that night, while awaiting an answer, Goldthwait and another officer, with stockings over their boots, crept within the enemy's lines and fully demonstrated to themselves the feasibility of the attempt. But an unfavorable reply was returned, and Goldthwait chafed over his disappointment till the long inaction was broken, and the guns of Hare's Hill set us in motion again.

While in this camp Sergeant W. S. Robinson received his promotion, and several lieutenants were advanced a grade; a number of recruits were received, and our wounded comrades one by one came back, till the proportions of the regiment were goodly to look upon.

At noon on the twenty-fifth of March, 1865, after listening to an incessant cannonade far to the right, where Gordon had made his death-leap through our lines, the brigade was ordered to mass in front of Fort Fisher with the Vermonters, and the convocation of general and staff officers within its walls, seemed to forebode an immediate attack. Soon an aid dashed down to Colonel Hyde with orders to move forward in solid column and follow the Vermonters who were even then rising and moving on, half bent to conceal their start as long as possible behind the rising ground in front. To follow no troops could be more of an honor, but to "follow the Vermonters" was, for the Third Brigade, an unaccustomed place, though to feel their strong support on right or left, had been its rare

good fortune on many fields. So taking direction a little to the right, we were soon on a line with them to meet the fire of twenty pieces of artillery now belching from the rebel forts. Now the enemy's picket-pits are taken, but there is no stopping the Third Brigade. They push on even to the ditch of the forts themselves, only to find it wide, impassable but by a narrow dam, and the ramparts full of men almost too astonished to be sure of aim. Falling back by order to the captured picket-line, the First Maine was placed on the unprotected right flank of the brigade, and held there under an enfilading, front and reverse fire of artillery,—losing heavily, but maintaining the position already won, as the enemy made a strong effort to retrieve their disaster by an infantry attack. Reinforced by the One Hundred and Twenty-second New York, reduced in numbers, Goldthwait, Dwinah, Hunter, Whelpley, Crosby struck down, Colonel Dwight and many of the One Hundred and Twenty-second killed, the men began to murmur, "shall we never charge?" but Warner's flag appeared to their right, their orders came, and, dashing forward after their colors, they captured all that remained of the enemy outside his works, and soon the quick-falling darkness stilled the artillery fire and prevented another attack.

From the vantage-ground thus gained, an assault of the whole corps on the enemy's works was planned and ordered, and the morning of the 21 of April selected for its accomplishment. This was the famous "wedge attack" of the Sixth Corps. The Second

Division was to be put in front, with the Third Brigade in its center, to form the point of the wedge. Each brigade was to be formed in four lines, and the First Maine was to be placed in the second line, the Seventy-seventh and Forty-third New York Volunteers forming the first. About midnight the troops slowly filed from camp, and, in a darkness that almost seemed "visible," slowly took their allotted stations and lay down on the wet, clayey ground. The signal for assault was to be a single gun from Fort Fisher, but suddenly a terrific fire burst from all our forts, and shells shrieked uninterruptedly for an hour or more. A picket fire was opened by the enemy, which fell with fatal effect among our men, who lay unflinchingly upon the rising ground behind our own picket-pits; and it was hard to tell whether the dull "thud" of bullets was made in flesh or mud. Occasionally some substitute broke for cover, but the veterans held on. Now Captain Adams of Rhode Island, and twenty artillerymen groped to the front bearing rammers, sponges, and the implements of their arm. They had volunteered to turn the enemy's guns upon them as soon as taken. Now we felt that the two front regiments were moving, and at the quiet command, "First Maine, *forward!*" we clambered over the rifle-pits into the ditch and mud, undergrowth and obscurity beyond. Not a cheering sound or an eye to see us, and one's life-belt only visible as passing rebel shells threw upon him for an instant, a funereal glare.

A camp-fire in the enemy's lines had been found to

be always built in a line with the openings in their abattis through which the pickets came out to take their posts, and to this fire, nearly obscured by fog, the colors and regimental commanders had been instructed to go. In a twinkling we were among their pickets, and a sheet of musketry flashed from their lines to right and left. It was blinding and confusing, but not deadly as yet. Their mark was darkness and the rushing sound of many men. The axemen had reached the abattis; Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, each man for himself, struggled through, while hundreds were blinded and wandered aimlessly between the lines, or skulked back, or fell in their blood. Our colors and the small nucleus left around them, sought a brief breathing-spell in the rebel ditch, but soon were over the works like cats, were turning the enemy's guns upon them, "going through" their quarters, and sending them by thousands to the rear. The first intimation those within our own works had of victory was not a cheer,—there was hardly breath left for that,—but the rebel guns turned another way and pouring canister upon their late defenders. Each regiment and every brigade claim to have been in first, but the pitch-like darkness will leave the solution of that problem forever in doubt. The Maine Veterans know that where *they* went in, they found rebels firing till the arms were taken from their hands.

Thus the terrible lines of Petersburg were broken, and the enemy forced to evacuate Richmond.

The dawn was now struggling with the blackness, and here a color, there a mounted officer, there a dozen men might be seen, swiftly pushing with that each-man-for-himself air which marks the American soldier, for the South-side Railroad. Here a blue-coat wrapping a Confederate flag around him, and another decked in the gray and tinsel of a Confederate officer; twenty more riding in on the mules of a captured train; but most pushing after the enemy and breathlessly firing at the small escaping remnant. Still the rebel guns boom out to right and left, but are quickly stilled as the different regiments of the Sixth Corps swept down the works even to Hatcher's Run on the left, which little stream Captain Merrill, of the First Maine, crossed with a dozen men and engaged, captured, and brought in the relics of the sharpshooters of Heth's Division, seventy-nine men in all. Such the demoralization that short rations and a night-attack had wrought among a gallant foe! The losses on our side in this storming were less than was expected.

The corps was now turned toward Petersburg, and as they went they could see the long lines of Ord's command and the colored troops moving up to hold the places they had won. The First Maine was now upon the extreme left of the line, constantly skirmishing with the enemy and driving their light batteries from hill to hill as they strove to annoy our advance. No serious opposition was met with, however, till we came to the estate whereon had been located Lee's head-quarters during the siege. Here a gray-haired

officer, finely mounted, was seen directing movements, while rifle-balls began to whistle, and grape tear through our ranks. Swiftly obliquing to the left, plunging through a swamp in which many of the men sunk to their armpits, where the First Veterans lose color-sergeants Sturtivant and Foss desperately wounded; the few hundred of the division first across, take the battery at a run. There were six smoking brass pieces and a rebel officer, lying wounded beside them, told us it was Captain A. B. Williams' Battery, of Pogue's North Carolina Battalion, and that General Robert E. Lee was the last to leave the guns. What a prize to miss,—this gallant old man, struggling like a Titan against defeat!

The line formed again, moved forward, and, on rising the next hill, Petersburg, with its smoke and steeples, appeared near at hand. Long columns were pouring into its inner line of intrenchments. They were the thousands of Longstreet's Corps, this time brought to the assistance of A. P. Hill too late. Here our forces close together for a last advance, but there is not light enough left. The last volley of the enemy kills Lieutenant Messer, of the First Maine, and wounds General Penrose, of the Jersey brigade. All, exhausted by eighteen hours' continuous fighting and marching, sink upon the welcome ground, and night falls upon the last battlefield of the First Veterans. The dawn found Petersburg and Richmond evacuated, and the hunt began. Now came the long marches to Appomattox Court-house, and the end. At Sailors

Creek Ewell surrendered, as the First Maine was double-quickening into action.

The few delightful weeks at Danville, the proud march through Richmond, the passing under the eye of the president in review at Washington, have their throng of happy memories. The joyful journey home, and the quiet merging into citizenship,—who can forget them!

Now our arms are hung upon our walls, and the faces of dead comrades seem to fade in remembrance with the Virginia scenery amid which they fell; dim now to us and our fellows, but to be illumined by the freedom they have helped to perpetuate, and to be recognized by the thanks of many generations yet to be. They fade from our daily life and conversation, to come again in the still night and bear us back through long years to the bivouac and the battlefield, where with

“No shroud to cover them,
Cold dew and wintry rain
All that weep over them.
Peace to the slumberers!”

And to the living, scattered far and wide upon the broad bosom of this continent, may they remain the pale monitors of memory, ever signifying that it is a great and beautiful thing to suffer—to fight—or to die for one's country.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

THE following few pages are devoted to brief military biographical notices of officers who fell in the service, and who have since died, so far as the author has been able to learn. These notices are by no means full; but are simply intended to pay a slight tribute to each of the noble dead. Our space compels brevity. Many pages could be profitably devoted to notices of these, and others in the ranks; but our volume has already extended beyond its intended size, and hence the writer is compelled to be concise,

G. W. B.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

COLONEL EDWARD A. SCAMMAN.

Colonel SCAMMAN was born in Gorham in the State of Maine, and was, at the time of his death, a little over thirty-nine years of age.

Upon the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, his enthusiasm and patriotism became awakened, and upon the second day of May, 1861, he enrolled himself as a private in Company H., Fifth Regiment Maine Volunteers. On the sixth day of May, he was elected as first lieutenant, and upon the promotion of Captain Dunnell to the colonelcy, he was commissioned as captain. He accompanied the regiment to the front at the time of its departure from Portland, and bore a noble part in the first Bull Run battle.

On the twenty-fifth of September, he was promoted to be major of the regiment, and served with the regiment through the Peninsular campaign. Lieutenant-colonel Heath being killed, Major Scamman was promoted to his place. Colonel Jackson being promoted to brigadier-general, Lieutenant-colonel Scamman was commissioned colonel of the regiment, serving with it in the Antietam and first Fredericksburg campaigns, showing himself every inch a soldier

On the eighth of January, 1863, the resignation of Colonel Seaman was accepted. He felt constrained to tender his resignation owing to the state of his private affairs at home.

Returning to civil life, while at Beaufort, North Carolina, whither he had gone on business, he was attacked by disease, and died October twenty-eighth, 1864.

Colonel Seaman held the love and confidence of the officers and men in every rank which he held. He was of that genial and pleasant disposition which seemed to endear all to him. Brave and fearless, he was a commander whom the men loved to follow. Attentive to their wants and interests, he won their esteem. Precious is his memory which is embalmed in many hearts.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. S. HEATH.

Colonel HEATH came to the Fifth Regiment from the Third Maine, in which regiment he held a captain's commission. Naturally ardent in the prosecution of any work assigned to him, he soon mastered the varied details of his new profession, and demonstrated upon the field his qualities as a tactician and soldier. Had his life been spared, unquestionably Lieutenant-colonel Heath would have occupied a high rank, his talents with his bravery giving him superior advantages of distinguishing himself.

In the Peninsular campaign he was constantly with his regiment until the day of his death. At the battle of Gaines' Hill, in the latter part of the afternoon, Colonel Jackson being wounded, Colonel Heath succeeded to the command of the regiment. A house obstructing the lines, Colonel Heath was making arrangements to perfect them, and as he was directing the movement of four companies to the left in order to bring the lines of the regiment together, a bullet, probably from a sharp-shooter, crashed through his brain, killing him instantly. His body was borne to the rear and placed under a tree; but, in the confusion of the retreat, it was left, and all efforts have been in vain to recover it.

Colonel Heath was the only field-officer killed in the Fifth Maine during its entire service. In the language of the biographical notice in Adjutant-gen-

eral Hodgdon's report, "Lieutenant-colonel Heath was a great student, a proficient scholar, and a fine writer. His memory will remain for a time distinct in the recollection of his friends, then lapse into the common sum of glorious memories which have become the heritage of the nation forever."

CHAPLAIN ADAMS.

We will write the brief record of a glorious, noble man.

Our chaplain: we revere his memory. Every Fifth Maine soldier remembers the chaplain with pride.

Our religious counselor for three years,—living, amidst the contaminations of the camp, a pure and spotless life,—the fondest affections of the entire regiment were entwined around “the old man good.”

From his quiet and beautiful home in Gorham, he went forth to the wars with the going out of the Fifth Maine, in which he was commissioned as chaplain. In nearly every march he participated with the regiment, and upon nearly every battle-field he rendered noble and effective service in administering to the wants, bodily and spiritual, of the soldiers. He loved the men; the men loved him. In him they found a friend, earnest, true, sympathetic. Unobtrusive,—he had the esteem and the respect of the highest in rank.

Not only was he known in the regiment, but throughout the brigade and division, so that, when the term of the Fifth Maine expired, his services were eagerly sought by the officers and men of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, in which regiment he was soon commissioned as chaplain, serving until the close of the war.

In every duty he was prompt and faithful. By the couch of the sick, the wounded, and the dying, his

frequent presence inspired, soothed, and made hopeful the sufferer. His quiet dignity, yet humility of manner, checked the wild and thoughtless. Every sabbath when it was possible, the regiment were assembled for religious worship, and many of the discourses to which they listened from the chaplain, were models of earnestness and beauty. He delighted in preaching the word. A revival accompanied his chaplaincy, to which allusion is made in the body of this work.

Precious was his association in life; sweet and fragrant his memory in death.

CAPTAIN DANIEL C. CLARK.

Captain CLARK was a native of Portland, and at the time of his death was only two days more than twenty-three years of age. In early life he acquired a love for military, becoming a member of the Portland Light Guard about a year before the breaking out of the rebellion. He became very proficient in the Zouave drill, giving, in connection with a small company, several public exhibitions which were greatly applauded.

At the beginning of the war, he served in the First Maine Regiment with credit. After the expiration of the term of service, he received a commission as second lieutenant in the Fifth Maine, and joined the regiment about the tenth of October, 1861. On the third of July, 1862, he was appointed first lieutenant Company G. On the tenth of November, 1863, he was commissioned captain Company K., which became vacant by the resignation of Captain Buckman.

Captain Clark served with the regiment in its campaigns faithfully, earnestly, and conspicuously. It is not too much to say when we affirm, that he was every inch a soldier. He had a taste for the profession, and he improved every opportunity to perfect himself in the various details which were essential to his duty. Ambitious,—he was ever at every post where his presence was needed. Courageous,—every fight found him at the front.

As a man, Captain Clark was universally loved by his comrades. Officers sought his genial presence, and the men regarded him with pride as their commander.

On the tenth of May, in the glorious charge of the twelve picked regiments, Captain Clark was severely wounded, from the effects of which he died on the sixteenth of the same month. His last hours were made happy and peaceful by the indwelling of that sweet Christian spirit, which, months before, had entered within his heart; and on the wings of the serenest trust in the Redeemer, with his soul inspired by a consciousness of the Infinite presence and an Infinite Father's love, his loving, gentle spirit went out from its prison-house of clay to its bright mansion in the spiritual home above.

His life and character were beautiful with shining virtues, which are bright pictures hanging upon the walls of memories, cherishing fond recollections of him as a loved one and a friend.

CAPTAIN FRANK L. LEMONT.

Captain LEMONT was a native of Green, and, upon the formation of the Fifth Maine Regiment, he at once enrolled himself as a member of Company E., and was mustered into the service as first sergeant of the company. He remained in this rank until the tenth of September, 1861, when, upon the resignation of the captain, and the promotion of Lieutenant Daggett, he was commissioned as first lieutenant of the company. He served through all the campaigns of the regiment, nobly doing his whole duty as a subordinate officer, until the eleventh of June, 1863, when he was commissioned as captain of the company, in place of Daggett, promoted. Inspired with a spirit of faithfulness, he proved himself worthy of the position given him, always ready for duty, and never backward when that duty called.

In the terrible fight of May 12, 1864, Captain L. gallantly led his company in the hottest of the conflict, only to receive his death. Amidst a perfect shower of bullets, he fell, *pierced by nineteen balls*. His death was universally regretted.

Captain L. was a noble-hearted man, one to whom his men were devotedly attached. Quiet, upright, and retiring, yet bold, fearless, and forward when there was work to be done, he gained many friends,—and was one of those few men of whom it might be said

to his honor, he had no enemies. He has left a character unspotted and unblemished,—a bright light among the departed Fifth Maine heroes.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH C. PARADIS.

