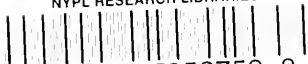


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Yours Truly

A. P. Smith,

# HISTORY

OF THE

# SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS;

WHAT IT ENDURED AND ACCOMPLISHED;

CONTAINING DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS TWENTY-FIVE BATTLES; ITS MARCHES;  
ITS CAMP AND BIVOUC SCENES; WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF FIFTY-THREE OFFICERS, AND A COMPLETE RECORD  
OF THE ENLISTED MEN.

BY

A. P. SMITH,

LATE FIRST LIEUTENANT AND Q. M., SEVENTY-SIXTH N. Y. VOLS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY-NINE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

BY J. P. DAVIS & SPEER, OF NEW YORK;

AND A LITHOGRAPH, BY L. N. ROSENTHAL, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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CORTLAND, N. Y.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.



TO

THE MEMORY OF THOSE HEROES OF THE

SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,

WHO, ON THE MARCH, IN THE CAMP, AND ON THE STORMY BATTLE-FIELD,

GAVE UP THEIR UNSULLIED LIVES THAT THEIR COUNTRY MIGHT LIVE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

No apology were necessary for writing the history of such an organization as the SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, were it well written. Nor can the writer claim credit for it except as credit is given for the attempted performance of duty. Intimately connected with the organization and early experiences of the Regiment, intensely interested in everything pertaining to it, and looking back with unalloyed pleasure to every day of his association with the officers and men, the writer had half written this book before he ever dreamed of its assuming a book form.

Great men—as men are estimated by their eagles and stars—will easily enough find their way into history; shining quite too frequently with a light emanating from a patriotism farther down in the scale of promotion, while the patriotic private who endures the hardships and does the fighting, dies in obscurity. With the sincere desire that patriots in the rear rank, as pure as ever shouldered a musket in defense of the right, may be awarded their meed of fame, and that a Regiment which HEWED its way to glory, may not be forgotten in the multitude of similar organizations of Freedom's defenders, this volume is sent forth.

The pressing demands of an arduous profession, must plead in mitigation of the sentence of a discerning public for the imperfect manner in which this duty has been done. The effort has been made to make this work a truthful record of the doings of this Regiment; exact in detail of incidents, times, places and persons. That errors have crept in is quite likely. The facts have come from a great variety of sources, and it would be, indeed, surprising should there prove to be no inaccuracies.

In this connection the writer desires to tender his warmest acknowledgements

to Major-General Abner Doubleday for diagrams and descriptions of the early battles in which the Regiment was engaged, and the free use of his Order and Scrap Books so kindly tendered. Also, to Colonel William P. Wainwright, who has added to his kindly interest in the work, over fifty pages of personal reminiscences; and to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. Swan, Major John W. Young, Adjutant H. F. Robinson, Captains Fox, Byram, Sager, Pierce, Potter and Jarvis, and Lieutenants Myers, Edgcomb and Stebbins, who so kindly furnished incidents; Private William J. Mantanye, of Company D, who furnished personal incidents, and numerous official reports from Brigade Headquarters; and H. Perry Smith, Esq., of Syracuse, who translated the diary of Adjutant Carpenter, kept for the first year and a half, in Phonography. The men who furnished facts and diaries so liberally, will each accept the profound gratitude of the writer. Without their co-operation, these facts could not have been collated.

It is with regret that the valuable article on "Prison Life," furnished by Captain B. B. Porter, of the Tenth New York Cavalry, has been compressed into the biography of Lieutenant Myers. The press of matter connected with the Regiment alone prevented its insertion entire.

This work is now given to the public, asking that the criticisms may be tempered by a recollection of the difficulties under which such a work is compiled. If it shall prove instrumental in bringing to light the heroism of one deserving patriot, and giving to a meritorious Regiment even an humble niche in the temple of fame, it will amply repay the effort.

CORTLAND, N. Y., January 1, 1867.

A. P. S.

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## BATTLES

### PARTICIPATED IN BY THE SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

Rappahannock Station, Va., . . . . .	August 21st,	1862.
Warrenton Sulphur Springs, Va., . . . . .	August 26th,	"
Gainesville, Va., . . . . .	August 28th,	"
Second Bull Run, Va., . . . . .	August 29th & 30th,	"
South Mountain Md., . . . . .	September 14th,	"
Antietam Md., . . . . .	September 17th,	"
Snicker's Gap, Va., . . . . .	November 1st to 3d,	"
Fredericksburg, Va., . . . . .	December 12th & 13th,	"
Chancellorsville, Va., . . . . .	May 1st to 5th,	1863.
Gettysburg, Penn., . . . . .	July 1st to 4th,	"
Mine Run, Va., . . . . .	November 27th,	"
Wilderness, Va., . . . . .	May 5th & 6th,	1864.
Laurel Hill, Va., . . . . .	May 8th,	"
Spottsylvania, Va., . . . . .	May 12th,	"
North Anna, (Jericho Ford), Va., . . . . .	May 24th,	"
Topotomoy Creek, Va., . . . . .	June 1st,	"
Coal Harbor, (Bethesda Church), Va., . . . . .	June 3d to 5th,	"
Petersburg, Va., . . . . .	June 18th,	"
Weldon Railroad, Va., . . . . .	August 18th to 21st,	"
Poplar Grove Church, Va., . . . . .	September 30th,	"
First Hatcher's Run, Va., . . . . .	October 28th,	"
Hicksford Raid, Va., . . . . .	December 6th to 12th	"
Second Hatcher's Run, Va., . . . . .	February 6th,	1865.
Five Forks Va., . . . . .	April 1st,	"
Lee's Surrender at Appomattox Court House, Va., . . . . .	April 9th,	"

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# THE SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT N. Y. V.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE BULL RUN DISASTER—NORTH UNPREPARED—THE PEOPLE AROUSED—ORGANIZATION OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH IN CORTLAND COUNTY—FIRST "HAIR-BREADTH 'SCAPE"—MCNETT AND HIS ALLEGANY COMPANY—COLONEL GREEN SHOOTS CAPTAIN MCNETT—GENERAL JAMES WOOD—ORDERS TO MARCH TO ALBANY—ARRIVAL AT ALBANY—INDICTMENT AND TRIAL OF COLONEL GREEN.

THE Twenty-first day of July, 1861, will ever be remembered in the history of the United States. Warlike preparations had been made previous to that date, and the country was filled with inflammatory speeches and prophecies, but so much had been said by the rebellious leaders in the South whenever they had been defeated in their schemes; so much belligerent spirit had for a time shown itself, only to ooze out at their fingers' ends, that the North had come to believe all the talk at the South about war was only a repetition of the bravado which had characterized that section in other contests. The apparent warlike preparations and the actual taking of Fort Sumter, were considered mere menaces to frighten the timid, and thus aid the time-serving, self-styled

Conservatives of the North, while the whole insurrection would be quelled in a month or two, and nobody would be hurt. This feeling was all but unanimous at the North. President Lincoln was considered hasty and unnecessarily frightened when he issued his call for seventy-five thousand men, and the tax-payers already began to fear that keeping so many men, even for a few months, would overwhelm the country with taxation. They little realized the vast and inexhaustible resources of this country. The collection of an army around Washington was looked upon more in the light of a marshal or sheriff calling a *posse comitatus* to quell a riot, than the commander-in-chief marshaling an army to defend the very existence of the Government. On the part of the North no need was felt for drill or other preparation. It was only deemed necessary to arm a few men, march to the camp of the rioters and disperse them; and when fifty thousand men were said to be in arms, in and around Washington, the masses considered the army of the North invincible. "Our army is beaten!" "Total rout!" "The Federal army flying in disorder upon Washington!" "The Capital in danger!" These were the first greetings flashed from this invincible army by the telegraph.

Then it was that little groups of men were seen, hurriedly canvassing the best methods of sending aid to the Government. The supposed invincible army had been defeated. The North was for the time crushed. The riot had proved a rebellion, and the North, though but partially aroused, caught a glimpse of the herculean task before it. Old men shed tears; young men rushed to the Capital; companies were formed in every county, city and village, for the purpose of discipline and drill; and everything bespoke the intense feeling of the people, as the cloud of defeat darkened the political horizon.



It was in this dark and trying time that a few men assembled in a law-office, in Cortland Village, to consider the question, what could be done by Cortland county to aid the Government. A great diversity of opinion existed. One full company—Captain Clark's—had been sent out in May, with the Twenty-third New York Volunteers. Several thought another such drain upon the young men, would leave us sadly in want of help. Others were more hopeful, and estimated the number at five hundred, that, by proper exertion on the part of every loyal man, might be raised. One man—Nelson W. Green, afterwards Colonel, in whose sanguine temperament faith and confidence bore a more conspicuous part—alone suggested that a regiment might be raised in this vicinity. Even the awkward pretense of the old-fashioned "general trainings" had passed away, and the people had very little idea of military life or of their military strength. Mr. Green had been partially educated at West Point, from which he had been discharged on account of a wound, and was, therefore, supposed to understand the science of arms better than the denizens of a strictly agricultural community. He had consented to drill a company once or twice a week at the village hall, and consequently in a short time had become the military man of the village. For these reasons chiefly he was chosen at this informal meeting as the leader in the experiment of raising a company or companies, and, if possible, a regiment, in Cortland and the adjacent counties. On a more thorough canvass, it was determined to attempt the organization of a full regiment. Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, then Governor, authorized Mr. Green to raise a regiment, with its headquarters temporarily at Cortland, with the assurance that, when a sufficient number of men were enlisted to justify the establishment of a camp there, he would order that one be established. The following circular was immediately sent to every leading citizen in the county:—

## FREEMEN TO THE RESCUE!

TO THE CITIZENS OF CORTLAND AND ADJOINING COUNTIES:—

*Loyal Friends:*—It behooves us to address to you a few earnest and practical words in behalf of our disturbed country.

It cannot be unappreciated by you that at this moment the greatest issue of the age is pending; that the best, and mildest, and freest Government ever known to mankind is in imminent peril; that the national enemies are fully armed, alert, banded and desperate, while the peaceful and home-loving loyalists of the great and powerful North are comparatively unaroused; that within the next ninety days the enemy must be crippled, or otherwise this great people, now familiar only with the arts of peace, must know also the arts as well as the calamities of war; that nothing but a prompt rally to the nation's standard, to the flag of our fathers, can avert the necessity of passing this war down to the next generation, when it should be only a war of to-day. Delay does but invite foreign interference.

With these evident and startling facts before us, and impelled by duty, it has been deemed advisable to make a strong and united effort to organize, arm, equip and bring to the field, at once, a well-drilled regiment of infantry from these central counties; and looking into our own hearts and knowing the tone and character and the patriotism of these counties—the heart of the Empire State, whose great past has so well illustrated its motto of “Excelsior,”—it has not been doubted that to open the way for such an enterprise would be to insure its success.

Having this end in view, the undersigned have procured from the Adjutant-General of the State the necessary authority and made the following arrangements, viz:—“That whenever eight companies for the force now organizing under General Order No. 78, of not less than 32 men each, shall have assembled at (Cortland Village), and shall have been inspected and mustered into the service of the United States, that said point of rendezvous shall be considered a branch of the Depot at Albany, and 30 cents per day for subsistence shall thereafter be allowed for each recruit, until the regiment shall be organized or ordered into service.”

Therefore the attention of our fellow citizens is called to the following

## DIRECTIONS.

Any and all persons wishing to organize a company for the above regiment will

*First*—Ascertain how many able-bodied men, between the ages of 18 and 45 can be enrolled in their locality.

*Second*—If 64 men cannot be so enrolled, (exclusive of officers, of whom there will be 16, to wit:—8 corporals, 5 sergeants, and 3 commissioned

officers), then to unite with one or more other towns or neighborhoods, until the requisite number can be made up.

*Third*—When 32 of the said number are so enrolled, to report the fact immediately by mail to Nelson W. Green, Cortland Village, N. Y., and proceed at once to enrol the remaining number of 64 privates, and when that number is completed, to also report that fact as above.

Upon application, the necessary papers of enlistment will be sent to those wishing to organize companies.

The undersigned would add that they have entire confidence in the competency of Nelson W. Green, Esq., to whom the reports of enrollments are asked to be made, he having received a military education at West Point.

The volunteers, as they arrive will have the benefit of a perfect drill under Mr. Green.

*Dated Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y., Sept. 2, 1861.*

HIRAM CRANDALL, County Judge,	HENRY STEPHENS,
R. H. DUELL, M. C.,	HENRY S. RANDALL,
H. J. MESSENGER, Banker,	HORATIO BALLARD,
WM. R. RANDALL, Banker,	CHARLES FOSTER,
A. W. OGDEN, County Clerk,	ARTHUR HOLMES,
SILAS BALDWIN, Sheriff,	J. T. DAVIDSON,
A. J. GROVER, Pastor M. E. Church,	DANIEL NYE,
GEO. B. JONES, District Attorney,	JOSIAH HART, Jr.,
CHARLES P. COLE, Editor <i>Gazette</i> ,	M. M. WATERS,
E. D. VAN SLYCK, Editor <i>Banner</i> ,	A. P. SMITH,
FRED A. GEE,	P. B. DAVIS,
FREDERICK IVES,	H. A. JARVIS,
H. P. GOODRICH,	ANSON FAIRCHILD,
JOSIAH HART,	L. H. UTLEY,
E. H. DOUD,	F. GOODYEAR, M. D.,
J. S. BARBER,	G. N. COPELAND,
M. GOODRICH,	D. C. CLOVES,
S. BREWER,	M. GOODYEAR, M. D.

Persons wishing to form companies will be furnished with speakers to address public meetings, upon application to N. W. Green.

Pursuant to this call, meetings were held in every town, addressed by the patriotic of all professions; the people became thoroughly aroused, and the work of recruiting went so rapidly forward, that an order soon came to form a camp at Cortland. The Fair Grounds were leased of the Cortland

County Agricultural Society, and on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1861, the enlisted men were called together. A large tent was procured and erected upon the Grounds; the open sheds of the Agricultural Society were enclosed, new barracks erected, and, in a very short time, the Fair Grounds presented the appearance of respectable regimental winter quarters. The nights were becoming cool, and the recruits, unaccustomed to the hardships and privations of camp life, began to feel keenly the need of fuel and clothing. The patriotic ladies contributed freely of blankets, coverlets, towels and such other things as were needed to make the camp seem homelike, while each company was gratuitously furnished with one or more stoves.

The twenty-seventh of September, the second night in camp, as the men had fallen asleep on their loose straw upon the ground, suddenly there came a crash, and, as they awoke, they found themselves in a drenching rain, with their tent prostrate upon them, and the wind blowing almost a gale. At eleven o'clock at night, with scarcely a dry thread upon them, these unfledged warriors were obliged to seek shelter from the rain in the barracks. This was the first instance of "hair-breadth 'scapes" experienced by the recruits, and furnished the text for many a discourse upon the adventures of the soldier, as their friends came to visit them.

It had now become very cold. Meetings had been held in nearly every school-district; young men, with enlistment papers, had visited every man capable of performing military duty, each ambitious to procure as many men as possible, prompted by patriotic motives and stimulated by the prospect of a commission or other honorable position; and altogether about eight hundred and forty men were enlisted by the first of December, with a fair prospect of filling the regiment to its maximum number during the month. It had

already received the name of the SEVENTY-SIXTH—an honorable number in the estimation of every loyal American—and several of its companies were properly organized and mustered. Clothing had been furnished by the Quartermaster's Department, and though no arms had been received, the men presented a soldierly appearance as they formed in line on dress parade.

At this time, (December sixth), an incident occurred which entirely changed the prospects of the Regiment, and blighted the hopes of its friends for its complete and harmonious organization and equipment, before leaving the county.

Mr. Green, who had now become Colonel of the Regiment, had made an arrangement with Mr. Andrew J. McNett, of Allegany county, by which McNett, who had seventy men or thereabouts, was to recruit his company to the maximum strength and join the Seventy-sixth Regiment as Captain, and on the performance of certain conditions, McNett was to be made Major of the Regiment. Captain McNett joined the Regiment sometime in October with about seventy men. Colonel Green assisted in raising the number to upwards of ninety, by adding to the company certain men who had been brought by H. W. Pierce, of Dundee, Yates county. These men—about twenty-five in all, fifteen or twenty of whom were put into Captain McNett's company—were brought by Mr. Pierce, who was to be Captain; but failing to procure the required number, he was made Lieutenant in Captain Grover's company, and his men distributed between Captain Grover's and Captain McNett's companies. The latter part of November, Captain McNett procured a leave of absence to go to Syracuse to purchase his uniform, and to Allegany county to procure more men. On his return, a few days after this, Colonel Green charged him with having used his leave of absence to go to Albany, to stir up strife, in violation of the

understanding when he received it, and ordered him to give up the paper as fraudulently obtained. This Captain McNett refused to do. Colonel Green then ordered it taken from McNett by Captain Grover. McNett made a formal resistance, but unbuttoned his coat and Captain Grover took the document from McNett's pocket. Colonel Green then ordered Captain McNett in close arrest in the officers' quarters, with orders that he be permitted to communicate with no one, except by permission from the commandant of the post. This created some feeling in Captain McNett's company, and gave rise to much angry discussion in camp.

On the sixth of December, Colonel Green had been to Captain McNett's company, to adjust some difficulty, and on his return, when riding past the officers' quarters, saw Captain McNett standing in the door-way. Colonel Green claims the Captain was outside the door, shaking hands with his men, in violation of orders. Captain McNett claims he was inside the door, though near it, where he had resorted to get fresh air. We give both versions, as this history is not written with the view of vindicating or condemning either party, and this incident is only mentioned as one that had something of a controlling influence upon the subsequent history of the Regiment. As Captain McNett was thus standing in or near the door, Colonel Green rode up and the following dialogue, in substance, took place:

*Col. Green.*—The prisoner should not leave his quarters. Retire to your quarters.

*Capt. McNett.*—I shall not, sir.

*Col. Green.*—Do you refuse to obey my orders, sir?

*Capt. McNett.*—I do, such orders.

*Col. Green.*—(Dismounting and drawing a small Smith & Wesson pistol), Will you retire to your quarters?

*Capt. McNett.*—I will not, sir!

Colonel Green, at this point, fired over the head of the Captain, the ball lodging in the roof of the quarters.

*Col. Green.*—Retire to your quarters, sir!

*Capt. McNett.*—(Straightening up), I will not, sir! Shoot me if you dare!

The Colonel then lowered the pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in the Captain's chin, and lodging in his neck. McNett immediately turned around and sat down in a chair. The Surgeon of the post, Dr. J. C. Nelson, was called, and the wound dressed.

This very naturally created great excitement in camp and the vicinity. Colonel Green had, by his patriotic course, endeared himself to many of the loyal people. Captain McNett was not without friends, who gathered around him, and, in the discussion that followed this affair, excitement ran high. The Governor was informed of the affair, and sent General James Wood to Cortland to ascertain the facts, and in the meantime to take command of the Regiment. General Wood arrived December ninth, and on the evening of that day, met the officers of the Regiment, when a full interchange of opinion was had. The officers were nearly or quite unanimous in approval of the course taken by Colonel Green, and so expressed themselves. The next day the General visited the camp and possessed himself of all the material facts connected with the history of the Regiment. On the thirteenth of December, General Wood again met the officers at the house of Colonel Green, when the matter was again fully canvassed. The next day Colonel Green was arrested on a criminal warrant, for the shooting, and gave bail before the County Judge for his appearance at the Oyer and Terminer, to be held in January following, to answer an indictment to be found against him for an assault with intent to kill.\*

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\*An indictment was found for said offense at said Court, and Colonel Green gave bail for his appearance at the next Court. Since writing the above, he has been tried (at the Cortland Oyer

After giving bail, on the fourteenth Colonel Green and General Wood set out for Albany to confer with the Governor. On the sixteenth orders were telegraphed from Albany to be in readiness to proceed (by rail) to Albany on the following day. Colonel Green and General Wood returned, and on Wednesday, the eighteenth day of December, 1861, we took a tearful leave of the friends, with whose welfare and very life ours was so firmly woven, and entered the cars for Albany.

Talking patriotism is all very pleasant ; Artemus Ward may even be willing to sacrifice all his wife's relatives upon the altar of his bleeding country ; this was a fashionable sentiment in 1861 ; but if one would test his loyalty let him shake the hand of a weeping wife, and give a parting blessing to his little ones, and, bidding adieu to his friends, turn his face to the scene of bloodshed and carnage, without bounty, on a cold December day, with nothing to cheer him on but love of country, and if he does not repent his enlistment, set him down for at least a *prima facie* patriot. We had rode on parade through Homer and Cortland, been toasted and feasted, but what was all that gaudy show, now that we were to meet the reality of war ?

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and Terminer, held by Judge Boardman in April, 1866), and after a fair trial for five days, the Jury, on the morning of the sixth day, reported their inability to agree. They were thereupon discharged and a *nolle prosequi* entered upon the indictment. The case was very fully and ably tried on both sides, upon the question of the legal right of Colonel Green to shoot the Captain, under the circumstances. Judge Boardman laid down the law with great clearness and impartiality, deciding that willful and persistent disobedience of orders, in the presence of enlisted men, is mutiny ; that in cases of mutiny, the amount and kind of force necessary to suppress it is in the discretion of the superior officer, that this camp was at that time under military authority, and this shooting was to be judged by military law.



## CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT ALBANY—COURT OF INQUIRY—COLONEL GREEN RESTORED TO COMMAND—NEW YEAR'S PARADE—RECRUITING THE OTSEGO REGIMENT—ORDERED TO ALBANY—CONSOLIDATION OF THE TWO REGIMENTS—FLAG PRESENTATION—SPEECHES—ORDERS TO MARCH—RIKERS' ISLAND—INTRODUCTION TO THE PAYMASTER—ORDERS TO MARCH TO WASHINGTON.

THE Regiment arrived at Albany on the evening of the eighteenth of December. The wind blew cold and dreary over Capitol Hill as we marched from the depot to the barracks, some two miles distant. As the wind whistled through the rough wooden quarters that night, and the men, under their scanty covering, felt the biting of that December air, they could not but think of the warm beds they left in Cortland county, and hopefully look forward to the time when, the rebellion crushed, the country saved, they should again enjoy the comforts of those homes, now fully appreciated. The measles had broken out in camp previous to leaving Cortland, and many of the men were weak and illy prepared for the exposures that awaited them. A severe snow storm soon set in, and in a few days the snow was piled so high that drilling was impossible. General Rathbone, in command of the post, did all in his power to make the men comfortable, but notwithstanding this, many suffered severely.

Colonel Green had requested the Governor to convene a Court of Inquiry in his case, which was done, and on the

twenty-first of December the hearing commenced. The Court was presided over by Lieutenant-Colonel LaFayette Bingham. Judge-Advocate-General Anthon conducted the prosecution, and Clark B. Cochrane and A. P. Smith the defense. The investigation consumed three days, when the findings of the Court were submitted to the Governor. On the twenty-eighth of December the Governor announced the decision by placing Colonel Green in command of the Regiment. This announcement was received with many cheers by the officers and men, and the prospects of the Regiment seemed to brighten.

New Year's immediately followed the restoration of Colonel Green to command, and was a gala day for the troops stationed at Albany. The Seventy-sixth was drawn up in line, with the Ninety-third New York Volunteers, and a battery of artillery, in all about twenty-five hundred men, Colonel Green commanding the battalion. It formed at the barracks and marched to the Capitol, where each man was received and warmly shaken by the hand by Governor Morgan. Thence the battalion marched to the Delavan House, where they were addressed by Hon. Horatio Ballard, Secretary of State, and by the heroic Colonel Mulligan; thence to pay their respects to Hon. C. B. Cochrane, who had so ably defended the Colonel, and thence to the barracks. Albany wore her holiday dress, and the parade was enjoyed by both citizens and soldiers.

While the Cortland branch of the Seventy-sixth Regiment was being recruited, as we have related, a similar effort was being made to raise a full regiment in Otsego and Schoharie counties, with headquarters at Cherry Valley. In September, 1861, the Thirty-ninth Regiment New York State National Guards, at a general parade, overcome by the sentiment of loyalty which pervaded the country, had authorized their Colonel, John D. Shaul, to tender the services of the regiment

to the Governor for active service in the field. About the first of October, General George E. Danforth, of Middleburg, commanding the brigade of militia to which the Thirty-ninth was attached, received orders to proceed at once to recruit and organize the Thirty-ninth Regiment for active service. The order established a branch depot at Cherry Valley, and made General Danforth commandant of the post. Many of the officers of the Thirty-ninth Regiment tendered their resignations. But on the fourteenth of October, about seventy-five men were waiting to be mustered into service at Cherry Valley, being parts of the companies of Captains A. L. Swan, John E. Cook, and John W. Young. An officer was sent from Albany to muster such companies as contained the minimum number—thirty-two. There not being enough present for three companies, two, Captain Cook's (company B), and Young's (company C), were filled to the requisite number, and mustered on the fourteenth of October. Captain Swan's company was mustered on the twenty-second. Meetings were held in all parts of the counties of Otsego and Schoharie, and recruiting went on briskly for a time, with a fair prospect of ultimately filling the Regiment to its maximum strength. This was the first Regiment raised in Otsego county, and was the pride and pet of the people.

Dr. George W. Metcalfe was appointed Surgeon of the Regiment, and Examining Surgeon of the post. Andrew R. Smith was made Quartermaster, and by his faithful attention to the duties of his office—an office the duties of which are not surpassed in difficulties during the organization—won golden opinions from his brother officers.

The Regiment was quartered in a large stone hop house, and the Colonel gave daily lessons in company and regimental drill. Armed sentries, with flint-locks from the State arsenals, paced their "beats," military rules and regulations were enforced in camp, and everything that could be done was

brought into requisition to make true soldiers of the yeomanry of Otsego and Schoharie. The liberal sums of money expended by General Danforth, Colonel Shaul and Quartermaster Smith, with their influence and advice, had greatly aided the company officers in forming and recruiting their companies. Adjutant James Davenport, of Richfield Spa, and the other field and staff officers had bestowed much time, money and influence upon the organization, but on the eighth of January, 1862, only six companies, in all about five hundred men, had been mustered into service. At this time an order was received for the Regiment to proceed to Albany. The order was as unexpected as it was unwelcome. The troops and the people had fondly hoped that they would be permitted to send out a full regiment, armed and equipped. Each county in the country felt a proper desire to send out a complete organization which should represent the loyalty of that particular locality, whose achievements and glory should belong exclusively to such locality. But military orders must be obeyed, and on the eighth day of January, the six companies—now consolidated into five, and commanded by Captains A. L. Swan, J. E. Cook, J. W. Young, E. N. Hanson, and N. Bowdish—left Cherry Valley in upwards of fifty sleighs furnished by the citizens of that vicinity, and proceeded to the railroad at Canajoharie, a distance of thirteen miles. They arrived in Albany after dark by a special train, and were escorted to camp by company A, of the Seventy-sixth. The Otsego Regiment passed a cold night in their barn-like barracks, without fire, and many without blankets. Poor fellows! they afterward found that what now seemed “grievous to be borne,” was but “the beginning of sorrows.”

At the time the Cortland branch of the Seventy-sixth Regiment reached Albany, it numbered about eight hundred men. The Governor considered it improper that Colonel Green and

Captain McNett should longer be associated as officers of the same regiment, and of the correctness of that conclusion no one acquainted with the facts and the men could have any doubt. They are both positive men, of unyielding will, and diametrically opposed on almost every question that would be likely to arise. Looking at the war, its causes, its objects, and the manner in which it should be prosecuted, from entirely different and opposite stand-points, it would have been as difficult to harmonize their views, and bring them to act together, especially after what had already transpired, as it would be to unite oil and water. The Governor, therefore, preserved the organization of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, with Colonel Green as its commander, and transferred McNett and his company to the Ninety-third Regiment New York Volunteers, then stationed at Albany, and commanded by Colonel Crocker. At the same time, Captain J. V. White, who had joined the Seventy-sixth with about forty-five men, requested to be transferred to the Third New York Artillery, which request was granted. The remaining companies of the Seventy-sixth were consolidated into seven—A, B, C, D, E, F and G. Three companies were transferred from the Otsego Regiment to the Seventy-sixth, as follows:—The company commanded by Captain A. L. Swan became company II; the company commanded by Captain Cook became company I, and the company commanded by Captain Young became company K. Each company, so far as possible, retained its company officers. The field and staff were distributed as follows:—

Colonel—N. W. GREEN, of Cortland.