Captain PARADIS was originally a member of Company F., enlisting as a private on the sixteenth of July, 1861. His home was in Quebec, Canada. With a spirit sensitively alive to the maintenance of right, when he saw the attempts of ambitious men to extend the borders of slavery, he sought the States, that he might add his influence and work in the cause of liberty. While in the ranks, he was a most faithful soldier, always desirous of doing his whole duty. For many months he was detailed as clerk at division head-quarters, which position exempted him from bearing a musket in times of action. But he wanted no exemption; and whenever the regiment became engaged, one of the first objects which would attract attention, would be Sergeant Paradis coming up with a musket borrowed from some wounded man, and at his post in the ranks, he poured in his volleys at the enemy, until the issue of the conflict was decided.

At the battle of Rappahannock Station, his conduct was specially meritorious, so much so that he received honorable mention, and was recommended for a commission in the regular army; but which, in those days, was difficult to obtain. He was, however, commissioned as second lieutenant Company E. on the nineteenth of February, 1864. On the eighth of June, 1864, he was commissioned captain Company E.

In the famous fight on the tenth of May, he captured a stand of rebel colors.

In the battle of Coal Harbor, he was severely wounded and conveyed to the hospital, where he died on the eighteenth of June from the effects of the wounds, to the regret of all members of the command.

His remains were embalmed and sent to his father in Quebec.

Well, indeed, may his friends cherish his memory, for Captain Paradis was a noble soldier, and a true man.

CAPTAIN JOHN GOLDTHWAIT.

Captain GOLDTHWAIT enlisted in the Fifth Maine Regiment in the early days of its organization, and was mustered into the service with the regiment as a sergeant in Company F. In his position as a non-commissioned officer, he was patriotic and faithful, ever ready for every duty imposed upon him.

Promotion in this company was slow, and hence much of the term of the service of the regiment passed before opportunity was presented to confer upon him the reward which his bravery had won. On the twenty-sixth of January, 1864, he was commissioned as second lieutenant of Company B., and for special meritorious conduct was promoted, on the eighth of June of same year, to the captaincy of Company K. At the expiration of the term of enlistment of the regiment, Captain Goldthwait was transferred to Company A., Seventh Maine Volunteers, and soon after to the command of Company A., of the First Regiment Veteran Volunteers. He served with great distinction in each grade and with each command. It was his good fortune to enjoy the esteem of his superior officers, and the confidence of his men. The commander of the First Veterans (Colonel Hyde) speaks in the highest terms of him as a man and soldier.

Captain Goldthwait died of wounds received in battle in April, 1865, a noble man offered up, that truth and right might triumph.

FIRST LIEUTENANT AMBROSE S. DYER.

Lieutenant DYER was a resident of Portland, and upon the organization of the Fifth Maine, anxious to serve his country in her hour of peril, enrolled himself as a member of Company II., in which he was elected as second lieutenant. Upon the day of the muster in of the regiment, he was commissioned as first lieutenant in same company. Before leaving camp at Portland, his health began to fail, causing considerable anxiety upon the part of his friends. But, filled with the desire to do all he could, he proceeded with the regiment as far as Washington, remaining for a few days in camp, when disease and sickness compelled him to seek his home. All that human skill could do was employed to save his life, but on the 22d of September, 1861, he breathed his last and passed away to rest. At the time of his death he was about twenty-eight years old.

Thus early in the service of the regiment, its officers began to fall on one side and upon the other, yet all leaving the luster of their virtues to inspire those who remained to faithfulness and labor.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ANDREW S. LYON.

Lieutenant LYON, upon the breaking out of the rebellion, was a resident, according to adjutant-general's reports, of New Gloucester. Inspired with the spirit which was actuating hundreds of young men to repel the advancing cloud of disunion, he offered to the country his labor and his life. He enlisted in the Fifth Maine, and was mustered into the service as second sergeant. He early exhibited those qualities which go to make a true soldier, which endeared him to the hearts of his comrades, and which he carried through his entire term of service, viz.—nobleness and earnestness of purpose, and pure, upright integrity of character. He was in the service from a sense of duty, and not to gain any rewards or emoluments. But his merit was not to pass unnoticed.

On the first of February, 1862, he was commissioned as second lieutenant Company K., and in the following November he was promoted to first lieutenant. As a soldier and officer Lieutenant Lyon was brave, faithful, and efficient. He enjoyed the respect and the esteem of his men to a great degree. Captain Bucknam being incapacitated for service by a terrible wound, the command of the company fell upon Lieutenant Lyon. Possessed of a strong constitution, he participated in every duty of the regiment, never absent save as duty called.

On the tenth of May, 1864, in the terrible charge of

the twelve regiments, Lieutenant Lyon fell, and was not seen or heard of afterwards. He is supposed to have been instantly killed. "Missing in action," reads the record here; but "caught up from the fire," may be the record above.

Throughout the service, he bore a bright and shining record, one of which both the comrade and the near and dear friend may well feel proud.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ORRIN B. STEVENS.

Lieutenant STEVENS was a native of Westbrook, Maine, and among the very first to enroll himself as a member of Company H., Fifth Regiment. Ardent and patriotic, he shouldered his gun from a sense of duty and right, from which all the attractions and attachments of a pleasant home could not swerve him. His loftiest, and it is the noblest, ambition seemed to be to do his whole duty; and it never can be said that he ever failed. He served through all the campaigns of the regiment, until the day of his death.

On the first of November, 1862, he was commissioned as second lieutenant Company F., promoted to this grade from the ranks, his commanding officers recognizing in him a man of superior ability. On the tenth of November, 1863, he was commissioned as first lieutenant Company F.

In the great charge of the tenth of May, 1864, he fell, mortally wounded, while cheering on his men, and died in hospital on the fifteenth following. But a few weeks before this eventful time, he was at home on a short leave of absence, and while there, he seemed to have a premonition that he never should see home again. It proved too true. Though not visibly present, yet his memory is most sacredly cherished, and friends and comrades can point with pride and admiration to his record while a soldier in the Union army.

Lieutenant Stevens possessed a genial and pleasant

disposition, endearing himself to all with whom he was associated. True, gallant, brave, faithful,—his name shines brilliantly upon the record of nobility and sacrifice.

His remains were sent home, and were lain in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery near Portland.

FIRST LIEUTENANT P. JORDAN MITCHELL.

Lieutenant MITCHELL was mustered into the service on the fourth of November, 1861, and was assigned to Company I. Assiduously applying himself to the duties of his new calling, he was soon appointed by the company commander, to be a corporal, and, as soon as a vacancy occurred, he was promoted to be a sergeant. In these grades he was faithful, and manifested upon many occasions, his fitness for higher positions.

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1863, he was promoted to be first lieutenant of Company H. Upon the departure of the regiment from the front, Lieutenant Mitchell was transferred to Company B., Seventh Maine, afterwards the First Veteran Volunteers. Through the severe campaigns under Grant, he served nobly, exhibiting the qualities of a soldier and hero.

But his life seemed necessary among the many others falling all around. He died on the twelfth of November, 1864, from terrible wounds received in action.

Lieutenant Mitchell was a true man, with a character radiant with virtues; and while loved ones may mourn his departure from earth, they can but rejoice in the bright and glorious record which he has left behind of faithfulness, nobleness, a name honored and unsullied.

SECOND LIEUTENANT WILLIAM A. TUBBS.

Lieutenant TUBBS was a native of Hebron, and enlisted as a private in Company K. at the time of its organization. It was not long before he was promoted to be a sergeant, in which capacity he served faithfully and gallantly. Ever ready to obey every call or order, he soon won the esteem of all with whom he became associated.

In the fall of 1863, he was recommended for the second lieutenancy of Company K., and in the interim acted in that capacity under regimental appointment. But he did not live to realize the reality of the position to which he had been appointed. His commission did not reach the regiment until three days after his death.

In the grand charge at Rappahannock Station on the seventh of November, 1863, Lieutenant Tubbs was struck down by a bullet, expiring immediately.

Thus are we compelled to record the sacrifice of one after another of brave men—noble heroes—true patriots.

Lieutenant Tubbs possessed all of the qualities which make up the true soldier and gentleman. Around such men as he, glory throws its brightest radiance.

SECOND LIEUTENANT SMITH G. BAILEY.

Lieutenant BAILEY was mustered into the service as a member of Company K., ranking as third sergeant. He was one of those high-toned men, who entered the military service, believing that right and duty called. With a mind of superior cultivation, genial and affable, with a quick perception of his duty, and an ardent desire to faithfully consummate it, it was not long before he attracted the attention of his superior officers, and he was several times detailed as acting sergeant-major in absence of that officer.

On the first of October, 1862, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant of Company H., being frequently in command of the company in active engagement. Everywhere, and at all times, he proved himself faithful and brave.

He seemed constantly with his company and regiment, until the terrible fight of Salem Church on the third of May, 1863, when he was severely wounded, from the effects of which he died on the thirtieth of May.

Lieutenant Bailey was one of those true men whom to know was to love. By his interest in the welfare of his men, he won their affection, while his tact as a disciplinarian insured their obedience. Popular with all, his death in early manhood was sincerely regretted by all his comrades. His character was adorned with bright virtues worthy of emulation.

SECOND LIEUTENANT CYRUS W. BRANN.

Lieutenant BRANN resided in West Gardiner upon the breaking out of the rebellion. Fired by an enthusiastic patriotism, when hostile arms sought to strike down the Union, he enlisted in the Fifth Regiment, and was mustered into the service as a sergeant in Company F. In this capacity he served faithfully, accompanying the regiment in its many campaigns with credit to himself and honor to his friends.

On the thirteenth of April, 1863, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in Company G., entering upon his new position with pride, and with a determination to win his way upward. But alas! how soon are earthly hopes cut off! On the third of May following, Lieutenant Brann was killed in the bloody fight at Salem Church; and although cut off so early in life, he leaves behind him a glorious record of nobleness of purpose, founded upon a character worthy of emulation, inspired with a devotion which enabled him cheerfully to fight and to die for the right and its advancement.

SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN S. FRENCH.

Lieutenant FRENCH was one of the original members of Company E., entering the service as a private. After the lapse of some four months, he was promoted to be a sergeant, and upon the thirteenth of June, 1863, he was commissioned as second lieutenant in Company B.

On the seventh of November, 1863, at the charge at Rappahannock Station he was struck down, mortally wounded, by a bullet. Some of his men sought to minister to him; but, raising himself up, he urged them on, not to stop for him. His noble spirit exhibited its power and earnestness to the last. He lived but a few moments after being wounded.

Lieutenant French combined the qualities of a gentleman and a soldier. With his comrades he was popular, and by them beloved. Brave upon every field, conscientious, upright, he was constantly winning favor upon all sides. His name shines brightly among those who were offered in sacrifice upon the altar of a bleeding country. Ever green must be his memory in the hearts of those to whom he was near and dear.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING A LIST OF

Officers and Privates of Fifth Regiment Maine Infantry.

This regiment was organized at Portland, Maine, June 24, 1861, for three years. The original members (except veterans) were mustered out of service July 27, 1864, and the veterans and recruits transferred to the Seventh Maine Volunteers, afterwards organized as the First Regiment Veteran Volunteers. First date indicates date of commission. The second the discharge. For abbreviations read as follows: res., resigned; pr., promoted; dis., discharged; mus., mustered; k., killed; w., wounded; t., term; tr., transferred; ex., expired; exc., exchanged; pris., prisoner; hosp., hospital; par., paroled; det., detached; * died of wounds. These rules apply to the entire roster.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

Mark H. Dunnell, Portland, May 24, 1861, res. Sept. 2, 1861.
Nathaniel J. Jackson, Lewiston, Sept. 2, 1861, pr. brig. gen. Sept. 24, 1862.
Edward A. Scamman, Portland, Nov. 1, 1862, dis. Jan. 8, 1863.
Clark S. Edwards, Bethel, March 2, 1863, mus. out July 27, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

Edwin Illsley, Lewiston, May 24, 1861, res. Sept. 24, 1861.
William S. Heath, Waterville, Sept. 24, 1861, killed June 27, 1862.
Edward A. Scamman, Portland, July 25, 1862, pr. col.
Clark S. Edwards, Bethel, Nov. 1, 1862, pr. col.
Henry R. Millett, Palmyra, Mar. 2, 1863, w. Rap. Sta. & Coal Har. mus. out July 27, 1864.

MAJORS.

Samuel C. Hamilton, Biddeford, May 24, 1861, res. Sept. 25, 1861.
Edward A. Scamman, Portland, Sept. 24, 1861, pr. lt. col.
Clark S. Edwards, Bethel, Aug. 28, 1862, pr. lt. col.
Henry R. Millett, Palmyra, Nov. 1, 1862, pr. lt. col.
Aaron S. Daggott, Greene, April 19, 1863, mus. out July 27, 1864.

ADJUTANTS.

Charles S. Whitman, Portland, June 24, 1861, dis. Nov. 24, 1861.
George W. Graham, Portland, Sept. 2, 1861, res. Oct. 18, 1863.
Geo. W. Bicknell, Portland, Nov. 1, 1862, res. Mar. 8, 1864, severely w. 2d Fredericksburg.
George B. Parsons, Brownfield, March 23, 1864, mus. out July 27, 1864.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- William Merrill, Gorham, June 24, 1831, A, dis. Dec. 10, 1831.
 George E. Atwood, Goshen, March 28, 1832, A, tr. to 24th Me.
 Charles B. Dexter, Biddeford, Nov. 1, 1832, A, mus. out July 27, 1834.
 Lewis B. Goodwin, Biddeford, May 29, 1831, B, pr. capt. Co. B.
 Robert M. Stevens, Biddeford, June 24, 1831, B, pr. capt. Co. B.
 Samuel H. Phillips, Biddeford, Feb. 7, 1832, B, pr. capt. Co. A.
 William E. Stevens, Portland, Nov. 1, 1832, B, mus. out July 27, 1834.
 Frederic S. Conroy, Saco, June 24, 1831, C, res. Aug. 15, 1831.
 Abel C. T. Stevens, Saco, Aug. 20, 1831, C, dis. May 7, 1832.
 Edward M. Robinson, Anson, May 24, 1832, C, pr. capt. Co. C.
 Charles A. Waterhouse, Portland, April 13, 1833, C, dis. March 11, 1834.
 George B. Kenniston, Boothbay, June 24, 1831, D, dis. May 25, 1832.
 John H. Stevens, Greene, June 13, 1833, D, par. pris. dis. March 16, 1835.
 Emory Warren Sawyer, Lisbon, May 29, 1831, E, pr. capt. Co. E.
 Aaron Simon Duggitt, Gorham, June 24, 1831, E, pr. capt. Co. E.
 Frank J. Lamont, Lewiston, Sept. 10, 1831, E, pr. capt. Co. E.
 Joseph Wizer, Gorham, June 13, 1833, E, mus. out July 27, 1834.
 George P. Sherwood, Portland, June 24, 1831, F, pr. capt. Co. F.
 Nathan Wadler, Portland, June 25, 1831, F, pr. capt. Co. F.
 Orrin B. Stevens, Westbrook, Nov. 19, 1833, F, mortally w. Wildfloss, died May 15, 1834.
 George W. Martin, Portland, June 24, 1831, G, res. Oct. 19, 1831.
 Alburn P. Harris, Portland, Oct. 30, 1832, G, pr. capt. Co. G.
 Daniel C. Clark, Portland, July 3, 1833, pr. capt. Co. K.
 John C. Sumner-Jones, Gorham, Nov. 19, 1833, G, mus. out July 27, 1834.
 Edward A. Scamman, Portland, May 29, 1831, H, pr. capt. Co. H.
 Ambrose S. Dyer, Portland, June 29, 1831, H, dis. Sept. 22, 1831.
 Richard C. Shannon, Portland, Oct. 10, 1831, H, pr. capt. and A. A. G. Oct. 23, 1832.
 John D. Ladd, Biddeford, Dec. 30, 1832, H, pr. capt. Co. H.
 P. Jordan Merrill, Greenwood, Dec. 20, 1833, H, tr. to Co. B, 7th Me.
 John Barker Walker, Bethel, June 24, 1831, I, pr. capt. Co. I.
 Albert L. Deering, Webster, Sept. 19, 1832, I, pr. capt. Co. H.
 Fredric G. Sandorn, Hopkinton, N. H., Nov. 1, 1832, I, pr. capt. Co. F.
 Lewis H. Lunt, Brunswick, April 13, 1833, I, mus. out July 27, 1834.
 Hiram T. Beckman, Minot, June 24, 1831, K, pr. capt. Co. K.
 Barlow Sprick, Raymond, Sept. 27, 1831, K, pr. capt. Co. C.
 Charles K. Packard, Lisbon, Feb. 1, 1832, K, res. June 13, 1832.
 George W. Becknell, Portland, Sept. 10, 1832, K, pr. capt.
 Andrew S. Lyon, Bangor, Nov. 1, 1832, K, missing in action May 19, 1834.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- John S. Merrill, Gorham, June 24, 1831, A, pr. q. m.
 Henry R. Willett, Palmyra, July 15, 1831, A, pr. capt. Co. A.
 Frederic Spear, Gorham, Sept. 19, 1831, A, pr. adjt. Co. A.
 Joseph Wizer, Gorham, March 28, 1832, A, pr. 1st lt. Co. E.
 George A. Chandler, Lewiston, June 15, 1831, A, par. pris. dis. March 29, 1835.
 Robert M. Stevens, Biddeford, May 29, 1831, B, pr. 1st lt. Co. B.
 Samuel H. Phillips, Biddeford, June 24, 1831, B, pr. 1st lt. Co. B.
 Charles B. Dexter, Biddeford, March 28, 1832, pr. 1st lt. Co. A.
 John H. Stevens, Greene, Nov. 1, 1832, B, pr. 1st lt. Co. D.
 John S. Foyens, Lisbon, June 13, 1833, B, mortally w. Rap. Station, died Nov. 3, 1833.
 John Goldinwait, Winthrop, Jan. 23, 1834, B, pr. capt. Co. K.
 David S. Richards, Saco, June 24, 1831, C, pr. capt. Co. C.
 William H. Shaw, Saco, Aug. 20, 1831, C, res. Jan. 17, 1832.
 John D. Ladd, Biddeford, March 28, 1832, C, pr. 1st lt. Co. H.
 J. A. [unclear], Portland, Dec. 30, 1832, C, tr. to Co. B, 7th Me.
 Charles H. Stevens, Toxostock, June 24, 1831, pr. capt. Co. D.
 Lewis C. Clark, Portland, Oct. 19, 1831, D, pr. 1st lt. Co. G.
 Lewis H. Lunt, Brunswick, Sept. 19, 1832, D, pr. 1st lt. Co. I.
 Fredric G. Barker, Portland, April 13, 1833, D, w. Wildfloss, mus. out July 27, 1834.
 Aaron S. Duggitt, Greene, May 29, 1831, E, pr. 1st lt. Co. E.