Lieutenant-Colonel—JOHN D. SHAUL, of Springfield.

Major—CHARLES E. LIVINGSTON, of New York city.

Surgeon—J. C. NELSON, of Truxton, Cortland county.

Assistant-Surgeon—GEO. W. METCALFE, of Otsego county.

Chaplain—H. STONE RICHARDSON, of New York Mills.

Adjutant—HEMAN F. ROBINSON, of Cortland.

Quartermaster—A. P. SMITH, of Cortland.

Quartermaster-Sergeant—ALBERT J. JARVIS, of Cortland.

Commissary Sergeant—WILLIAM STORRS, of Allegany.

The two Otsego companies, commanded by Captains Hanson and Bowdish, were transferred with Captain White to the Third New York Artillery. Thus the Seventy-sixth had passed through the formation state, the tendency of which is to engender ill feelings between the officers, and before it was as fair a prospect of unity and usefulness as the most sanguine could desire.

On the sixteenth of January, 1862, orders were received to be ready to march to New York City on the following day. All was tumult and confusion. The Regiment had not yet been provided knapsacks, haversacks, or camp and garrison equipage, and the day was busily occupied in distributing these necessaries to the men.

When the time arrived to march, everything was in readiness, and at two P. M., on the seventeenth, the Regiment left the barracks and marched to the Capitol. Here a beautiful stand of colors was presented to the Regiment by S. R. Campbell, Esq., in behalf of his mother, Mrs. Samuel Campbell, of New York Mills. Mr. Samuel Campbell, a man of wealth and character, had been a sort of god-father to the Seventy-sixth Regiment, presenting the Colonel and Chaplain each with a splendid black war steed, with equipments complete, and in many other ways at great expense and trouble aided the Regiment. This would it is believed be deemed a sufficient apology, if apology were needed, for printing entire the addresses made on that occasion. It will be remembered that to speak of "liberty and equal rights to man" was, at that time, considered "radical." It was at a time when the poor African came to us torn and bleeding, with hands and eyes uplifted

imploing for protection, and the privilege of aiding in defense of the government that had wronged him, only to be sent back to his bondage and his scourgings! This fact adds significance and value to words which now seem common place:—

GENTLEMEN SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH:—Before turning your footsteps away from the Capital city of your native State, you have assembled to receive from my hands the emblem of our common country; and I know you will the more gladly welcome me when I tell you that I bring it not in my own name, but as a “mother’s gift”—an earnest of that protection which our country gladly extends over *all* her obedient children; and sure I am it will prove no idle ornament to grace your ranks, but will be borne aloft, if need be, over victorious fields, a terror to traitors and tyrants—a presence where loyalty may find shelter and protection—a fit symbol of the majesty of our Government.

Soldiers, many of you, perhaps, are entering upon a new and untried life—a soldier’s life. You have left your peaceful avocations, and are about to meet the enemies of your country in the field. I know not what form in the workings of “military necessity” this struggle may assume. Coming events are but dimly foreshadowed. Your part in the great struggle for the unity of this people is yet to come; but I do know that when that anticipated time shall come, when you are permitted to clothe your thoughts and aspirations in deed, they will be such as shall electrify the nation, and bring joy and gladness to the hearts and homes of those who claim your deepest regard and warmest affection.

You are of that number, now a great multitude, who, scorning alike the dangers of the battle-field, and the siren whispers of peace—peace, when there is no peace,—whose only ambition is the privilege of sacrificing your all to insure the perpetuity of our free institutions, and the stability of our benignant Government. To your care I consign your “country’s flag,” and I doubt not you will prove as worthy of fighting under its “Stars and Stripes” as were the heroes of ’76. In your hands it will not, like that rebellious standard of a treasonable foe, carry chains and captivity with it, but its coming will be the herald of liberty and equal rights to all men. Then, in the hour of danger and peril, let every man do his whole duty in protecting that flag which has so long been our pride and shelter.

Officers and privates, you have a common object; your interests are one; the mutual respect and affection which I know exists between you, are propitious of a brilliant career; that Regiment which bears the number of honor will never be appealed to in vain; you will always find your chief joy in the discharge of these active duties, whether upon the Gulf or the

Potomac, in that part of our country through which the Mississippi rolls its band of waters, and, by its shining link, proclaims us one and indivisible, or upon the shores of that State whose very name is an insult to loyalty. Wherever you may go, there shall our sympathy and best wishes follow you. The Empire State has already spoken in thunder tones; you may listen and hear her words of endearment to you. You shall always hear her voice of defiance to the enemies of our country.

"Startling and stern! the northern winds shall bear it,  
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave,  
And buried freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within the grave."

Colonel Green replied as follows:—

MR. CAMPBELL—*Sir*:—In the name of the Seventy-sixth Regiment of New York State Volunteers, I accept the colors now presented by your excellent mother.

It is hazardous for untried men to undertake to say what they may do in the future. We have no promises to make. We only know how much we wish to do for our bleeding, struggling country. If our hearts and our hopes were accepted as an index of what we are to achieve, these banners will never be dishonored.

The embarrassment of this moment is this—that we so little deserve the favors which the confidence of our friends has vouchsafed us. But in accepting these banners, we somehow lose sight of ourselves, and only remember how beautiful is the soul that has prompted so magnificent a tribute to the defenders of our country, and how great the peril which gives character to this occasion.

Our poor country! Our imperiled flag! What bitter fears, what anxious misgivings oppress the heart as we look upon these symbols of our Nationality! The flag of our fathers—God defend it!

It is fitting, and quite in keeping with the sublime significance of this hour, that fair hands should deck and elaborate our coat of arms and our national flag; that gentle hearts are prompted to make more beautiful these symbols of our great past, and we are thus reminded how much they have a right to expect at our hands, and how sacred the trust committed to us. That country must not despair whose soldiery goes to battle under the inspiration of such encouragement. The gentle heart which thus cherishes her country's flag, must love that country with no ordinary devotion.

We may not tell what deeds of daring we propose to do, but it is permitted to hope that at least somebody is to wage this warfare until this most unnatural treason shall find an utter end. Extermination alone can meet the ill-deserving of the race which would deface the Stars and Stripes. But



whatever may be the result of this war, or whatever our fate, we shall never forget this noble proof of the patriotism of your family; nor that "'76 is on our banners." The heroic memories which cluster about that number shall inspire us, and when disasters or dangers shall thicken around us, we shall take courage in remembering the kindness of your mother, in whom we recognize one of the representative women of America.

Upon the presentation, and after they had been formally accepted by Colonel Green, the Regiment loudly called for Governor Morgan. His Excellency speedily answered the summons, and upon appearing upon the steps of the Capitol, was vociferously cheered by the soldiers. Owing to the prevalence of a snow storm, his address was short, but the few well-timed words he uttered were gladly, nay, thankfully received by the volunteers.

He assured them that they enjoyed the confidence of the people and expected them not to betray that confidence; for evidence as to how faithfully they heeded that exhortation, they point with pride to their record. At the close of Governor Morgan's speech, the Regiment moved down State street, through to Broadway and Hamilton streets, over the bridge to the Pier, and thence across the Hudson on the ice to the Hudson River Railroad Depot.

The *Albany Evening Journal* of that day, speaking of the Seventy-sixth said:—"This Regiment is composed of as fine appearing and as intelligent a body of men as has been gathered together since the breaking out of the rebellion."

At seven o'clock the regiment was aboard the cars for New York, where we arrived about noon the next day (eighteenth). Marching to City Hall Park Barracks, we went into quarters, where we remained until Tuesday, January twenty-first, when we were taken to Riker's Island, about ten miles up the East River from the Battery.

Riker's Island contains about one hundred and fifty acres of land, is low, and, being a mile from the main land, is much ex-

posed in winter. Besides the barracks, which were cheaply constructed wooden buildings, there was but one house. This was an old tavern, occupied by a low family, who eked out a miserable existence by selling cheap whisky to the lower class, who resorted thither to fight men and dogs, run horses, and enjoy such other sports as the roughs of New York city indulge in.

Through the carelessness of the Post Quartermaster at New York, the stoves and coal did not go up on the boat with the Regiment, but were sent up on a lighter the next day. The night was very cold, the wind whistled through the crevices in the barracks, the ground was covered with ice and snow, the quantity of snow being materially increased during the night and next day, and the men suffered severely.

The Regiment had not, at this time, received any pay, though many of the men had been in the service nearly four months. Many of them had families depending upon their earnings for support, and when it is remembered that the Seventy-sixth received no local bounty, and the Government bounty of \$100 was only payable at the end of two years' service, it will be understood that the men were very anxious to make the acquaintance of a paymaster.

The twenty-third day of January, 1862, will be long remembered by the members of the Seventy-sixth as the day which, through the medium of greenbacks and silver, brought happiness to their soldier hearts. Few of them slept that night until some portion of their pay was on its way to the loved ones at home. Probably forty thousand dollars was thus sent home at this time.

This was the first time we had seen salt water, and the men made the most of their opportunity. If oysters and clams hand down their history, there will be a number of its pages devoted to a description of the depredations of the Seventy-

sixth New York Volunteers. Hoes, picks, shovels, sticks, anything that could dig for clams or rake for oysters, were brought into requisition, and the "boys" ate oysters and clams until their stomachs rebelled under the tyrannical oppression of their appetites. But soldiers are not long permitted to remain in *statu quo*. Rumors had enlivened the camp, of projected expeditions to Kentucky, then to Charleston. But now the orders came to march directly to Washington.



## CHAPTER III.

ORDERS TO MARCH—SAIL DOWN THE BAY—RECEPTION AT PHILADELPHIA—INFLUENCE OF WOMAN—THE “MARCH STRAIGHT THROUGH OLD BALTIMORE”—CHANGE OF SENTIMENT IN BALTIMORE—WASHINGTON—FIRST CAMP ON MERIDIAN HILL—CAMP TRIALS—FIRST DEATH IN THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—McCLELLAN MOVES—DIFFICULTY IN THE REGIMENT—OCCUPY THE FORTS—FIRST BATTLE OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH.

To the uninitiated the movement was one of great magnitude, as the knapsacks were packed and horses loaded upon the government transport that was to convey us to Amboy, on our way South. It was a lovely day, and as we sailed down the beautiful bay, covered with its steamers and other craft of every description, soldiering assumed the pleasing garb of a picnic excursion. We lost sight, for the time, of the fact that we were going to the theatre of war, and indulged only in the unalloyed pleasure of sight-seeing. At Amboy we were shipped upon the cars of that huge monopoly, the Camden & Amboy Railroad, and were soon steaming away toward the Capital. We arrived at Philadelphia about midnight of January thirtieth. Here we met the first act of hospitality, which, during the war, made the women of the North so enviably conspicuous. No sooner had the Regiment reached the wharf, than we were met by an escort from each of two benevolent associations, which conducted the Regiment to their headquarters and furnished a meal to which the supperless regimental stomach was not long in doing justice. Now that the

war is ended, and we come to understand the true elements of our success, we must give woman a prominent place in the ranks of those who saved the country. She has not herself gone to the field to spread death and destruction over the land; but she it was who breathed the encouraging word in the ear of the patriot that she loved, awakening within him the patriot's ambition. She buckled on the armor with more than Spartan fidelity. She fed and cheered the soldier onward, giving him the cup of cold water with such smiles of encouragement as rendered it nectar to his lips, and more strengthening than wine to his heart. She it was, who, in the darkest time, while the tear trickled down her face, wrote those words of comfort to her soldier friend, which prompted him to deeds of nobler daring, and when the call came for those things which made the sick and wounded soldiers comfortable, she it was who, through the lonely day and weary night, picked the lint, and sewed the garments, and pickled the fruit. We cannot too much honor her.

Again, after breaking down, starting, halting and starting again, the troops were on their way to Baltimore. Here we arrived at about four P. M., January thirty-first. On the nineteenth of April before, the Sixth Massachusetts had been assailed by a mob in the very streets through which we were to pass, and several of them killed, and the boys considered themselves pretty brave as they sang on nearing the city:—

“ We'll march straight through old Baltimore.”

“ We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,” &c.

But a radical change had taken place in Baltimore. With martial music the Regiment marched unarmed through the city, welcomed in every part by the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and the approving smiles of the loyal of both sexes. To be sure, now and then a rough old customer, in whom whisky had usurped the domain of loyalty, frowned and in-

wardly swore at the Yankee horde that had usurped the reins of the Government, so long controlled by secessionists and traitors; but the feelings of the masses were changed for the better. Here another collation was served up for the Regiment by the citizens. It was impromptu, they not having had any notice of the expected arrival; but it nevertheless did great credit to the loyal citizens of Baltimore. Here, in the midst of a miscellaneous crowd, at the depot, the Chaplain of the Regiment sang the favorite song, "We'll take our gun and go," and received the hearty applause of the crowd. Public sentiment had, even at that early day, began to improve.

Again on the cars, we reached Washington about midnight. The men were soon asleep in the "Soldier's Retreat," lying about promiscuously upon the floor, no bedding of any kind being furnished, except the soldier's single blanket. The officers, and the wives of such as accompanied them, slept upon the floor in another room. The next morning was rainy and dreary. In the place of the snow and ice which the soldier had left at the North, came the Washington mud. Snow, water, clay and sand, trodden up and mixed into mortar by thousands of loaded army wagons, and mules and cavalry horses, until the road, as far as the eye could reach, was one belt of liquid mortar.

Washington is situated on the Potomac river, where two branches meet. On the north it is surrounded by ranges of hills, rising from one hundred to four hundred feet above the level on which the city stands. The first hill, or range of hills, is called Meridian Hill, being the national point from which Americans reckon their longitude. Two days were spent by the Regiment at the "Soldiers' Retreat," when we were ordered into camp on Meridian Hill. The tents had at this time never been opened; the arms were in the boxes as delivered

to us at New York, and the Regiment had, as yet, no experience in putting up tents or cooking their rations. The mud was deep, snow had fallen and was still falling; the ground was covered with water and snow intermingled, and the prospect before our raw recruits was anything but inviting. But orders in the army are peremptory, and not to be postponed on account of the weather. The Regiment, therefore, on the fourth day of February, 1862, went into camp on Meridian Hill. It was well for the Regiment that veterans did not stand by to enjoy the mistakes on that occasion of our first tent-pitching. A camp laid out according to "regulations" is a somewhat regular arrangement. This, our first effort, was to be laid out according to regulations. A long street was therefore marked out along the brow of the hill, which was to be the Broadway of the camp. From this, and at right angles to it, ran ten streets to the west, on each side of which were arranged the tents of the respective companies, each facing the street. Each company occupied one street, and were allowed from twenty to twenty-five tents, according to the number of men. On the opposite side of the main street were ranged the tents of the field and staff officers, according to their rank. Straw could not be procured, wood was furnished in insufficient quantities, owing to the blockade of the Potomac, and orders were given that no trees should be felled by the soldiers. Inclined, as we were, to obey orders, Yankee ingenuity was taxed to solve the problem of how to keep warm in the cold month of February, without wood; and if wood is not furnished, how is the fire to be kept aglow without felling the trees; and how are the trees to be felled without disobeying orders? "Necessity is the mother of invention," somebody said. Down came a tree. Every limb and chip was precious. Soldiers are brotherly, and there was an equal distribution. A luckless chap is called before the Colonel for disobedience of orders, and the following colloquy takes place:—



*Colonel.*—Who cut that tree down, sir?

*Private.*—I did, sir.

*Colonel.*—Did you not know that it was against orders to fell these trees?

*Private.*—I did, sir.

*Colonel.*—Then why did you fell the tree?

*Private.*—You know, Colonel, that last night the wind blew very hard from the northwest. This tree stood near your horse's shed. I went out to see to your horse several times, and every time this tree creaked as though it was coming down. Your horse, sir, reared, and I resolved that if I lived till morning I would prevent him a like sleepless night and so this morning I felled it, sir. I trust, sir, I have violated no orders in saving the life of your noble horse.

*Colonel.*—Your intention was praiseworthy, and, after all, intent must govern. You are excused this time, but see to it that you cut no more trees unless absolutely necessary.

The Colonel had scarcely finished his trial of the first offender, when the boys were seen running to their tents, with arms full of wood, from the direction of the cook-tent of company A. It was very cold, but one of the men was ordered to put his wood in his tent, and report to the Colonel. The investigation failed to convict him of felling the tree. He found it down, and deemed it no violation of orders to indulge in the luxury of a fire. After a long investigation, however, the man who cut the tree was ascertained, when the following facts were elicited:—The tree had been about half cut down before the order against felling trees was promulgated. It had all night threatened to fall upon the cook-tent. If it fell it would be likely to fall upon a whole row of tents, and cause a fearful loss of life. Its beauty and very life were already destroyed, and so he cut it down to save life. The argument in favor of human life was certainly stronger than that in favor

of the one who had saved the horse's life, and so the Colonel being confronted by a *stare decisis*, as the lawyers say, discharged the culprit with an admonition against further similar acts, without a special order from headquarters. These examples illustrate the manner in which Commodore Porter's magnificent oaks kept us warm for the first week of our camp life, and until the Government began to supply the fuel.

Sickness now appeared in camp, in the form of typhoid pneumonia, induced by our camping in the snow and mud, and our want of the necessaries to keep warm and dry. The first death that occurred in the Regiment, was that of William B. Potter, a private in company A. He died at Meridian Hill, D. C., February nineteenth, 1862. It is a solemn reality to die, even among friends. The solemnity is greatly heightened by the absence of those we love to smooth the dying pillow. With sad hearts we followed his body to the depot, and he sleeps now in his native town (Taylor), the first offering of the Seventy-sixth at the bloody shrine of this unholy rebellion.

At this time, General McClellan was marshaling his hosts in and around Washington, with a view to attacking the rebels in the direction of Richmond, as soon as the weather might permit. He had already gathered a large army, and the hills and valleys about Washington were literally covered with camps for miles on both sides of the Potomac. Look which way you might, and the Stars and Stripes were seen to float from some fort, or regimental, brigade, or division headquarters, while the bands were playing almost continually in every direction. To the unfledged warrior, just out from civil life, these scenes were very inspiring, and conveyed to his mind rather the idea of a pleasure excursion, or extensive parade of the uniformed militia of other days, than a serious and extensive preparation for actual warfare, and scenes of bloodshed and carnage, of which this grand marshaling was the precursor.

McClellan was, at this time, the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the United States, and it was confidently asserted that when he should move upon the enemy, no force which they could oppose against him could impede his progress to the rebel Capital. The people were anxious that he should move, and this feeling was shared in by the soldiery to an almost incredible extent. They longed to march against the enemy, and the days wore heavily on, while they lay about the Capital, inactive. Camp life is ever irksome to the raw recruit. There is a sameness, an uninviting routine of which he tires, and he actually thirsts for new excitements and new scenes, and deems the battle-field preferable to the monotony of the camp. Older soldiers change their views, and many of the Seventy-sixth afterwards, when on the march, the bivouac, or the battle-field, looked back upon the encampment about Washington, as the old man tottering down the declivity of life, halts for a moment to recall the pleasant recollections of the sunshine and happiness of boyhood.

Everything was now put in readiness for the forward movement of the Army of the Potomac.

The plan of General McClellan was, to attack Richmond by way of the Rappahannock. About the middle of March, the grand movement commenced. As far as the eye could reach in every direction, the troops came pouring from every hillside and valley, into Washington, and as we gazed southward over Long Bridge and Georgetown Aqueduct, as far as our vision extended, could be seen the long solid ranks of infantry, with their bright bayonets and polished guns gleaming in the sun, and as we looked into those manly faces, we observed that unselfish patriotism and stern, unyielding determination which, properly appreciated and directed, would have made this army invincible.

On the twenty-fourth day of February, the Seventy-sixth,

at this time unbrigaded, moved from Meridian Hill, to occupy forts De Russey, Massachusetts, Totten and Slemmer, with headquarters at Fort Totten.

A serious difficulty had arisen in the Regiment, and it was considered by the military authorities to be in an unfit condition to take the field. The officers, with very few exceptions, had preferred charges against Colonel Green, and those charges were being investigated by a military commission then convened in Washington. This placed Lieutenant-Colonel Shaul in command of the Regiment. After a somewhat protracted hearing, Colonel Green was ordered to Washington, and thence to his home in Cortland, N. Y., where he was afterwards, by order of the Secretary of War, dismissed from the service. The controversy growing out of the trial of Colonel Green for a time nearly paralyzed the Regiment, and destroyed its usefulness. Good men found themselves differing with equally good men, upon the merits and demerits of the prosecution, and skillful tacticians confessed that the only way to harmonize the feeling was to bring the Regiment into action.

The headquarters of the Regiment were now, March twenty-fourth, established at Brightwood, at Fort Massachusetts, (since changed to Fort Stevens), formerly the headquarters of General Keyes.

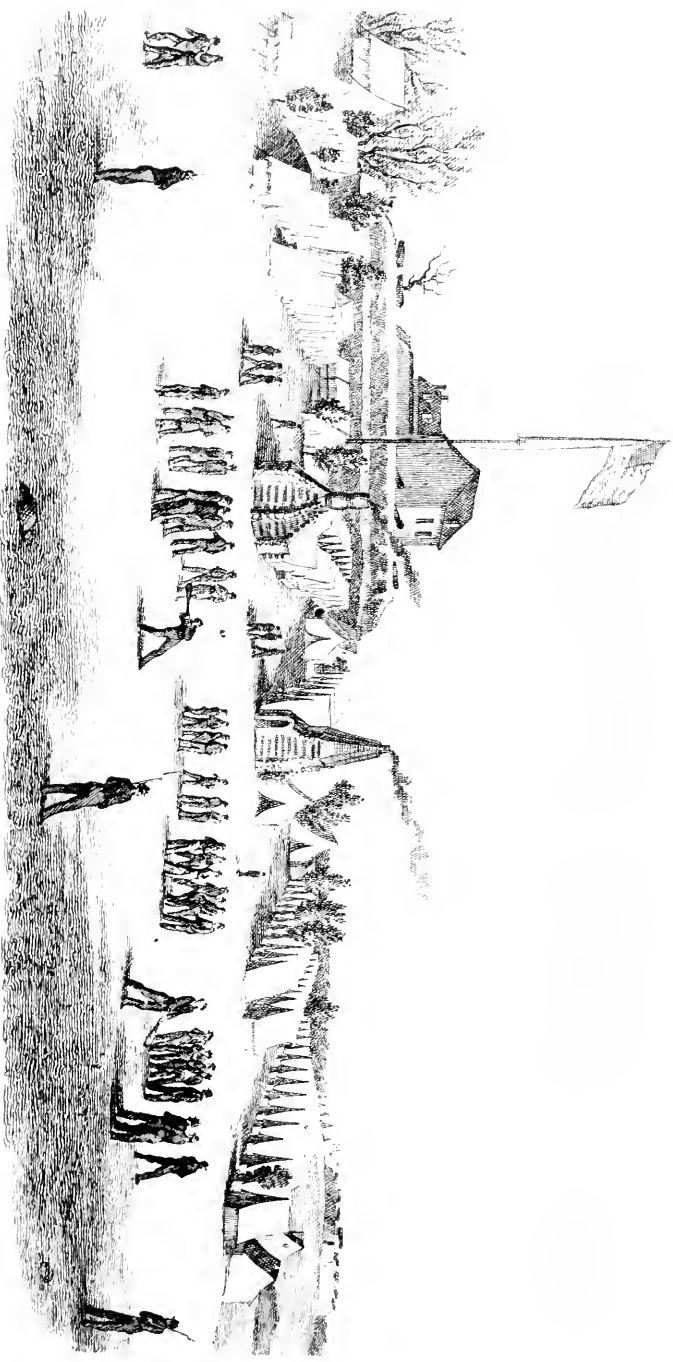
General McClellan having drawn off his forces to Fortress Monroe, a very small force was left about Washington, chiefly occupying the chain of forts which, at a distance of about five miles, entirely surrounded the Capital.

We felt the loss of so many men, and it seemed almost as quiet about Washington as in our northern homes. For a time the men found employment in the erection and reparation of tents, ornamenting of grounds, and those other little improvements which make the camp homelike. This was

interspersed with that continuous and ever-present drill, which was to make the Regiment what it afterwards proved to be, one of the most effective in the field.

Whatever may be the experience of the soldier, though he may wade through blood, and bullets be showered upon him on a hundred battle-fields, he still looks back to the first contest, bloodless though it be, as the great battle of his soldier life. The first charge of the Seventy-sixth was a bloodless one, yet summoning the courage, and planned with all the skill of its commander. Headquarters were about two miles from the Maryland line, near by which, and just in the State of Maryland, were four corners. A little group of buildings had grown up, and with them one of those pests of any community, and especially detrimental to military discipline—a whisky shop. During the quiet period following the exodus of General McClellan's army, several of the men had in strolling about the country, found this pot-house, and the result was an extensive replenishment of the guard house. Colonel Shaul believed this the work of the enemy. Rumors circulated that we were to be attacked from the direction of Maryland. No one could tell but this house had been established with a double purpose; to weaken our forces and from the inebriated soldiers ascertain our actual strength. It was even reported that rockets had been observed in that direction, at night, answered by and answering rockets in other directions, and in the opinion of the regimental commander, the time had come to "strike for our altars and our fires, God and our native land." The cannon in the forts had been shotted, and proper sentinels stationed; but this was only a preparation for a defensive warfare. Colonel Shaul determined upon taking the offensive. An expedition was, therefore, fitted out under the immediate command of the Colonel. It consisted of a detachment of about three hundred men, well armed and

equipped, attended by the regimental drum corps, and an army wagon drawn by four horses, and intended as a conveyance to camp of the vanquished foe. It was a clear, pleasant April day. The soft southern wind fanned the heated brows of the excited braves, as they rushed forward to their first charge upon the enemy's works. The time ordinarily given by the then commanding general of the Army of the Potomac for a two mile march had not elapsed, ere this miniature army had formed itself into a hollow square about the obnoxious house. Having carefully disposed his troops, the Colonel dismounted, and, with his aids, demanded admission. This accomplished, he followed it with a demand for an unconditional surrender. The owner in vain pleaded his loyalty to the Government, the number of his family, and his inability to support them in any other way. The Colonel was inexorable. It was hard, he admitted; but it was a "military necessity," and arguments which might touch his heart in the civil walks, fell powerless when judged from a military stand-point. Nothing but surrender of the contraband article would prevent a resort to extreme measures. The poor Marylander looked out of his window, then his door; wherever he turned his eyes, on every side, he was hemmed in by double ranks of the "boys in blue," each possessed of a shining piece of infantry arms. There was no escape; resistance would be worse than useless; so with many a demurrer, and much semi-loyal argument against confiscation, the owner of the pot-house surrendered. A detail of men conveyed the suspicious casks and flasks to the army wagon, which was soon on its triumphant march back to Camp Brightwood. The Colonel marched his men back in rear of the wagon, with feelings akin to those of a certain general at that time high in command, who, it is said, always requested the band to play, on his appearance in camp, "See, the conquering hero comes." It may not be amiss to



HEAD QUARTERS, 75<sup>TH</sup> REGT. N.Y.S.A.,  
CAMP DOUBLEDAY.





say, that the Colonel saw that the suspicious enemy was stored safely in the cellar of his boarding-house, where he could have a personal supervision of it, and a perfect personal control of this destructive agent. It was soon after, however, removed to the cellar of the store at Brightwood, and undoubtedly finally proved a large if not valuable accession to the hospital stores of the post.