- Charles S. Whitman, 1. wiston, June 24, 1861, E, pr. adjt.
 Edward M. Robinson, Anson, Sept. 19, 1861, E, pr. 1st lt. Co. C.
 William E. Stevens, Portland, Feb. 12, 1862, E, pr. 1st lt. Co. B.
 John C. Sumner-Edwards, Gorham, Nov. 1, 1862, E, pr. 1st lt. Co. G.
 Joseph C. Parulis, Quebec, C. E. Feb. 19, 1864, E, pr. capt. Co. E.
 Nathan Walker, Portland, June 24, 1861, F, pr. 1st lt. Co. F.
 George E. Atwood, Gardiner, June 25, 1861, F, pr. 1st lt. Co. A.
 Frederic G. Sanborn, Hopkinton, N. H., May 8, 1862, F, pr. 1st lt. Co. I.
 Orrin B. Stevens, Westbrook, Nov. 1, 1862, F, pr. 1st lt. Co. I.
 Thomas J. Sawyer, Portland, June 24, 1861, G, pr. capt. Co. G.
 Robert J. McPherson, Portland, Sept. 19, 1861, G, res. Dec. 11, 1861.
 Albert L. Dearing, Webster, Dec. 28, 1861, G, pr. 1st lt. Co. I.
 Charles A. Waterhouse, Portland, Sept. 19, 1862, G, pr. 1st lt. Co. C.
 Cyrus W. Braun, W. Gardiner, April 13, 1863, G, killed May 3, 1863. [leg amp.]
 Sidney H. Hutchins, Case Ann, June 13, 1863, G, mus. out July 27, 1864, w. Wilderness,
 Ambrose S. Dyer, Portland, May 20, 1861, H, pr. 1st lt. Co. H.
 Samuel Munson, Portland, June 24, 1861, H, res. Aug. 25, 1861.
 George E. Brown, Portland, Sept. 19, 1861, H, pr. capt. Co. H.
 George W. Bleknell, Portland, Oct. 19, 1861, H, pr. 1st lt. Co. K.
 Smith G. Bailey, Poland, Oct. 1, 1862, H, died May 30, 1863.
 Cyrus Monroe Wormell, Bethel, June 24, 1861, I, dis. Feb. 15, 1862.
 Simeon W. Sanborn, Bethel, May 8, 1862, I, res. Oct 15, 1862. [1862.]
 John A. A. Packard, Hallowell, Dec. 30, 1862, I, severely w. Funkstown, dis. Nov. 25,
 William A. Tubbs, Hebron, Nov. 10, 1863, I, killed Nov. 7, 1863.
 Burbank Spiller, Menot, June 24, 1861, K, pr. 1st lt. Co. K.
 Charles K. Packard, Hebron, Sept. 27, 1861, K, pr. 1st lt. Co. K.
 Andrew S. Lyon, New Gloucester, Feb. 1, 1862, K, pr. 1st lt. Co. K.
 John McClellan, Casco, June 13, 1863, K, w. Wilderness, tr. to Co. A, 7th Me.

Original organization, roster of original companies, with subsequent additions and all changes and final records noted so far as it has been possible to obtain them. Various reports have been consulted with each name, and the greatest care has been taken to give each record correctly.

FIELD AND STAFF.

ORIGINAL ORGANIZATION.

- Mark H. Duppell, col. Portland, May 22, 1861, Sept. 2, 1861, res.
 Edwin Hiley, lt. col. Lewiston, May 22, 1861, Sept. 24, 1861, res.
 Saml C. Hamilton, maj. Bethel, May 22, 1861, Sept. 25, 1861, res.
 Charles S. Whitman, adjt. Portland, May 27, 1861, Nov. 21, 1861, res.
 Benj. S. Buxton, sergt. Warren, June 21, 1861, Jan. 9, 1863, res. pris. 1st Bull Run, par.
 Francis G. Vesper, 1st lt. com. Bethel, June 21, 1861, July 27, 1861, pr. surg. ex. term.
 John S. Merrill, q. m. Gorham, May 31, 1861, Sept. 2, 1861, res.
 John R. Adams, capt. Portland, June 1, 1861, July 27, 1861, mus. out ex. term.
 Fred. Speed, sergt. com. Gorham, June 21, 1861, Nov. 18, 1861, pr. lt. 5th Regt.
 A. B. Twitchell, q. m. sergt. Bethel, June 24, 1861, Dec. 4, 1861, pr. lt. 5th Battery.
 Benj. Freeman, com. sergt. Bethel, June 24, Aug. 3, 1861, dis. [Rim, par.]
 W. S. Noyes, hos. stew. Saco, June 24, 1861, Mar. 31, 1863, res. pr. asst. surg. pris. 1st Bull

SENIOR, NON-COMMISSIONED, FIELD, DETACHMENT, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Which are considered to appear in company rolls.

- N. J. Jackson, 1st Lt. Warren, May 2, 1861, Sept. 24, 1862, w. Gaines' Hill, pr. orig. com.
 William S. Heath, 1st Lt. W. Gardiner, Sept. 24, 1861, June 27, 1862, k. Gaines' Hill.
 Stephen H. Mann, 2d q. m. Lewiston, Sept. 2, 1862, Nov. 1862, pr. capt. and asst. q. m.

W. B. Fenderson, q. m. sergt. Biddeford, Sept. 2, 1861, July 27, 1864, pr. q. m. term ex.
 G. E. Brickert, surg. Augusta, Aug. 21, 1861, during Dr. Buxton's absence, relieved 1862.
 M. H. Manson, asst. surg. Limington, April 19, 1863, July 27, 1864, term ex. mus. out.
 Lucius M. Clark, q. m. sergt. Biddeford, March 1, 1863, July 27, 1864, mus. out.
 James P. Dresser, com. sergt. Portland, June 24, 1861, July 27, 1864, mus. out.
 Orrin Q. Pratt, hos. stew. Hebron, Jan. 19, 1862, July 27, 1864, mus. out.
 William E. Briggs, hos. stew. Portland, tr. general hospital, date not given. [exc.
 G. A. Chandler, sergt. maj. Lewiston, Aug. 15, 1862, Mar. 29, 1865, pr. 2d lt. Co. A, pris.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

Jonathan Cole, Portland, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Charles G. Young, Portland, July 26, 1861, died.
 Edward N. Cobb, Portland, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Edward M. Gammon, Portland, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 James A. Leavitt, Portland, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Sam'l. F. Parcher, Saco, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 James Dickinson, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Daniel H. Holman, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Daniel F. Lurry, Gorham, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Levi B. Tibbott, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Daniel M. Webster, Gorham, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Ezekiel York, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 William H. Boardman, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Francis A. Clodman, Windham, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Horace Cole, Norway, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Chas. F. Clowes, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Joseph W. Foughty, Windham, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 James Evans, jr., Hiram, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 James M. Fernald, Houlton, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 James H. Shannon, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 John W. Thompson, Hartford, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Luther Wiswall, jr., Windham, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Charles D. Barnett, Portland, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.
 Warren Hume, Lewiston, Aug. 7, 1862, dis. by act of Congress.

COMPANY A.

[The date annexed to each of the following names gives the time of discharge from the regiment, inasmuch as they were all mustered into the service on June 24th, 1861, except those whose names appear under the head of "subsequently joined." In those columns, the first date is time of muster in, and the second the time of discharge.]

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Josiah Hoild, Gorham, Aug. 9, 1861, res.
 William Merrill, Gorham, Dec. 19, 1861, res.
 John S. Merrill, Gorham, Sept. 2, 1861, pr. q. m. res.

SERGEANTS.

Henry R. Millott, Palmyra, July 27, 1861, pr. capt. maj. and lt. col. term ex.
 John O. Winslip, Gorham, July 28, 1861.
 Charles H. Parlek, Gorham, June, 1861, died in hosp.
 George D. Bose, Gorham, July 5, 1861.
 John L. Haskell, Gorham, July 27, 1861, term ex.

CORPORALS.

Nogh Ladd, Gorham, May 23, 1861.
 John C. Sumner, res. Gorham, July 27, 1861, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. term ex.
 Wm. B. McAllister, Brunswick, July 29, 1861.

Frank W. Smith, Gorham, Sept. 6, 1831.
 George W. Manson, Hollis, Aug. 18, 1831.
 Edward S. Gilman, Gorham, July 26, 1831.
 Joseph Wight, Gorham, July 27, 1834, pr. sergt. 2d lt. 1st lt. term ex.
 Osgood W. Rogers, Windham, July 27, 1834, pr. sergt. pris. May 3, 1833, term ex.

Wm. H. Boyd, musician, Gorham, Dec. 28, 1833, to re-enlist three years.
 David Smith, musician, Gorham, Aug. 2, 1832.
 Charles H. Stuart, wagoner, Standish, July 27, 1834, term ex.

PRIVATE8.

Brampus, Morris Hobron, Dec. 28, 1833, to re-enlist three years.
 Burnell, James B., Gorham, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Braden, Marquis W., Linnington, Dec. 28, 1833, to re-enlist three years.
 Buck, Theodore E., Gorham, Aug. 1, 1831.
 Berry, Robert, Carthage, Feb. 1, 1832, surgeon's certificate of disability.
 Bangs, Leeman J., Farmington, April 8, 1834.
 Bancett, Richard O., Westbrook, Aug. 18, 32, dropped from rolls by genl. order No. 162.
 Clark, Sa. gent. Linnington, Aug. 18, 32, dropped from rolls by genl. order, No. 162.
 Cudbourne, Abra., Waterboro', July 29, 1831.
 Cilly, Oliver, Gorham, July 27, 1831, term ex.
 Crobbroth, George, Scarborough, Nov. 29, 1833, w. Andiam.
 Crockett, David S., Westbrook, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Dady, Peter, Gorham, Dec. 28, 1833, to re-enlist three years.
 Deering, George L., Gorham, Dec. 28, 1833, to re-enlist three years.
 Deighly, Joseph M., Windham, Aug. 7, 1832, tr. to regimental band.
 Edwards, Richardson I., Gorham, July 27, 1831, pr. sergt. term ex.
 Eldon, Abner C. S., Gorham, Nov. 9, 1833, w. Rappahannock station.*
 Lewis, Charles M., Gorham, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Ellwell, Charles E., Gorham, Sept. 20, 1831.
 Eoss, Abner E., Linnington, Aug. 18, 32, dropped from the rolls by genl. order 162.
 Ewers, Walter H., Gorham, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Enak, Isaac N., Gorham, Sept. 1, 1832.
 Gilman, Samuel F., Denmark, Aug. 18, 32, w. Gaines' Hill, dropped from rolls.
 Gilbert, Albert, Gorham, Dec. 28, 1833, pris. Gaines' Hill, exc. to re-enlist three years.
 Hadden, James E., Gorham, Dec. 28, 1833, re-enlisted three years.
 Hays, John L., Scarborough, March 28, 1834.
 Hill, Frederic, Saco, July 27, 1834, det. to 2d U. S. Art. ret. to Co. term ex.
 Harmon, Joseph D., Gorham, June 28, 1832, w. Gaines' Hill.*
 Hill, Levi, Gorham, July 27, 1834, un-., out.
 Hatch, Christopher C., Cape Elizabeth, Jan. 27, 1832.
 Hooper, Canton B., Windham, March 9, 1832.
 Hunt, Francis E., Westbrook, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Lillie, Henry, Standish, Feb. 9, 1832.
 Lundy, Cyrus H., Gorham, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Lincoln, Jane N., Gorham, July 27, 1834, detailed in ho-p. w. May 3, 1833, term ex.
 Lord, Frank, Gorham, July 27, 1834, w. May 3, 1833, tr. to Vet. Inf. Reserve Corps.
 Lowell, Amos O., Portland, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Martin, Marsball, Gorham, Jan. 22, 1834.
 Merrill, George H., Gorham, March 12, 1834, enlisted in Navy.
 McPhee, Francis, Gorham, Jan. 19, 1834.
 McKenney, James, Saco, July 27, 1834.
 McCook, A. B., Farmington, date not given, det. on gun-boat service.
 Newell, Henry, H. Gorham, Nov. 28, 1831, died.
 Newcomb, Oliver, Farmington, July 9, 1832, disability.
 Palmer, Nathan, Hiram, Jan. 29, 1832.
 Patten, Robert, Gorham, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Pease, John B., Gorham, July 27, 1831, term ex.
 Pease, John, Westbrook, July 27, 1834.
 Pease, Arthur, Westbrook, Dec. 28, 1833, re-enlisted three years.
 Pease, Paul A., Westbrook, Sept. 6, 1831.
 Russell, John, Westbrook, July 3, 1832, pris. Bull Run, exc.

- Rolfe, Emery, Gorham, Aug. 18'2, dropped from the rolls by genl. order 162.
 Reed, George S. Gorham, Aug. 18'2, dropped from the rolls by genl. order 132.
 Sias, Horace, Gorham, Sept. 17, 18'2.
 Staples, Moses M. Baldwin, July 27, 18'4, term ex.
 Sanborn, John W. Standish, Dec. 2, 18'1.
 Shaw, Almon, Windham, March 17, 18'3.
 Shaw, C. C. Gorham, July 27, 18'4, term ex.
 Smith, Silas M. Gorham, Feb. 20, 18'2.
 Stackpole, Augustus J. Gorham, w. July 27, 18'1, term ex.
 Shackford, Theodore, Gorham, July 27, 18'4, term ex.
 Strout, Augustus J. Standish, Aug. 19, 18'1.
 Stackpole, Edwin, N. Yarmouth, July 6, 18'1.
 Tufts, James B. Limington, Oct. 3, 18'4, w. Bull Run.
 Thompson, Nathan N. Waterboro', Aug. 1, 18'1.
 Tufts, Alvan V. Cornish, July 27, 18'4, term ex.
 Wood, Charles M. Gorham, name does not appear in any reports after 1861.
 Watson, Timothy B. Limerick, Feb. 20, 18'2.
 Whitney, Alfred Sebago, Jan. 6, 18'3.
 Wiswell, Luther jr. Windham, Aug. 7, 18'2, tr. to Regt. Band, and dis.
 Wheeler, Charles H. Windham, July 24, 18'1.
 Winslow, Josiah, Casco, July 24, 18'4.
 Welch, Sewall, Standish, July 17, 18'2.
 Wentworth, Heratio, Gorham, July 1, 18'2.
 Westcott, William F. Gorham, Aug. 18'2, dropped from rolls by genl. order 182.
 Wood, Warren H. Buxton, March 9, 18'2.
 Spradling, J. G. Buckle Id, July 27, 18'4, Regt. P. M. term ex.
 Quimby, Clement, Waterboro', det. to 2d U. S. Art.
 Johnson, Charles W. Portland, Dec. 28, 18'3, re-enlisted three years.
 McCluskey, John, Ponton, Aug. 18'2, dropped from rolls by order 162.
 Hatch, Franklin N. Sanford, July 15, 18'2.
 Woronwood, Charles P. Hollis, det. on gunboat service.
 Speed, Frederic, Gorham, Nov. 15, 18'4, pr. 2d lt. res.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

- Allen, Manron, Sebago, Oct. 4, 18'1, July 8, 18'2.
 Auld, James R. Bechtley, Oct. 7, 18'1, April 8, 18'4, w. Rappa, Station, army and ord.
 Boyd, Charles H. Boonay, Nov. 7, 18'3, Aug. 18'2, dropped from rolls by genl. order 12.
 Brady, Patrick, St. Johns, N. B. Oct. 12, 18'1, July 27, 18'4, tr. to 1st Me. Vet.
 Brown, Amos B. Liberty, Nov. 18, 18'1, March 4, 18'2.
 Brooks, Abner S. Buxton, March 11, 18'2, March 3, 18'4, dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Brown, George jr. Portland, Dec. 9, 18'1, March 4, 18'2.
 Cady, George R. Lincoln, Oct. 23, 18'1, July 18, 18'2.
 Cuenca, Patrick, Portland, Dec. 18, 18'1, April 1, 18'2.
 Downes, Geo. Portland, Dec. 23, 18'1, Aug. 18'2, dropped from rolls by genl. order 162.
 Gleason, Patrick, Portland, Jan. 18, 18'2, July 27, 18'4, det. in Wash. tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Numan, W. H. Kennebunkport, Sept. 17, 18'1, April 23, 18'4, tr. to Navy.
 Phillips, Lewis L. N. Yarmouth, Jan. 3, 18'2, May 27, 18'2.
 Seyono, Frank A. Belfast, Aug. 15, 18'2, Oct. 22, 18'2.
 Vanson, Levi Portland, Jan. 22, 18'2, March 31, 18'4, det. to U. S. Art. re-enlisted 3 yrs.
 Wilbur, Rufus A. Portland, Jan. 3, 18'2, June 11, 18'2.

COMPANY B.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

- Lewis B. Goodwin, Biddeford, Sept. 20, 18'1, res.
 Robert M. Stevens, Biddeford, July 27, 18'4, pr. capt. w. Gaine's Mills.
 Samuel H. Philbrick, Biddeford, Aug. 12, 18'3, pr. 1st lt. capt. pris. dis. Oct. 18, 18'5.

SERGEANTS.

- Charles B. Dexter, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. Co. A, t. ex.
 John D. Ladd, Biddeford, July 27, '64, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. Co. H, capt. Co. H, w. Wilderness.
 Samuel B. Brackett, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Charles P. Foster, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Moses T. Sampson, Biddeford, July 31, 1861.

CORPORALS.

- W. Foss, Biddeford, Dec. 28, '63, pr. sergt. to re-enlist 3 yrs. sev. w. Wild'ness, since died.
 Henry F. Davis, Biddeford, Sept. 24, 1861.
 Oliver H. McIntire, Biddeford, Oct. 5, 1861.
 George W. Nason, Biddeford, July 29, 1862.
 Arthur Ricker, Biddeford, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, genl. order 162, w. Gaines' Hill.
 C. H. Wallace, Biddeford, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, genl. order 162, w. Gaines' Hill.
 George W. Morrison, Biddeford, July 9, 1862.*
 Nicholas R. Lougee, Biddeford, July 1, 1862.

- William H. Parsons, Biddeford, musician, July 23, 1861.
 Ezekiel York, Biddeford, musician, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. regt. band.
 Frank Waldworth, Biddeford, wagoner, July 31, 1861.

PRIVATEs.

- Adams, Israel, Biddeford, June 27, 1862, killed at Gaines' Hill.
 Adams, Oliver B., Biddeford, July 27, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, t. ex.
 Adams, Jesse W., Kennebunkport, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Appleton, Thomas W., Acton, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Ayer, Charles H., Biddeford, July 23, 1861.
 Bacon, George W., Biddeford, May 19, 1864, killed in battle.
 Bean, Aaron H., Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Berry, Cyrus P., Biddeford, Jan. 4, 1864, to re-enlist three years.
 Blake, James, Salmon Falls, N. H., 1864, date not given.
 Butler, Wentworth, Biddeford, July 23, 1861.
 Burnham, Charles M., Biddeford, Aug. 3, 1861.
 Buckton, Peter, Biddeford, Feb. 13, 1864, to re-enlist three years.
 Brown, Charles H., July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Chapman, Charles F., Biddeford, not mustered in.
 Chidbourn, Horace K., Biddeford, Dec. 28, 1863, to re-enlist three years.
 Cousins, Prontiss M., Biddeford, Sept. 24, 1861.
 Davis, Thomas, Biddeford, Aug. 25, 1862.
 Dearborn, George E., Biddeford, Sept. 17, 1861.
 Dearborn, Henry A., Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Eason, John, Biddeford, June 6, 1862.
 Elliott, Joseph, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Elliott, Timothy, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. in action.
 Emerson, Charles A., Biddeford, died, date unknown.
 Frost, William H., Biddeford, Sept. 24, 1861, died.
 Gaylin, Edwin, Biddeford, Nov. 12, 1862.
 G. rebell, James, Biddeford, July 23, 1861.
 Gilman, Joseph M., Biddeford, dis. 1862, date not known.
 Goodwin, John W., Biddeford, April 18, 1861, w. Crampton Pass.
 Goodwin, Sumner L., Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Hanson, Moses W., Biddeford, Jan. 4, 1864, re-enlisted three years.
 Harvey, Thomas, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Hodgson, Billings, Biddeford, Jan. 4, 1864, pr. sergt. re-enlisted three years.
 Howell, Roswell C. Dexter, Aug. 3, 1861.
 Howland, Samuel, Milton, N. H., July 23, 1861.
 Howland, Robert C., Biddeford, July 23, 1861.
 Howland, Daniel, Acton, Dec. 22, 1861, died at Alexandria.
 Jordan, Jesse, Kennebunkport, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 19, 1864.
 Jordan, Joseph, Kennebunkport, Sept. 24, 1861.

- Kelley, Jeremiah, Kennebunkport, tr. invalid corps, date unknown.
 Larrabee, Charles F. Biddeford, July 27, 1861, t. ex. w. May 10, 1861.
 Libby, John F. Biddeford, died, date unknown.
 Linscott, John, Biddeford, July 27, 1861, pr. sergt. w. Crampton Pass, w. May 7, '64, t. ex.
 Littlefield, Junius W. Dexter, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt. re-enlisted three years.
 Littlefield, Jesse L. Biddeford, June 17, 1862.
 Maximo, William D. Biddeford, Sept. 14, 1862, w. at Crampton Pass.*
 Moran, John E. Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Meserve, Edwin, Biddeford, Sep. t. 1, 1863, w. Crampton Pass, pris. at 2d Frederic-burg.
 McCabe, John, Biddeford, det. western gun-boat service, date unknown.
 Moore, Efflor, Buxton, Nov. 7, 1863, mort. w. Rappahannock Station.
 Murphy, Vivin B. Biddeford, dis. date not given.
 Murphy, William D. Biddeford, Nov. 11, 1861.
 Nesbitt, John F. Biddeford, Dec. 28, 1863, w. Rappahannock Sta. re-enlisted three yrs.
 Nesbitt, Fred. D. Biddeford, July 27, 1861, pris. May 3, 1863, exe. t. ex.
 Paine, Theo. H. Biddeford, March, 1863.
 Page, Isaiah, Milton, N. H. July 23, 1861.
 Polly, George A. Biddeford, Aug. 3, 1861.
 Roberts, Milton T. Biddeford, w. and pris. May 3, 1863, date dis. not known.
 Robbins, Alfred F. Biddeford, Oct. 8, 1863.
 Serlauer, Samuel E. Biddeford, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Smith, Horace P. Biddeford, July 27, 1861, t. ex.
 Smith, Lewis H. Biddeford, Sept. 24, 1861.
 Small, Charles S. Biddeford, Nov. 27, 1862.
 Spence, George G. Biddeford, June 1, 1862, died at Yorktown.
 Stevens, James, Biddeford, July 27, 1861, t. ex.
 Stevens, William, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, exe. t. ex.
 Tarbox, Warren R. Biddeford, Oct. 8, 1861.
 Walker, O. L. Biddeford, March 9, 1863.
 Webster, Albert, Biddeford, June 27, 1862.*
 Whitton, Seth S. Biddeford, July 23, 1861.
 Wilkinson, Aaron B. Ethingam, N. H. Sept. 17, 1861.
 Wilcox, Joseph O. Biddeford, missing May 10, 1864, in action.
 York, Richard J. Biddeford, May 31, 1863.*
 Yule, Joseph H. Westbrook, dis. disability, date unknown.
 Yule, William T. Biddeford, Aug. 15, 1862.
 Yule, Melvin T. Biddeford, Sept. 11, 1861.
 McIntire, John H. Biddeford, w. Crampton Pass, date discharge unknown.
 Libby, Charles O. Biddeford, July 27, 1861, w. May 10, 1864, t. ex.
 Harper, John, Dexter, July 27, 1861, w. May 10, 1864, t. ex.
 Sullivan, Jerry, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Ricker, Arthur, Biddeford, Nov. 12, 1862.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

- Berry, Robert, Biddeford, Sept. 8, 1862. —, 1864, w. Rappahannock Sta. tr. 1st Vets.
 Cook, Amasa L. Augusta, Sept. 8, 1862, dis. 1863, date unknown.
 Coombs, Charles H. Portland, Oct. 1861, tr. hospital steward to reg. army, 1862.
 Crowley, John A. Portland, Nov. 1861, May 19, 1862.
 Campbell, Warren W. Anson, Jan. 1, 1862, May 24, 1862.
 Duggan, Nath'l. N. Bedford, Mass. Sept. 24, '61, det. hospital service, '62, date unknown.
 Doolerty, Thomas, August 10, Nov. 15, 1861, Aug. 15, 1862.
 Day, James A. Portland, Nov. 15, 1861, May 7, 1862, w. West Point.
 Dickinson, Sewall, Augusta, Dec. 12, 1861. —, 1861, tr. 1st Mo. Veterans.
 Erdinger, Joseph H. Norway, Dec. 28, 1861, dis. for disability, date unknown.
 Floyd, Benjamin, Saco, Mar. 9, 1862, Feb. 9, 1863, died.
 Ireland, Dennis W. Biddeford, Aug. 27, 1862, July 27, 1865, pris. Nov. 27, 1863, exe.
 Holbeck, Benjamin F. Saco, Feb. 1, 1862, Feb. 15, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Jones, Henry W. Aug. 27, 1861, 12 1/2, Aug. 30, 1862.
 Knight, Henry, Portland, Jan. 1, 1862, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, genl. or 1st 1862.
 Knox, Daniel C. Biddeford, Aug. 25, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.
 Knox, Thomas T. Biddeford, Aug. 25, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.

COMPANY C.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Isaac B. Noyes, Saco, Aug. 10, 1831, res.
 Fred. S. Gurney, Saco, Aug. 14, 1831, res.
 David S. Barrows, Saco, Jan. 23, 1832, pr. capt. res.

SERGEANTS.

A. C. T. Stevens, Saco, May 7, 1832, pr. 1st lt. res.
 Daniel Sanborn, Saco, d. t. on gunboat service, date not given.
 B. F. Leavitt, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Wm. Henry Shaw, Saco, Jan. 13, 1832, pr. 2d lt. res.
 James Cole, Saco, on gunboat service.

CORPORALS.

E. C. Chadbourn, Saco, Sept. 11, 1832, pr. sergt. killed Crampton Pass.
 Orren Moody, Saco, Aug. 29, 1831.
 Albert F. Lane, Saco, pr. sergt. d. t. on gunboat service.
 J. M. Pennell, Saco, June 27, 1832, killed Gaines' Hill.
 E. G. Bradburn, Saco, July 28, 1832, w. Gaines' Hill, died.
 E. S. Wormwell, Saco, Jan. 13, 1833, w. Gaines' Hill.
 J. O. Patrick, Saco, tr. to 3d M. Drum Corps, 1833.
 Chas. W. Mitchell, Saco, Jan. 1833, pr. sergt. disability.

Ivory Littlefield, M. mus'n, Saco, Aug. 1832, w. Gaines' Hill, dropped from rolls, genl. order 112.
 Eli Demmitt, wagoner, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.

PRIVATEs.

Avery, Dexter, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Ayer, Geo. H. Great Falls, N. H., July 22, 1832.
 Atkinson, Wm. H. Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex, w. May 10, 1834.
 Ambrose, Geo. H. Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex, w. May 10, 1834.
 Bassett, Joseph F. Saco, July 27, 1834, pris. May 3, 1833, exc. term ex.
 Bell, Joseph, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex, w. May 10, 1834.
 Baker, August B. Biddeford, March 11, 1835, pris. Nov. 27, 1833, exc.
 Cullen, John, Saco, July 27, 1834, w. May 3, 1833, w. May 10, 1834, term ex.
 Cole, Alonzo, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Chadbourn, William D. Cornish, July 24, 1831.
 Churchill, Ebenezer, Minot, May 3, 1833, killed in battle.
 Collins, Daniel, Saco, June 27, 1832, killed in battle.
 Davis, Walter H. Saco, Nov. 30, 1834, died.
 Dearing, James, Saco, July 27, 1834.
 Demmitt, Joseph C. Saco, Feb. 13, 1834, dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Dew, Abram, Saco, Aug. 1832, dropped from rolls by genl. order 152.
 Drow, J. D. Saco, not mustered in.
 Egan, John E. Saco, Sept. 5, 1831.
 Emery, Ezra Lutherick, Feb. 27, 1834, dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Emery, Lorenzo S. Kennebunk, Sept. 7, 1831.
 Fendler, Joseph P. Saco, d. t. on gunboat service.
 Foster, John, Minot, March 8, 1832.
 Giddis, James, Saco, w. May 3, 1833, tr. to Invalid Corps 1832.
 Gowen, James H. Saco, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Gowen, S. P. Saco, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Higgins, James H. Saco, date not given.
 Hunt, W. H. Gorham, Aug. 23, 1831.
 Ingersoll, George B. Saco, Aug. 28, 1831.
 Ingersoll, George B. Saco, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Keith, Lewis, Westbrook, Jan. 13, 1832.
 King, Miriam J. Strater, Vt. Feb. 27, 1834, term ex.