We shall have occasion hereafter to note the doings of this "thing of evil," yet the "whisky invasion," as it was facetiously termed, proved a most salutary movement to the Seventy-sixth. The men accustomed to intoxication saw that the regimental commander was determined to prevent it; the liquor-sellers entertained that respect for him which they ever do for those who do them full justice, and the guard-house soon began to furnish unmistakable evidence of an improved condition of the temperance cause in the Regiment. The miserable pot-house keeper was seen on divers days, hanging about camp, and it was whispered that he advocated the doctrine of payment of damages caused an enemy. The records, however, fail to show that he convinced Colonel Shaul of the justice of his claim.



## CHAPTER IV.

CAMP LIFE AROUND WASHINGTON—DISCIPLINE—CAL. TOTMAN—STANDING ON A BARREL—PAT. MCKONE—FIRE IN A POWDER-HOUSE—MARCHING—FIGHT ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—SLAVE CATCHERS FOILED—SAILING DOWN THE POTOMAC—AQUIA CREEK—TRACKS OF THE REBELLION.

No army ever occupied pleasanter quarters than those connected with the defenses of Washington. A belt of young chestnut forest nearly half a mile in width, with a diameter of ten miles, had been felled about Washington, leaving ample material of the finest quality for tents. These were split into planks and slabs, and placed on end in a square or circular form, according to the kind of tent that was to surmount them, or laid up into log houses, after the manner of primitive civilization. Over these were stretched the cloth tents. The internal arrangements varied with the ingenuity, taste and enterprise of the occupants. As the spring wore away, these tenements became more and more homelike. The soldiers had retained sufficient of the money paid them at Riker's Island to purchase a small sheet-iron camp stove for each tent, and many of the latter were furnished with board bunks and floors. Conveniences for writing were erected, and the long months of March, April and May were well improved by the men in writing their friends at home.

Nothing disturbed the monotony attendant upon the regular drill, drawing rations and putting the arms in order for in-

spection, except now and then a case of discipline, or one of those exciting rumors which, with or without foundation, always find currency in camp.

Much as soldiers become endeared to each other, it is sometimes really a relief to witness a case of discipline, providing it is not too severe in its nature. Discipline in the army is generally summary, and apparently arbitrary. No trial, (except for more heinous offenses), is had ; but the commanding officer punishes "on view," as the parent does the wayward child. A case falling under my observation will illustrate :—

"Cal. Totman," of Company E, was about sixty-five years of age. He, of course, appeared but forty-four on the rolls. He boasted of having been a soldier in 1812; but so much time had elapsed between 1812 and 1862, that Cal. forgot to some extent the difference in position between a private and the regimental commander. He had been tutored for the last fifty years under those free institutions, where every man is equal to his fellows, especially if his skin is white and his hair straight, and he had forgotten that "military necessity" which, by putting shoulder straps upon his neighbor, made him an autocrat, while he (Cal.) remained a plebeian.

Alike to the evil customs of society, and to Cal's weakness, be it charged, that he had learned to imbibe too freely of liquor, and when well charged with this inspiration, he had not the fear of man before his eyes. He was neither malicious nor vindictive on these occasions, but simply *free*. On this occasion Cal. had met a man such as hang about camps, who, for a dollar, conveyed the precious intelligence to him where he could find a quart of whisky under the roots of a stump. The whisky was found, and Cal. was not long in getting happy. But a quart will not last always, and he, therefore, soon found it necessary to replenish. His mind naturally turned to a sutler's tent about twenty rods off. Thither

he turned his steps, making, in the meantime, a path imitating a Virginia rail fence. As he neared the coveted spot, he met a guard, who stood in the way more effectually than the lion in the path of Bunyan's pilgrim. To pass was an impossibility. Cal. was in a belligerent state of mind and as he turned from the guard, he stopped to give him a parting salutation. Then on he went towards camp, halting at regular intervals to give the guard a reminder of the great injustice he had done him, and continually muttering oaths against those who, in this free country, would rob a soldier of his God-given right to get drunk. He had proceeded but a short distance towards camp, when he met Colonel Shaul, who called out :—

“What are you saying, sir?”

Cal., a little mixed, lifted his free American head and replied :—

“Who in h—l are you?”

“Take that fellow to camp and place him on a barrel for an hour,” shouted the Colonel to the guard.

Cal. was accordingly treated to a barrel for an hour.

This punishment may not be understood by all. It is a very simple process of chastisement. A barrel is placed upon one end, and the criminal is required to stand upon the other end the length of time requisite to execute the sentence or order.

Cal. was placed upon the barrel, and there, with his white locks playing in the breeze, he delivered, in the presence of about two hundred soldiers, an oration by no means flattering to the Colonel, ever and anon descending to give emphasis to his harangue by kicking the barrel a rod or more, after which he would mount it again and proceed with his oration.

Cal. survived the war and draws a pension; but he has never been known to acknowledge the right of any man to place a soldier of 1812 upon a barrel for an hour, because he

disapproved of the interference of the guard in the exercise of his natural right to get drunk.

Another case of punishment came near resulting in an explosion of Fort Slocum. Pat. McKone, of Company F, aged about fifty, had formed the same habit as Cal. He was an excellent hostler, but could not go to the city to get the Quartermaster's horse shod without returning elated with unnatural spirits.

"Who are you?" said the officer of the day, as Pat. staggered toward him.

"Ah! indade, and am I not Mistor McKone?"

"But, you are drunk!"

"Indade, and Captain Barnard tells me that ivery time I sees him; but he has searched me many a time and niver found a bottle."

"Guard, put this man in the bomb-proof. I will see what dungeon life will do for him."

Pat. was put into the bomb-proof, located in the center of the works, (there being, at that time, no guard-house connected with the fort). The proof had just been well replenished with loaded shells, kegs of powder, pails of loose powder, and all the other varieties of the combustible materials of war. All was still for a time. Presently the guard heard a sound in the proof.

"Murther! Murther!" shouted Pat., and then came a sound as of some one falling. The door was opened, and there lay Pat. in the last stages of suffocation. On coming to himself, he explained the smoke and the suffocation thus:—

"That's a very damp place, Capt'in, very. Well, I thought the Gover'nment ought to warm its soldiers at public expinse, and so I scraped what I could together, and built me a little fire on the floor, and soon I couldn't brathe. I can't tell you any more, Capt'in."

It was fortunate that this fire in a powder-house was discovered in time.

McClellan had now (May, 1862), crept his slow way up the peninsula. The rebels were fleeing before him, and the general impression prevailed, both in camp and about Washington, that the Seventy-sixth would never see any fighting. It was thought that McClellan could not fail to take Richmond, and then, by common consent, the war was to close. Though the termination of the war, and the return of peace was desired by all, yet the "boys" were not a little chagrined at the thought of a six months' campaign, and a return to their friends without having seen the enemy; and if a vote had at that time been taken in the Regiment, upon the proposition of going into battle, or returning home without a fight, the battle would have received a large majority.

Poor fellows! They afterwards learned to judge differently of fighting. Fighting in theory scarcely equals the reality of war, and though a man may be thoroughly convinced that he would like to try his hand once, he is seldom, if ever, known to try it the second time, simply for the sport of it.

But strategy did not always win the day, even for McClellan. The battles at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks tested the generalship of the Commander of the Army of Virginia, and he was found wanting.

In the midst of public expectation, when the capital of the rebellion was to fall a prey to the victorious conqueror, the exultant hopes of the loyal North were blasted, and General McClellan and his splendid army were hurled back to the James, and took refuge beneath the guns of our men-of-war.

The policy of President Lincoln required a force between Richmond and Washington sufficiently strong, in case of the defeat of McClellan, to protect the latter city.

The orders finally came on the twenty-first day of May,

1862, for the Seventy-sixth New York to proceed to Fredericksburg. The men were all elated with the idea of a change of scenery; anything was preferable, they thought, to the monotony of camp life. Knapsacks were quickly filled, tents struck and packed, the little conveniences for camp life that had been gathered together, were assorted, and those packed which were to be taken, and the balance thrown away; and when the morning of the twenty-second dawned, it found the Seventy-sixth in line ready for the march. The day was very warm, and to soldiers unaccustomed to marching, the five miles to Washington seemed ten before it was accomplished, and the knapsacks grew to be very heavy burdens. But, tired as were the men, they never forgot those principles of justice and equal rights which called them from their peaceful homes to engage in a death-struggle with treason.

However much this war has been misunderstood by some of the commanding generals, judging from the kid-glove style in which they fought it, and the general tone of their orders and speeches, the common soldier has not failed to come to a correct understanding of the issues involved. Men high in position, have had ambitions to gratify, and a name to write in living letters on the scroll of fame, and in the writing have not unfrequently overlooked the cause of the rebellion; but the soldiery left home and all that was dear, not for fame, not that they might secure a name as tactician or strategist; but that they might write, though in humble letters, upon their country's escutcheon, those inspired words, "All men are free and, before the law, equals," and to the credit of the American soldiers be it said, they never forgot to act upon that principle.

While encamped at Fort Massachusetts, the Maryland secessionists assisted many of the soldiers to desert, by the aid of money and citizen's clothes, and those who remained true had



few scruples against helping off the colored servants of the traitors residing in the vicinity of the Regiment. The number of colored *attaches* became greatly augmented. Being against orders, few, however, but privates and non-commissioned officers were aware of the number.

One day, Stephen Bennett, a little private about sixteen years of age, appeared at the tent of Captain Fox, with a colored boy about his own age, and thus introduced him in his own peculiar dialect:—

“Cap’n, you see, I have invited this young gentleman down to see you, and I want to have you look ’im over. Bill’s ’is name. I told Bill ’t I could n’t afford to keep ’im any longer, an’ I reckoned we ’d better come down ’n’ see the Cap’n, an’ see ’f’e could n’t stay with us. I’ve had ’im some time (a day or two),—he’s a good feeder, Cap’n—up in our tent I’ve had ’im.”

Bill stayed as the Captain’s second steward, until subsequently turned over to Lieutenant Walcott. He went with Company B to Fredericksburg and Cedar Mountain.

At this time slavery had been abolished in the District of Columbia. By act of Congress, the famous, or infamous, “Order No. 3,” of General Halleck, remanding the panting slaves to the scourging of an enraged master, had been annulled, yet the virus of slavery not unfrequently broke out, and numerous attempts had been made while in the defenses of Washington, to abduct slaves found in our camps.

Let it be written, that coming ages may read it and blush for an institution that demanded a rebellion to sustain it,—that, after the war for the preservation of our Government had progressed a whole year, the abettors of the institution, and the officers elected in the District of Columbia, under the very eye of Congress, sought to wrest from the Union Army those who, with uplifted hands, implored their protection! and that

at a time when those same fugitives were marching with the army to the scene of conflict and of death!

John Burch and Charles Burch were two African slaves, who, having escaped from their master in Maryland, had taken refuge in the camp of the Seventy-sixth. When the Regiment left the forts on its way to Fredericksburg, these men went with it, lending their aid wherever needed, in carrying the baggage of the officers, or performing any other duty that might be imposed upon them. They were black, but they loved the smell of that air of freedom which gives spirit and hope to the white man.

As the Regiment came down Seventh street to Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, these men were marching with Company D, and carrying the officers' baggage, when an attempt on the part of their *owner* (just think of that, American citizen, *man-owner*), was made to arrest them. This was sternly resisted by the men of Company D. A policeman of the city of Washington lent his aid to the attempt; but no sooner had he seized one of them by the collar, than Jay Webster, of Company D, gave the order, "charge!" The whole company immediately obeyed, but before the bayonets were in position for the charge, the officer lay upon the ground, senseless from the effects of a blow from the butt of Jay Webster's gun.

Jay has since died in the service, but his glorified spirit will never tire of contemplating this daring assertion of the doctrine that human freedom is above all the pomp and show of power, and its vindication the first duty of every patriotic citizen of the Republic.

A strenuous effort was made on the part of the semi-secession officers of Washington, to arrest those who took part in this defense; but to the credit of the officers of the Seventy-sixth, and of their gallant, true-hearted commander, General Abner Doubleday, be it said, no arrests were made, and the

would-be slave-catching officers of Washington returned to their illy-performed duties with a clearer appreciation of Northern character than when they first met the Seventy-sixth. This daring act of heroism went the rounds of the papers, and found its way into the London press.

At length, after that delay which always attends the embarkation of a regiment of troops, with baggage, horses, tents, &c., the Seventy-sixth was on its way down the Potomac, leaving the secure and safe defenses of Washington for scenes of battle and carnage. The day had been exceedingly warm, and the men, unaccustomed to marching, found it no light task to walk the seven miles from camp to the landing, and though a few were kept awake by the change of scene, yet by far the greater part were asleep soon after the boat left the wharf.

About midnight the boat reached Aquia Creek. The sleeping soldiers were awakened, the knapsack strapped upon the back, the haversack, gun and accoutrements seized, and soon the Regiment was formed on shore and marched over a sandy road a distance which appeared five miles, but was, in reality, less than two, to an adjacent hill, where it bivouacked for the remainder of the night. It was a lovely, balmy night, though there was no moon, and sweet sleep soon carried the weary soldier, in dreams, to those much-loved friends at home.

This was our first entrance upon the theater of war. The Seventy-sixth had never before trod upon soil that had been polluted by rebel feet.

Upon awaking in the morning, the men were surrounded on every side by evidences that rebels had once occupied the ground. On every hand were deserted rebel fortifications, bomb-proofs, rifle pits and habitations. Here were the platforms upon which the rebels had moved their heavy artillery, in blockading the Potomac, which, could they have spoken,

might have explained why we were so long deprived of wood on Meridian Hill. There, down the bank, were the remains of gun-carriages, dismantled, the brand "U. S." showing rebel thrift, *alias* theft; while in every direction the deserted camps and roofless tents presented a more dilapidated and homesick appearance than did the "deserted village" of Goldsmith.

Climbing high up the cliff, the Potomac, confined in its winding course by high green bluffs, dotted here and there with groves of young trees, this morning, (May twenty-fourth), presents a truly magnificent landscape. There are few better harbors than that at Aquia Creek, and at this moment it seems dressed in its holiday garb. The river, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with vessels of all descriptions—the steamer, with its accompanying barges, the government transport, the stately ship and the low, frowning gun-boat, while ever and anon, floating on the sweet morning air, comes the ever welcome and soul-stirring strains of music from the bands and drum corps. The weariness of yesterday has worn off; nature is refreshed, and now is no time for gloomy meditations. What if we have left our friends behind us? What if this sunshine precedes a storm, and the battle's fury may be in reserve for us but a short way ahead? The God who made this landscape, and fills us with pleasurable emotions as we contemplate it; He who gave us ears to hear, and an appreciative nature to be made happy by these strains of sweet music, will surely protect them and us. Such were the meditations after breakfast that morning; but they were of short duration—all too short.

Before noon the order to "fall in" was given, and soon the Regiment was in line ready for marching. Then the order to "break ranks" was given, and thus the Regiment awaited the arrival of several men who had been left behind, but who were now approaching, on board a vessel which brought down

the One Hundred and Second New York. Soon all was ready, and the Regiment took up its line of march to Fredericksburg, eighteen miles distant.



## CHAPTER V.

MARCH TO FREDERICKSBURG—VIRGINIA SHOWER—FORDING—ARRIVAL AT FREDERICKSBURG—MOVEMENT ON FOOT—RUMORS—GENERAL McDOWELL—THE LACY HOUSE—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SECRETARY STANTON AND THE GENERALS IN COUNCIL—CONCLUSION OF THE COUNCIL—THE SEVENTY-SIXTH TO REMAIN AT FREDERICKSBURG.

THE day, like its predecessor, was extremely hot, and there was scarcely a dry garment in the Regiment, when, at length, the order was given to bivouac for the night.

The country from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg, presented a desolate appearance. All along the railroad, now torn up and impassable, were to be seen the deserted rebel camping-grounds, dismantled fortifications, dilapidated rebel huts ; and everything bore unmistakable evidence of the ravages of war. Scarcely a fence was to be seen ; the country was thinly populated, and to add to the general desolation, the stumps of imperfectly cleared tracks of country, gave to the landscape an uninviting aspect. Judging from the appearance of the country from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg, the "mother of Presidents" will require some time to arrange her toilet before she will again become presentable.

The first night of this march the Regiment encamped in an open meadow, about six miles from Aquia Creek. Scarcely had they retired upon their blankets, which were spread upon the ground, before the rain came down in torrents, and the

Regiment came to a full appreciation of the magnitude, if not the beauty, of a Virginia shower.

The soldier of several campaigns comes to view everything as natural and endurable that may befall him ; but the soldier who has just left a comfortable camp and tent, considers such a storm as an unusual catastrophe.

The night, though sleepless to the unfledged soldiery, finally passed away, and again the march was resumed.

The rain had raised Potomac Creek almost to a river. The rebels had destroyed the bridge, and here the Regiment experienced that other unpleasant feature, the fording of a turbulent stream.

This done, on went the Regiment, each man's load growing heavier as his body became more wearied, and the rain more thoroughly saturating every garment upon him, until about 10 o'clock P. M. Covered with mud, wet to the skin and nearly exhausted, the Brigade arrived in sight of Fredericksburg and encamped for the night. Only about four tents were provided for a company, and when we consider that a small tent will protect but about four, it will be understood that most of the men were unprovided for.

The best of feeling usually prevails among the soldiers. They are cemented together by their common dangers, privations and experiences, and the weary and sick are always first provided for. On this occasion the exhausted and sick would more than fill the tents, so that the healthy found themselves out in the cold and rain.

The morning of the twenty-sixth was ushered in by the *reveille*, not of a regiment alone, but of regiments, brigades, divisions and corps. We were reminded of those days when we first entered Washington, before General McClellan had left for the peninsula, with his grand army. In every direction as far as the eye could see, nothing was to be seen but



men and the materials of war, while everywhere the indications satisfied the unpracticed eye that some great movement was on foot.

Scarcely had the roll been called when the rumbling of artillery and baggage wagons gave rise to the rumor that a forward movement was being, even at that time, made. Then came a rumor, such as always finds credence in camp, that General Shields's division had been ordered back to Winchester, to reinforce General Banks, who was said to have been driven back by the rebels. Then the story received sanction that the rebels had recaptured Manassas.

But little time was given to ascertain the truth of rumors, for, early in the afternoon, orders were received to march again, and take a position near the site of the camp just evacuated by a regiment of General Ord's Brigade. Unaccustomed to the experiences of actual warfare, the soldiers would have much preferred to march across the river, where they might be in closer proximity to the rebels.

General Shields's men had been six months or more in the field, and were looked upon by the young soldiers who had never smelled powder, with as much respect as civilians contemplate the browned and scarred veteran of a hundred battle-fields. They could even cook their rations and make palatable coffee without the aid of camp stoves, and could cleanse and polish their warlike weapons while cooking over a fire between two logs, seeming perfectly at home.

Everywhere the ground was covered with soldiers and materials of war. Here, long rows of army wagons, forming a regular village of canvas covers; there a park of artillery. Yonder a corral of army horses, and, further on, of mules, while hurrying to and fro rode the orderlies, carrying dispatches. Everything bespoke business—business of a serious character.

General McDowell was in command of the forces there

assembled and assembling. He occupied the Lacy house as his headquarters. This is a brick building, near the left or northern bank of the Rappahannock, in plain view of Fredericksburg, and about two miles from Falmouth. The grounds surrounding it, which had been tended with so much care, were now covered with the tents of staff officers and orderlies; the fences were gone, the shrubbery destroyed, and the whole plain, now covered with troops, was, aside from the bustle of marshaling hosts, a barren, uninviting waste. Down the walks, which the proprietor had laid out with so much taste, the sentinel now paced, with his gun at a shoulder; where once the petted daughter admired her bright flowers, the "contraband" now held the war steed of the hated Yankee general or colonel; while in the parlor and halls where the fashionable "F. F. V.'s" were wont to congregate, perchance to sing themselves happy over

"The bonnie blue flag of a single star,"

now assembled the hero generals who were striking a blow at that very flag, and the infamous institution which sustained this scene of aristocracy, and pricking the bubble which, broken would show the "F. F. V.'s" to be really something other than the first families of Virginia. And there, in the midst of this group, counseling and being counseled, in this rebel mansion, was the hated rail-splitter, Abraham Lincoln, whose very election had been seized upon as a pretense for secession.

Mr. Lincoln and his Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, had arrived upon the ground about the same time with the Seventy-sixth, and was now in close consultation with the leading generals, at the Lacy house.

It is generally understood that Mr. Lincoln was never satisfied with the manner in which General McClellan had left Washington unprotected when he went upon the peninsula.

He had, therefore, ordered General McDowell to remain with his troops to defend Washington in case of a repulse of General McClellan's army; and the wisdom of this course has been approved by the events which have already passed into history. With that ever-watchful eye with which our martyred President guarded every movement of the army, he had now come to the front to see with his own eyes that all was being done that was possible, to protect the Capital and save the country.

It was a proud sight to see his tall form surrounded by the best generals in the country, receiving and giving counsel as to the future movements of the army. While there was a determined look, confidence beamed also upon every countenance. Though the President could not have felt otherwise than a foreboding of the evil that was about to fall upon the country, yet he displayed no symptoms of distrust. There was that same calm, assured air that ever marked his bearing, and he animated rather than depressed his generals, as they discussed the weighty subject before them, and occasionally the council was enlivened by one of his dry jokes, or one of those never-failing "that reminds me of a story," with which he was wont to preface a happy illustration.

Judging from the external appearance of that council, an inexperienced observer would have seen nothing tending to induce the belief that those very men who seemed to drink in the counsels of each other, and to heartily sympathize each with the other in every sentiment expressed, were inwardly rankling with jealousies, which, in three short months, would permit one portion of the army to be cut in pieces, while the other portion was within supporting distance, disengaged. And yet, such is the fallibility of human nature, that the goddess of history has blushed while she has been forced to write it down against them. More than to any other

one cause, the prolongation of this war was due to the jealousies, rivalries and envies of the commanding generals. This, with that other idea of President-making by the kid-glove style of fighting, may be set down as *the* reason for the rebellion lasting beyond the limits of a single year. The North was strong enough, and anxious to crush it in six months, but its strength was neutralized by being divided against itself.

The result of the consultation was, that General Doubleday's Brigade was to remain at Fredericksburg to guard that city, while the other troops went on to win laurels in a more active field.

Though it may seem incredible to those who are unaccustomed to the monotony of camp life, yet it is true that the recruit who has never seen battle, but has spent several months in camp, considers it a misfortune to be thus confined, and, if left to choice, would prefer the march or the field to the seclusion of camp life. This feeling, however, is changed by one active campaign.

The officers and men of the Seventy-sixth were disappointed when notified of the conclusion of the council.

## CHAPTER VI.

FREDERICKSBURG—CHANGING CAMPS—A RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE—DIABOLISM OF THE REBELS—EXPLOSION OF A MAGAZINE IN FREDERICKSBURG BY A REBEL TORPEDO—REBEL SENTIMENTS—LAWYER WALLACE—THE WOMEN OF FREDERICKSBURG—SHUNNING THE FLAG—“STONEWALL” JACKSON EXPECTED—PREPARATIONS FOR HIS RECEPTION—MAJOR LIVINGSTON AS GOVERNOR—CAPTURE OF MAJOR LACY, OF THE LACY HOUSE—SMUGGLING—REMARKABLE CURES OF DROPSY.

It is no small matter to settle a family in a strange house, and get things set to rights, so that the place will seem like home. The shelf where the clock is to stand, is on the other side of the room, as you enter, from that on which it was accustomed to stand; the stove does not look familiar where necessity compels us to locate it; we look in vain for the mirror where it used to hang by the clock, and so on; but changing quarters in civil life is not to be compared, in point of vexation, with the “change of base” in the army. This was amply illustrated on the arrival of our Regiment opposite Fredericksburg.

We have already spoken of the bivouac the first night. The next morning the men were aroused from their slumbers on the ground, by the *reveille*. Soon the roll of wheels and the bustle in camp betrayed a movement. Vague rumors of defeat at Winchester, and then of victory, agitated the camp.

Sunday, May twenty-fifth, orders were received to march to a hill about a mile distant. While this was being done by the Seventy-sixth, a reconnoissance in force was being made

on the south side of the Rappahannock, with a view to ascertain the position and strength of the rebels. Though the Seventy-sixth took no part in this reconnoissance, the general commanding the Brigade, and his staff, rode to the front and participated in it.

These reconnoissances are very exciting, requiring all the courage necessary in battle, and adding the excitement and interest of an ordinary hunting excursion in an extraordinary degree. In this case the demonstration was made upon two roads leading from Fredericksburg nearly south. First came the Harris cavalry, filling the roads with gallant troopers, as they galloped forward in search of danger. These were closely followed by the infantry, which was to support them in case of a collision.

The rebels had made a demonstration upon Fredericksburg but a short time before, and a fight was expected; but the reconnoissance only established the fact that the rebels had placed a respectful distance between themselves and the Union army.

This reconnoissance was made upon the day on which preparations had been made for General McDowell to leave Fredericksburg, to join General McClellan. But the enemy were not followed in their retreat from Fredericksburg, for just at this time Stonewall Jackson commenced his expedition down the Shenandoah Valley, and General McDowell was sent, in connection with General Fremont, from West Virginia, to the assistance of General Banks, and to intercept Jackson in his retreat. This departure of General McDowell set at rest all idea of a general forward movement by the troops about Fredericksburg.

To the Brigade of General Doubleday was assigned the duty of guarding and repairing the railroad from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg. All this foreboded a repetition of camp life

experiences, without the excitements of the march and the field.

On the day of the reconnoissance, an incident occurred which illustrates the utter recklessness with which this war was carried on by the rebels. They had but recently occupied Fredericksburg, and the city was at this time inhabited by an intensely bitter rebel population. Yet, not only regardless of the rules of civilized warfare, but disregarding the safety of their own friends and property, the rebel army, on leaving, planted torpedoes in different parts of the city, and especially about the magazines connected with the fortifications.

On the Sunday spoken of, as a guard from the Twenty-third New York was on duty, he chanced to step a little one side from his accustomed path, when his foot came in contact with one of these torpedoes. In an instant he was blown into the air, and his body torn to atoms. The fire communicated with the magazine, causing a most terrific explosion. The earth and timbers were thrown into the air above the highest buildings, and the shock, as of an earthquake, was felt for miles around.

Had this been done in an enemy's country, it might have been paliated, though not justified, as a war measure; but when we come to realize that the enemy planted these murderous engines in their own city, at their own doors, where their families and friends were the imperiled parties, we cannot conceive a more fiendish act.

After marching, halting and counter-marching for a week, the Brigade finally settled down, and the old routine of camp life followed.

Brigade headquarters were established at the house of a lawyer named Wallace. He was a most bitter secessionist. With two sons in the rebel army, his slaves all escaped to the North, his farm completely desolated, stripped of everything upon

which he had set his heart, he remained true to the cause of secession. He was one of those men who could not play a double or a doubtful part; but, whether surrounded by his friends in gray, or his enemies in blue, he was the same firm supporter of the rebellion, and he more than once asserted to the staff officers who occupied his mansion, that if the United States Government should require him to take the oath of allegiance, on pain of confiscation of all his property, he should choose the confiscation, rather than violate his obligations to his State.

No better illustration is needed of the proposition that persistency, and even conscientiousness, is not always an evidence of right. Here was a man who had spent a lifetime in surrounding himself with all the attractions that make this life desirable. Under his personal supervision, his ample fields had been enclosed with fences and hedges; his house had been neatly and tastefully adorned; his yards were laid out with care, and planted with the choicest trees, shrubs and plants; he had reared his two sons to be the support of his declining years; yet now, as he cast his eye over his former Eden, he saw his broad fields one vast camping ground, not of friends, but of foes; his trees and hedges cut down, and his fences burned by what he deemed a horde of invaders; the hated African, the cause of all his woes, held the war steeds of the officers on the broad walk to his mansion; his two sons were fighting to defeat the very flag that now floated from his own house-top; they had not been heard from for several months; no friends surrounded him; the Union officers were occupying his best rooms, and their subordinates swarmed on every hand. And yet, in his despair, crushed and broken, he never for a moment faltered in his attachment to the cause he had espoused.

Nor was the case of Wallace a solitary instance. Frede-



ricksburg was one hot-bed of secession. The women, as they passed the "boys in blue," drew their dresses closer about them, and not unfrequently left the sidewalk, lest perchance they might be contaminated by a touch of the garments of their enemies. Did a flag wave from headquarters, fort, guard-house, or sutler's tent, the "chivalry" would cross the street to avoid the shadow of the banner of the invaders, and in all manner of ways, which could not and were not intended on the part of the secessionists to be mistaken by the Union men, did the inhabitants of this city show their disrespect and utter abhorrence of everything that favored the United States. This feeling was confined to no particular class, (if we except the colored race), but was shared by the merchant, mechanic, professional man, and reached the climax in the female population, who were frequently more forcible than elegant in their expressions regarding the hated "Yankees."

Captain Pierce had been lamed while working upon the bridge. Shortly afterwards while walking along the street with a brother officer, they discovered a group of women in a parlor.

"There come two damned Yankee officers, and one of them is limping," remarked one of the "F. F. V.'s," in tones intended for the officers' ears.

"It is a pity he is permitted the luxury of limping," replied one of the bevy.

"Oh, dear! I wish Stonewall Jackson would come and clear these scoundrels out," chimed in a third.

By this time the officers were opposite the window.

"*Ladies*," remarked the Captain, rather sarcastically, "we heard your exclamations. You were right about our being Yankee officers; but the Yankees have come to stay, and it is to be hoped that your acquaintance with them will improve both your morals and your manners."

The officers passed on, and "Southern aristocracy" discussed "Northern mud-sills."

At this time General Doubleday's Brigade had not been attached to any division, but remained a separate organization.

For two weeks after the arrival at Fredericksburg, nothing occurred to disturb the routine of marching and changing positions, with now and then a little drill.

Frequent and very exaggerated stories were circulated in reference to the whereabouts and intentions of Stonewall Jackson. Scarcely a day passed but some "loyal refugee," or "intelligent contraband," came to camp direct from the neighborhood of Jackson's army, with the startling intelligence that Fredericksburg was sure to be attacked in force. These announcements were usually followed by orders to be ready to move at an hour's, and sometimes a moment's notice. Knapsacks were packed, haversacks stored with rations, arms put in readiness for a fight, but no enemy came; until finally the army of "loyal refugees" and "intelligent contrabands," who had brought the intelligence of our danger, nearly equaled the imaginary army of the threatening Jackson.

These rumors were at first very exciting; but when a month or more had elapsed, and no Jackson made his appearance, they were made the occasions of jests, and Jackson became to the Union army a sort of mythical or harmless ghost, with no power, nor, indeed, any intention, to inflict evil upon us.

After remaining on the north bank of the Rappahannock about a week, the Seventy-sixth was sent over the river to guard the city, the depot, the bridge, and other important points.

Major Livingston was made Military Governor, and no one familiar with his characteristics, will question the propriety of the selection. To the best order of executive ability, Major

Livingston added a large and varied experience with men, with something of a military education. In the city of Fredericksburg, these qualities were put to the severest test. If a horse disappeared mysteriously from its owner's possession, the Major was supposed to be able, not only to determine its whereabouts, but to convict the offender of the taking. For the time being, he was the supreme dictator. His word was the essence of the law, and never was law more effectually administered. The rebels themselves were compelled to admit that their city was better governed under the administration of the Major, than while occupied by their own troops. The liquor-sellers were greatly restrained; the soldiers were employed in building bridges, repairing roads and fortifications; the streets were policed, and lounging and the necessary concomitants—street brawls and riots—were prevented, and the citizens of this rebel city had many occasions to thank the Military Governor for the peace and quiet which reigned, and the protection which, in person and property, they enjoyed.

The first day after the installation of the Major as Governor, an important capture was made—one that filled the city with excitement. Major Lacy, the owner of the Lacy house, situated on the north bank of the river and opposite Fredericksburg, had ventured too near the Federal lines, and had been captured.

A squad of about forty men, under a lieutenant, was sent out to reconnoiter the country, and ascertain whether there were rebels in the vicinity. Observing a smoke a short distance ahead, the Lieutenant called for volunteers to act as an advance, and learn the cause. D. C. McGregor, of Company F, Seventy-sixth Regiment, and six others of the party volunteered. Stealing up cautiously to near the place whence came the smoke, they discovered a fine horse, saddled and hitched to a tree, and farther on a camp fire, and the rebel Major and

two men evidently cooking their coffee. The scouts managed to get between the Major and his horse, when they no longer attempted to conceal their movements. Discovering our party, the Major arose, and with great assurance of manner, exclaimed:—

“You are my prisoners!”

“I guess not. You surrender!” replied the leader.

“Come on, boys! Take these men into your charge!” shouted the Major to his two men.

The men not readily obeying, the Major sprang for his horse; but the boys in blue presented the ugly ends of their Enfield rifles, and the Major surrendered unconditionally, and was taken to camp. McGregor was soon after promoted to sergeant.

Major Lacy was one of the wealthiest and most popular men in the county. A man who had spared no effort to bring about the secession of his State, and now that it had seceded, he avoided no responsibility or danger, but threw himself heartily into the work of aiding the military forces by his personal presence and labors. He was a man of ability and character, and felt most keenly the tortures of that fate which confined him a common prisoner in the guard-house of the enemy in sight of his own mansion. “Alas! how are the mighty fallen!”

What severer punishment could be inflicted upon a sensitive man? It was, however, of short duration, for in a few days he was sent North, and in due time exchanged.

Those familiar with the devices of smugglers on our northern frontier, will understand some of the difficulties experienced by our gallant Major. Every day, and several times in the day, cases of a suspicious character came under his observation, or before him, as Governor, for his adjudication. Did a female set out on a journey over the lines, the

size of her trunk could not fail to attract the attention of the guards, who, ignorant of the wants of "F. F. V.'s," would frequently indulge in suspicions that led to the opening of the package. The obtrusive guard would convey the trunk to the Governor, and direct the suspected female to convey herself thither, when a trial something like the following would take place:—

*Governor.*—Madam, what is your name, and where do you reside?

*Female.*—My name is —— and I live in Fredericksburg, sir.

*Governor.*—Is that your trunk? (pointing to the package mentioned).

*Female.*—It is, sir.

*Governor.*—Where were you going?

*Female.*—I have a pass to Richmond, sir.

*Governor.*—What does your trunk contain?

*Female.*—Articles of clothing, sir.

*Governor.*—The size of the trunk, madam, indicates that the contents cannot be all clothing. It is my duty to have them examined.

*Female.*—(Indignant). What! search my trunk? Would you be so vulgar, sir, as to pry into the private wardrobe of a lady? I assure you, sir, that that trunk contains nothing but my clothing, and I protest against its being disturbed.

*Governor.*—My duty, madam, demands that this matter be investigated. Have you the key?

*Female.*—(Excitedly rummaging her pocket). I have lost my key, sir. I implore you not to disturb my wardrobe!

*Governor.*—Guards, open that trunk with as little damage as possible.

*Female.*—Oh, Governor, I've found the key; but I conjure you, by your respect for my sex, do not permit a public examination of my traveling wardrobe!

*Governor.*—Guards, do your duty.

Then came the opening of the trunk. Of course the wardrobe was the first thing that met the eye; but as, to the astonishment and contempt of the fair owners, these “vulgar soldiers” proceeded to remove the clothing, huge packages and large bottles were discovered, while the odor of the apothecary’s shop confirmed the idea that something was enclosed beside those articles, the safe transportation of which is guaranteed by the ordinary contract of the common carrier. Whisky, quinine, liniment, rolls of lint, packages of bandages, etc.,—these were the chief articles, varied in the proportions, but invariable as to the specific articles.

*Governor.*—(Sarcastically). Madam, do the contents of those packages and bottles constitute a portion of your wardrobe?

*Female.*—But, sir, may not a lady prepare herself against those diseases incident to a change of climate?

*Governor.*—If eighty miles’ travel brings you into such a malarious climate, I advise you not to leave Fredericksburg. Your pass will, however, be so amended as to permit you to pass through the lines without baggage. Guards, convey those hospital stores to the chief surgeon for the use of the sick *Union* soldiers. Here, madam, is your pass, corrected.

And so the female left the Governor, sadly reflecting that all her efforts to assist the rebel army had proved abortive, and forming new plans to forward her favorite project.

A more ingenious method of smuggling was, however, carried on, until vigorous measures were adopted to prevent it. Females, young and old, who were naturally tall and slender, when seen upon the streets of Fredericksburg, were observed to become suddenly corpulent. This transformation frequently occurred in a single night, and was finally brought to the attention of the Governor. Without female assistance, the

investigation would be very painful to a sensitive gentleman, like the gallant Governor. Yankee ingenuity, however, soon suggested that a committee of female contrabands might be trusted to investigate and report as to the cause of the unnatural metamorphosis. The examination made, the report, though informal, was nevertheless to the point, and clearly demonstrated the secretive capacity of the "double elliptic steel spring skirt."

"Lor', massa Gov'ner, we'se found dese articles all under de skirt ob dis woman," reported the committee as they presented the governor with an armful of "goods, wares and merchandise."

Not unfrequently were whole pieces of cloth proper for soldiers' clothes, sheets for bandages, packages of lint and medicine, and even the indispensable bottles of quinine whisky included in the inventory. These took the direction of the other "medical stores," and the thin female reduced to her normal condition, cured of her dropsy without medicine, returned to her home, or went over the lines, to relate to her secession friends the ungallant conduct of the Governor in so suddenly depriving her of all her greatness.

The darkey population were not long in fully appreciating these cases, and many a joke arose among them based on these investigations.

"Missus 's gwine to die!"

"What for you tink so?"

"Oh! Lor', she's swellin up—she's got de dropsy, shure!"

"You go long, now. I know a doe'r 'll cure her in no time."

"Who's dat?"

"Why, de Gov'ner. Yah! yah! yah!"

At a later period, during the war, this system of imparting assistance to the rebels, became greatly extended, and although

the strictest surveillance was exercised, on the part of our Government officials to prevent it, large quantities of medical stores, the scarcity of which made them worth their weight in gold, in the rebellious States, surrounded, as they were, by a cordon of argus-eyed detectives, were very ingeniously smuggled through the lines, into the possession of the enemy. And, though we write it with shame, the chief headquarters of these double-traitors was in the city of Washington, where many, filling important positions of trust with apparent honesty, were secretly engaged in affording "aid and comfort to the enemy." The most successful agents of these traitor-serving smugglers were females, and numberless instances might be cited where more ingenious methods and devices were adopted for accomplishing their objects, than those given above.



## CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL MCCALL LEAVES FREDERICKSBURG—GENERAL POPE TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—NUMBER OF TROOPS IN THAT ARMY—MOVEMENTS OF THE TROOPS—DOUBLEDAY'S BRIGADE ASSIGNED TO KING'S DIVISION—ANOTHER WALLACE—"JOE," THE CONTRABAND—FORAGING ON THE ENEMY—"SLOW NOTE,"

June tenth, General McCall's Division left Fredericksburg to reinforce General McClellan on the peninsula, and General Doubleday's Brigade was left alone at Fredericksburg.

June twenty-sixth, General Pope took command of the Army of Virginia, by a special order from President Lincoln. His command included the First Corps under Major-General Fremont, about eleven thousand five hundred strong; the Second Corps, under Major-General Banks, reported at fourteen thousand five hundred, but really only about eight thousand; the Third Corps under Major-General McDowell, eighteen thousand five hundred; with a small unorganized force under Brigadier-General Sturgis, near Alexandria, then in process of being organized for field service. The forces in the entrenchments around Washington were also included in his command; but all the disposable available forces for active operations, consisted of the three Corps named, amounting to thirty-eight thousand men. Doubleday's Brigade was included in McDowell's Corps.

General Fremont was afterwards relieved by General Sigel, in the command of his Corps.

At this time the Corps of General Banks and General Fremont were in the Shenandoah Valley, between Winchester and Middletown. One division of McDowell's Corps was at Manassas Junction, with its advance thrown forward to Cattle's Station.

Jackson had retired from the Shenandoah Valley with his forces, and was rapidly marching towards Richmond, so that there was no force of the enemy, of any amount, within a week's march of any portion of the Army of Virginia. The President had directed General Pope to cover Washington so that in case of a disaster to McClellan, the Capital should be protected.

The first effort of General Pope was to concentrate all the movable forces under his command, and while he covered Washington, so to operate upon the enemy's lines of communication in the direction of Gordonsville and Charlottesville, as to draw off, if possible, a considerable force of his troops from Richmond, and thus relieve the operations of General McClellan against that city.

Orders were, therefore, sent to General Sigel, who had now relieved Fremont in the command of the First Corps, to move forward, cross the Shenandoah at Front Royal, and, pursuing the west side of the Blue Ridge, passing through Luray Gap, to take post at Sperryville. General Banks was, at the same time, directed to cross the Shenandoah at the same place, and take a position between six and ten miles east of Sperryville. General McDowell was ordered to move Rickett's Division of his Corps from Manassas Junction to Waterloo Bridge, the point where the turnpike from Warrenton to Sperryville crosses the Upper Rappahannock.

At this time, General Doubleday's Brigade had been assigned to General King's Division, and it was thought best by the War Department, that this Division should be left at

Fredericksburg to cover the crossing of the Rappahannock at that point, and to protect the railroad to Aquia Creek, and the public buildings which the Government had erected at that place. This latter arrangement of dividing General McDowell's Corps, separating King's Division so far from the main army, and thus making it possible for the enemy at any time to cut it off, by interposing between it and the remainder of the army, gave General Pope serious uneasiness, and engaged his earnest attention.

General Pope was very unlike many who have been high in command in the Union army. He had an idea, not always possessed in the army, that war means fight, and that the best time to parley with the enemy and try to woo him back, is after you have whipped him, and he has begun to implore rather than exact terms. He had another idea well received by the loyal masses at the North, but not at all favorably received by the bulk of commanding generals of that time, and most violently opposed by secessionists both North and South. He thought that the Union army might very properly forage and subsist on the enemy's country. An order was finally issued by him to that effect, which, though it created a howl among the enemy, brought blessings upon him from the Union army. This is not the only time that a howl by the rebels was answered by a shout from the "boys in blue," and an instance might be cited where the Union army regretted an occurrence at the North, which sent up a shout all along the rebel lines. But the people of the North silenced that shout at the ballot-box.

Several incidents occurred in the Seventy-sixth to illustrate the benefits of this order to subsist on the enemy. We give one:—

The Wallace mentioned in a preceding chapter, had a brother about fifteen miles below Fredericksburg, on the Rappahan-

nock. He was a rich farmer, and, though a gentleman in appearance, like his brother, he was a most violent and uncompromising secessionist. "Joe," an intelligent contraband, who had "served massa dese forty long years," used to bring vegetables and provisions to Fredericksburg for sale. Like all his race, he was loyal to "Massa Lincoln's gov'ment," and the intelligence was conveyed by him to the officers of the Seventy-sixth, that "Massa Wallace got heaps o' pervisions to his house; heaps ob sheep, and mules, and cattle."

A foraging party, headed by Lieutenant Goddard, and composed of his company (G), accompanied by Lieutenant, (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) Watkins, the Quartermaster of the Seventy-sixth, and his Quartermaster-Sergeant, (afterwards Captain Jarvis), proceeded to make a visit to "Massa Wallace." Accompanied by the means of transportation, the party presented themselves to Mr. Wallace, and requested a donation, or at least a sale on credit. He demurred; declared he was the poorest man in the county. His slaves had all run away, and left him without help; the Confederate army had encamped upon his lands, and a general blight had scarcely left him enough to carry his little family through the next winter. His story was well told, and emphasis duly given by a meek countenance and honest tone; but Lieutenant Goddard had traveled, and knew that honeyed words and long faces are not infallible indices of truth. The Lieutenant preferred to believe loyal "Joe," who had no interest in equivocating, to "Massa," who, besides being a rebel, had a little interest, which might obscure his vision, or blunt his judgment.

A squad was, therefore, sent out to reconnoiter, and take an inventory. The result was the return of the party to camp with one pony, eight mules, six fat cattle, several good sheep, a large wagon-load of potatoes, and as many cabbages, turnips,

and other varieties of garden vegetables, as the Regiment could consume before they would spoil; and left Mr. Wallace more personal property than he professed to own when they visited him. These articles were paid for in what one of the brigade staff-officers called a "slow note," which read in these words, varied to suit the facts:—

"The undersigned freely acknowledges to have received, on this first day of July, 1862, from — Wallace, of King George county, Va., for the use and service of the United States of America, one pony, eight mules, six fat cattle, ten good sheep, one wagon-load of potatoes, one wagon-load of vegetables, which I have valued at one thousand dollars. This voucher will be payable at the conclusion of the war, upon sufficient testimony being presented that said Wallace has been a loyal citizen of the United States from the date hereof. By order of

BRIG.-GEN. ABNER DOUBLEDAY."

"CHARLES A. WATKINS, A. Q. M. U. S. A."

If the truth ever appears before the tribunal that passes upon this claim, and the tribunal possesses the semblance of integrity, this document will never prove very valuable to Mr. Wallace; for dark days to the Union cause soon succeeded, when every rebel sympathizer became emboldened, and made no concealment of his sympathies for the rebel cause. If, however, we take the trials in the court of claims, in Washington, as a test, we can readily believe that when fully "reconstructed" according to "My Poliey," Mr. Wallace will find ample proof to show that he was never out of the Union; and could never, by any sort of inducement, be seduced from his allegiance to the United States. And the thousand dollar certificate of the Quartermaster will be shown to cover at least five thousand dollars worth of property, and Wallace will forget to prove that Colonel Wainwright sent back the Shetland pony to its master, because it could be of no use to the service.

Those who have lived on hard tack and salt junk, will readily appreciate the fresh beef, mutton and vegetables which

this excursion gave to the Seventy-sixth. The mules "relieved" those which had been worn out in the regimental teams, and all ranks of officers and soldiers inwardly thanked General Pope for his foraging order.

I am informed by a gentleman who was engaged as a clerk in the office of the Quartermaster-General, in Washington, at the close of the war, that large numbers of these "slow notes" and similar "promises to pay" were presented to that department for settlement. One illiterate old rebel from Dinwiddie county, Virginia, came all the way to Washington, in June, 1865, to present his claim for adjustment; and the laugh that greeted him was a hearty one, when the chief clerk of the division of "Quartermasters' Stores" read the document upon which the old fellow based his claim, and which was nothing more than an order on the Quartermaster for pay for a bushel of oats! signed by a sergeant of a Wisconsin regiment. The old man insisted that the Yankees had devoured and destroyed all he had, and that the "officer" who gave him the order told him that the paper would secure him full pay for all that had been taken.

## CHAPTER VIII.

COLONEL WAINWRIGHT ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—DRILL—SUNDAY SERVICES—CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY IN VIRGINIA—TRUTH SPOKEN IN A NEW LOCALITY—BATTLE IMPENDING—ORGANIZATION AND MOVEMENTS OF THE ARMY—MARCH FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO CULPEPPER—EAGERNESS OF THE MEN—DEATH FROM EXHAUSTION—IN SEARCH OF THE ENEMY—FORDING THE RAPIDAN—A NIGHT MARCH—THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA CONCENTRATED AT CULPEPPER.

ON the second of July, Colonel William P. Wainwright having been assigned to the Seventy-sixth, assumed command. From this time until the Regiment went into battle, all the time that could possibly be devoted to drill was thus improved. The Regiment had been employed in building bridges, and doing guard duty, greatly to the neglect of that drill which alone can make a regiment effective in battle. It was a favorite theory with the Colonel, that to secure any certainty of success, the men must become acquainted with all the movements required of them, until every one was as familiar as household words.

Less than two months elapsed after Colonel Wainwright assumed command, before the Seventy-sixth was engaged in battle—one of the severest of the war—and we shall have ample occasion to record the benefits that resulted from that two months' drill.

The first day that Colonel Wainwright commanded the Regiment, a careful personal inspection was had, and the defective guns condemned and replaced by perfect ones; old clothes

were relieved by new ones, and soon the Seventy-sixth presented itself in a new dress. To those who have been in the army, the weariness of squad, company, battalion and skirmish drill day after day, will be readily appreciated; and if the boys did not consider their new Colonel an arbitrary and cruel officer, it might be set down as a new wonder. But those same men, in many a subsequent battle, as they have seen the lines of other and poorer drilled regiments waver and finally break, while the Seventy-sixth remained firm, have inwardly, and many of them openly, thanked the officer who forced them to a drill thus beneficial.

The first Sabbath that Colonel Wainwright was in the Regiment, he requested one of the Captains, whose avocation in civil life was ministerial, to conduct religious services, the Chaplain being absent. This the Captain declined. The Colonel, ready for any emergency, gave notice that at a certain hour religious services would be held under a specified tree. At the appointed time, when the men and officers had seated themselves upon the grass, the Colonel stepped forward and read a prayer. He then read a hymn, which was sung by the Regiment, when he proceeded to read a sermon. Unlike many as high in command, the influence of Colonel Wainwright upon the men was most excellent.

July Fourth was celebrated at Brigade headquarters, at the Phillips house, in true Northern style. Captain Noyes, of General Doubleday's staff, delivered an eloquent and patriotic address. It was one which would hardly have been listened to by the degenerate sons of the "Old Dominion," but was, nevertheless, one well adapted to the locality and the times. Such truths were not usually spoken in any part of the country covered by the dark pall of slavery. Could the ashes of the mother of Washington, then sleeping across the river in view of the speaker, and almost within the sound of his voice, have



revived at that moment, she would alone, of all the white Virginians in that vicinity, have shouted amen to these patriotic utterances. The soldiers who volunteered to put down this rebellion, heartily responded to the sentiments, and consecrated themselves anew to their holy mission.

While General Pope was concentrating his forces, the series of battles commenced, which preceded and attended the retreat of McClellan from the Chickahominy towards Harrison's Landing.

It was the policy of the Government and General Pope, in case of the defeat of the army under General McClellan, and in case the rebels made an attempt upon Washington, or in that direction, to throw such obstacles in their way as was in the power of the Army of Virginia, and thus hold the enemy in check until the arrival at Aquia Creek, or Alexandria, of the Army of the Potomac. To accomplish this the more effectually, General Pope ordered General King at Fredericksburg, to send forward detachments of his cavalry to operate upon the line of the Virginia Central Railroad, and as far as possible to embarrass and destroy communication between Richmond and the Valley of the Shenandoah. General King accordingly dispatched several cavalry expeditions for that purpose, which were completely successful and succeeded on different occasions in breaking up the railroad at several points. General Pope at the same time ordered General Banks to send forward an infantry brigade, with all his cavalry, to march rapidly upon Culpepper Court House, and after taking possession of that place, to push cavalry forward towards the Rapidan, in the direction of Gordonsville.

On the fourteenth of July, after this movement was successfully accomplished, General Pope directed General Banks to move forward during the night of that day the whole of his cavalry force, under General Hatch, and take possession of

Gordonsville, and destroy the railroad for ten or fifteen miles east of that place, with a portion of his forces, while all remaining hastened on in the direction of Charlottesville, destroying the railroad bridges, and interrupting that line of communication as far as practicable. At that time there was no force of the enemy at Gordonsville. Before General Hatch reached Gordonsville, the advance of Jackson's forces under Ewell had reached that place, and the proposed movements, as ordered, became impracticable.

General Banks was ordered by General Pope to proceed on the seventh of August, and take post at the point where the turnpike from Sperryville to Culpepper crosses Hazel river. General McDowell was also ordered to move forward with Rickett's Division, from Waterloo Bridge to Culpepper Court House; so that on the seventh day of August, all the infantry and artillery forces of the Army of Virginia were assembled along the turnpike from Sperryville to Culpepper, and numbered about twenty-eight thousand five hundred men. This did not include King's Division at Fredericksburg, and which was not available for active operations in the direction of Gordonsville.

On the fourth of August, General Burnside arrived with his army from North Carolina. He was to hold Fredericksburg. This indicated that King's Division was to make its long contemplated forward movement.

That the reader may more clearly understand the part which the Seventy-sixth took in the battle to be hereafter described, it may be well here to state the different organizations composing King's Division, as it is often necessary to speak of brigades and divisions instead of regiments. A regiment in civil life is considered an important and imposing organization; but it is quite likely to be lost sight of in the reports of battles in which from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand men are engaged.

At the time of which we are speaking, Major-General Rufus King commanded the First Division of the First Army Corps. Four or five regiments, as the army was organized, constituted a brigade; three or four brigades a division; and three or four divisions an army corps. The First Brigade of King's Division was under command of General Hatch, and consisted of the Second Regiment of United States Sharpshooters, and four regiments of New York troops. The Second Brigade was under General Doubleday, and composed of the Seventy-sixth and Ninety-fifth New York Regiments, and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, to which was afterwards added the Seventh Indiana. The Third Brigade was under General Patrick, and composed of four New York regiments. The Fourth Brigade was under General Gibbon, and composed of one Indiana and three Wisconsin regiments.

On the seventh of August, General Pope inspected the troops under General Sigel, at Sperryville, and, while there, learned that the enemy was crossing the Rapidan at several points between the railroad crossing of that river, and Liberty Mills. He proceeded to Culpepper Court House, which he reached the next morning. This place had been occupied several days by Crawford's brigade, of Banks's corps, and on the day before, Rickett's division of McDowell's corps had also arrived. On the eighth reports continued to come in from General Bayard, who was slowly falling back in the direction of Culpepper Court House, the enemy advancing; and from General Buford, who also reported the enemy advancing in heavy force upon Madison Court House. General Pope was in doubt from the reports whether the enemy's movement was in the direction of Madison Court House, or of Culpepper. His instructions, however, requiring him to keep his communications good with Fredericksburg, and by no means to permit the enemy to get between him and that

place, he deemed it advisable to concentrate his whole force in the direction of Culpepper, so as to keep his whole force between the enemy and the lower fords of the Rappahannock. Early in the day General Crawford's Brigade was pushed forward in the direction of Cedar or Slaughter Mountain, to support General Bayard, who was falling back in that direction, and to assist him in determining the movements and forces of the enemy. General Banks was also ordered to move rapidly from Hazel river to Culpepper Court House, and General Siegel was ordered to march at once to the same place from Sperryville. Siegel did not arrive as early as was expected, which rendered it impracticable for that Corps to be pushed forward to that point on the afternoon of the next day, as General Pope had intended.

Early on the morning of the ninth of August, General Pope directed General Banks to move forward towards Cedar Mountain, with his whole Corps, and to join General Crawford who had been sent there the day previous.

Thus much has been stated of the forces, that the reader may have some idea of the condition of affairs two or three days afterward, when the Seventy-sixth arrived at Culpepper. On the ninth of August, orders were received for King's Division to leave Fredericksburg and join the First Corps at Culpepper. At four P. M., all was ready. The men were heavily laden with knapsacks, extra ammunition, and three days' marching rations in their haversacks. As the Regiments wheeled into line, the band struck up a spirited air, and the Brigade was soon crossing the pontoons into Fredericksburg.

The bridge which the Seventy-sixth had built, had been carried away by a recent freshet.