- Kelley James, Portland, Nov. 13, 1832, w. South Mountain, dis. for wounds.
 Kimball, Luther G. Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Lewis, John, Saco, tr. to the Regular Army. [12. 1834, exc.
 Larrabee, Wm. Biddeford, April 13, 1835, w. Gaines' Hill, pris. May 4, 1833, exc. pris. May
 Merrill, Chas. D. Saco, died in hos. date not known.
 McCulloch, Andrew J. Saco, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 McCarthy, Andrew, Saco, May 19, 1834.
 Nason, James, Lowell, Mass. Oct. 3, 1831.
 Nutton, Monzo, Biddeford, Aug. 28, 1831.
 Page, Edward, Biddeford, d. t. on gun-boat service.
 Page, Geo. W. Biddeford, Feb. 28, 1832.
 Phillips, Seth, Saco, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Page, Charles R. Biddeford, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Ricker, Charles, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Richards, Benj. Saco, Sept. 13, 1832.
 Ricker, Frank, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Stevens, John C. Gorham, April 21, 1833.
 Stone, Thomas B. Newfield, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Stevens, Chas. H. P. Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Sawyer, W. H. Plymouth, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Soule, James, Biddeford, July 27, 1834, term ex. w. in action Nov. 7, 1833.
 Tyno, Michael, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Webb, Charles W. Saco, Oct. 29, 1832, died in hos.
 Wilber, Joseph, Saco, July 27, 1834, term ex.
 Wornwell, Dan'l C. Saco, tr. to 2d U. S. Battery.
 Whitson, B. F. Buxton, July 27, 1834, t. ex. w. May 19, 1834.
 Wornwell, S. S. Saco, July 27, 1834, t. ex. w. May 19, 1834.
 Wornwell, John S. Biddeford, tr. to Co. I.
 Warren, John, Biddeford, Sept. 11, 1832.
 Wayland, John E. Saco, Nov. 7, 1832, killed at Rappahannock Station.
 Willard, John H. G. Falls, N. H. July 27, 1834, t. ex.
 Welch, Leonard, Saco, July 27, 1834, t. ex. w. May 19, 1834.
 Wentworth, Samuel, Saco, July 27, t. ex.
 Welch, Alexander, Saco, Jan. 13, 1832.
 Young, C. G. Portland, Aug. 7, 1832, tr. to reg't band.
 Wescott, D. M. Widdmann, Aug. 7, 1832, tr. to reg't band.
 Lurey, D. P. Gorham, Aug. 7, 1832, tr. to reg't band.
 Noyes, W. S. Saco, March 31, 1833, taken pris. Ball Run, exc. pr. as-t. surg. res.
 Seavey, Orrin, Saco, Jan. 25, 1832.
 Merrill, George, Saco, Oct. 15, 1831.
 Hill, Ebb Blze G. Saco, July 23, 1831.
 Alexander, W. H. Portland, d. t. on western gun-boat service.
 Morgan, Geo. E. Wadboro', N. H. July 27, 1834, w. May 8, 1831, t. ex.
 Deas, James D. Saco, July 27, 1834, pr. drum major, t. ex.
 Hughes, Maria, Portland, July 27, 1834, pr. surg. t. ex. w. May 19, 1834.
 Boye, David, Portland, Aug. 1832, dropped from roll's order No. 132.
 Foss, George H. Saco, July 11, 1832, died in hospital.
 Smith, Fairchild, Dayton, Dec. 30, 1832, disability.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

- Adams, Benj. W. Saco, Aug. 23, 1832, Feb. 13, 1833. [Veterans.
 Brown, William, Greenville, Ct. April 1, 1832, June, 1834, w. May 3, 1833, tr. to 1st Me.
 Bryant, Eben J. Saco, Sept. 13, 1832, June, 1834, pris. May 3, 1833, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Childs, Geo. E. Saco, Saco, Sept. 25, June, 1834, w. May 12, 1833, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Conner, James, Portland, April 14, 1832, March 17, 1834, w. Sept. 10, 1833.
 Dea, Wm. Tracy, Saco, 1832, 24, 1832, Aug. 1, 1832.
 Farnham, William H. Biddeford, Nov. 2, 1831, May 11, 1833, died in prison.
 Farnham, David H. Biddeford, Oct. 8, 1831, June, 1834, pr. 1st surg. tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Farnham, E. Saco, Nov. 3, 1831, Oct. 1, 1832.
 Gossard, Charles P. Saco, Aug. 11, 1832, tr. to invalid corps.
 Green, S. Saco, August 14, Dec. 3, 1831, March 23, 1834, dis. to roll's list for 3 years.
 Greenwalt, John C. Brownfield, Dec. 9, 1831, April 21, 1833.

Hewes, Dudley O. Aug. 17, Oct. 28, 1861, dropped from rolls.
 Humphreys, Henry S. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, 1861, dropped from rolls. [t. ex.
 Harchius, Sidney H. Cape Ann, Oct. 8, '61, July 27, '61, pr. sergt. It. Co. G, severely w.
 Small, Geo. E. B. Saco, Feb. 7, 1862, March 15, 1864, dis. to pensionist for 3 years.
 Smith, John S. N. Bedford, Mass., Aug. 29, 1862, Jan. 5, 1864.
 Swift, John M. Bethel, Nov. 9, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 Wayland, Clark, St. John, N. B., Aug. 29, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 Allen, Isaac A. Saco, Oct. 19, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 Harvey, Silas, Winthrop, Sept. 29, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 McCarty, Dennis, Saco, Oct. 29, 1862, July 19, 1863.
 Sargent, Harrison, Kennebunk, Sept. 19, 1862, June 31, 1863.
 Shedd, James P. Greenwood, Sept. 24, 1862, Dec. 21, 1863, died in hospital.
 Witham, Joseph, Saco, Sept. 15, 1862, Sept. 18, 1863.

C O M P A N Y D.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Edward W. Thompson, Brunswick, Sept. 24, 1861, res.
 Geo. B. Kenniston, Boothbay, May 25, 1863, pris. Bull Run.
 Charles H. Small, Topsham, July 27, 1864, pr. capt. Oct. 7, t. ex.

SERGEANTS.

Jires W. Owen, jr. Brunswick, Aug. 29, 1861.
 John J. Smith, Topsham, March 7, 1862.
 Albion D. Haremsen, Brunswick, date of discharge in 1863 not given.
 Lewis H. Lunt, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. Co. I, t. ex.
 Wm. F. McQuestion, Rockport, Mass., Feb. 29, 1862.

CORPORALS.

Benj. F. Whitten, Topsham, June 24, 1861.
 Emory P. Blondell, Topsham, May 12, 1864, taken pris. Bull Run, exc. k in batt'e.
 John H. French, Brunswick, Sept. 3, 1862.
 Charles A. Clough, Topsham, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 William C. Moody, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. w. May 12, 1864, t. ex. [Corps.
 S. W. Hatch, Bowdoinham, Jan. 14, 1864, w. Crumpton Pass, pris. May 4, 1863. Invalid
 Horace L. Berry, Woodstock, report says, not heard from since leaving Maine.
 James Blaisdell, Brunswick, 1864, pr. sergt. date discharge not given.

William H. Hall, N. Gloucester, musician, Oct. 1862, pr. five-major.
 George L. Harmon, Brunswick, musician, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 19, 1864.
 Amos E. Lapham, Bethel, wagoner. —, 1863, died in New York, date unknown.

PRIVATEs.

Alexander, Randall T. Topsham, July 27, 1864, w. May 19, 1864, t. ex.
 Abbott, Philip, Woodstock, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, or her P-2.
 Berry, George L. Rockport, Mass., May 3, 1863, killed in action.
 Brown, James, jr. Portland, June 24, 1861.
 Cobbett, Alfred L. Brunswick, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Colby, George L. Topsham, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 19, 1864.
 Colby, John P. Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Corcoran, James, Bath, Sept. 11, 1861, died in Alexandria.
 Cullen, Henry, Andover, March 17, 1861, died in A.
 Corbin Edwin, Limerick, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 19, 1864.
 Corbin, D. Danvers, Biggford, Sept. 1, 1862.
 Colman, Charles M. [dis. expart. Ma. s. —, 1863, died in Washington, date unknown.
 Dougherty, Isaac G. Brunswick, Dec. 28, 1863, dis. to pensionist three years.

- Dunlap, Charles L. Brunswick, —, 1863, w. Antietam, date of dis. not given.
 Dunning, Orlando, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Eastman, Orlando H. Mexico, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Eastman, Martin V. Mexico, May 15, 1862.
 Eastman, Zachary G. Mexico, Sept. 12, 1861.
 Fabian, Anthony, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Faw, Robert, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex.
 Fox, David M. Porter, Dec. 28, 1863, dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Fox, Lorenzo D. Rockport, Mass., July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex.
 Farrow, Henry, Rockport, Mass., July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Godfrey, James, Portland, tr. to Invalid Corps, date not given.
 Goldsmith, Charles B. Brunswick, Aug. 29, 1862.
 Haulin, William, Bowdoinham, July 27, 1864, taken pris. July 2, 1861, exc. t. ex.
 Haley, James A. Topsham, Aug. 6, 1861.
 Hassel, Lawrence, Lewiston, July 27, 1864, taken pris. July 21, 1861, exc. t. ex.
 Haby, Alonzo, Topsham, July 27, 1864, pr. 1st sergt. t. ex.
 Harrington, Al C. Topsham, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Hodgdon, Daniel R. Brunswick, —, 1863, dis. for disability, date not given.
 Howard, James L. Topsham, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 10, 1861.
 Hatch, Stephen D. Bowdoinham, Jan. 14, 1864, pris. May 4, 1863, exc. tr. Invalid Corps.
 Hamblen, Arthur M. Rockport, Mass., Oct. 3, 1861.
 Jewett, Thomas, Rockland, Aug. 14, 1863, shot by sentence G. C. M.
 Johnson, Samuel L. Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Keay, John H. Brunswick, July 25, 1861.
 Kerr, James, Canapton, C. E. —, 1863, dis. disability, date unknown.
 Kennerson, Philad. H. Bethel, Nov. 7, 1861.
 Lubeo, William, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Maloney, John, Libberron, Sept. 8, 1861.
 Marriner, Charles E. Topsham, July 27, 1864, pris. May 4, 1863, exc. t. ex.
 McLawlin, John, Springfield, March, 1862.
 McClay, Thomas, Brunswick, Feb. 29, 1862.
 Miller, Samuel, Brunswick, Aug. 1, 1861.
 Morse, William D. Bowdoinham, det. on gunboat service.
 Mason, Stillman L. Rockport, Mass., Sept. 4, 1861.
 Parsons, Thomas F. Rockport, Mass., July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Perkins, Stephen A. Rockport, Mass., July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Rackliff, Nathaniel, Brunswick, —, 1863, died in Washington, date unknown.
 Strout, Charles W. Brunswick, det. on Signal Corps.
 Stone, Charles E. Brunswick, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Smith, Jefferson, Brunswick, Feb. 15, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Staples, Edwidge B. Topsham, Nov. 17, 1861.
 Stowell, Joseph H. Portland, June, 1861.
 Stuart, Thomas, Topsham, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Stover, Nathan W. Lowell, —, 1862, lost arm at Gaines' Hill.
 Stonan, Albin, Rockport, Mass., July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Smith, S-wall C. Rumford, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Taylor, Eugene, Andover, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Tuttle, Thomas, D. Trauma, Nov. 3, 1862, died soon after discharge.
 Vickery, Albert, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Vickery, Charles B. Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Warren, Jerry, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Welch, Morris, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Willis, John, Biddeford, July 27, 1864, pris. Bull Run, exc. w. May 10, 1861, t. ex.
 Work, Oscar O. Topsham, May 21, 1862.
 Whittow, Durium, Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Wallace, Otis W. Rockport, Mass., Sept. 27, 1862, died in Washington.
 Davis, James, Portland, June 2, 1861.
 Wiggins, Isaac F. Biddeford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Aspin, James, Portland, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Taylor, Charles, Portland, Nov. 15, 1861, accidentally w. Sept. 17.
 Merrill, Charles, Lewiston, —, 1864, not accounted for on mas. rolls.
 Coffin, Simon, Brunswick, Sept. 8, 1861.
 Coffin, James W. Brunswick, date of dis. for disability, unknown.

Croswell, James T. Brunswick, July 27, 1864, t. ex.

Trufaut, Adam O. Topsham, Sept. 1, 1861.

Beard, Charles, Moscow, July 16, 1863.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

Barron, James D. Topsham, Sept. 16, 1862, Jan. 15, 1864.

Carey, George A. Topsham, Sept. 16, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.

Carey, Seth F. Topsham, Sept. 16, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.

Faller, Alonzo M. Brunswick, Sept. 16, 1862, April 1st, 1864.

Hallett, Davis, Lubec, Dec. 13, 1861, det. for garrison service.

Hauscomb, Cyrus, Bridgton, Dec. 13, 1861, March, 1862, died in Alexandria.

Hilton, Lithgow L. Jefferson, Dec. 13, 1861, Dec. 8, 1862.

Howe, George, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, order 162.

Kimball, Henry, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, Oct. 6, 1862.

Laason, Oscar, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.

Libby, Tyng, Gorham, Dec. 13, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.

Littfield, George M. Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt. re-enlist 2 yrs.

Leary, D. Boston Ms., Sept. 16, 1862. —, 1863, pris. May 3, '63, exc. no final rec. given.

Staples, Charles, E. Topsham, Sept. 16, 1862, Feb. 20, 1863, died in Washington.

Thompson, Collins B. Topsham, Sept. 16, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.

Walker, William A. Durham, Sept. 16, 1862, Jan. 3, 1864, killed in action.

Leavitt, Israel, Richmond, Dec. 13, 1861, w. and pris. Gaines' Hill, date dis. unknown.

COMPANY E.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Emery W. Sawyer, Lisbon, Aug. 16, 1864, res.

Aaron S. Daggott, Greene, July 27, 1864, pr. capt. major, mus. out, t. ex.

Charles S. Whitman, Portland, Nov. 21, 1861, pr. adjt. res.

SERGEANTS.

Frank L. Lemont, Lewiston, May 4, 1864, pr. lt. capt. killed in battle.

Norris Littfield, Lewiston.

Edward M. Robinson, Anson, July 27, 1864, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. capt. Co. C, t. ex. severely w.

Frederic Hayes, jr. Berwick, Feb. 20, 1863.

John B. Bailey, Auburn, Oct. 31, 1863, died soon after discharge.

CORPORALS.

Leander Prentice, Lewiston, Oct. 3, 1861.

John A. Lane, Lewiston, Feb. 11, 1862.

Washington Ellis, Lisbon, Aug. 24, 1861.

Henry L. Tibbets, Wellington, Sept. 19, 1861.

John H. Steyens, Acton, Mar. 15, 1865, pr. 1st lt. Co. D, pris. exc.

Charles B. Keith, Auburn, Nov. 23, 1861.

James H. Bailey, Brunswick, Oct. 3, 1861.

Isaac G. Jordan, Lewiston, Oct. 3, 1861.

Samuel M. Thomas, Durham, musician, Oct. 3, 1861.

Horace Cole, Norway, musician, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to regt. band.

E. S. Litchfield, Lewiston, wagoner, July 27, 1864, t. ex.

PRIVATE.

Adams, Alonzo, Lisbon, Dec. 23, 1863, pr. sergt. dis. to re-enlist three years.

Allen, O. Bern, Canton, not mustered in.

Atwood, Rodney B. Lisbon, May 30, 1864, missing in action.

Barber, Charles A. Farmington, July 17, 1864, killed by accident.