After the troops came the long train of brigade and regimental wagons, carrying officers' baggage, camp kettles and other cooking utensils, followed by the supply train laden with

forage and subsistence, and the whole followed by the rear guard.

Never were men more anxious for a march than were those stationed around Fredericksburg. The summer months had dragged their slow length along, and it was with difficulty that the sick and convalescent troops were kept from following their regiment.

I have before me now the diary of a Sergeant of Company D, who was prevented from marching with his company, and the "burden of his song" each day, is a hope that the next day he will be able to join the Regiment. As it was, he went as far as Chancellorsville, but was obliged to return to Fredericksburg, greatly to his disappointment.

The day was very hot, and as an illustration of the eagerness with which the troops pressed forward, it is proper to state that one man, at least, whose anxiety to get along was greater than his physical strength, actually fell down exhausted, and expired on the sidewalk, before his regiment had left the city.

It was a beautiful evening. The polished barrels glistened in the moonbeams, as onward the column rushed, till, finally, as the first excitement wore off, and the troops began to weary, they calmed down to a sober walk, and at about midnight came to a halt for the remainder of the night, nine miles from Fredericksburg.

When we consider that these troops were unaccustomed to marching, and that the common load for a soldier, fully equipped, is about eighty pounds, we are enabled to understand that they marched a good distance, and made good time this first day.

The troops were bivouacked in the fields on either side of the road, and there, wrapped in their blankets upon the ground, with the broad canopy of stars above them, they slept the remainder of their first night in search of the enemy.

At sunrise the next day, they were up and cooking their coffee, cracking their jokes, and questioning each other as to the probability of being blessed with a sight of game, in the persons of "Johnnies" in grey.

There is no class of persons who bear privations with a better grace than the soldier. After he has been out six months, with a few hard biscuits, a cup of coffee, and sticks enough to make a fire, he will make a satisfactory meal; and while he blows the smoke from his face with one hand, and holds the cup of coffee over the fire with the other, he will sing and joke with a better relish than when eating a well cooked dinner in his quiet home.

In the course of an hour after daybreak the troops were again on their way in search of the enemy.

The roads were good, but the day was extremely hot, and it was necessary to make frequent halts to prevent the men falling out from sheer exhaustion. The men were permitted to carry their arms as was most convenient, and were marched at the "rout step," the only requirement being that they should keep in line with their companies. There was no martial music; nothing but the steady tramp, tramp, from morn till night.

The Regiment arrived at Chancellorsville about ten A. M. At this point stood one of General Doubleday's staff officers, who informed Adjutant Robinson that the object of the march was to reinforce General Banks, who was even then hotly engaged with Stonewall Jackson some distance beyond the Rapidan. The General's instructions were to hurry up the troops as fast as the great heat of the day would admit, but not to let the men know that fighting was going on, lest they should exert themselves too much. The Adjutant, in speaking of this, says:—

"Murder will out, though, and the men seemed to have an intuitive perception, from the appearance of things, that gun-

powder was being burned not a great way off; for I very soon observed many knowing winks, a sort of stiffening of the back, a throwing back of the head and elevation of the nose, together with an evident desire to rid themselves of some of their extra traps, which convinced me they understood matters as well as though the same had been explained to them in 'special orders.'

By noon large numbers had fallen out from exhaustion; some because they preferred resting to marching. These latter were brought up by the rear guard, and the former were helped into ambulances and brought on. Many, however, evaded the guard; some to return to their regiments after they had halted for the night, and many have never been heard from since.

At six o'clock P. M., the Division reached Ely's Ford. Here it was necessary to cross the Rapidan, at this point about two hundred feet in width. A recent heavy shower had raised the stream to the waist, and yet it must be forded before camping for the night. In rushed the men, nothing daunted, even at the idea of a severe drenching.

The Brigade was halted for the night in the field; arms stacked; boughs obtained for beds; the camp-fires lit; the evening meals soon in course of preparation, and again the jokes and the stories were passing around, and, though wet to the skin, our boys were again happy.

Orders were given by the Commanding General, that the troops should retire immediately after their evening meal; that the camp remain absolutely quiet, so that the faintest sound of a distant engagement, or the slightest movement of an approaching enemy, might be heard. The only persons, except the guard, allowed to be up, were the company cooks, who were ordered to have cooked rations prepared for their respective companies, for the ensuing day's march. The bugle

call to fall in would be sounded at headquarters at precisely one o'clock in the morning, and at the second call the Seventy-sixth was to immediately file into the road and take position at the head of the column.

One by one our brave boys stretched themselves upon the "heather" and slept as well as their aching limbs would permit. To-morrow was to bring them face to face with the enemy, they supposed, and the near approach of the event robbed it of many of its charms. It is all pleasant in war meetings, a thousand miles from danger, to talk of the glory of dying for one's country; we can almost envy Leonidas and his brave three hundred, as we read of their deeds in rhyme and prose; but arrived almost face to face with the enemy, we think of friends at home, and the air castles we have built for the future, and which one stray bullet may cause to topple and fall, the poetry of fighting loses much of its bewitching sweetness; and a man is a little other than natural if he does not wish that the difficulty might be settled without the effusion of blood. Strange misgivings—not of cowardice, but a sort of repugnance of nature to the idea of having ourselves set up as a mark to be shot at, found entertainment in many of those patriotic bosoms that night; but sleep came at last, and transported them from the impending crisis of the morrow, to friends, and social gatherings, and heart-communings with those they loved in their Northern homes.

One o'clock soon arrived, however, and all was activity again. The coffee was hastily swallowed, and on went the Division towards Culpepper.

The advance guard was under the command of Captain Grover of Company A, of the Seventy-sixth, who, three weeks later, at Gainesville, fell pierced by five bullets, and lay for weeks upon his weary bed, to be at length, on recovering, promoted to the position of Major, and then offer up his life at



the bloody field of Gettysburg. At three o'clock, all things being ready, the column moved, and in the strictest silence, marched until daylight. No one who participated in that night march will soon forget it. It was a lovely night—neither so light nor yet so dark but that the waving branches cast their tremulous shadows over the roadway, now and then of a figure resembling an imaginary concealed enemy in the act of springing from his ambush—for which this timber land afforded many fine locations—no sound heard but the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, the smothered word of command, as it was passed from the front down the left of platoons, to the extreme rear, the rumbling of carefully-driven ambulances, the situation, the time, the accompaniments, and above all, the cause, taken together, were enough to photograph a never-fading impression on the mind of any ordinary subject.

About daybreak Richard's Cross Roads was reached. Here the Brigade came to a halt, and remained for three hours, while crowding the roads with cavalry, artillery and infantry, the other three Brigades of the Division passed. They had come by another road, which, at this point, joined the road over which our Brigade had marched.

Towards night, orders came for a forced march, as General Pope intended to attack the enemy the next day. The men, therefore, unslung their knapsacks, and, leaving them in care of a guard, rushed forward without them.

At night the men rolled themselves in their blankets, and the teams and rations being several miles behind, they went supperless to bed on the ground.

The morrow was sure to bring a bloody battle, and with nothing but this contemplation to disturb their slumbers, they slept.

Morning at last came, and found the men refreshed. Orders for the fight were expected, but instead came the

intelligence that a bloody battle had been fought at Cedar Mountain on Saturday, and Jackson had withdrawn his army and was marching towards Gordonsville.

The Brigade of General Doubleday was now bivouacked in an open field near the highway, and about half way between Culpepper Court House and Cedar Mountain.

The entire Army of Virginia under General Pope, before scattered over Northern Virginia from the Shenandoah to Fredericksburg, was now concentrated in and about Culpepper. On every hand all was life and activity. The fields were filled with artillery, cavalry and infantry—not encamped as when about Washington; but in a state of unrest. The roads were crowded with army wagons, going to and from the station at Culpepper; nor were the ambulances idle. A severe battle had been fought by General Banks, at Cedar Mountain, and large numbers of the wounded were being conveyed from the field. The weather was extremely hot, and many of our men had fallen, and several died from sun-stroke.

The men had brought their shelter tents, and now that marching was ended, and fighting for the time suspended, these little tents were soon erected, and thus furnished a partial defense to the scorching rays of the sun.

## CHAPTER IX.

A FIGHT IMMINENT—CARTRIDGES DISTRIBUTED—NO ENEMY APPEARS—FORAGING—BATTLE-FIELD OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN—"FALL IN"—RETREAT OF GENERAL POPE COMMENCED—THE SEVENTY-SIXTH UNDER FIRE FOR THE FIRST TIME—BATTLE OF RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—IMPROPER LIBERTIES WITH A RAIL PILLOW—ARRIVAL AT WARRENTON—BOLD INSTANCE OF FORAGING.

*August 12th.*—Considerable excitement prevailed at Brigade headquarters this morning. Colonel Wainwright called our officers together, and informed them that the enemy was near and liable to attack in force at any moment, and that he trusted every man would do his whole duty, placing his reliance upon the God of battles.

Every man was at once supplied with his full number of rounds of ammunition. This done, events were quietly, though somewhat nervously, awaited. The enemy, however, did not attack, and the Regiment remained in camp until the fifteenth.

After resting the twelfth, the boys began to feel the need of fresh meat, vegetables, and such things as give relish to hard tack, and nothing could have been deemed more *apropos* than General Pope's foraging and subsistence order.

This part of the State was well supplied with corn, pigs, sheep and cattle, and the men made hunting a profitable as well as pleasant recreation.

"Halt! Where did you get that fowl, sir?" shouted the guard, as a private tugged along the game cock of a neighboring rebel.

"Down yonder at that plantation."

"But, don't you know it is against orders to interfere with private property?"

"I know it *was*, once; but, you know, General Pope says that it is always proper to forage upon the enemy, and thus weaken him. We train under a different General now, and old rules don't apply."

"But," replied the guard, "to make foraging legal it must be sanctioned by the order of a commanding officer. Where is your foraging order?"

"Oh, but I put the little matter on a different footing from ordinary foraging. I'll tell you how it was. You see, I went down to learn if there was anything on which to base a foraging order. An order, you know, don't amount to anything unless there is something to enforce it upon. Well, as I was looking about a tree, I heard a shout for Jeff. Davis. In my loyal wrath I threw a stone into the tree and down came this cock. Anybody wasting good rations is liable to court martial, and so I concluded to preserve him."

"The argument is unanswerable, pass on," said the guard, expecting the favor would be reciprocated on the morrow, when the parties to the colloquy were transposed.

Every day squads of foragers would go to the neighboring plantations and return with a fat pig, sheep, or beef, while green corn and apples, just at this time in their glory, added their share to the temptations of army life in Virginia. Whether General Pope's order improved the sanitary condition of his army is not so clear; but that it materially aided in making camp life seem homelike, can be proven by all the survivors of the succeeding campaigns.

Just enough of the orders to be in readiness to march at an hour's notice were indulged in by the commanding officers to give zest to the brief stay at Culpepper.

*August 16th.*—Orders were received to march, tents were struck, and the Regiment in line at eight o'clock ; but owing to one of those inevitable delays usually witnessed in the army, the Regiment did not move until eleven.

This march was over the battle-field of the previous Saturday. The field was about three miles in extent, and every where the sickening evidences of the late battle presented themselves. The horses and mules killed in the battle were yet unburied, and though an effort had been made to bury the soldiers who had fallen in that terrible struggle, it had been so hastily and imperfectly done that now and then a body was found lying upon the field. The stench was almost suffocating, and the buzzards swarming in the air plainly told of the awful carnage which war had made within one short week.

Here was the introductory lesson. Jackson had presented his problem ; Banks had solved it, and all around lay the answer for us to contemplate. It would be folly to expect any man possessing sensibilities keener than those of a brute, to look such a scene squarely in the face, and say he did not dread such a conflict. The more honor to our noble farmer boys who were sustained on such terrible occasions by a holy love of country—a due appreciation of the great principle for which they were fighting, and for which their fathers fought before them.

At one o'clock the Regiment halted and went into camp at the foot of Cedar Mountain. On Monday, the eighteenth, the mail was received—the first since the Regiment left Fredericksburg. None but those who have been in the army can duly appreciate our postal facilities, as, after being cut off from the loyal world, it brings words of cheer from the loved ones at home.

The letters had hardly been distributed, when the order to "fall in" rang out through the camp. No one knew the object or destination. Tents were struck, and at five P. M. the Regiment was in marching order. Then came the order to break ranks, and soon the boys were encamped for the night.

In the face of the enemy, in sight of the battle-field of a week before, these orders to march will be readily understood to have been very exciting, summoning all the courage which an enlightened patriotism could inspire.

At eleven o'clock the orders came again to fall in, this time awakening the men from a sound slumber. All along the line, at each tent, the sergeant or corporal shouted "fall in!" "fall in!" The men, half aroused, rushed out, and, stumbling along through the darkness, were soon formed in line in a little hollow back of the camp.

As they became more awakened, the anxious inquiry was made, "Where now?" but no one could answer. They only knew that marching orders were received and whether they should march, or again break ranks was all unknown.

The wagons in the advance had been moving to the rear all the evening.

The Regiment was finally, after some delay, marched about twenty rods, and halted an hour; then a little further and halted again. At last, at three o'clock, the order was given to break ranks. The night was very cold; at least, the contrast between the night air and the excessively warm days was severely felt. Many of the men had thrown away their clothing to lighten their loads, on the march, and now suffered from the loss.

A large pile of rails and wood was collected and a fire built, around which, upon the ground, the men slept the remainder of the night.

At sunrise they were awakened with the orders to get

breakfast and prepare for a march, and at nine o'clock they were recrossing the battle-field in the direction of Culpepper. The day was intensely hot, and the march was continued until about eleven that night, when the Regiment encamped in a piece of "scrub-oak" woods.

At day-break the next morning, the men were ordered to get ready to march. A hasty cup of coffee and a few hard tack constituted the breakfast, which was barely disposed of, when the Regiment was again in motion.

This was the turning-point in the forward movement of General Pope upon Richmond.

The battle of Cedar Mountain was fought on Saturday, August ninth. The next day was too hot, and the men too much exhausted on both sides, to renew the fight. In consequence of the vigorous resistance of the night previous, and the severe loss of the enemy in attempting to advance, before daylight of the tenth, Jackson drew back his forces towards Cedar Mountain, about two miles from the front of our army. Our pickets were immediately moved forward, supported by Milroy's Brigade, and occupied the ground.

General Pope's whole army, exclusive of General Banks's Corps, which was in no condition for service, numbered about twenty thousand, artillery and infantry, and about two thousand cavalry. General King, as we have seen, had been ordered forward, and after a prompt and very fatiguing march, arrived on the ground late in the evening of the eleventh. The day was occupied by both armies in burying the dead and bringing off the wounded.

Although after General King joined the main force, General Pope's army only about equaled that of Jackson, he determined, after giving King's Division one night's rest, to fall upon the enemy at daylight of the twelfth, on his line of communication, and compel him to fight a battle which must

have been decisive for one army or the other. But during the night of the eleventh, the enemy evacuated his position in front, and retreated rapidly across the Rapidan in the direction of Gordonsville, leaving many of his dead and wounded on the field and along the road from Cedar Mountain to Orange Court House. The losses on each side were severe; but no baggage trains or material of war were sacrificed by either army.

A strong cavalry force, under Generals Buford and Bayard, pursued the enemy to the Rapidan, and captured many stragglers.

This was the condition of things at the time mentioned above, when the Seventy-sixth was disappointed on the morning of the twelfth, on finding they were not to go into battle.

On the 14th of August, General Reno, with eight thousand men, of the forces which had arrived at Falmouth with General Burnside, joined General Pope.

From the twelfth to the eighteenth of August, reports constantly reached General Pope of large forces of the enemy reinforcing Jackson from the direction of Richmond, and by the morning of the eighteenth he became satisfied that nearly the whole force of the enemy from Richmond was assembling in his front along the Rapidan.

From the capture of General Stuart's Adjutant-General, made by our cavalry in the direction of Louisa Court House, and from papers found with him, including a letter from General Robert E. Lee to General Stuart, dated at Gordonsville, August fifteenth, General Pope became satisfied as to the position and force of the enemy, and their determination to overwhelm the army under his command before it could be reinforced by the Army of the Potomac. He saw that it would be presumptuous for him to attempt a battle with his



small force against such overwhelming numbers, and decided to withdraw as rapidly as possible behind the Rappahannock.

The trains of the different Corps were ordered across that stream at different fords, to be followed by the respective corps. During the day and night of the eighteenth, and day of the nineteenth, this was accomplished, so that on the night of the nineteenth the whole army, with its trains, was posted behind that stream upon the north bank.

On the morning of the twentieth our pickets were driven in at Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Station, but finding those fords covered by our troops, and that it would be impracticable to force a passage of the river without great loss, the advance of the enemy halted, and the main body of his army was brought forward from the Rapidan.

At this time, (August twentieth), the Seventy-sixth was encamped about half a mile from the river, upon a knoll, from which was plainly visible the whole of General Banks's Corps. Batteries were planted all along the river; the infantry was forming in line of battle; the rebels' advance was in sight on the other side of the river; our rear guard of cavalry were crossing the river northward, many of them wounded during their late skirmishes, and altogether the appearances indicated pretty strongly that a battle was imminent.

On the twenty-first, General Pope was assured that if he would hold his position for two days, he would be so strongly reinforced as not only to be secure in his position, but would be able to resume operations; but after having held his position until the twenty-fifth, no forces reached him, except twenty-five hundred of the Pennsylvania Reserves, under General Reynolds, which had arrived at Kelly's Ford, and the Division of General Kearney, consisting of four thousand five hundred men, which had reached Warrenton Junction.

*August 21st.*—This morning the cannonading commenced,

and an artillery duel was kept up most of the day. To-day the Seventy-sixth marched about a mile, and took position about fifty rods in rear of a battery. In doing so it passed in plain sight of a rebel battery, by which it was shelled. Except killing a mule, no damage was done. This was the first fire under which the Seventy-sixth was placed.

The next morning, the rebels having learned our positions during the night, from our camp fires, commenced a vigorous shelling as soon as it was daylight. The position being exposed, the Seventy-sixth was moved towards the battery, and lay down behind the ridge on which the guns were planted.

Immediately in front of the Seventy-sixth, not forty rods distant, lay the remains of two of our sharpshooters, who had that morning given up their loyal lives in defense of country. Their bodies were horribly mangled, and the fact being known that the rebels had obtained a perfect range of the position, driving off one battery, and killing the men and horses indiscriminately, the introduction was anything but pleasant.

Here sixty additional rounds of ammunition were distributed, making in all one hundred rounds.

The infantry took no active part in the fight, except to support the batteries, and be ready at any moment to arise and meet the enemy, in case they should silence the battery, and attempt to effect a crossing; yet it was not a little exciting to listen all day to the whizzing of the balls and the screaming of the shells overhead, while ever and anon one of the latter would burst in mid air, scattering its fragments all too carelessly among the men. Most of the shot and shell, however, passed over the infantry supports, and plowed the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion far to the rear.

Nobody getting hurt, and a sense of security gradually gaining upon the men, this listening to the "music in the air"

at length became dull and uninteresting, and the troops thought more of the stories they were telling, and the cards they were playing, than of the missiles of death upon the effects of which their enemy was reckoning.

As we were the assaulted, and not the assaulting party, the fact that nothing had been accomplished, but everything remained very much at night as it was in the morning, in no way very seriously disturbed the equanimity of the Union army.

General McDowell made his appearance about nine A. M., and ordered up fresh batteries, which being posted, General Doubleday, assisted by his gallant brother, Major Doubleday, took charge of two pieces, and did much damage to the enemy's batteries on the opposite side of the river.

"There are a couple of pieces doing splendid execution," said a staff officer riding hastily up from the river. "What battery is it that possesses such superior gunners?"

"General Abner Doubleday sighted those guns," replied an officer.

"Oho! that accounts for the close shooting. Why, he made one rebel battery shift position three times, and finally draw off entirely!"

This, spoken in presenee of the men, could not fail to fill them with admiration for their General,—a feeling to this day indulged by every remaining member of the Seventy-sixth.

As a general rule, the higher in rank the officer, the less exposed to danger. If the movement be an advance, the colonel goes behind his regiment, the brigadier-general behind his brigade, and the major-general behind his division or corps. This is also the case in battle. But on this occasion, when the artillery and sharpshooters were the only men exposed, the infantry being shielded by the ridge, the hero of Fort Sumter,

who fired the first gun against the rebels in this war, actually went upon the ridge and sighted the guns of the battery under his command. It is no wonder that the man who could thus override custom to imperil his life for the cause he was serving, was willing to blow up Fort Sumter, without regard to personal safety, rather than disgrace his country by its surrender.

This artillery duel was kept up for three days, the Seventy-sixth occupying nearly the same position behind the ridge. No men were killed in the Regiment, though several were more or less severely wounded.

The first night after crossing the river, a heavy shower had rendered the ground wet and muddy. Several of the men had placed a rail upon the ground, with a view of using it as a pillow to keep them out of the mud. It had, however, scarcely been dedicated to its intended use, when a shot from the enemy's battery sent it whirling through the air, wounding several of the men, some severely. As may well be imagined, rails for pillows were soon dispensed with in that Regiment.

Here was displayed the good effect of that drill which Colonel Wainwright had so strenuously insisted upon, and which in the after history of our Regiment, gave it such an enviable notoriety.

Orders were given to change the position of the Regiment for one farther up the river. In doing so it became necessary to pass over a plain, within sight and fair range of a rebel battery, which fired a full broadside into the Regiment. The air was vocal with shrieking shells, and the ground was plowed in every direction by the solid shot which fell like rain, and yet, while other regiments broke in disorder, the Seventy-sixth kept in line, each officer and man keeping his place as on dress parade, following the example of cool indifference, (externally,

at least), displayed by their intrepid Colonel, who had been in battle before.

The enemy had now commenced a flank movement in the direction of Sulphur Springs, farther up the Rappahannock. General Pope had three remedies in this dilemma. First—to abandon the line of the Rappahannock, and push forward to Warrenton. Second—to move towards the base at Fredericksburg, thus leaving the approaches to Washington open to the enemy. Third—To recross the Rappahannock and fall upon the rear of the rebel army which was now on its way to Sulphur Springs.

It was finally decided to adopt the latter course, on the twenty-third. But during the night of the twenty-second, a heavy rain so raised the water in the river that the bridges were carried away, and the fords rendered impassable. General Pope had learned from General Sigel, who commanded the right, that the enemy had crossed part of his forces at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge.

On the morning of the twenty-third, General Pope massed his forces near Rappahannock Station, with the view of falling upon that portion of the rebel army which had crossed the river, and probably could not recross in consequence of the sudden rise of the stream. McDowell's Corps was directed to march directly upon Warrenton, while Sigel proceeded to Sulphur Springs.

Early in the morning the men were quietly and quickly called up to repel an anticipated charge of the enemy, who were reported to have forced the passage of the river, and to be near at hand. This proved to be a false alarm, but the men were kept under arms until daylight. At nine A. M., the march was taken up for Warrenton.

When late at night the Seventy-sixth arrived within a mile

of that place, it was halted in the midst of a shower, approaching a deluge: Completely drenched, and almost exhausted with marching through Virginia mud, averaging nearly a foot in depth, the men sank down upon the wet ground, to pass the remainder of the night, but not to sleep.

The next morning the Division resumed its march, passing through the main streets of Warrenton with banners unfurled, and bands discoursing loyal music, where the day before the rebels had taken a hasty leave.

Passing about two miles beyond Warrenton, the Regiment was halted and went into camp. The rebels had effected a crossing at Warrenton (Sulphur) Springs, and the hotel registers under date of the day before, exhibited the names of many officers of the rebel army. Their stay must have been so brief as scarcely to permit them to make a very extended acquaintance with their Warrenton friends; for on the same register, immediately following these names, were certain other autographs to which were annexed the significant letters, "U. S. A.," plainly indicating the rapid exit of the one, about the time of the entrance of the other.

A rest of one day and night was here given to the men, and after the excitements and marches of the last two weeks, this respite was warmly appreciated by both officers and men. The troops had been continuously marching and fighting night and day for two weeks, and when not fighting, they were in constant expectation of it. They had enjoyed very little sleep—one day marching through the scorchings of an August sun, and at night drenched with the severe storm, which completely inundated the camp; the next, marching through mud nearly to the knee, and when we add to all this the fact that the men had but little time to properly prepare what scanty food came to them from the disorganized, retreating commissariat, we have rather a disheartening picture for the young

soldier just from a summer residence in camp about Washington and Fredericksburg.

The poorer the commissariat, the more important the foraging order of General Pope. The men had scarcely gone into camp, before foraging parties were again in full operation. Daniel Carr, A. F. Smith, B. F. Watrous, and Wm. J. Mantanye, of Company D, concluded to try their hands. General McDowell never permitted his troops to draw rations, except according to regulations, and the country about Warrenton was full of poultry. Darkness had set in, and the four started on their expedition. It was intensely dark, but after wandering about for some time they came to a barn, and were not long in finding the hen-roost. Mantanye was to climb up and catch the fowls and hand them to Carr, while Watrous and Smith stood guard at the doors to notify of any approaches. Scarcely had Mantanye seized a hen, when his foot slipped and he fell upon a pile of loose boards, setting the poultry in a cackle, to which the watch-dog added a chorus. Smith soon notified the others of an approach, when, with one hen, they beat a hasty retreat.

Not satisfied with the result, and seeing a light in the distance, they traveled in that direction. On nearing the house they found the door and windows open, and the fowls in a tree about two rods from, and nearly in front of the door, and the family engaged in a chat with a neighbor. An empty stomach gives a person great courage. Seizing a pole, Carr struck a limb, and down fell two or three chickens, which fortunately failed to give an alarm. The house stood about two feet from the ground upon stone abutments. The chickens ran under the house. Now came the test of courage; but Carr, resolved on succeeding, crawled under the house and soon returned with two ducks. Looking into the door to assure themselves that their "secesh" donor was properly entertaining his neighbor,

the boys returned to camp well satisfied with the addition to their scanty rations.

Numerous incidents have been related to me, detailing the different methods in which General Pope's order was carried out. Unless the forage was seized in the night, unbeknown to the owner, the soldiers were generally met by entreaties, attended with protestations of loyalty to the Federal Government, to spare the little the rebels had left. In some cases, these stories of destitution told by the rebels, were believed; but after a time, the soldiers found these pleas and prayers to be only a ruse to further the safety of property and provisions hidden in out-of-the-way places, for preservation against the "Yankee thieves."



## CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF WARRENTON SPRINGS—THE LADY AND FALSE FLAG OF TRUCE—RETREATING AT DOUBLE QUICK—REINFORCEMENTS PROMISED BUT NOT RECEIVED—BATTLE IMMINENT—FIRE UPON THE AMBULANCES—DR. METCALFE INDUCES BRAVERY IN A TEAMSTER—BATTLE OF GAINESVILLE—TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER—INSTANCES OF BRAVERY—RETREAT OF OUR ARMY—SUFFERINGS OF OUR WOUNDED PRISONERS—FEASTING AND RESTING ARE SUDDENLY TERMINATED IN THE ARMY.

ONLY twenty-four hours were given for rest, before (August twenty-sixth), the order came to march to Sulphur Springs, about seven miles distant, with two days' rations and an extra supply of ammunition.

General Siegel had had a skirmish with the enemy at that point, and the column had not proceeded more than a mile when heavy cannonading was heard in that direction, and all now expected something beside a protected support of batteries.

Through picturesque scenery, too beautiful for the destructive car of war, onward rushed the column, to find on its arrival, that, with the exception of skirmishing parties, the enemy had again placed the Rappahannock between him and the Union army.

As the column neared the artillery duel being carried on, the bursting shells, with their wreaths of smoke, were plainly visible, and their unearthly screams could be distinctly heard as they rent their way through the air.

The different Brigades were turned from the road into the fields, and so disposed as to secure, as far as practicable, the safety of the troops, and yet be in a position, in case the batteries proved insufficient, to aid in preventing any attempted crossing of the river.

Here the Seventy-sixth witnessed one of those dodges which, all through the war, the enemy invariably employed to save himself from capture or destruction. A company of rebel skirmishers had become so hemmed in by our troops that they could neither fight their way out nor retreat without the risk of capture or destruction. They accordingly started the white flag of truce towards our men, accompanied by a lady. Of course firing on our part was discontinued until the occasion of sending the flag was ascertained; but no sooner had the firing ceased than the skirmishers started off on a brisk double-quick, and were soon out of range of our angry men, not, however, without a parting salute.

All day and into night was this artillery fighting kept up. Major Doubleday, brother to the General, stood in full view of the rebel battery, with his glass, noting the effect of the firing, and, by the motion of his hand, causing our pieces to be elevated or depressed, as our shot and shell over-reached or fell short of the enemy, until they were sent with such precision that they fell directly among the enemy's batteries, many of the guns of which were silenced.

Most of the enemy's shots were fired at such a range as to pass harmlessly over the heads of the Union army—not only the batteries, but also their infantry supports, with scarcely enough of danger to make the position interesting. None of our Regiment were killed, and but two or three wounded.

The next morning (twenty-seventh) came the order to "right about face," and off went the column through Warrenton,

almost on a run, and still on, on swept the regiments until late at night, when they were halted beyond New Baltimore.

General Pope had, on the twenty-second, received a dispatch from the General-in-Chief, informing him that heavy reinforcements would begin to arrive at Warrenton Junction the succeeding day; and on the twenty-fourth he received dispatches from Colonel Haupt, the Railroad Superintendent, at Alexandria, informing him that thirty thousand men ordered forward to join General Pope, had demanded transportation of the Superintendent, and that they would all be shipped that afternoon or early the next morning.

The force which General Pope thus expected consisted of the Division of General Sturgis, ten thousand strong; the Division of General Cox, seven thousand strong; the Corps of General Heintzelman, ten thousand strong, and the Corps of General Franklin, ten thousand strong.

General Pope disposed his troops with the expectation that these promises would be kept; but we shall have occasion to record with regret the shameless abandonment of the gallant Army of Virginia, in its extremity, by the very General whose army was saved from destruction by the advance of the army thus abandoned.

When the impartial history of this war is written, the Commanding General of the Army of the Potomac, who quietly sat down in Alexandria, while the gallant Pope, with his tried but heroic troops were being cut to pieces by the overwhelming rebel hosts, will receive at the hands of the Goddess of Liberty a condemnation equal in bitterness to that which an outraged people have already pronounced upon him at the ballot-box.

Up to this time the men had been induced to believe that the enemy was being hemmed in, and this idea was entertained

by officers high in command; but now, as the retreat became more marked and rapid, all sorts of rumors of disasters threatened and partially realized, found credence in camp—as that Lee's forces had cut them off, and that General was with a large army between them and Washington; then, that the comparatively small army of General Pope was lost, and the first contact with the enemy would surely overwhelm it. In the language of the Captain of Company II:—

“Things did look bad; in fact there seemed to be great doubts in the minds of the leading officers what we ought to do. The very air seemed to whisper, ‘danger! danger!’”

The march towards Washington was renewed on the morning of the twenty-eighth. At noon a halt of two or three hours, near a little creek that crossed the road, enabled the men to rest and make coffee. Here were found four dead and mortally wounded soldiers, belonging to a preceding regiment, killed by a rebel shell which had exploded as it dropped into the regiment. This added to rumor indubitable evidence that the enemy was near, and had sent a messenger to apprise them of the fact.

As the Brigade again took up its line of march, evidences were multiplied that things were coming to a crisis. Constant cannonading was heard in different directions; squads of cavalry rode furiously through the cross-roads and fields, while the smoke of battle could be seen rising in ominous clouds in the distance. These scenes were sufficiently exciting for the most fastidious.

After passing Gainesville a mile or two, as the Brigade, and more particularly that part formed by the Seventy-sixth, was moving over a level tract of half a mile in extent, with a wood in their front, and a hill at their left, they were nearly paralyzed for a moment by a terrible discharge of artillery

from the hill on their left, and so near that the flash from the guns dazzled their eyes. Not the most interesting feature of the position, was the fact that this was a rebel battery, which had not until that moment been discovered. Self-preservation is the first law of the nature of heroes as well as cowards; and the first impulse on this sudden introduction to the minions of Jefferson Davis, was to obey the injunction, "every man for himself." Some dropped down; others rushed forward upon those in advance, while others still were inclined to turn back. Never was the example of a cool and courageous man more opportunely set, than by Colonel Wainwright at this critical juncture. Riding at the head of his Regiment, he instantly turned his horse, and coolly riding back toward the rear of the column, between it and the batteries, as well by his easy and unconcerned manner, as by his words, allayed the excitement, and brought every man to his place.

"Oh, my boys, don't run, don't run. Think a moment how it would sound to say, 'the Seventy-sixth ran!'"

No pen can describe the magic effect of those few words, and that collected self-possession. The tone and manner were more potent even than the words. Quietly turning his horse, he allowed him to almost walk toward the head of the column; and, although the shells came thicker and faster, and with a more dangerous and destructive aim, the men kept steadily on until the wood was reached, and they in comparative security. Several horses were killed, but the men escaped as by a miracle.

As the rebels opened this fire upon our Regiment, a shell passed through the ambulance train, causing great consternation among the drivers and teamsters. The ambulances were immediately ordered to the rear. Just as they were wheeling for that purpose, a frightened teamster on a baggage wagon put his whip to his horses in the act of forcing his way up the

narrow road, without regard to ambulance loads of sick and wounded. Surgeon Metcalfe, of the Seventy-sixth, realizing the danger from such conduct in the crowded highway, quickly drew his pistol, and in his convincing style, informed the driver if he moved another inch he would end his fears. This had its desired effect. The teamster, finding himself between two fires, concluded to take the chances of the most remote, and thus a panic was avoided.

But a few moments elapsed after entering the wood, before sharp and continuous musketry firing was heard very near, and up the hill hidden by the woods.

A strange mounted officer came riding down through the woods, shouting—

“Come on! Come on! Quick! Quick!”

The Seventy-sixth was immediately in motion—over fences, through the bushes, around the trees, over logs—the bullets and shells tearing through the woods like a hail storm through a wheat field, on rushed the Regiment. Several of the men were killed and wounded before leaving the wood.

After going about twenty rods, the Regiment emerged into an open field. Here was battle in real earnest. Just in front and a little to the left were the gallant boys of the “Iron Brigade,” (composed of three Wisconsin and one Michigan regiments), fighting and falling in a manner terrible to behold.

Just at this juncture, as the rebels were preparing in great numbers in the woods beyond, for a charge upon our lines, the Seventy-sixth New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania were ordered into line to fill a gap between the Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin. By this timely movement, the noble “Iron Brigade” was saved from total annihilation.

This movement not only saved this Brigade, but was the commencement of a friendship between the Seventy-sixth and the Wisconsin regiments, which was never forgotten by either

party. This timely aid was reciprocated at South Mountain, when the Seventy-sixth was saved by similar assistance on the part of these same Wisconsin men.

On coming near the enemy, Colonel Wainwright thought it prudent to deploy a few files as skirmishers, a most dangerous duty, when the enemy were known to be so near. He called up Captain Grover, of Company A, whom he supposed well fitted for the duty, and told him what he wanted. How well and nobly it was performed was evidenced by several wounds received on that occasion, from one of which, in the chest, it was supposed he would never-recover.

Captain Grover ordered out a file of eight men, as follows:—Whitney, Knapp, Fox, John W. Seeber, Ripley, Moore, Marvin Mynard, and Norman Mynard. These skirmishers moved promptly to the front to ascertain the position of the enemy. It had now begun to be dark. The skirmishers having reached a rail fence about ten rods in front of the main line, were within plain hearing of the enemy in the edge of the wood. They distinctly heard the orders given, and, at the risk of their lives, communicated as fast as they heard to General Doubleday, which enabled him to properly understand the enemy's intentions. Nor was this the only service performed by the skirmishers. Lying upon the ground they fired volley after volley into the rebel ranks, thus drawing their fire from our line, and thwarting their design to make a charge upon and break it.

During a lull in the action, a body of men was seen moving on the extreme left flank. As they came forward they shouted,—

“Don't shoot your own men!”

At that distance it seemed doubtful whether they were friends or enemies, and it was not without much hesitation

that the Colonel gave the order, "By the left oblique! Aim! Fire!"

No rebel of that column who escaped death, will ever forget that volley. It seemed like one gun. So well was it directed by our men, as could be judged by the immediate results, that there can be no doubt it very materially contributed to the repulse of this attempted flank attack.

The Regiment had been thoroughly drilled in firing and target practice, and it seemed as though every man took deadly aim, and brought down one or more of the enemy.

When the smoke cleared away a little, the few left of that mass of human beings who had so rapidly left the woods a few moments before, had disappeared, but the ground was literally covered with their dead and wounded.

Here the rebel General Ewell lost his leg, and, as he contemplates that battle in the future, he will have detached from his person the best of evidence of his contiguity, on that occasion, to the Seventy-sixth New York.

During the fight, the skirmishers under Captain Grover were placed in a sad plight.

While drawing the fire of the enemy, which, under the circumstances, and considering the short distance between them and the enemy, was about as much as could well be relished, our men on the right of the line opened upon the enemy, thus placing the skirmishers between the two fires. Corporal, (afterwards Lieutenant,) Whitney undertook the dangerous task of notifying Colonel Wainwright of the condition, when the firing on the right was ordered to cease. Captain Grover and two of the skirmishers were wounded.

Before the firing ceased it had become quite dark, and the officers hardly knew how to communicate with the remainder of the Brigade. On calling for some one who would undertake the dangerous duty, (for they were within a very short



distance of the enemy, and might stumble upon him anywhere) of ascertaining where they were, Corporal, (afterwards Captain) Bartholomew, of Company C, and private Redmond, of Company I, promptly and coolly stepped forward and tendered their services.

Bartholomew was afterwards killed in battle, at the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864. Private Redmond was an old soldier, having served twelve years in the English army, and been present at the attack upon Sebastopol during the Crimean war; a man who, though from want of education unfitted for the position of an officer, was, on several other occasions conspicuous for his bravery. No one connected with the Seventy-sixth will ever forget Thomas Redmond, or his wife Ann, who was ever with him, on all occasions, marching by his side, and sharing all his joys and sorrows, and by her lively conversation, helping to drive away many a gloomy reflection incident to the life of a soldier. Though Ann did not shoulder a musket, she should be set down as much more useful to the army than many a one who did. Could clothing speak, many a blood-stained garment would testify to Ann's industry, as day after day she labored over her half-barrel wash-tub to keep the Seventy-sixth comfortably clean.

When we begin to particularize in such a Regiment as the Seventy-sixth, we run great risk of neglecting very many as meritorious as those we mention; and let it be distinctly understood that whenever, in the progress of this work, honorable mention of names is made, it is not done with any intention of making a comparison favorable to one man or unfavorable to another; but such cases of meritorious conduct are mentioned as have been related to me by those who were present. And if any errors appear in this book, as there undoubtedly will, they are errors of my informants, and not of my own; for the facts are written as they come to me from a multitude of sources.

I give a few instances of heroism in this, the first real battle in which the Seventy-sixth was engaged—give them as *samples*:—

In the early part of the fight, William H. Miller, a private of Company H, was wounded through the foot. He refused to be carried off the field, though unable to stand; but lay upon the ground loading and firing until darkness closed the scene.

John L. Wood, a private in Company C, and not quite eighteen years of age, had his thumb shot off, but continued firing until he received a mortal wound in the shoulder.

Daniel McGregor, of Company C, received a wound in his thigh, from the effects of which he died. Yet he continued to load and fire, resting on the other knee, until from loss of blood he was unable to hold his gun. Though wounded in the early part of the battle, he fired thirty-three rounds.

Sergeant Lawrence M. Banker, Company F, fell mortally wounded. On hearing of the casualty, his brother Isaac, of the same Company, obtained permission of Colonel Wainwright to see him. The two brothers had scarcely met—the last sad meeting—when the bugle sounded, denoting some new crisis in the battle. “Leave me and rush to the front!” shouted the dying Sergeant, and two hours later his voice on earth was silenced!

Thomas H. Hoffman, of Company F, was mortally wounded. As he lay covered with blood, Captain Barnard called to see him. As he recognized the Captain, Hoffman, bringing up his hand, exclaimed:—“Captain, if I ever get over this, won't I give it to them though?” Brave boy! He never lived to perform the coveted duty.

Albert Olin, of Company G, wounded in the arm, continued firing until disabled by another shot in the shoulder.

James J. Card, of Company F, although covered with

blood from a wound in the head, continued to fire until he received another ball in the arm, making a further continuance impossible.

Darkness, and the sudden and timely repulse spoken of above, soon put an end to the battle of Gainesville. There seems to have been a studied effort to make this battle a mere skirmish—possibly to cover a defect in the military skill of our division commander; but time, which at length reveals history in its true light, will yet write it down as an important battle, in which a small force, in its first experience, stood up coolly and bravely against the flower of the rebel army.

The Seventy-sixth went into this fight with one hundred and twelve files, or two hundred and twenty-four men, and some idea of the struggle of an hour may be gathered from the number of casualties. There were ten killed, seventy-two wounded, and eighteen missing. Five officers, four of whom were captains, were wounded. Most of the wounded were prevented from ever taking the field again.

We have mentioned Captain Grover, who fell on this occasion.

Captain Fox, of Company B, a most excellent officer, was severely wounded by a ball in the lungs, from which it is feared he will never fully recover. His men fairly worshiped him, and his fall caused some confusion on the left, occupied by his company; but they were immediately rallied by Major Livingston, and remained steady throughout the remainder of the battle.

Captain Sager, of Company G, while bravely leading his men, received a terribly severe wound, the ball passing entirely through his body. He was also wounded in the ankle. His life was for a long time despaired of; but he finally partially recovered—never, however, to join his Regiment for duty.

Captain Swan, of Company II, was also wounded, but remained with the Regiment.

All the officers on this occasion displayed remarkable coolness, under a severe test, and, in the language of Colonel Wainwright in his report of the battle, "I cannot too much praise the men who supplied want of previous military preparation by their own nerve and resolution."

When it became too dark longer to continue the battle, the Regiment withdrew in perfect order; and the rebels, having become satiated with their communings with the Seventy-sixth, also retreated during the night.

As soon as the battle was over, a detail was sent out to bring off the wounded. Before they had completed the task, the rebel skirmishers opened fire upon them and drove them away. It being dark, several brought lanterns with them to aid in finding and identifying the wounded; but with skirmishers in close proximity, it became necessary to dispense with so good a mark, and find the wounded as best they might in the darkness.

The wounded were taken to a hospital established about a hundred rods in rear of the battle-field. When our army, during the night, retreated, they took all the wounded with them that could be carried in their ambulances, but were obliged to abandon quite a number. In the morning the rebel skirmish line advanced and took prisoners those thus abandoned.

As soon as the rebels discovered that our troops had fallen back from the line they had held so stubbornly the night before, they made a general advance. All day the troops poured past in a continual stream.

In one hospital thus captured, were about twenty of the men of the Seventy-sixth, most of them severely wounded. This day, (twenty-ninth), they were placed in an unpleasant

position. The battle of Bull Run was raging so near that the shells from our own guns fell among these wounded men. At one time a line of our skirmishers passed through the woods within ten rods of our wounded boys, but with no power to render them assistance. Both lines kept up a continuous fire, but fortunately the wounded escaped any further injuries.

Eli E. Peck, of Company B, was severely wounded, the ball passing nearly through his body at the hips. In the course of the afternoon, two surgeons, one belonging to the "Iron Brigade," and one a rebel surgeon, came to him and commenced searching for the ball. They found it necessary to extract it—a most painful operation, now that nearly twenty-four hours had elapsed since the wound was made. They had no chloroform, and it was important that he should remain perfectly quiet. They told him to show himself a man by holding still, and if clenching the teeth and remaining stoical, while your devoted self is being cut and mangled by the surgeon's knife, is an evidence of manhood, Eli E. Peck is a model man.

"Take that," said the surgeon, handing him a large-sized spherical ball, bruised by his own bones, "and show your sweetheart." Peck carries the ball to this day, as a memento of Gainesville.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday were passed by our wounded men without a mouthful of food. Most of them were severely wounded, and yet, though burning with fever, no water was given them. Friday and Saturday they heard distinctly the roar and rattle of the second Bull Run battle. Sunday they heard the battle of Chantilly, farther in the distance, and as the sound receded, came the unpleasant reflection that our army was retreating, and they who had fallen were being left to die of thirst and starvation in the hands of their enemies.

To add to their miseries, the rebels stole everything not absolutely a fixture to the body of a live soldier. No sooner did a soldier die than they stripped him of his clothing. While one of our surgeons was performing an operation upon a rebel, they stole several of his instruments.

Among the dead at the hospital was Colonel O'Connor of the Second Wisconsin. Soon after his Regiment became engaged he had received a severe wound, but refused to leave the field. He was killed shortly after, and taken to the hospital and placed upon a stretcher. While lying there, the rebels relieved him of his boots, and, though they were too small for any one present, they had a quarrel as to who should own the prize.

On Sunday, September first, Edward Kelley, of Company E, was brought to the hospital from the battle-field, having lain there since Thursday night, without a mouthful to eat or a drop of water to quench his thirst or cool the fever of his wound, and to add to his horrors, he had been compelled to lie in the rays of a scorching sun, unable to remove to the shade. As he thought of his loving wife and six small children at home, depending upon him, who was now dying of thirst, hunger, fever, a painful wound, and the scorching sun, in rebel hands, with balls falling, and shells bursting around him, his patriotism was put to a severe test. The surgeon, on examining his wound, and finding the bone broken, decided that the amputation of his leg was necessary. Those who witnessed the utter prostration of his very spirit at this announcement, will not soon forget it.

“How can I support my wife and six little children when thus crippled?” the patriot had only strength to ejaculate.

His leg was amputated, and a short time after, burning with fever, and talking of his family, the spirit of the hero departed,

and his family was cast upon the cold charities of the country he had died to save !

The condition of these wounded heroes will be better appreciated, perhaps, when it is stated that on the fifth day after the battle, Sergeant Wildman, who was severely wounded, succeeded in procuring a small piece of meat, which, having become tainted, had been thrown away by the rebels. This, with the generosity of a true soldier, he divided among his companions, and they devoured it with much better relish than in better days they would have eaten of the choicest viands.

To add to their tortures, on Monday it rained severely, and, having no tents or other covering except the bushes, these men were exposed all through that long night to a drenching storm.

At length, on Wednesday morning, the pleasant announcement was made, that all who could walk might start for Centreville, where they would be paroled. Peck, and several others, were unable to walk ; but every one who could was soon in line and on his way North.

The rebels had often been requested by the prisoners to furnish them something to prevent actual starvation, but were answered that they had nothing for their own men. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that every one who could possibly get along by aid of sticks, or otherwise, joined the company. One man, wounded so that he could not touch his foot to the ground, hobbled along. Another, Wm. H. Ripley, of Company K, shot through the arm, marched all day, though his arm was amputated on arriving at Washington.

It was a sad-looking company, and their spirits were only kept alive by the contemplation of the fact that they were marching towards Washington instead of Richmond.

On their way to Centreville they passed the battle-field of Bull Run, where, in one place, on less than half an acre, ninety

of our dead heroes still lay unburied, having been stripped of their clothing by the rebels. There is no good reason to suppose that the enemy were compelled by necessity to commit this barbarous outrage upon our dead ; and no other excuse in the least plausible could be made for such a brutal act. And an endless amount of undeniable evidence exists to prove that they persisted in the practice all through the war—often not waiting for death to seal the remonstrating lips of the sufferers, before stripping them of every garment upon their bodies ; and instances, the truth of which cannot be doubted, are furnished, where wounded men, offering a feeble resistance to these robberies, were murdered in cold blood.



## CHAPTER XI.

FIGHTING RENEWED—SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN—"FOLLOWING A RETREATING FOE," AND WHAT CAME OF IT—"DON'T FIRE ON YOUR FRIENDS"—MAJOR LIVINGSTON RALLIES THE SECOND MISSISSIPPI—THE COLORS OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—"CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED"—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT WILLIAMS—BETWEEN TWO FIRES—"BE QUIET, MEN! GOD WILL DO WITH US AS HE WILL"—WADING THROUGH THE MUD—TERRIBLE NIGHT DUTY—THE REGIMENT REACHES UPTON HILL—FORGIVING SPIRIT OF MR. LINCOLN.

*Friday, Aug. 29th.*—Notwithstanding the severe fighting of yesterday, the Regiment was ordered to march at one o'clock this morning.

Fighting till late in the evening, going supperless to sleep, with an enemy within a few rods, and an order to march at such an hour, does not greatly conduce to the rest of an army, or the fitting of it for a fight the next day; but in such a position as General Pope's army was placed at this time, comfort and ease are not expected. The march was, therefore, commenced at one o'clock A. M., and continued to Manassas Junction, a distance of ten miles. Owing to the circumstance that the wagons had been sent on, and did not meet the Regiment, provisions could not be procured, good water was not to be had, and when the Regiment reached Manassas the men were nearly exhausted. At this place a few crackers were obtained, when, after a few hours rest, the Regiment was ordered toward Bull Run. Here they were scarcely halted before orders were given to take a position, and after a short

time the Regiment, with others, was hurried some two miles, mostly at double-quick, to a point on the brow of a hill, to check the advancing enemy. On the way up, the Regiment passed General McDowell, who inquired :—

“What regiment is this?”

“The Seventy-sixth New York,” was the reply.

“Well, boys,” said he, “you are following a retreating foe! Push 'em like h—l!”

The men gave a shout, and one of those yells of triumph which no one can appreciate until he hears it in battle, and on they went over the rolling ground, until they came to a hill larger than the others, and a mile in advance of the main army. They had nearly reached the summit, when they received a destructive volley from the enemy on the other side of the ridge. Doubleday's Brigade was in the advance, and this unexpected attack by the “retreating foe,” produced considerable confusion for a moment. The Brigade finally swung into line and commenced firing. Hatch's Brigade came up on the left, and Patrick's on the left of Hatch's. Our line now extended from the road on the right, to a piece of woods on the left. The rebels were sheltered and hidden from sight by the woods, stone walls, and natural rifle pits, from which, while protected, they poured a most destructive fire.

There may be sport, at least there is fair play, in standing up and fighting an open enemy equally exposed with yourself; but to stand a target, in an open field, for a concealed and protected enemy, has more of the disagreeable than the pleasing.

The officers stood up bravely with their men, and such courage in a fair fight could have had no other than a successful issue.

In the hottest of the fight, as the colors of the Seventy-sixth fell, they were seized by Colonel Wainwright, who

rushed to the front, and by his manly and timely exhibition of courage, infused new spirit into his men.

Close to the left flank there was a dense wood, from which there had been no firing. Orders were at length given to fire into this wood, to ascertain whether the enemy were there, when the cry came,—

“Don’t shoot here! You are firing on your friends!”

Supposing our skirmishers had probably entered there, and were being fired upon, the firing was ordered to cease. Silence reigned for a moment, when suddenly a terrific volley was poured from the wood, making sad havoc in our ranks.

Nothing is so demoralizing to troops as an unexpected attack on the flank and rear. Men who can face a foe without an emotion, will often break in confusion when attacked by an unseen foe, from an unexpected quarter. It was soon ascertained that instead of pursuing a retreating foe, the alternative was presented to the Union troops to retreat or be annihilated. From every quarter the unseen foe poured the deadly volley—front, flank, rear! No army could stand in such a death-angle. The enemy must be driven from his hiding-place at the point of the bayonet, or the Union forces must retreat. General Doubleday, always averse to a retreat, was about to order a charge; but just at this point, Patrick’s brigade broke and fell back upon Hatch’s, which, in turn, broke upon Doubleday’s. As the surging masses came doubling back upon Doubleday’s Brigade, one grand effort was made to push forward and prevent a stampede. Colonel Wainwright requested the officers, by an exhibition of personal courage, to inspire their men. Captains Barnard and Young rushed forward in advance of their men, whom they called upon to follow; but the pressure of the retreating brigades was too strong, and soon the whole advance was retreating to the main line in wild confusion.

It was now dark. The enemy, finding our forces were retreating, sent up a shout, unmasked his forces and rushed impetuously forward. Confusion became worse confounded. In the darkness, regiments became divided and mixed, and even the enemy and the Union men were mingling together promiscuously.

This was pretty well illustrated by the experiences of Major Livingston. His horse had been shot, and the Major's hip injured by the fall. He was very anxious to change the retreat into an advance, and thus, on foot, swinging his sword, he ordered everybody to "right about, face!" but his orders were unheeded. At length, coming up to a regiment marching in tolerable order, in the same direction with the general current, and concluding they were sufficiently strong, at least, to cover the retreat of the wounded and exhausted, he ordered them to halt and face to the front, giving emphasis to the command by earnest gesticulations with his sword, and insisting that it was a shame to see a whole regiment running away. At this juncture, an officer demanded:—

"Who are you, sir?"

"Major Livingston, of the Seventy-sixth."

"Seventy-sixth what?" asked the stranger.

"Seventy-sixth New York," replied the Major.

"Well, then you are my prisoner, for you are attempting to rally the Second Mississippi."

The Major did not appreciate the obedience to his orders, as they faced about and took a southerly direction. There was, however, no alternative, and the gallant Major was taken to the rebel headquarters, in the rear, and there subjected to the usual examination as to his identity. The straps of a major are the same, except in color, as those of a surgeon, and on the examination, the Major, not having his commission convenient, seemed to forget his rank, and insisted that he

was a surgeon. The *ruse de guerre* was so well played that he was paroled, put in command of a squad of paroled men, and ordered to march them to our lines and give an account of them. The Major promptly and cheerfully obeyed the order, but took good care to yield the command to another as soon as out of sight of the rebel headquarters, taking "French leave," and passing unobserved by the shortest route to our lines. The result justified this disobedience of the orders of his captors; for no sooner had he left the command, than it was overtaken by a squad in search of the "doctor," with orders to bring him back at once.

While Military Governor, at Fredericksburg, Major Livingston had caused the arrest of a notorious rebel, Colonel Slaughter, who, on hearing a description of the "doctor," recognized in him an old acquaintance, and had obtained an order for the "doctor's" delivery into his hands. The probability is, that to the timely escape of the Major from his command, he must ever attribute his escape from tortures more horrid, if possible, than the Inquisition, and his reunion with his comrades in arms, and finally his little family and numerous friends in his northern home. He was affectionately welcomed to the Regiment, and the officers did not permit him soon to forget the important command which he had voluntarily assumed in the Second Mississippi.

During the retreat, Major Doubleday, of the Brigade staff, recognized, in the darkness, the color-bearer of the Seventy-sixth staggering along under the weight of the colors, and unable to carry them, and most thoughtfully took them from the staff and buttoning them in the breast of his coat, brought them in.

The retreating force finally came to the main lines. Here the men were for the most part asleep, and nothing was astir except the sentinel, whose voice was now and then heard

challenging some party presented for admittance to the lines. This, however, soon changed, and the confusion communicated itself to the main line. The regiments were all mixed; men trying to find their comrades, and calling out, "Where is the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania?" "Where is the Seventy-sixth New York?" and the officers endeavoring, in the darkness, to get their men together. "Men of the Twenty-third this way!" "The Twentieth to the right," all making "confusion worse confounded," and tending very slightly, if at all, to the proper organization of the respective regiments.

Nearly exhausted, the men finally sank supperless upon the ground and found that relief which nature alone administers to the weary and disheartened.