- Bodge, Charles H. Leeds, Dec. 29, 1832.
 Blithen, Isaac A. Durham, Nov. 7, 1833, killed in action.
 Casey, John, Ramford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Cummings, Silas, R. Greene, Oct. 8, 1862.
 Chase, Abraham, Kinderhook, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1832, w. Crampton Pass * [exc. t. ex.
 Carpenter, Harrison, Concord, N. H., July 27, 1834, w. Gaines' Hill, pris. Aug. 23, 1863,
 Dillingham, Bainbridge, Dixfield, Sept. 28, 1861.
 Delano, Charles C. Fern, June 24, 1861.
 Dresser, David D. Lewiston, June 23, 1861.
 Day, Francis, Durham, July 27, 1833, pr. sergt. t. ex.
 Day, Jeremiah, Leeds, June 23, 1861.
 Deamison, Joseph T. Durham, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Edwards, Collins, Lewiston, Aug. 1832, dropped from rolls, gen'l order 162.
 Estes, Henry P. Lewiston, July 27, 1834, t. ex.
 Frost, B. Franklin, Durham, March 8, 1832.
 Foss, Abner L. Lewiston (det. 1st Fort's Battery).
 French, John S. Albion, Nov. 7, 1833, pr. sergt. 2d Lt. Co. B. k. in battle.
 Getchell, Albion, Farmington, May 30, 1861.
 Green, Charles E. Litchfield, July 23, 1861.
 Gay, George, Farmington, Feb. 17, 1862.
 Holt, Artemus C. Canton, not mus. in.
 Holland, Adelbert H. Lewiston, March, 1832, taken pris. Bull Run. exc.
 Harvey, David, Durham, June 27, 1862, k. Gaines' Hill.
 Harmon, Edward P. N. Gloucester, Dec. 28, 1863, tr. drum corps, re-enlisted 3 years.
 Haskell, Nathaniel, Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, tr. drum corps, re-enlisted 3 years.
 Hatch, Samuel O. Lewiston, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Higgins, James O. Lisbon, May 3, 1833, k. in battle.
 Higgins, Thomas, Lewiston, Oct. 3, 1831.
 Hamilton, George H. Lewiston, Nov. 14, 1833, w. Rappahannock Station,
 Jones, Clifton, Canton, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Jones, Charles E. Turner, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Jones, David H. Auburn, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Jones, Rutillus T. Canton, July 26, 1861.
 Jordan, Wilnot P. Bangor, Feb. 22, 1863.
 Kimball, Horace E. Lewiston, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Koenig, Warren, Limerick, Aug. 10, 1831.
 Lothrop, Lucius L. Lewiston, July 27, 1834, t. ex.
 Litchfield, Luther, Lewiston, July 27, 1834, t. ex.
 Langston, L. W. Lewiston, May 22, 1832.
 Larrabee, William H. Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Libby, James M. Limerick, —, 1833, pr. sergt. died at Limerick, Me.
 Murphy, Henry, Norridgewock, July 27, 1834, pr. sergt. severely w. May 3, 1863, t. ex.
 Manley, Luther C. Auburn, Dec. 23, 1861.
 Maloney, James, Lewiston, tr. to gunboat service.
 Moore, William C. Augusta, Oct. 15, 1832.
 Moulton, Walter A. Lewiston, Sept. 14, 1832.
 Moody, Horace H. Durham, Aug. 30, 1832, died at Point Lookout.
 Marks, Levi, Lewiston, Jan. 4, 1834.
 Mason, Thomas H. Lewiston, not mus. in.
 McCovey, Henry, Lewiston, Feb. 9, 1833.
 Purington, James G. Lisbon, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. Gaines' Hill, exc. re-enlisted 3 years.
 Pease, Benj. H. Van alboro', Feb. 21, 1861.
 Robinson, Alvin, Canton, Aug. 15, 1862.
 Robinson, Scott W. O. Sumner, Feb. 15, 1834, pris. Bull Run, exc. re-enlisted 3 years.
 Roberts, Seth, Peru, Aug. 24, 1832, died.
 Randall, Isalah, Lewiston, Sept. 28, 1861.
 Rice, Albion, Bowdoinham, May 19, 1834, pris. May 3, 1833, exc. k. in wilderness.
 Richmond, David, Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, w. Gaines' Hill, Rappahannock Sta. re-enlist.
 Stevens, Cyrus P. Bangor, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. 1st sergt. re-enlisted three years.
 Stone, Warren D. Litchfield, Aug. 23, 1861.
 Sutherland, Daniel, Durham, not mus. in.
 Small, David, Danville, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Towns, George E. Manchester, Sept. 14, 1832, missing in action.

Thompson, Otis S. Farmington, July 23, 1861.
 Verrill, John L. Poland, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 19, 1861.
 Waterman, Charles N. Durham, Feb. 5, 1863.
 Whittington, Henry, Lewiston, Jan. 21, 1863.
 Ward, John F. Topsham, May 3, 1863, killed in battle.
 Ward, Thos. Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, severely w. Rappahannock Sta. re-enlisted 3 yrs.
 Wedgwood, Thomas S. Litchfield, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Yeaton, Isaac C. Farmington, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 19, 1864.
 Kelby, Thomas H. Canton, Dec. 23, 1861.
 Bryant, Preston R. Auburn, July 3, 1861.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

Baker, James L. Lewiston, Dec. 22, 1861, March 8, 1862. [three years, killed].
 French, Geo. B. Bridgton, Dec. 9, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. May 3, 1863, dis. to re-enlist.
 Goodwin, Adam C. Clinton, Feb. 23, 1862, Dec. 3, 1863.
 Goodwin, Increase F. Clinton, March 11, 1862, Dec. 28, 1863, to re-enlist three years.
 Goss, Edwin, Lewiston, Dec. 22, 1861, July 27, 1862, died.
 Goss, Frank F. Danville, Dec. 22, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Gould, Henry M. Greens, Dec. 23, 1861, July 1, 1862.
 Grant, Dana B. Greenwood, Jan. 7, 1862, March 31, 1862.
 Grant, Daniel L. Greenwood, Jan. 7, 1862. —, 1863, date of dis. unknown.
 Manning, Lemont, Lewiston, Dec. 22, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 McDaniel, William, Ledge, Nov. 18, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 Merrill, Davis N. New Gloucester, Dec. 22, 1861, Jan. 4, 1864, re-enlisted three years.
 Morgan, George W. Greenwood, Nov. 5, 1861, July 24, 1862, died.
 Morgan, Osgood, Greenwood, Nov. 7, 1861, Oct. 31, 1862, died.
 Morse, William H. Mount, Nov. 5, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Morrison, William E. Poland, Dec. 22, 1861. —, 1864, w. Rappahannock, tr. to navy.
 Smith, John F. Boothbay, June 15, 1861, tr. gunboat service.
 Stevens, Isiah, Somerville, Dec. 11, 1861, March, 1862.
 Taylor, Samuel W. Wat., Dec. 22, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Whitman, Walter S. Lewiston, Dec. 22, 1861, May 4, 1862, died.
 Morgan, Otis E. Greenwood, Nov. 5, 1861, Nov. 22, 1862.
 Harvey, John, Lewiston, Sept. 1, 1862, July 23, 1863.

COMPANY F.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

George P. Sherwood, Portland, Jan. 19, 1863, w. Bull Run, res.
 Nathan Walker, Portland, July 27, 1864, pr. capt. Co. I, t. ex.
 George E. Atwood, Gardiner, March 28, 1862, 1 r. 1st Lt. Co. A, tr. to 24th Me.

SERGEANTS.

Charles K. Sherwood, Eastport, Dec. 23, 1861.
 Andrew J. Larkin, Lewiston, Sept. 28, 1861.
 John Goodbair, Windsor, June 8, 1864, pr. 2d lt. capt. Co. K, tr. to 7th Me. Veterans.
 Ensl. G. S. Ambora, Hopsanton, N. H. July 27, 1864, pr. 2d lt. 1st Lt. Co. I, capt. Co. F, t. ex.
 Cyrus W. Brown, W. Gardiner, May 3, 1863, pr. 2d lt. killed in battle.

CORPORALS.

Benjamin Norton, Portland, Nov. 18, 61, pr. sergt. mortally w. Rappahannock.
 O. J. H. Smith, Gardiner, June 27, 1862, pr. sergt. killed. —, Rappahannock, t. ex.
 E. Weygan Goodwin, Stockton, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. severely w. Gaines' Hill, Rappahannock.
 Phineas B. Hammond, Gardiner, March 23, 1862.
 Thomas E. Winlow, Portland, July 17, 1862, pr. sergt. died.

James Ryan, Portland, Nov. 7, 1861.
 Martin L. Cobb, Portland, Nov. 7, 1861.
 Nathan Williard, Gardiner, Sept. 23, 1861.

William H. Boardman, musician, Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to regt. band.
 F. C. Kimball, musician, Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Lincoln Grover, Gardiner, wagoner, July 27, 1864, t. ex.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Eben, Portland, Nov. 11, 1862, died.
 Boothby, Isaac T., Portland, Oct. 22, 1862.
 Brennan, Timothy, Portland, Jan. 16, 1863.
 Braden, John, Portland, May 19, 1864, supposed killed in Wilderness.
 Coombs, Charles E., Auburn, July 22, 1861.
 Constable, William, Portland, Sept. 4, 1861, shot in hand.
 Credford, Oliver, Biddeford, March 5, 1862.
 Charlton, Joseph, Lewiston, Aug. 19, 1861.
 Connolly, Wm., Lewiston, May 19, 1864, pris., May 3, 1863, exe. supposed k. May 19, 1864.
 Cannon, Patrick, Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, pris., May 3, 1863, exe. re-enlisted three years.
 Clark, Clinton G., Brunswick, Feb. 17, 1862, det. on gun-boat service.
 Clancy, James, Portland, March 5, 1862.
 Cloughan, Francis, Windham, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to band.
 Dow, Henry A., Portland, July 30, 1861.
 Dresser, James L., Westbrook, July 27, 1861, pr. to non-com. staff, t. ex.
 Eaton, Alfred J., Brunswick, Feb. 11, 1862.
 Early, Cornelius, Portland, Jan. 23, 1861, killed, fell from cars near Fall River, Mass.
 Edwards, Charles, Lewiston, July 24, 1861.
 Edwards, L. L., Lewiston, dis. to enlist in regular army.
 Fay, Edmund, Augusta, Dec. 28, 1863, dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Fuller, Joseph, Brunswick, March 8, 1862.
 Flanders, John P., Alton Bay, N. H., Sept. 6, 1862.
 Feeney, Thomas, Taunton, Mass., Dec. 28, 1863, to re-enlist three years.
 Grey, Valentine R., Monmouth, Nov. 7, 1861.
 Garland, William, Gardiner, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Gallison, D. G., Paris, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 13, 1864.
 Greene, Andrew J., Portland, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Grey, James S., Portland, June 23, 1861.
 Higgins, Lawrence, Portland, June 23, 1861.
 Hayes, William, Portland, July 27, 1864, w. Rappahannock Station, t. ex.
 Hamilton, John, Kittery, Sept. 6, 1861.
 Johnston, Adams, W. Gardiner, Nov. 1861, pris. Bull Run, par. died.
 Kelley, John, Portland, Feb. 2, 1864, re-enlisted three years.
 Kelley, Peter, Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Kelly, Timothy, Portland, —, 1863, tr. to Co. G.
 Kelley, Robert, Portland, Nov. 8, 1863, w. Rappahannock Station.*
 Leonard, Edward, Lowell, Mass., Nov. 1863, severely w. and pris. exe. tr. Invalid Corps.
 Longy, John, Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, w. May 3, re-enlisted three years.
 Lawrence, John, Fairfield, —, 1862, dropped from rolls, order war dept.
 Logan, John, Portland, Sept. 2, 1861, pris. Bull Run, par.
 McKenney, Gerin, Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Merion, George, Scarborough, June 11, 1863.
 McPhilliney, James, Portland, May 3, 1863, killed in battle.
 Malone, Elias, Lewiston, June 24, 1861, tr. to Co. K.
 McNulty, Patrick, Portland, Jan. 21, 1864, tr. to invalid corps.
 Morse, Lorenzo D., Portland, May 3, 1863, killed in battle.
 Mudgett, R. D., Lewiston, Feb. 29, 1862.
 Nason, Geo. W., Casco, Nov. 7, 1861.
 Nason, Benj. A., Portland, April 8, 1861, w. at Gaines' Hill, Rappahannock Station.
 Norris, Charles, Portland, Feb. 29, 1862.
 Poirson, Daniel, Ctriston, Sept. 28, 1861.
 Page, Thaddeus, Gardiner, Nov. 19, 1862.
 Patrick, Geo. W., Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.

Pray, Leroy, Lovell, Dec. 23, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Perkins, Melvin A. Auburn, July 17, 1861.
 Polleys, John, Portland, pris. Bull Run, paroled, dropped from rolls.
 Ricker, Hiram H. Gardiner, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Scofield, James, Biddeford, July 17, 1861.
 Smith, Simon C. Biddeford, July 17, 1861.
 Strong, David, Gardiner, Sept. 4, 1861.
 Stewart, Albion R. Lewiston, March 3, 1862.
 Smith, Sylvester, Lewiston, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Tieling, Charles, Portland, Dec. 28, 1862, w. May 3, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Taylor, Dexter, Gardiner, Sept. 4, 1863.
 Timmonev, John, Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Toby, William, Portland, July 27, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, t. ex.
 Taylor, Charles R. Cape Elizabeth, tr. 15 Co. D.
 Whitney, Ebenezer, W. Gardiner, Oct. 3.
 Woodsom, Ezra B. Portland, Feb. 29, 1862.
 Fitzsimmons, James, Lewiston, June 24, 1864, w. May 10, 1861.
 McGee, Bernard, Portland, June, 1861.
 Cushman, Cornelius, Biddeford, Dec. 28, 1863, to re-enlist for three years.
 Lock, Thomas, Gardiner, March 10, 1862.
 Reaver, Peter, Gardiner, March 29, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 McDonald, John, Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 10, 1864.
 Gray, Samuel, Lewiston, Nov. 7, 1861.
 McGovern, Thomas, Portland, May 3, 1863, k. in battle.
 Smith, James, Portland, May 3, 1863, w. severely, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 McKenzie, Robert H. Portland, June 26, 1861.
 Stevenson, Andrew, St. John, N. B., Aug. 1862, w. Gaines' Hill, dropped from rolls.
 Pride, O. S. Portland, Aug. 29, 1862.
 McGuire, James, Portland, March 10, 1862.
 Murphy, M. J. Portland, Nov. 7, 1862, w. Gaines' Hill; k. at Rappahannock Station.
 Pearsons, Charles H. Portland, det. on gun-boat service.
 Noyes, Charles H. Portland, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Turner, Edward, Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. May 3, 1863, paroled, re-enlisted 3 years.
 Parulis, Joseph C. Portland, June 18, 1864, pr. sergt. 2d lt. capt. Co. L.*
 Goltzow, John, Portland, June, 1864, w. Crampton, Fredricksburg 2d. 1st Me. Vet.
 Rand, Woodbury, Portland, Sept. 28, 1863.
 Mayville, William S. Bangor, Oct. 3, 1861.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

Driscoll, Daniel, Portland, Dec. 23, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 Davis, George W. Boston, Mass. 1860, 3-1862, March 31, 1862.
 Gornley, Michael, Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Groves, Geo. F. Skowhegan, March 29, 1862, Jan. 9, 1863.
 Herrick, Almer H. Greenwood, Feb. 4, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Hicks, Barnard, Burke, Vt. Sept. 9, 1862, April 7, 1864, tr. to navy.
 Kerrigan, John, Portland, Sept. 3, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Manly, John L. Portland, Mar. 6, 1862, Jan. 15, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, tr. Invalid Corps.
 McCulloch, George, Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 McEnaney, Michael, Portland, Dec. 29, 1861, June, 1863, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 McKay, Cornelius, Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, Dec. 29, 1863.
 McKieen, Edson H. Pownal, Mar. 6, 1862, April 9, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, tr. Invalid Corps.
 Morgan, Austin W. Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, March 10, 1862.
 Morgan, Charles F. Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Morgan, David, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, March 10, 1862.
 Morgan, Edwin, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, May 5, 1862.
 Morgan, John, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, July 2, 1862.
 Morgan, Samuel, Greenwood, Dec. 13, 1861, Aug. 7, 1862, died at Harrison's Landing.
 Morgan, Theobald, Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, April 7, 1864, tr. to navy.
 Morris, Otto, Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Nason, Howard, Pownal, March 6, 1862, tr. to Co. G.
 Needham, Frank, Greenwood, Feb. 4, 1862, March 31, 1862.
 Nelson, Frederick, Portland, Dec. 11, 1861, Dec. 28, 1864, re-enlisted three years.

- Norris, John, Portland, Dec. 11, 1861, June 7, 1863.*
 O'Connell, Michael, Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, Feb. 20, 1863.
 Robertson, Edwin H. Brownfield, March 20, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Rogers, Jos. F. Portland, Dec. 24, 1861, Nov. 27, 1863, w. May 3, 1863, tr. Invalid Corps.
 Thompson, Joseph W. Portland, Sept. 9, 1862, April 14, 1863.
 Trull, Albert A. Greenwood, Feb. 4, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Wayland, Edward, Portland, Oct. 23, 1862, Jan. 13, 1863.

COMPANY G.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

- Henry G. Thomas, Portland, Aug. 1861, res. appointed capt. in U. S. A.
 George W. Martin, Portland, Oct. 13, 1861, res.
 Thomas J. Sawyer, Portland, Dec. 3, 1861, pr. capt. Oct. 13, res.

SERGEANTS.

- John H. Skilling, Saco, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Charles A. Warehouse, Portland, May 25, 1861, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. Co. C. [Wilderness.
 Frank G. Patterson, Portland, July 27, 1864, pr. 1st sergt. 2d lt. Co. D aid-de-camp, w.
 Benjamin B. Merrill, N. Gloucester, July 13, 1862.
 Albert L. Dearing, Webster, Sept. 8, 1863, pr. lt. capt. Co. H. severely w. res.

CORPORALS.

- Robert J. McPherson, Portland, Dec. 11, 1861, pr. 2d lt. Aug. 23, res.
 Charles L. White, Chesterville, Sept. 20, 1861.
 Alfred H. Whitman, Portland, Sept. 12, 1861.
 Rufus Duran, Gray, Sept. 12, 1861.
 Hosea Q. Bozard, Biddeford, date unknown, pris. Bull Run, par.
 Charles H. Bean, Brownfield, April 24, 1864.
 James Brown, Brownfield, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Charles G. Nichols, Newcastle, Nov. 17, 1864, died.

- Daniel W. Mason, Portland, musician, died July 23, 1863.
 Leekin L. Frost, Denmark, musician, July 23, 1862.
 Stephen C. Stanford, Portland, wagoner, July 27, 1864.

PRIVATEs.

- Anthoine, John G. Windham, Feb. 5, 1863.
 Anthoine, Ambrose, Windham, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt. missing in action.
 Adams, William J. Biddeford, July 27, 1861.
 Allen, George M. Portland, March 5, 1862.
 Alexander, Jonathan, Denmark, Feb. 24, 1864, w. Crampton Pass, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Baker, James, Fall River, Mass., July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Brown, Emory M. Brownfield, May, 1864, died in rebel prison.
 Bowser, Charles H. Freeport, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt. dis. to re-enlist three years.
 Boudy, Henry F. Westbrook, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Childs, William H. Chesterville, Sept. 9, 1861.
 Clark, Charles H. Litchfield, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Cox, French O. Portland, Sept. 1, 1862.
 Crampton, William H. Portland, Sept. 10, 1862.
 Crampton, James A. Portland, April 15, 1864, severely w. Crampton Pass.
 Crampton, Isaac C. Portland, pris. Bull Run, par. tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Deane, George, Portland, Oct. 1, 1864, missing in action.
 Deane, George, Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. May 3, 1863, died in rebel prison.
 Donovan, Dennis, Portland, July 27, 1861.
 Drinkwater, Philip F. Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.

- Dean, Charles H. Buxton, Dec. 28, 1863, dis. to re-enlist three years, dead.
 Fields, Horace L. Cape Elizabeth, Sept. 18, 1862.
 Fraser, John, Portland, Sept. 18, 1862.
 Fisher, Nehemiah W. Portland, Nov. 19, 1862.
 Gurnoy, Thomas J. Freeport, June 27, 1862, mortally w. Gaines' Hill. [1864.
 Grey, Melville, Fryeburg, Dec. 28, 1863, dis. to re-enlist three years, mort. w. May 19,
 Gillman, Charles H. Portland, Dec. 18, 1861.
 Hall, Charles G. Vienna, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. w. May 10, 1864, t. ex.
 Hartman, Charles, Cape Elizabeth, Feb. 17, 1862, d. t. on western gun-boat service.
 Ham, John H. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Hooper, Franklin, Portland, Sept. 8, 1864.
 Hiccock, William W. Portland, May 13, 1862.
 Harby, Sewall H. Limerick, Feb. 10, 1862.
 Hamlin, Elvin L. Brownfield, July 27, 1864, wounded May 8.
 Haslet, Hollis M. Boston, Sept. 18, 1861.
 Hiller, James R. Portland, Oct. 1, 1864.
 Irvin, William, Portland, July 27, 1864.
 Jackson, Isaac N. Bridgton, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Jewell, David, Portland, July 27, 1864.
 Jordan, Charles W. Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Kennistoa, Jeremiah C. Brownfield, July 27, 1864.
 Kenney, Edward J. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Killeen, James, Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Libby, Henry C. Gray, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Latham, Charles V. Portland, Feb. 15, 1864, died in hospital.
 Leavitt, Joseph, Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years, mort. w. Wilderness.
 Mitchell, Alonzo, Freeport, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex.
 McDonald, Andrew J. Portland, July 27, 1864.
 Miller, Valora D. Brownfield, July 27, 1864.
 Morse, Alpheus, Portland, May 8, 1862, mortally w. West Point.
 McAnow, Hugh, Portland, Dec. 20, 1862.
 Meserve, Levi P. Denmark, mortally wounded Rap. Station.
 Noonan, Jere, Bath, June 8, 1862.
 O'Hans, Martin O. Portland, Aug. 23, 1862, pris. on picket par.
 Patch, David R. Newry, Aug. 23, 1862, taken pris. on picket par.
 Parsons, George B. Brownfield, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. maj.; adjt. t. ex.
 Powers, James, Brownfield, July 27, 1864.
 Robinson, Stephen, Bridgton, Dec. 28, 1863.
 Rardon, Michael, Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Richardson, William, Portland, Nov. 5, 1863, pris. Bull Run, par. died.
 Sargent, Lewis M. Brownfield, Oct. 1, 1864, died on his way home.
 Saunders, Stillman H. Falmouth, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Sanford, Walter M. Cornwalls, N. B. Feb. 20, 1862.
 Sawyer, Frederic L. Portland, June 28, 1864.
 Shaw, John M. Portland, tr. to Invalid Corps, Feb. 24, 1864.
 Smith, James M. Denmark, Dec. 18, 1862.
 Smith, Francis M. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Soule, Henry, Falmouth, July 27, 1864.
 Turner, Charles L. Gray, Feb. 21, 1862, died.
 Townsend, Lyander P. Portland, May 15, 1862. [right arm May 12, 1864.
 Webster, Charles F. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt. maj. re-enlisted three years, lost.
 Watson, Benjamin C. Windham, June 20, 1862.
 Wentworth, Benjamin S. Brownfield, July 27, 1864, w. Rappahannock Station, t. ex.
 Welch, William A. S. Portland, July 27, 1864, w. and pris. at Gaines' Hill, t. ex.
 Clark, Edward L. Portland, July 27, 1864, taken pris. on picket, exc. t. ex.
 Briggs, Joseph, Brownfield, July 27, 1864.
 P. [unclear] George H. Denmark, Dec. 28, 1863.
 W. [unclear] W. [unclear], Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years, killed May 10, 1864.
 Woodson, George A. S. [unclear], March 11, 1862.
 Duff, [unclear], Portland, June, 1864, tr. 1st Mo. Veterans.
 Richardson, Hezekiah, Brewer, Nov. 8, 1862, tr. to reg. army.
 Davis, Samuel W. Bangor, Feb. 7, 1864.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

- Crockett, Joseph, Norway, Dec. 7, 1861, March 14, 1862.
 Danforth, Lorestin, Portland, Dec. 21, 1861, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Dolan, E. J. Portland, Sept. 24, 1861, Dec. 28, 1864, to re-enlist 3 yrs. w. Crampton Pass.
 Frost, Albert, Denmark, Feb. 5, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Gerald, James, Clinton, Feb. 26, 1862, died Jan. 21, 1862.
 Latham, Seward M. Cumberland, Aug. 30, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Livingstone, Robert, St. John, N. B. March 4, 1862, dropped from rolls, order 162.
 Rand, Elisha, Bridgton, Jan. 6, 1862, March, 1862, died in Philadelphia.
 Rand, John, Bridgton, Jan. 6, 1862, June 17, 1862.
 Reed, James O. Bridgton, Dec. 2, 1861, Aug. 1862, dropped from the rolls.
 Reed, William, Portland, Dec. 2, 1861, Feb. 14, 1862, det. on gun-boat service.
 Sawyer, Franklin, Portland, Oct. 22, 1861, Feb. 17, 1862, det. on gun-boat service.
 Shaw, John M. Portland, Nov. 9, 1861, Feb. 14, 1864, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Titeomb, Isaac N. Portland, Jan. 24, 1862, Feb. 2, 1863. [N. Y.]
 Wilson, A. Portland, Sept. 24, '61, Dec. 8, '63, pr. sergt. w. Crampton Pass, pr. lt. 145th
 Nasou, Howard, Pownal, June 11, 1862, July 5, 1863.
 Kelly, Timothy, Portland, June 23, 1861, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 10, 1864.

COMPANY H.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

- Edward A. Seaman, Portland, Jan. 8, 1863, pr. to maj. lt. col. col. res.
 Ambrose S. Dyer, Yarmouth, Sept. 22, 1861, died.
 Samuel Munson, Portland, Aug. 24, 1860, pr. lt. U. S. A.

SERGEANTS.

- George E. Brown, Portland, Oct. 19, 1862, pr. lt. capt. res.
 Richard E. Shannon, Portland, Oct. 23, 1862, pr. lt. capt. A. A. G., U. S. Vols.
 Alonzo P. Stinson, Portland, July 21, '61, k. Bull Run, *1st in a killed in battle by regt.*
 Orin L. Grant, Yarmouth, June 4, 1862, died at Mechanicsville.
 John A. A. Packard, Westbrook, Nov. 25, 1863, pr. lt. severely w. Frankstown, res.

CORPORALS.

- William W. True, Yarmouth, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex. dead.
 Crawford Dunn, Portland, Nov. 14, 1861, arm shot off at Bull Run.
 Charles E. Hubbard, Hiram, —, 1862, pr. sergt. com. lt. 17th Me.
 James Crowley, Portland, June 21, 1861, pr. sergt.
 William K. Austin, Windham, Dec. 17, 1861.
 Arvus K. Pratt, Falmouth, March 19, 1862.
 James G. Sanborn, Portland, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex.
 Geo. H. B. Howe, Portland, March 12, 1862.

- Robert B. Kendall, Bridgton, musician, Oct. 29, 1863, pris. Bull Run, exc. w. May 3, '63.
 Geo. W. Briggs, Halifax, musician, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Daniel Mavberry, Portland, wagoner, Sept. 4, 1861.

PRIVATEs.

- Abbott, Richard, Portland, July 23, 1861.
 Adams, Joseph, Westbrook, Nov. 19, 1864.
 Atwood, James M. Livermore, tr. to field music, date dis. not given.
 Barber, E. J. Cape Elizabeth, tr. to field music, date dis. not given.
 Blake, Daniel, Saco, Sept. 30, 1864, tr. to invalid corps.
 Bluefield, Simon, Portland, Oct. 1, 1861.

- Bucknell, Charles H. Harrison, Sept. 17, 1861, died in Alexandria.
 Conlin, James, Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 10, 1861.
 Cary, Martin, Westbrook, Oct. 27, 1862.
 Chase, Thomas R. Pownal, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Dow, James G. Hiram, May 3, 1863, killed in battle.
 Dow, Charles H. Yarmouth, July 27, 1864, pr. 1st sergt, t. ex.
 Dunning, A. K. P. Yarmouth, tr. to field house, date dis. not given.
 Eastman, J. W. Portland, Jan. 3, 1863.
 Emmons, Frederic A. Westbrook, dropped from rolls.
 Evans, James, jr. Hiram, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to regt. band.
 Freeman, Edw. Portland, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Gould, Anthony B. N. Gloucester, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Grant, Albion, Bangor, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Grant, John W. Yarmouth, Dec. 28, 1863, w. and pris. exc. re-enlisted three years.
 Grant, Wyatt W. Bangor, Feb. 28, 1863, pris. Nov. 19, 1861, par.
 Hannaford, Joseph S. Portland, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Hayes, Thomas, Cape Elizabeth, April, 1862.
 Horan, Peter, Portland, Aug. 6, 1862, pris. Bull Run, par.
 Hosack, Gerard A. Portland, Feb. 9, 1863.
 Holmes, George W. Bridgton, July 27, 1864, t. ex. dead.
 Jones, Frederic, Bath, Sept. 25, 1861.
 Kelley, John, Portland, pris. Nov. 13, 1861, par. dis. April 17, 1862.
 Kendall, Joseph F. Bridgton, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, order 92.
 Lawrence, Thomas, E. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt, re-enlisted three years.
 McNier, Thomas, Calais, Feb. 3, 1863.
 Mulloy, Daniel, Portland, May 30, 1862.
 Newell, Leonard R. Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex. w. May 10.
 Pridham, James H. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years, pris. ex.
 Parker, James M. Baldwin, June 24, 1862.
 Pettengill, Orrin F. Portland, May 5, 1862.
 Robinson, William H. Cape Elizabeth, March 9, 1862.
 Sastroff, Charles H. Portland, —, 1862, date unknown.
 Shadlock, George K. Limerick, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Starbird, Lorenzo W. Eddington, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Stevens, Orrin B. Westbrook, May 15, 1864, pr. lt. Co. F.
 Stinson, Harvey M. Auburn, pris. Bull Run, par. pr. lt. on Howard's staff.
 Sturgis, George B. Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Swell, Edwin J. Eastport, Nov. 22, 1861.
 Tappan, George W. Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Taylor, James H. Cape Elizabeth, —, 1863, enlisted in U. S. A.
 Thurston, David W. Oriskany, Sept. 1, 1861.
 Tinker, George H. Fremont, S. pr. 17, 1862.
 Towle, Daniel H. Portland, July 22, 1861.
 Tracy, William, Portland, July 27, 1864, w. June 7, 1864, t. ex.
 True, Charles H. Yarmouth, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Twombly, Rufus P. Yarmouth, pr. sergt, missing in action.
 Tyler, Jacob F. Portland, Oct. 29, 1862, w. at Antietam.
 Tinsall, Charles, Kennebunkport, —, 1863, enlisted in U. S. A.
 True, George F. Exeter, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 White, Henry W. Portland, —, 1862, pris. Bull Run, par.
 Woodbury, Edward H. Portland, Sept. 17, 1862.
 Withy, Alvan, Madison, Oct. 27, 1863, w. Crampton Pass.
 Adams, Daniel M. Anson, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Maxham, George M. Waterville, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Grant, William R. Bangor, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. Nov. 19, 1861, re-enlisted three years.
 Hayes, James, Cape Elizabeth, western gun-boat service.
 Mason, James S. Cape Elizabeth, Sept. 3, 1861.
 Coombs, Wm. —, Stockholm, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Barrett, Charles D. Portland, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to band.
 Fisher, Royal, Cape Elizabeth, 1863, enlisted in U. S. A.
 Richardson, Darius, Cornish, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Parley, Joseph M. Danville, July 6, 1862, died of fever.
 Benner, John, Lewiston, May 3, 1863, missing in action.