On the retreat, Captain Barnard, of Company F, becoming too much exhausted to accompany the men, Colonel Wainwright, with that kindness of heart which ever characterized him, kindly insisted upon the Captain's riding his horse; and thus, alternately riding and walking, the two officers reached the main lines.

In this battle the Seventy-sixth had fifteen wounded and twenty-four missing. Among the wounded were three officers.

Lieutenant Richard Williams, of Company I, was severely wounded, and died of his wound shortly after. He was a brave and efficient officer. As he received the wound, he fell against Sergeant Martin Edgecomb, and begged to be carried off the field; but the Regiment was hastily retreating, and he was of necessity left. He was engaged in the first Bull Run battle, in the Seventy-first New York volunteers, and did himself great credit on that occasion, as one of the few who stood their ground to the last. He was often heard to say:—"I have come out to fight, and I expect to have plenty of it to do; but I hope and pray I may never be called upon to fight on that accursed Bull Run field again! I have a per-

fect dread and horror of it!" It seemed as though a premonition of what was to be his fate continually warned him of the dangers of that fated field. It was a strange coincidence that he fell mortally wounded upon the very spot he so much dreaded! He was brought to Centreville the next day, where he died, and at the hands of a mourning Regiment received a soldier's burial. No officer in the Regiment bade fairer to become a shining ornament to the service than Lieutenant Richard Williams. He sleeps in the soil he died to consecrate to freedom; and though the rebel States may become "reconstructed" and again take their places in the glorious constellation of united, free republics, the graves of Lieutenant Williams, and the thousands who, with him, offered their lives upon the altar of human equality, will be silent but eloquent warnings against ever again placing the reins of government in the parricidal hands dripping with their patriot blood.

Captain Charles L. Watrous, of Company D, was severely wounded in the arm, and did no further duty in the Regiment. He received his wound in the first line before the retreat.

Lieutenant R. W. Carrier, of Company II, was wounded in the leg, above the knee.

Thomas Redmond, of Company I, mentioned in the last chapter, here again displayed his soldierly qualities, by seizing the colors and carrying them to the front, in the hottest of the fight, an honor which a little musician, Dorsey D. Case, of Company D, formerly Company C, begged the privilege of sharing.

*Saturday, August 30th.*—Shortly after sunrise, the fragments of regiments in the Brigade were drawn up in line; and it was truly heart-rending to witness the change which, in twenty days, had come over that noble Brigade. When it left Fredericksburg on the ninth, it numbered about fifteen

hundred men, and now there were not to exceed five hundred ! So much had twenty days of continuous marching and fighting done for this one Brigade.

When we consider the vast amount of severe marching, and great number of battles fought during this war, we come to understand why so many and such seemingly enormous calls were made by the President for men. One vigorous campaign of *fighting* scarcely leaves enough for drill sergeants for the new levies necessary for the next.

But the Regiment was not long idle. The order was given to move forward across the creek, which, in the confusion of last night, had been recrossed, and take a position as reserves. The other Brigades of the Division were engaged, but, although within range of the artillery, the Seventy-sixth, on this occasion, did not come under the infantry fire. The grape, shells, and solid shot came through the woods like hail ; but being fired too high, no casualties occurred in the Seventy-sixth. During all the excitement, as the iron hail rattled among the trees, Colonel Wainwright sat upon his horse, apparently as unconcerned as to his personal safety, as if he were reviewing his Regiment on dress parade ; every now and then, as a ball came whizzing past, coolly advising his men to lie closer to the ground.

The fighting on the left was terrific, but in this the Seventy-sixth was not engaged. It had been acting, however, as a reserve to a line which had been under heavy fire in the woods and repulsed. The Brigade was then withdrawn to a plain.

At this time, the shattered remains of the Twelfth Massachusetts which had apparently, in some way, been left behind, came up to us. Its Adjutant, De Hone, a fine fellow, who was afterwards killed at the storming of the heights near Fredericksburg, came up to Colonel Wainwright with the colors in his hands, and asked if General Doubleday would



permit them to join his command. His request was granted.

The Brigade had been stationed to secure a deep ravine. After some time a man accidentally climbing up one bank, reported that the troops supposed to be close by on the bank, were gone. Immediately another was sent up the opposite bank, and on his return reported none there. It was evident the Brigade had been forgotten. Just then, to add to the excitement of the position, the enemy opened fire upon them with artillery. General Doubleday managed the retreat very skillfully, availing himself of the turns in the ravine, and the Brigade at last came in sight of our own army in retreat. Instead of security, *they* now opened upon the Brigade, mistaking it for a rebel force, and it was only by signs, and presenting the colors, thus showing their political *status*, under some danger to the bearer, that the firing was stopped. This gave the rebels a fair mark, and they opened upon it, and for a few moments things were slightly mixed.

These fires from different directions are not pleasant to contemplate. A shell was thrown by the rebels, striking a few feet from the flag, killing one and wounding another, of the Ninety-fifth New York. Just at this time, Colonel Wainwright rode up, and, as he saw an indication of uneasiness, said, calmly, "Be quiet, men. God will do with us as he will," and he had no occasion to say it again. This was Colonel Wainwright's belief—a short, but very encouraging and sustaining creed in battle. He firmly believed that God would, in his own appointed time, take men to himself, and that, whether in the fiercest struggle of battle, or the quiet seclusion of home, there was no occasion to fear, for the issues of life and death are in His hands who knows when is the fit and proper time to call for us. Such men not only never indulge in fear, but generally succeed in dispelling the fears of those with whom they mingle.

From a regimental stand-point, there was very little in this day's operations calculated to dispel apprehensions or encourage hope. General Pope, however, as, with his generals gathered upon a commanding eminence, he looked down upon the furious battle, and saw our brave warriors steadily repel the rebel hosts, ever and anon sending up the shout of victory, as they drove the enemy from some entrenched position, indulged the belief that we had really won a victory, and that our retreat which had continued from Cedar Mountain, would now be changed to an advance. Then it was that his celebrated dispatch was sent to Washington, which, for a brief period, lifted the cloud of despair enshrouding the Capital, and permitted the sunshine of hope to warm the loyal Northern heart. But this sense of security and success was not long entertained. On came the rebel reserves, and, as our brave handful, with Spartan courage, stood their ground, mowing down the regiments with which they were engaged, each hour expecting reinforcements from General McClellan—expectations only indulged to be blighted—the rebel hosts were continually strengthened by fresh arrivals, until finally the strength of numbers and unspent physical force, pressed back the Union army, which took up again its line of retreat upon Centreville, and Bull Run witnessed the repetition of the retreat of thirteen months before. In this instance, however, owing to the good effects of discipline, the retreat was orderly, and though the troops were tired and weak, there was none of that demoralization witnessed on the former occasion.

The retreat was continued until late in the night, when the Seventy-sixth arrived within about a mile of Centreville, exhausted and nearly disheartened. As they came to Bull Run, they halted to fill their canteens with the muddy water, and then waded the stream, at this point about three rods in width, with two feet of water, under which was another foot of mud.

In these three days' of fighting, the Seventy-sixth lost in killed and wounded, nine officers and eighty-nine men, with one officer and forty-eight men missing.

*August 31st.*—This morning it commenced to rain—one of those drizzling rains that gives an unpleasant aspect to everything, and even in a comfortable house, by a cheerful fire, with one's wife and little ones, is well calculated to breed the "blues." But retreating from a victorious enemy knows no obstacles. If the sun shines, all the better; it helps keep one's courage up, and gives us fortitude with which to bear the disgrace; but whether the sun shines or the clouds lower, the retreating army must plod its way onward to a place of safety. To-day the roads would have seemed impassable for any aggressive movement, yet the Seventy-sixth, in common with its fellows, waded on until about noon, when the welcome order, "stack, arms," was given, and the men were once more, at last, in bivouac.

General Franklin had been stationed in the defenses of Centreville, and within those defenses, as the Seventy-sixth passed through, was one scene of confusion. Fragments of regiments of infantry, mingled with batteries of artillery and battalions of cavalry, all conglomerated into one heterogenous mass, clearly illustrated the effects of a hasty retreat even of disciplined troops. They had retreated to that place in tolerable order; but now that the necessity of maintaining their organization had in some measure passed away, the different regiments and arms of the service became commingled until one almost felt the loss of his personal identity.

On arriving in camp, the Regiment was mustered for pay, and the hope was fondly cherished that there would be a cessation of hostilities for a season, and the troops be permitted to recruit their wasted energies.

*September 1st.*—All human hopes are evanescent, and es-

pecially is this true with the soldier. Does he meet the foe and fight manfully, just at the point where he is to press forward to victory, the order to retreat is given; does he anticipate a march and change of scenery and experiences, he is ordered into camp to endure that routine so much dreaded; does he reach a camp tired and disheartened, and anticipate a few days of rest, no sooner does he pitch his tent than the order comes to march. This last was verified by the Seventy-sixth to-day. The men had pitched their tents, and were casting about for those little conveniences which make camp life pleasant, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, marching orders were received, and, after the usual preparations, the Regiment moved on towards Fairfax, and at night encamped just west of the village. Soon after arriving there, a heavy musketry and artillery fire commenced about a mile to the north, and lasted about an hour. A severe thunder-shower in the mean time set in, but it apparently had no effect upon the combatants. The flash of the cannon and musket answered the forked lightning, and the heavy thunder was re-echoed from the cannon's mouth; and thus on the bloody field of Chantilly, amid the thunder and the lightning, the roar of cannon and the death-rattle of musketry, many a hero sank down to that sleep which knows no waking!

A hospital had been established at Chantilly, and several of the men of the Seventy-sixth had been placed there for treatment. Among the number was Jay Webster, who "commanded," as we have seen, in the first armed fight, at Washington. When the enemy attempted to flank our army to-day, a battalion was organized from the convalescents, under Major Sukely. Jay Webster was among the number, and on that occasion received a wound in his knee. It was here that the noble Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed. General Kearney had lost an arm in the Mexican War. He

was one of those few generals who believed that *war* means *fight*, and it is to this article in his military creed that he owes his death. Ordinarily, the higher the command of the officer, the farther he is removed from danger. The private goes ahead and does the fighting, and the commanding general scarcely hears the guns that are to write his name in characters of light, or hand it down to posterity as an ambitious humbug. But General Kearney reversed the order. With the reins in his mouth, and swinging his sword with his single hand, he dashed forward towards the enemy, calling upon the men to follow. Then, finding himself several rods in advance, he would dash back to his troops, and urge them to greater speed, when away he would rush at the enemy again, only to repeat the scene again and again. Finding the rebels in a cornfield and entrenched behind a stone wall, he ordered a charge, and, leading the men, when near the wall, a rebel ball pierced the brave General, and he fell lifeless to the ground. Our army, however, was victorious, and the enemy, unable to flank Pope's little handful of troops, fell back, while the Union army held the field.

The march of this last day of the retreat, was the most severe of the campaign. The rain having thoroughly saturated the soil, the heavy trains had converted the roads into streams and lakes of thin mud. Shoes afforded no protection, as the mud was, most of the way, knee deep. A more dismal scene cannot well be imagined. The men were obliged to retreat ten or twelve miles, wading the whole distance, while their loads were continually augmented by the storm of rain and sleet which continued through the day and night. This day's march was truly terrible, but nothing compared with the night's work that followed. On reaching what they supposed would be their camp for the night, General Doubleday was ordered to send out his best regiment to guard an important

point. He chose the Seventy-sixth, saying he could rely upon that in any emergency. Orders were, therefore, received, for the Seventy-sixth to march about four miles to the left, and do picket duty during the night. The men had, during the hot days, thrown away every garment they could spare, and many were now only protected from the weather by a thin blouse, not wearing even a shirt. They were so thoroughly drenched that there was scarcely a dry thread in the Regiment. The night was so intensely dark, that an object could scarcely be seen five paces distant. The rain and sleet continued unabated, while the north-west wind sent it with almost fatal effect against the shivering and nearly paralyzed forms of the men; and to add to and intensify the horrors of the night, no fires, not even a match, could be lighted. And thus, through that long, dreary night, shivering and almost freezing, did the officers and men of the Seventy-sixth watch and wait for the enemy. Severer tests of courage may have been made upon the Regiment; but never again did the men suffer as during that night. The morning finally came to the relief of the suffering heroes, and the Seventy-sixth continued the retreat with the Brigade to Upton Hill.

Thus ended the campaign. It had been short, but more than usually severe. Beginning with the retreat from Cedar Mountain, and, in the case of the Seventy-sixth, with the march from Fredericksburg, it is seldom that an army has been required to undergo more than our men performed. With scarcely a day's intermission, the Third Corps, to which this Regiment belonged, was either making forced marches, often in the night, and through the hottest days of August, frequently without proper water, much of the time without food, or engaged in battles as severe and destructive as have taken place during this war. The Regiment had already been under fire at five different battles. It left New York

with nearly one thousand men. The exposures of camp, and those diseases incident to acclimation, had so reduced it that when it left Fredericksburg it contained but about four hundred and fifty officers and men; and now, after the struggles of this campaign, though several had rejoined it from Fredericksburg and elsewhere, it only numbered about two hundred and twenty-five. Of the thirty line officers, only six remained—a fearful reduction in both officers and men. The men left were so worn out by the long marches and severe privations that they were entirely unfit for duty. This report was made by Colonel Wainwright, with a request that the Regiment be recruited, and supplied with officers, and a little rest allowed to put it in condition to take the field. The only answer to this request was an order to march, half-equipped, to South Mountain, Antietam and elsewhere!

All the evidence concurs in proving that had General Pope been cordially supported by General McClellan, the enemy would have been immediately hurled back upon Richmond, or almost totally cut up and destroyed.

The Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, was comparatively fresh. The Government distinctly understood, and early notified him of the critical situation of affairs, repeatedly urging him forward. Whenever he sent an excuse for delay, the Government immediately removed the difficulty or suggested its solution. When he halted, Government urged him to immediate action. But still, knowing that Pope was in the very vortex of ruin, overwhelmed by the whole rebel army, being literally crushed by the force of numbers, he yet persistently withheld any and all support, but stood and watched the surging mass of overpowered and disheartened patriots, as they were driven by their triumphant foe into the defences of Washington.

A terrible reckoning is in store for those generals, who with

troops at their command, comparatively fresh—generals and troops who had been saved from annihilation by the timely aid of General Pope, and yet who, from jealous envy, could thus sacrifice their protector upon the shrine of their own unhallowed ambition. That such misplaced confidence was ever renewed argues volumes for the forgiving spirit of our martyred President!



## CHAPTER XII.

A SHORT REST—MARCH THROUGH WASHINGTON—SEVENTH STREET—FORT MASSACHUSETTS—MARCH THROUGH “MY MARYLAND”—FREDERICK CITY—CORDIAL WELCOME BY THE PEOPLE—BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN—DEATH OF CHARLES E. STAMP—COLONEL WAINWRIGHT WOUNDED—REBEL RUSE—THEY ARE SEVERELY PUNISHED—A UNION VICTORY.

*September 2d, 1862.*—The armies of the Potomac and of Virginia are now united and within the defenses of Washington. No one well informed will question the assertion that had they been thus united at Gainesville five days ago, there would have been no necessity for their occupying defenses. The two armies combined could have hurled back the rebel hosts, and not only avoided the second defeat at Bull Run, but saved the necessity of the Maryland campaign. This war would then have terminated in 1862 instead of 1865. But God had a great problem to solve, and, with our finite judgment, we must not declare that He did not make these bickerings and jealousies of commanders, which seem to so disgrace them, to serve His holy purpose. Great reforms require time. He who can jump astride a hobby, and deem himself able to work a wonder in a day, will, on the second day, find himself wonderfully mistaken. Slavery was to be abolished. The foul cancer was eating the life out of the nation. It was sapping the foundation of our national prosperity. Its growth had been gradual and slow; it had struck its roots deep into a portion of the national heart; upon it parties had been reared

and nourished, and when it demanded new guaranties, or the destruction of the nation, a powerful party was drawing its inspiration, if not its very existence from it; the institutions, civil, social, and religious, of nearly half the Union, were based upon and shaped to this one institution, and we could not reasonably expect its overthrow without an effort, and without time for its accomplishment. Had the war ended with this campaign, it would be difficult to see how slavery would have been abolished, and without that result, the war would, indeed, have been a failure. A Union in form we might have had; but a rope of sand would have bound us together, and though this is not said with a view to a justification of any narrow-minded general, who would, from personal motives, suffer the flag of his country to be disgraced, when he had the power to prevent it, yet there is no doubt that the very defeat described in the preceding pages, contributed, in the end, to the advancement of the best interests of the country. So little do we know of the use which Providence is making of us all in working out the problems of His own infinite mind.

The men were now confident they were to enjoy rest. The long marches which they had performed, night after night deprived of sleep, and continually excited by those rumors which ever infest a camp, and especially when situated like this army on the retreat, were enough to induce a desire for quiet; but, added to this, and the want of provisions—the trains having been frequently far from the troops—was the more disheartening fact, that during all those long, sultry days, and weary, wakeful nights, they had been on a retreat. To fight and retreat, and retreat and fight, in the face of a superior force, is a very severe test of the soldier. This they had done for the last fifteen days, and, though many broke down under the fatigue and exposures, and many straggled from the ranks,

the troops, as a general thing, behaved most creditably, and, though sadly depleted in numbers, and the remainder tired and reduced from marching and fasting, they preserved their discipline to a remarkable degree.

The men had just mustered for pay. A portion had been re clothed; most of them had already the comforts of camp life, when, after a short stay of four days, the orders were given (September sixth) to march.

The rebels, appreciating their inability to capture Washington from the south, had commenced a flank movement, which brought the army into Maryland, across the Upper Potomac, with the evident design, either to march into Pennsylvania, as they subsequently did in 1863, or attack Washington or Baltimore, or both, from the north and west.

The men had, in these four days, considerably revived in body and spirit. For the first time in twenty days, the rations were regularly issued, which, with the sense of security which pervaded the camp, had brought the men back to nearly their normal condition.

At six P. M., September sixth, the Division was ordered to march through Washington into Maryland. The men had seen sufficient fighting to deprive it of all the novelty with which it presents itself to the unfledged warrior, and yet it was not entirely with regret that the Regiment bade adieu to Upton Hill. Before them arose bright visions of the time when, with their combined forces, they should meet and vanquish the foe which had so severely treated them, and not a few anticipated rather than dreaded the trial which was to make them conquerors.

The whole army was now in motion. Many of the same guns that flashed in the sunlight, as they crossed the river the March before, in pursuit of the enemy, in the direction of Richmond, were now in pursuit of the same enemy on the northern side of the Potomac.

Many thousands of that noble army had fallen in the swamps of the Chickahominy, and in the battles of the Peninsula; but their places had been more than filled by the battle-scarred veterans of the Army of Virginia, and they now felt invincible.

The strength of an army is measured not only or chiefly by its numbers, but by its *morale*. If it is confident of its strength, and of success, a small army will accomplish much more than a larger army wanting this confidence.

As usual, the road was blocked up by troops that had preceded. The Regiment, after going a mile or two, stacked arms and rested until the roads should be cleared. The obstructions removed, the order was given to forward, and on went the Regiment. The march was continued all night. At two o'clock in the morning, the Seventy-sixth stopped for a short time in front of the White House, in Washington, and the men welcomed the opportunity to throw themselves down to rest a few moments upon the stone sidewalk. Then, through Washington, up Seventh street, where on their way to war, the Seventy-sixth had so forcibly inculcated its doctrines of human rights; past Fort Massachusetts, where the fore part of summer was spent, until a march of about a dozen miles had been accomplished.

The officers and men could not avoid observing the change in their condition, as they passed their former headquarters. Less than four months had elapsed since they left the fort nearly eight hundred strong, with clean, new uniforms; the men in excellent condition, with happy faces, and panting for a fight; now, ragged, gaunt, foot-sore and jaded, with scarcely two hundred men fit for duty!

The march was continued until September fourteenth, when the Regiment passed through Frederick City, Md. Soon after leaving the city, cannonading could be distinctly heard

at the front. The march was quickened, and kept up almost at double-quick, until about noon, when Middletown was passed, and South Mountain arose to the view but a mile or two in advance. The inspiring intelligence had been conveyed to our men before this, that Burnside had occupied Frederick City, and now, as the brigades passed through that place they enjoyed an inspiring ovation. The people of Maryland, cursed to a less extent by slavery, than had been most of the Southern States, had succeeded in retaining its loyalty to a greater degree. Loyalty and slavery are directly antagonistic, and by conning the census tables showing the white and slave population, one might very nearly arrive at the character of the reception that awaited the advent of the Union army into any particular city or locality.

The weather was excellent for marching. Evidences multiplied that the enemy were retreating, and we occupying the ground they had just left, and added to this inspiring fact was the cheering reception given by the loyal people, as the troops marched along. There were many surly secessionists, who illy concealed their rage at this "invasion" of their State by the "Yankee horde;" but all along the march were unmistakable evidences that the people of Maryland were much more loyal, as a whole, than those with whom the Seventy-sixth had mingled for the last four months. In Frederick City, especially, was this loyalty manifested. Flags were waving throughout the day, from almost every house; handkerchiefs were fluttering, while ever and anon a beautiful bouquet would be tossed by the fairest hands of Maryland's loyal daughters. These were answered by cheer upon cheer from the happy patriots, until they cheered themselves hoarse in the attempt to show their appreciation of the reception. One can scarcely estimate the value of such a reception, upon the very eve of the terrible battle of South Mountain. The

men not only had friends at home to protect with their lives ; but a new inspiration urged them forward, as they thought of these loyal daughters of a State around which the monster of secession had attempted to wind his deadly coil. They considered themselves no longer on an enemy's soil, but as the defenders of Maryland's honor, to drive from the soil an enemy who had invaded a State, the allegiance of which they had vainly attempted to sever.

“None but a coward will boast that he was never afraid,” once remarked a celebrated officer ; and, though the men were steady and determined, there were many who gazed upon the curling wreaths of smoke, as they arose from the mountain-side before them, and as they listened to the roar of cannon and the clatter of musketry, and thought of the dear ones in their distant homes, saw and heard nothing that would not have been gladly silenced and avoided could they as well have saved their country without as with a battle. We may talk of that patriotism which willingly offers up life and all upon the country's altar, and write poetry and sing peans to perpetuate the memory of the dying martyr. It all sounds well in declamation, and reads well in verse, and is all correct in theory ; but the practice of being shot is not only dangerous, but painful, and human nature, at its best estate, recoils from contact with cold lead, when it comes at a velocity sufficient to penetrate the casement, and the truest soldier, in view of impending battle, inwardly repeats, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done, oh, my country !”

Up the steep mountain-side rush the long line of skirmishers, now halting, as if to hear the approach of the enemy, with gun in hand, awaiting his advance, and then rushing forward to find and uncover his masked position.

The duty of the skirmisher is a very hazardous one, especially on such a field as South Mountain. The side of the mountain is very steep; so much so that it was almost impossible to carry the gun at a "charge," as at that angle the bayonet would frequently pierce the ground. The surface, except here and there a cornfield, was covered by a dense growth of pine and cedar. The summit was skirted with forests, and from the wreaths of smoke, and other unmistakable signs, it was supposed that the rebels were here in mass.

General Hooker, the hero who afterwards fought in the clouds at Lookout Mountain, was in command of the Corps to which was attached the Seventy-sixth, and to him had been assigned the task of storming the hill on the right of the pass, known as Turner's Gap. While the roar of artillery and the puffs of smoke indicate a battle is raging, the hosts are forming at the foot of the mountain, for the dangerous attempt to drive the enemy from the summit, if need be, at the point of the bayonet. The column is finally started. The men have been severely marched to-day; it is exceedingly hot, and under other circumstances, rest and quiet would be sought; but now that mountain must be cleared of the rebel hosts; those dark woods which bellow and belch forth their fire and iron hail, must be carried, and the enemy punished for the deeds of the past month. Straggling is less frequent than usual. Every man owes that rebel army a debt which must now be paid, and, regardless of fatigue, up the steep acclivity, through the corn and wheat fields, up, up goes the grand army. A more impressive sight than that witnessed by these troops as they ascended the mountain-side, is seldom or never seen. The beautiful, quiet and smiling valley behind, as it lay basking in that clear September sunset, on that lovely Sabbath eve, and in front the smoke and roar of battle.

As the troops were halted to take breath, and cast their

eyes over the quiet loveliness of the valley below, they thought of the loved ones at home, who, this beautiful Sabbath afternoon, were doubtless penning letters to them—letters which, perhaps, might never reach them, and then the order, “forward,” placed before them the contrast, which made them for the time forget that this was the Sabbath day, and on they went to the deadly conflict. For an hour and a half was the Regiment thus engaged in ascending this mountain, before it came within range of the enemy’s musketry fire. As the Brigade neared the summit, the firing became more distinct, until the troops entered the last skirt of forest that crowned the summit. Before entering this wood, a halt was made and bayonets fixed, and thus prepared for any emergency, forward into the treacherous woods moved the intrepid Corps.

The Brigade occupied the left of the Division, and the Seventy-sixth the extreme left of the Brigade; so that the left flank of the Regiment was uncovered. On the right of the Seventy-sixth was the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania. Through the woods came the rebel bullets, tearing the trees and shrieking overhead, while just ahead came the cheers and yells of the opposing troops, and the awful din of battle in all its fury.

Hatch’s Brigade of King’s Division had preceded Doubleday’s Brigade, and was now heavily engaged. As our Brigade entered the wood, the Adjutant of the First Brigade came rushing out of the noise and confusion, shouting:—

“Our Brigade cannot sustain itself much longer, as we are nearly out of ammunition! For God’s sake, to the front!”

On rushed Doubleday’s Brigade, only impeded by the staff officers, who rode in front, and continually along the line gave the order, “Steady, boys, steady!” The upper edge of the woods was soon gained, and there was witnessed fighting in good earnest. The wood was bounded by a fence, close by which Hatch’s Brigade stood fighting as though the fate of the



country depended upon their heroic conduct. There was an open space of a hundred feet beyond the fence, filled with rebels, who, hiding behind rocks, and in depressions of the surface, poured volley after volley into Hatch's Brigade, which, in turn, fell upon the ground to load, then arose and returned the deadly salute. While thus heroically contesting the ground, Doubleday's Brigade rushed with a shout to their rescue. Hatch's Brigade fell back for rest, while the Seventy-sixth and its fellows poured their deadly hail upon the enemy. Charge after charge was made by the rebels, to break through the Union lines, but each one was handsomely repulsed, and thus for half an hour this Brigade stood its ground against vastly superior numbers, conscious that if the line was broken, with no reserves on which to rely, the defeat would prove annihilation.

Charles E. Stamp, of Company A, who was promoted to color-bearer for gallantry in saving the colors at Gainesville, was carrying the colors on this occasion. As the Regiment was ordered to advance, not obeying quite as promptly as this hero desired, he rushed forward about a rod in advance of the Regiment, while the bullets were falling thickly around him, and, planting the flag staff firmly in the ground, shouted, "There, come up to that!" But he made too good a mark, and before the Regiment had time to obey the order, a fatal ball pierced his forehead, and "Charley Stamp," one of the truest and best men in the Regiment, was mustered out of the army militant, and mustered into the army triumphant.

The Seventy-sixth was probably never engaged in a more severe and deadly fight than at South Mountain. During the whole battle, the range was so short, and both sides fired with such precision, that the volleys told with awful effect. Colonel Wainwright coolly rode along the line and directed the men to fire low; and never was powder and ball rammed into

guns with greater energy, or discharged with greater rapidity, or more damaging effect.

The enemy, finding that bayonet charges on their part would be of no avail against the steady lines of the Union forces, resorted to one of those tricks which, in every battle thus far, had been attempted upon our Regiment. A small thicket of bushes ran along parallel with and not more than ten or fifteen rods from the fence behind which was posted the Seventy-sixth. The order was given to fire into this thicket, when the cry came out:—

“For God’s sake, stop firing! You are killing your own men!”