Brennan, Martin, Portland, May 3, 1863, pris. Nov. 12, 1861, exc. missing in action.
 Jordan, John W. Cape Elizabeth, Dec. 28, 1862, w. pr. sergt. re-enlisted three years.
 Skilling, Otis H. Portland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Bicknell, Geo. W. Westbrook, March 9, 1864, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. adjt. w. May 3, 1863, res.
 Pratt, Horace N. Vineyard, Nov. 7, 1862, pris. Bull Run, exc. k. Rappa. Station.
 Smith, Augustus N. Gloucester, Dec. 21, 1861.
 Shannon, James H. Biddeford, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to regt. band.
 Fernald, James H. Saco, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to regt. band.
 Ryan, William H. Boston, April 19, 1862, pris. Nov. 12, 61, exc.
 Cross, Jo egn, Dover, pris. Nov. 23, exc. on gun-boat service.
 Murphy, Dennis, Biddeford, June, 1864, w. Rappahannock Station tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Hunter, Sidney, Eastport, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Miller, Fred. Machias, June, 1864, w. Rappahannock Station, tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Conlin, John, Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Fowler, Charles, C. Elizabeth, Feb. 28, 1863.
 Morehan, Wm. H. New Gloucester, Aug. 25, 1862, w. Gaines' Hill.*
 Cobb, Edw. L. Westbrook, Jan. 12, 1862.
 Bunker, Charles E. Jackson, on western gun-boat service.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

Cole, William G. Greenwood, Dec. 17, 1861, Oct. 27, 1862.
 Feeny, Edw. H. Bangor, Aug. 22, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Vet.
 Hodgkins, Chas. E. Nobleboro', Aug. 22, 1862, Sept. 14, 1862.
 Howe, James, Bath, Dec. 17, 1861, Oct. 22, 1862.
 Knight, Stephen D. Greenwood, Dec. 17, 1861, April 1, 1862.
 Moody, Charles F. Portland, Dec. 17, 1861, Jan. 3, 1864, re-enlisted three years.
 Tenney, Nelson, Raymond, Dec. 17, 1861, Feb. 9, 1862.
 Vail, David, Bangor, Dec. 17, 1861, Feb. 1864, w. May 3, 1863, tr. Invalid Corps.
 Whitney, William, Casco, Dec. 17, 1861, June, 1864, w. Antietam, tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Whitney, Moses, Greenwood, Dec. 17, 1861, Jan. 16, 1863.
 Whitman, William, Greenwood, Dec. 17, 1861, Dec. 10, 1863.
 Winch, Benj. M. Portland, Dec. 17, 1861, May 27, 1862.
 Arkles, Burton C. Vermont, Nov. 13, 1862, Jan. 18, 1863.
 Haskell, Bonas, Bath, Nov. 20, 1862, May 6, 1863.
 Kelley, John, Ireland, Oct. 9, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Knowles, James, England, Nov. 21, 1862, June, 1864, w. Rappa. Sta. tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Wilder, Samuel, Portland, Nov. 21, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet.

COMPANY I.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Clark S. Edwards, Bethel, July 27, 1864, pr. maj. lt. col. col. t. ex.
 John B. Walker, Bethel, June 17, 1863, pr. capt. res.
 Cyrus M. Wormell, Bethel, Feb. 15, 1862, res.

SERGEANTS.

David W. Scribner, Bethel, on gun-boat service.
 Spencer W. Sanborn, Bethel, Oct. 17, 1862, pr. 2d lt. res.
 Sullivan R. Hutchings, Bethel, Aug. 3, 1861.
 Washington F. Brown, Bethel, May 3, 1863, pr. 1st sergt. killed in battle.
 Joseph B. Hammond, Bethel, Sept. 27, 1864.

- Pealey, Ephraim, C. Norway, Oct. 23, 1862.
 Pratt, Lowell W. Bethel, Oct. 1862.
 Poor, Lorenzo D. Brownfield, dropped from rolls.
 Rolf, Henry A. J. Brownfield, Dec. 2, 1861.
 Russell, Lorenzo D. Bethel, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Rice, Nelson, Bethel, on gun-boat service.
 Ricker, Geo. W. Wood-stock, Sept. 4, 1861.
 R'ddon, Ezra, jr. Wood-stock, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Rindlett, Gardner F. Mexico, Sept. 27, 1861.
 Robertson, W. B. Bethel, Sept. 12, 1862, pris. Bull Run, exc.
 Sawyer, Bethial S. Newry, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex.
 Sawyer, Joseph C. Raymond, May 3, 1863, pr. sergt. k. in battle.
 Shackley, John, Canton, March 7, 1862.
 Small, Geo. E. Rumford, det. on gun-boat service.
 Smith, John H. F. Portland, Sept. 27, 1861.
 Thompson, Josiah, Lewiston, —, 1862, date not known.
 Towle, Levi N. Portland, pris. Bull Run, not returned as shown by rolls.
 Vaillancourt, Henry, Bethel, June 27, 1862.
 Walker, Milo C. Bethel, July 27, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, ret. to duty, t. ex.
 Whitman, Alanson M. Wood-stock, pris. Dec. 11, 1863.
 Whittemore, Enoch, jr. Wood-stock, July 27, 1864, pr. sergt. t. ex. w. May 10, 1864.
 Melani, Hugh, Andover, June 17, 1862.
 Thriow, Cyrus T. Wood-stock, May 10, 1864, missing in action.
 Wentworth, Chas. M. Jackson, N. H. July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Harper, William R. Rumford, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Swan, Fessenden, Wood-stock, June, 1861, not mts. in.
 Lawrence, Cyrus R. Sumner, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Lapham, R. M. Rumford, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Giddison, John E. W. Newry, 1862.
 Goodenow, L. G. Newry, May 29, 1864.
 Grant, Daniel, Greenwood, July, 1861.
 Howe, Rufus, Greenwood, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Pingree, W. H. Albany, dropped from rolls, ord. r. No. 92.
 Twitchell, Adolbert B. Bethel, app. lt. 5th Me. Battery.
 Cross, Isaac C. Norway, Oct. 3, 1861.
 Wormell, John, Bethel, Feb. 19, 1864, tr. from Co. C, re-enlisted three years.
 Freeman, Benjamin, Bethel, Aug. 3, 1863.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

- Bean, B. K. jr. Bethel, Jan. 3, 1862, Sept. 18, 1862.
 Cook, George, Oldtown, Dec. 10, 1861, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.
 Edwards, Bruce M. Ori-field, July 28, 1862, June 23, 1864.
 Edwards, Solney D. Ori-field, Jan. 8, 1862, May 28, 1862.
 Estes, Stephen, jr. Bethel, Aug. 30, 1862, Oct. 23, 1862.
 Fletcher, Oliver, Saco, April 1, 1862, Sept. 14, 1862, killed at Crampton Gap.
 Foye, Edgar, Wiscasset, Dec. 19, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, to re-enlist three years.
 Foye, John A. Topsham, Sept. 8, 1862, Jan. 23, 1863, died at Windmill Pt. Va.
 Howard, Michael, Washington, Dec. 11, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Lirt, field, James A. Greenwood, Dec. 4, 1861, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Miller, James, Plymouth, Dec. 19, 1861, May 3, 1863, killed in action. [listed.
 Mitchell, P. Jordan, Greenwood, Nov. 4, 1861, pr. 1st sergt. lt. Co. H, tr. 7th Me. re-en-
 listed.
 Peabody, Samuel N. Gilead, Jan. 1, 1862, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Scott, Silas, Bridgton, Dec. 9, 1861, March 7, 1862.
 Shaw, Samuel V. Raymond, Aug. 22, 1862, May 3, 1863, killed in action.
 Sir, D. Levi, Greenwood, Nov. 1, 1861, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Smith, Theophilus, Topsham, Sept. 8, 1862, Feb. 14, 1862. [Veterans.
 Stevens, Grand M. Bethel, Jan. 4, 1862, June, 1864, severely w. May 3, 1863, tr. 1st Me.
 Sturges, Ledy, C. Bethel, Nov. 16, 1861, May 1, 1863, killed in action.
 Verrill, Cornelius M. Bethel, Dec. 4, 1861, Aug. 23, 1862.
 Campbell, John, Portland, Dec. 15, 1862, July 7, 1863.
 Dally, Dennis, Boston, Jan. 10, 1863, Nov. 7, 1863, killed at Rappahannock Station.

Foley, Patrick, Portland, Dec. 15, 1863, dis. (date not given) to enlist in navy.
 Farren, Patrick, Portland, Jan. 10, 1863, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.
 Lemont, Daniel, Portland, Dec. 25, 1862, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Mo. Veterans.
 Packard, John A. A. Hallowell, Nov. 25, 1863, pr. from Co. H, as lieut. severely w. res.
 Tabbs, William A. Hebron, Nov. 7, 1863, killed at Rappahannock Station.
 Smith, John, Portland, Dec. 15, 1862, —, 1863.

COMPANY K.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

William A. Tobie, Poland, Sept. 20, 1861, res.
 Hamlin T. Buckman, Minot, Sept. 24, 1863, pr. capt. severely w. res.
 Burbank Spiller, Raymond, March 23, 1863, pr. 1st lt.; capt. Co. C, res.

SERGEANTS.

Charles K. Packard, Hebron, June 13, 1862, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. res. [10, 1864.
 Andrew S. Lyon, N. Gloucester, May 10, 1864, pr. 2d lt. 1st lt. missing in action, May
 Smith G. Bailey, Poland, May 30, 1863, pr. 2d lt. Co. H.*
 John J. Bragdon, Poland, Jan. 19, 1863.
 John T. Mason, Lewiston, July 23, 1861.

CORPORALS.

Talbot G. Stewart, Casco, —, 1864, final record does not appear.
 Canford M. Perkins, Minot, May 18, 1862, pr. sergt.
 John McLellan, Casco, pr. sergt. pr. 2d lt. tr. to 1th Mo.
 Charles E. Harris, Poland, Dec. 24, 1863, pr. sergt. re-enlisted three years.
 Simon L. Johnson, Buckfield, Dec. 28, 1863, pr. sergt. re-enlisted three years.
 Geo. W. Pratt, Hebron, July 27, 1864, pris. Fredericksburg, exc. t. ex.
 Geo. E. French, Auburn, —, 1863, pr. sergt. w. Fredericksburg.*
 Ellis Ripley, Peru, July 27, 1864, t. ex.

John W. Thompson, Hartford, musician, Aug. 7, 1862, tr. to regt. band.
 Geo. O. Maynard, Canton, musician, Sept. 14, 1861.
 William T. Marshall, Hebron, wagoner, Nov. 17, 1861.

PRIVATEs.

Adams, Francis F. Raymond, Nov. 22, 1862, joined U. S. Artillery.
 Adams, William B. Raymond, Jan. 3, 1864, attached to field music re-enlisted 3 years.
 Andrew, Charles, Minot, May 3, 1863, missing in action.
 Bailey, Richard, Minot, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Barrows, Stephen M., Hebron, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Bancroft, John F., Poland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Brown, Francis A., Bowdoin, pris. Bull Run, not returned.
 Brewster, Andrew, —, U. S. Army, date dis. not rec.
 Burdett, Hebron, Hebron, pr. sergt. w. May 6, tr. to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Burdett, George A., Hebron, July 8, 1861.
 Campbell, Charles M., Minot, Dec. 1, 1862.
 Cash, Hearn M., Raymond, Oct. 12, 1862.
 Caxce, Dudley, Minot, Oct. 1, 1861.

- Dunham, Edmund M. Paris, Aug. 26, 1862.
 Dore, Charles, Minot, Dec. 5, 1862, w. Crampton Gap.*
 Durgin, George A. Poland, March 8, 1862.
 Duran, S. D. S. Raymond, May 10, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. missing in action.
 Dwynd, Augustus A. Minot, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Edmunds, Joseph Q. Auburn, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. re-enlisted 3 years.
 Estes, Silas, Poland, Dec. 27, 1861, died at Alexandria.
 Fardy, John, Lewiston, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Farrar, Daniel W. Buckfield, pris. Bull Run, not returned.
 Frost, Solomon, Lewiston, Sept. 4, 1861.
 Frost, William, Peru, Nov. 7, 1863, k. at Rappa Station.
 Frost, Charles, jr. May 10, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. t. ex.
 Goodwin, Ezra M. Minot, July 27, 1864, pris. Bull Run, exc. t. ex.
 Grant, William H. Poland, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Hackett, Edwin A. Oxford, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Hackett, William, Strong, Oct. 6, 1862.
 Harmon, Joseph P. Harrison, Jan. 3, 1864, appointed field musician, re-enlisted 3 years.
 Harris, Tristram T. Poland, July 23, 1861.
 Harris, Delmar, Minot, Feb. 6, 1862.
 Hackett, Edward A. Oxford, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet. Corps.
 Haskell, S. Frank, Poland, pris. Bull Run, exc. date dis. not given.
 Hodgkins, Geo. A. Poland, Sept. 21, 1863, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Holt, Oris C. Peru, May 22, 1862.
 Hines, Albert W. Turner, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Hannon, Barney, Lewiston, July 23, 1861.
 Hutchinson, Almon H. Minot, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Hutchinson, Samuel H. Minot, July 27, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. t. ex.
 Hutchinson, Henry H. Minot, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. re-enlisted 3 years.
 Libby, Silas C. Poland, April 14, 1863.
 Lambard, John C. Oxford, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Keene, Josiah F. Raymond, Sept. 9, 1861.
 Matheron, Daniel, Lewiston, Jan. 20, 1863.
 McKenney, Charles F. Minot, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 McDonald, Donald, Lewiston, June, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, tr. Veteran Reserve Corps.
 McLean, William, Casco, July 17, 1864, accidentally shot him-self.
 Merrill, George P. Hebron, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Meserve, John, Casco, July 27, 1864, w. May 6, 1864, t. ex.
 Niles, Beniah, jr. Auburn, Nov. 17, 1862.
 Packard, Moses F. Buckfield, Nov. 12, 1861.
 Parker, Vanson, Philips, Aug. 1862, dropped from rolls, order 162
 Phillips, Marshall S. Auburn, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Piper, Silas D. Madison, Jan. 29, 1863.
 Perkins, H. G. O. Oxford, Jan. 3, 1864, re-enlisted three years.
 Pratt, Orrin Q. Hebron, July 27, 1864, pr. hospital steward, t. ex.
 Pratt, S. well W. Oxford, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Richardson, Chas. A. Minot, July 27, 1864, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. t. ex.
 Robinson, Levi S. Raymond, May 10, 1864, missing in action.
 Ryerson, Charles H. Sumner, March 10, 1862.
 Sampson, Colby, Peru, Oct. 1, 1861.
 Shaw, Frank J. Buckfield, June 14, 1862.
 Spiller, J. S. Casco, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Spiller, Joseph, Raymond, May 20, 1862.
 St. Clair, Alason W. Poland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Stone, James M. Orisfield, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Thompson, Daniel W. Peru, Dec. 1, 1861.
 Trundy, George H. Minot, Oct. 6, 1862.
 Fabel, William A. Hebron, Nov. 7, 1863, pr. sergt. 2d lt. Co. I, k. Rappahannock Sta.
 Van B. Hoar, A. Poland, July 27, 1864, t. ex.
 Walser, Alfred B. Peru, Mar. 10, 1862.
 Weston, Henry C. Minot, Jan. 3, 1864, re-enlisted three years.
 Whittemore, A. J. Wilson's Mills, May 20, 1862.
 Wood, Davis B. Oxford, Jan. 20, 1863, pris. Bull Run, exc.
 Young, James E. Byron, Nov. 21, 1862.

- Maloon, Elias, Lewiston, tr. to Co. F.
 Campbell, William A. Minot, March 7, 1862.
 Cushman, Augustus, Naples, Sept. 21, 1863, tr. to Invalid Corps.
 Dwinial, Harrison J. Minot, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Dwinial, Wellington H. Minot, Dec. 28, 1863, pris. May 3, 1863, exc. re-enlisted 3 years.
 French, John Turner, Oct. 9, 1863.
 Jordan, Levi F. Poland, June, 1864, w. May 10, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Veterans.
 Small, Levi, Raymond, Oct. 23, 1862.
 Stevens, George B. Hebron, May 19, 1862.
 Thompson, James W. N. Portland, Dec. 28, 1863, re-enlisted three years.
 Whitman, George G. Hebron, June, 1864, tr. to 1st Me. Veterans.

SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED.

- Brown, Arthur M. Minot, Aug. 28, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet. w. May 19, 1864.
 Clark, James, Frankfort, Aug. 22, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet. w. May 19, 1864.
 Chase, Joseph A. Poland, Aug. 18, 1862, June, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet. w. June 3, 1864.
 Hackett, Edwin A. Oxford, Aug. 18, 1862, June, 1864, w. May 3, 1863, tr. 1st Me. Vet.
 Ricker, Samuel T. Raymond, Aug. 13, 1862, June, 1864, w. May 19, 1864, tr. 1st Me. Vet.

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