General Hatch, now in command of the Division, happened to be near by, and ordered the firing to cease, which was obeyed, though the men were well satisfied it was a repetition of the ruse played at Gainesville and Bull Run. Scarcely had the firing ceased when two regiments of the enemy, the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Virginia, came out silently and swiftly, marching by the left flank, then, suddenly fronting, advanced within twenty paces of our left, kneeled down and poured a most terrific volley into our ranks. Fortunately the dark back ground of the woods prevented them from seeing our men clearly, and their aim was mostly too high. Eighteen or twenty of our men, however, fell, among them Colonel Wainwright, who was wounded in the arm. His favorite horse was killed about the same time. Quickly rising and tying a handkerchief around his arm where the ball entered, he gave the order to fire, at the same time discharging the six barrels of his revolver at the enemy. The remnant of those two rebel regiments will never forget that volley! They were so near that the blaze of our guns almost reached their faces, and when the smoke of the volley had cleared away, the sight was truly appalling. The rebel dead were literally piled in heaps, and among them was Colonel Strange, of the Nineteenth Virginia,

while the remainder, who had escaped, were rushing in wild disorder to their cover in the thicket.

There was a lull in the battle. By the blunder of a staff officer, the Seventy-sixth, and another regiment of the Brigade were ordered to fall back about a mile, while they were relieved by other troops. As they were about obeying, Captain Goddard, of Company F, called the attention of Colonel Wainwright to something moving in a cornfield on the left. It was soon decided to be the enemy, engaged in a flanking movement. Changing front to the rear, always a very difficult manœuver during an engagement, the Seventy-sixth New York, and a portion of the Seventh Indiana, which was on the right, met the rebels with such a fire as completely and definitely changed their purpose. So well was the effect of the gallant repulse of this flank movement understood in the army, and by the commanding generals, that General McClellan honorably mentions the Seventy-sixth in his report of the campaign.

The Seventy-sixth was at this point relieved, though the order of the staff officer relieving, was soon after countermanded. The ground was very rough, but the Regiment fell back with great steadiness. This was the last determined attempt of the enemy at South Mountain. Colonel Wainwright, despite his wound, which was quite severe, was almost in ecstasies, as he addressed his fragment of a Regiment upon their soldierly bearing and heroic deeds in this battle. He seemed at a loss for words to express his gratitude to them, and his sense of the value of their services in defeating these repeated attempts to flank the army, and which, if accomplished, would have lost to us the important battle of South Mountain.

During this battle, General Hatch, in command of the Division, was severely wounded, and General Doubleday took command of the Division.

It had now become so dark that neither side could see the other, and our men only aimed at the flashes of the rebel muskets, and these soon ceased. The order was given to the Brigade to cease firing. No one knew the position or strength of the enemy in front, so advance would be worse than folly; and there stood our men, silently and grimly, at the fence, while several minutes of silence ensued. All was still as though no battle had been raging, except now and then a groan from the wounded, or the sound of a rammer, as it sent down the ball for the next discharge. This silence was of short duration. Just as our men were congratulating themselves that this battle was over, the rebels, thinking that our troops had retreated, rushed forward towards the fence, at the same time pouring in a volley of musketry. The fire was too high to cause any damage, though the balls tearing through the trees, and bringing down a shower of twigs and leaves, plainly told what havoc a better aim would have inflicted. Our men were prepared to meet them, and they were compelled to fall back before the fire of our line.

The firing had nearly ceased. Our Division, relieved by General Rickett's, was drawn up in line, as if for a review, and our Brigade ordered to lie down on their arms about a hundred feet from the fence, ready for a night attack, which seemed probable. For a time the firing was heard on the left, now coming nearer, bringing the sad indication that our men were being driven, and then receding, showing us to be victorious, until it finally ceased, and the battle of South Mountain was a recorded victory to the Union arms.

We have not the report of the losses of the Seventy-sixth in this battle, but something of an idea can be formed of the severity of the conflict in which they took so conspicuous a part, when we state that in this contest for the possession of Turner's Gap, the loss on our part, along the whole line, was

three hundred and twenty-eight killed, and fourteen hundred and sixty-three wounded.

Colonel Wainwright was forced, in consequence of his wound, to leave the Regiment, to rejoin it at Warrenton some seven weeks afterwards.

Whatever we may think of General McClellan's course at Alexandria, in failing to reinforce General Pope, the people will give him credit for the skill with which he handled the disorganized troops of both his and Pope's defeated armies, and while on the march after the retreating enemy, so organized them as to win a victory, at such great disadvantage, over the victorious army of Lee.

For the proper organization of an army, General McClellan had few, if any, equals. His chief fault consisted in the kid-glove style in which he fought them after they were organized; or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the hesitating manner in which he marched them to the fight.

The Seventy-sixth always enjoyed the proud consciousness that the Regiment was composed of the very best material. The men, for the most part, went to war from patriotic motives; they were led by gallant and brave officers, and these facts gave them self-confidence. But to this had been added that drill which, for the last two or three months, had been disciplining and giving tone to their naturally patriotic characters, until no Regiment in the field stood higher in soldierly qualities.

Charles E. Stamp was but a sample. Colonel Wainwright, after this heroic fighting, might well afford to say he felt proud to command such a regiment.

It cannot be denied that men who fight for principle are more to be depended upon in circumstances calculated to test the heroism of men, than those who are fighting simply for pay, or to serve a period of enlistment into which they were

induced to enter by large bounties offered, or to avoid conscription. This was well shown by comparison of the Seventy-sixth, as a sample, and the regiments that entered the service in 1864. Of the latter there were some good regiments ; but in the main they consisted of men who could about as easily have been bought by a large bounty from the enemy ; and one-half of the number enlisted, either deserted before reaching the field, or proved “ dead beats ” after arriving there.

## CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN—DECIDED UNION VICTORY—APPEARANCE OF THE BATTLE FIELD—PURSUING THE REBELS—BEN VAN VALKENBURG CAPTURES NINE PRISONERS—BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER—ANOTHER VICTORY—DESCRIPTION OF THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE—FAILURE TO REAP THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

*September 15th.*—This day has revealed the horrors of last night's work. Neither side then knew the extent of the injury it was inflicting upon the other; but to-day, the Union army has before it the results of the battle in all their terrible reality. When the gray morning broke in the east, and the men of the Seventy-sixth arose from their earthly bed, there at the rail fence, as though they were statuary, stood Rickett's Division, guns loaded, bayonets fixed, ready for a repetition of last night's assaults. Thus had they stood all night, momentarily expecting the attack, but it came not; and now, as the light revealed the field, no rebel army was to be seen. Before them, however, were spread the unmistakable evidences of the deadly volleys which the Seventy-sixth and their comrades had poured into the rebel ranks. The dead lay thickly scattered, in some instances piled one upon another, over the field. So closely had the enemy approached our lines, in their desperate charges, that more than thirty of their dead lay within ten paces of the fence which had marked the boundary of the Union advance. The men were not long in venturing over into this bivouac of rebel dead. Here lay a poor fellow

with his head upon his arm, and his eyes closed as though in sleep; here another, with gun clenched fast in his hand, and a determined look still upon his face; there, where the fire had been more deadly, lay several, the one across the other, as if the heat of battle had melted a battalion, and they had all fallen. It was a sickening sight, as they lay with their eyes, as they were for the most part, open and staring toward heaven. All animosity, at such a time, yields to the better impulses of our nature, and we wonder how it is that man can lift his hand to slay his brother. We forget the cause of the strife, and, as we contemplate these faces, and think of their darlings who will never again behold them, till they meet on the other shore, we involuntarily drop a tear for the misguided men we killed but yesterday.

In the foremost of the fight lay Colonel Strange, of the Nineteenth Virginia. Evidently a man of character, he had died as any brave man could wish to, if die he must,—in the front, with his face to his foes. His death had evidently been instantaneous, for he still held in his hand the sword which he was swinging at the time when death summoned him to his final account, while on his countenance was depicted that stern determination to succeed which had brought him so near our lines. Nor was he alone in his determination to pierce the Union lines, for a few feet to his left lay another officer, and still further on, a young lieutenant, whose intelligent and even handsome countenance attracted general attention.

“Poor fellows!” our men could but exclaim.

What a lesson is this for all future time! What an awful reckoning is in reserve for those who, for ambitious, unholy ends, when the country was at peace, and prosperity spread her mantle over the whole land, could thus foment discord, and, with nothing to settle except the consciousness that they were oppressing three million human beings, could call the



sword from its scabbard to thus inflict ruin and destruction upon themselves! Surely, "whom the gods destroy, they first make mad." These men who now lie with their faces upturned, came not here for love of war, nor to redress any real grievances, but because stimulated and urged forward by the few leading spirits, whose custom it had long been to rule the South; controlling the political, social and religious organizations, and arrogating to themselves the intelligence and moral worth of that section. Those men, and not these slain, are responsible for all this havoc. Many of these dead were never induced to enter the service; but were actually conscripted to fight for an institution in which they had no interest, and for which they had no respect.

One of our men venturing further than his comrades, discovered a long, gaunt "gray-back," about seventeen years of age, concealed behind a stump, without weapons. On finding himself discovered, he leaped forward, exclaiming, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I'm your prisoner." He was taken before the General, and there satisfied every one who heard his child-like story, that he never voluntarily entered the service. He detailed the manner in which he had been conscripted, drilled, and finally brought up this mountain to be shot at, and concluded as follows:—

"I told 'em I was a coward and couldn't fight, but they drove me up here, where I came near being killed; so I dropped, and crawled behind a stump and waited there all night."

This was no solitary instance in which the cradle was robbed to furnish recruits for the rebel army.

In the cornfield where the Seventy-sixth repulsed the last attempted flank movement, the rebel dead were literally piled in heaps. Our loss was much less, but the sight there was indeed very sad. The dead heroes were gathered together

and ranged in rows, side by side, each regiment by itself, that so far as possible, their comrades and acquaintances should perform for them the simple and sad rites of burial upon the battle-field. No sermon was delivered; no hymn sung; no salute fired, and no coffin, not even the plain box, enclosed their remains; but a trench was dug, the blankets wrapped around the dead, and they were covered from the sight of their sorrowing comrades.

This battle was one of the most decisive Union victories of the war. The rebels, utterly routed, ran in wild confusion down the mountain side, throwing away their guns, knapsacks, and whatever tended to impede their progress. Had night been delayed two hours longer, the whole rebel army must unavoidably have been captured or annihilated; for when darkness closed the battle, the Union army had surrounded the rebels on three sides, with but one possible way of retreat, and that was through a narrow ravine, which the batteries could easily have rendered impassable. As it was, night furnished a means of escape which was well improved.

Our fragment of a Brigade was now permitted to light fires and make coffee. The hard tack and coffee were hardly disposed of, before orders were received to march towards Boonesborough. The wounded were placed in ambulances and sent back to Frederick, while the able-bodied went forward, this time in search of their retreating foe.

To follow a retreating foe has a much better effect upon an army, than to retreat before a victorious enemy. The last month had verified this. While coming from Gainesville and Bull Run, the men attempted to keep cheerful; but they could not rid themselves of the fact that they had been beaten and were retreating. Now, as they went forward, their jokes and merry laughter plainly told of the change that had come over them. Nothing is so exhilarating to the soldier, as an occasional victory.

The country was filled with rebel stragglers, and though many were driven in at the point of the sabre, by the rebel cavalry, very many fell into our hands.

An incident connected with one of the men of the Seventy-sixth, while it furnishes a sample of the courage and Yankee ingenuity prevalent in the Regiment, also illustrates the demoralized condition of the rebel army:—Benjamin Van Valkenburg, a corporal in Company I, had been detailed as orderly at the headquarters of General Doubleday. As the Division moved down the mountain, the day following the battle, "Ben." deserted a fine farm house a mile or so distant, and visions of chickens and other contraband, induced him to gallop on ahead of the column, until he found himself in advance of the front line of skirmishers. On entering the yard, he rode around the house, intent on striking some sort of a bargain for as much poultry as would be required by the General's mess, including the orderlies, when, instead of the smiling face of the housewife, he suddenly confronted seven stalwart rebel soldiers sitting on the porch, with rifles dangerously convenient. The rebels stared at Ben., who returned the compliment. To use his own expression, he felt "mightily scared;" but to run was to receive seven rebel bullets in the back, and that was a portion of Ben.'s body which could not with his consent be thus desecrated. Summoning all his courage, he drew his revolver, dashed resolutely up to the rebels and ordered them to surrender! All threw down their arms save one, who swore he would never surrender for any Yankee. Ben. leveled his six-shooter at the head of the disobedient rebel, and gave him half a minute to make up his mind. With a bitter oath, down went his gun, also. "Fall in!" shouted Ben. The first impulse of his undrilled battalion was to disobey orders; but all demurring was silenced by a flourish of the revolver. Ben. had not failed to observe that

officers on horses ride behind their commands, and in this particular case it was a safe position. Having formed his line, the order was given, "Forward, march!" As they passed out through the gate, they met two other rebels, well armed. Our commandant ordered them to "fall in!" Supposing the squad to be Union skirmishers, they readily obeyed, and a short march brought the Corporal, with his nine prisoners, to the Division commander. General Doubleday was so pleased with this daring act, that he offered Van Valkenburg a commission; but his reply was as full of genuine simplicity and honesty, as his achievement had been of heroism and courage:—

"I am much obliged to you, General," said the Corporal, "but I am uneducated and unfitted for an office. I came here to fight, and that I am willing to do."

The General declared himself honored by association with men of such modest courage, and ever afterwards Ben. was a favorite at Division headquarters.

Nothing occurred to impede the progress of the Union army in their hunt for the rebels, until the sixteenth of September. Towards evening of that day, the skirmishers reported the enemy in the vicinity of Antietam Creek. The Brigade continued its march until after dark, when it bivouacked for the night. Pickets were thrown out in advance of the regiments, and the remainder lay down for a night's rest.

In the morning, as it became sufficiently light to clearly distinguish objects, the pickets of the Seventy-sixth found the rebel pickets so near that they might almost, in some instances, shake hands. The position was a delicate one for both sides; but by mutual consent, due deference was paid to their short acquaintance as individuals and no picket firing was indulged in by either side. The Seventy-sixth lay behind a fence in a depression of the earth, on the Hagerstown pike. A state of

inaction was not, however, long indulged in. Shortly after daylight, a heavy fire was opened by the rebel artillery, occupying a little eminence about half a mile distant. Our artillery was soon brought to a small elevation about forty rods in rear of the Seventy-sixth, and from daylight until about ten o'clock, a brisk artillery duel was carried on over the heads of our men. Usually the balls and shells passed harmlessly over their heads; but now and then a shell with an improper fuse would burst in quite too close proximity for the enjoyment of the men; and occasionally a ball fired at too small an elevation, and falling short of its intended object, would plow up the soil, scattering the dust and stones promiscuously over the Regiment.

This being placed between the fires of two armies, while it is very exciting, is too much like holding an apple upon one's head, to be shot off as a target. The marksman may be ordinarily correct in his aim, but the position of the man under fire is more a post of honor than enjoyment.

The Seventy-sixth had, however, proved its courage under much more severe tests than this, and to one unaccustomed to such scenes, their indifference was truly remarkable.

About ten o'clock the Regiment was ordered to the right to support a battery. The enemy, at this point, was protected by a piece of woods, and a stone wall running along in front, while the Union battery and its supports were entirely unprotected. The Regiment was not under infantry fire at this battle.

About four P. M., Lieutenant Byram was sent about half a mile, with Company A, to watch the enemy and check his advance from a certain direction. No enemy, however, made his appearance. Two of the men visited an adjacent farmhouse and procured a large quantity of fresh bread and sweet butter, and Company A enjoyed a feast near the battle-field,

which, for a time, diverted their minds from the dangers which surrounded them. That night the men slept upon their arms, expecting a renewal of the fight the next morning. The men stood by their guns, momentarily expecting the opening of the fight, but it came not, and soon it was found that the enemy had again retreated during the night.

By military men, Antietam is considered as one of the most scientific battles of the war. Surely, if the destruction of your enemy is a mark of science, this battle is held in due appreciation. The fighting, as a whole, was truly terrific. Standing upon an eminence, and taking in the whole battle-field at one view, as we look upon a vast picture, the sight was magnificent, if that word may be applied to the awful carnage of a closely contested battle, where a stern determination to win a victory is displayed on both sides. From every hillock in this vast extent of uneven landscape, came the puffs and wreaths of smoke, showing the location of the batteries of artillery and regiments of infantry. For several miles the earth trembled as the battalions belched forth their terrible thunders, while an unceasing rattle of musketry filled the intervals. Soon out from this field of fire, and smoke, and thunderings came the sad evidences of the awful work there going forward. First, an occasional wounded man, and then they became more frequent, until towards noon a continual stream of wounded and dying poured to the rear. Some with broken arms; others limping along; while others, unable to move, were brought in on stretchers or in ambulances, or in the arms of their companions, covered with blood, and many already in the last agonies. The sight was a heart-sickening one, and one which, under other circumstances, would have been unendurable; but in war, bloodshed and carnage are expected, and one comes to look upon them as a matter of course.

On the seventeenth the Regiment was engaged all day supporting a battery, so that it did not share very largely in the fight. Several, however, were wounded.

During the battle, General Hooker received a painful wound, which compelled him to withdraw from the field. This was a great loss at this time, for General Hooker was a fighting man, and to him more, perhaps, than any other one man is due the honor of the Union victory at Antietam.

The enemy having retreated, the battle-field, which had been so closely contested foot by foot, remained in our possession. The enemy carried off all except the more severely wounded; yet the scenes of the battle-field were most sickening the next morning. For miles where the battle had raged most fiercely, the ground was covered with dead officers, soldiers and horses, while guns, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and all the other implements of warfare, were thickly sprinkled over the field. In many places, the field had been taken and retaken several times, so that with the graybacks were often mingled the "boys in blue."

Before this battle, the neighborhood in which it was fought, had been an interesting farming community. But a fortnight before, it had been dotted over with farm-houses filled with happy families, while the goddess of peace and plenty was about to fulfill her golden promises. The barns were already stored with hay and the earlier grains, while the large and luxuriant cornfields, and fields of later grains, and extensive orchards, bending with their rich loads of apples and peaches, spoke cheerfully of pleasant evenings around the domestic firesides. In the midst of this little Eden valley, was the well-attended brick church, from which the light of christianity had radiated until meeting the rays of similar influences, they had nearly obliterated the last traces of human slavery. But how severely had this beautiful valley suffered. The

horses and hungry soldiers had eaten up the cornfields and cereals. The fruit had been prematurely plucked. Every house, barn and outbuilding had been pierced by the shot and shells of the contending hosts; and now, the day after the battle, not a family remains in that recently so densely populated region. The little church standing by the roadside in an important position, seems to have been the focal point where the wrath of the contending armies met, for a hundred cannon solid-shot have pierced it, while thousands of bullets have marred its sacred walls. In this church, lying upon its hard benches, are many of the enemy, more severely wounded, one of whom, in delirium, is raving like a madman; but for the most part they bear their fate with remarkable resignation. Can it be they believe they are dying to uphold or perpetuate any great moral principle? Charity compels us to believe it; but the belief impeaches their oft-repeated claims to superior intelligence.

For two days our army was actively engaged in burying the dead. Long trenches were dug, into which they were piled, and to-day thousands sleep their last sleep on that fated field, while those who held them most dear, will visit in vain their final resting-place, in hope of finding some mark by which they may identify the spot sacred to them as the home of their cherished dead.

Several days' rest was now given to the Union army, to recruit from the effects of the last two severe struggles. The enemy had been severely repulsed—sent headlong down the western slope of South Mountain, to be again defeated and driven from the field at Antietam, and everybody prophesied, both in the army and out of it, that the enemy would be driven into the 'Potomac, or captured, and at the lapse of this brief period of time, no one can doubt that a vigorous movement upon our part would have accomplished the one or the other



of these desirable results. For some reason, the Union army halted on the very threshold of its successes, and the disorganized rebel army was permitted to recross the Potomac, to choose again its own field for defensive warfare.

While the army thus rested, large numbers swarmed from the North in search of friends who had fallen in battle. Daily funeral processions marched along the Hagerstown pike, bearing, for burial in their Northern cemeteries, the caskets that so lately contained those manly spirits which, as fathers, sons and brothers, these mourning pilgrims had so highly prized. It was, indeed, a mournful sight; but they had not died in vain. The rebel invaders had been hurled from the soil of loyal Maryland, and the North was thus protected from the ravaging tread of the implacable foe. Over their broken caskets will be preached many a patriotic sermon, and at the sight of this new evidence of the wickedness of this rebellion, many a new resolve will be made, to take form in action on future battle-fields. Thus temporarily-successful efforts of rebel hands will be the very means of rendering the success ephemeral.

For some unaccountable reason, the successful armies of the Potomac and Virginia remained over a whole month of fine weather idle. The roads were splendid. The men were anxious to end the work they had to do, and return to their friends and peaceful avocations, elated with success, and anxious to reap the fruits of their late desperate struggles, by the capture of the enemy; daily impatiently inquiring when the order to move would come, and yet it was delayed. Summer had yielded to autumn, and soon it would be winter, when of necessity the campaign must be ended. Privates saw this. Non-commissioned, commissioned officers, and even generals as high in rank as commanders of divisions, saw it. But somehow, further up the scale, on the top of the wheel, or

near it, there was a cog gone, or out of shape, or something; so the army did not move. We might as well say it. "The right man was not in the right place," in command of this impatient army. Too much West Point science had weakened his strategy; or the film of future expectancy had obstructed his vision, so that he could not see the rich harvest which he could reap by one day's rapid march, and half a day's active fighting on the north side of the Potomac. The people became tired of the delay. The newspaper assurances that General McClellan was about to capture the whole rebel army became stale, so that the ragged news-boys slyly winked with one eye, as they cried it out, as much as to say, "It *may* sell the papers, but *will* sell the people," until the kind and forgiving spirit of President Lincoln could bear the delay no longer, and General McClellan was ordered forward.

## CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE MARCH—JOHN BROWN—JEFF. DAVIS—RAINY EXPERIENCES—RETURN OF CLOTHING LEFT AT ALEXANDRIA—CONFISCATION IN THE ARMY—CAPTURE OF THE BLUE RIDGE PASSES—FIGHT AT ASHBY'S GAP—GUARDING REBEL PROPERTY—FORAGING—HONEY—CHICKENS—MARCHING ORDERS.

*October 24th.*—The Division of General Doubleday, was to-day ordered to Bakersville, a little village about six miles further up the Potomac. The men had been in camp since the eighteenth of September, and five weeks of the dull routine of camp life usually gives relish to orders to march, though it were to march into battle.

In this instance, so much time had been given the rebels to escape, after the demonstrations of our strength, that the idea of an immediate fight was by no one indulged. It was to be a hunting excursion, the most forbidding feature of which, was the probable distance to be traveled before the game would be found. Before night the Brigade had reached the camp assigned them, and our pickets guarded the Potomac to keep the rebels from effecting a crossing, which they would have attempted with about the eagerness that an intelligent child thrusts its hands into a fire in which it has just been severely burned.

Scarcely had the men encamped for the night, when the rain commenced to pour down in torrents, which to the fact that the evenings were now getting cool, added the further

gloomy prospect of muddy roads and wet camping-grounds. Rain in camp is not so much to be dreaded; but it is ever an unwelcome visitor on the march, and especially in changing camps, where it becomes necessary to pitch tents upon the ground thoroughly saturated with water.

The stay at this point was to be brief. Orders were given for the preparation of three days' cooked rations, which usually means a march; and finally, on the twenty-sixth of October, the marching order came.

The day was exceedingly stormy. The rain poured down in torrents; the roads were universally muddy; the wagons rolled slowly along, nearly to the hubs in the mud; the men waded through it, with the rain dripping from their knapsacks, and their shelter tents wrapped about them thoroughly soaked; yet never was army happier. One might well suppose that their late experiences would have saddened their hearts, and deprived them of all feelings of hilarity, while the gloominess of their surroundings was enough to weigh down their spirits. But, somehow in the army, the more severe the rain and the deeper the mud, the more jokes and stories. To-day, as they marched so near the spot where John Brown became a martyr to the cause of liberty, the whole army struck up the song:—

“John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
While his soul goes marching on.”

What a desecration of the day, and the very soil, this must have seemed to any “F. F. V.,” who, skulkingly, listened to the song, and slyly witnessed the marching of this liberty-loving army. It may be necessary to distribute whisky rations on a hard march; but to keep the rain out, and revive the spirits, experience gives the preference to the loyal inspiration of such a song. While there is no depression consequent upon it, it lifts the soul to a proper appreciation of the duty to be

performed, and nerves the soldier in his crusade for the right. John Brown was misguided, we may conclude, judging from a certain stand-point; but it is a great pity his spirit did not enter more largely into the men high in command of our armies at the time of which we write. The hero who, with his handful of men and one cow, could frighten the State of Virginia, and, in fact, the whole South, would not have sat quiet five long weeks, after two decisive victories, to permit his vanquished foe to build bridges over which to escape in safety to his home! Who shall say that the spirit of John Brown did not whisper courage and manly resolves in the ears of our soldiery, as they approached the place which his daring deed has wrenched from oblivion and made historic?

“We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree!”

Shouted the “boys in blue,” as they plodded along through the rain and the mud, and the two quotations were very fittingly sung in the same stanza. The spirit that made Jeff. Davis President, hung John Brown. The spirit that applauded the freedom-loving sacrifice of John Brown, would very properly return the hanging compliment to Jeff. Davis. These spirits of liberty and slavery are antagonistic, and he was a wise and true statesman who declared that they can never live at peace in this Government. The one has gone down very shortly after it vented its spite upon the defenseless head of poor John Brown, while his name will live to be sung in the nursery, and the camp of Freedom's sons forever. We could have wished, if that were best—of which we express no opinion—that John Brown might not have been so rash as to throw himself into the hands of the rebels, nor do we worship him above all the other apostles of freedom; but, as a representative of freedom, we desire to see his disinterested sacrifice on the altar of human rights accepted.

The night of the twenty-seventh of October was passed in

bivouac at the western entrance to Crampton's Gap, in the South Mountains. The hastily prepared cup of coffee was swallowed, and soon the men, wet and tired, had found that sleep which they so much needed.

*October 28th.*—The Division reached Berlin, a small village on the Maryland side of the Potomac, which had been chosen as the crossing-place into Virginia. The weather had now cleared up, and everything wore a more pleasant countenance; though the men suffered considerably from the chilliness of the night air.

The Regiment at four P. M. encamped about a mile out of the village. These were, indeed, stirring times. The whole army was concentrating here, preparatory to crossing. The village is situated on the railroad and canal, and was made the depot of supplies for the whole army until it reached Warrenton.

Many of the sick and wounded left by the Regiment at Fredericksburg, Gainesville, Bull Run and South Mountain, had rejoined the Regiment during the halt, after the battle of Antietam, and were illy prepared to endure the severe march which had already been made. They had been completely saturated, and had marched nearly all night. The wind blew bitterly cold, and when they finally went into camp, it was only to pass the remainder of the night without sleep, huddled about the camp fires in the vain attempt to get warm and dry. An instance will tend to illustrate:—

Captain Swan, of Company H, had recently returned to the Regiment, partially recovered from a severe wound in the hip, received in battle. He, however, marched with his Company from Bakersville. When the Regiment went into camp for the remainder of the night, the Captain sought a little sleep, by burrowing under a hay-stack. Thus ensconced, with his rubber blanket wrapped around him, he fell into an uneasy

doze, soon, however, waking with a shivering sensation throughout his entire body, especially the under side. On rising, a torrent of water poured out of his blanket, down into his boots, filling them to overflowing! His position had been such, that the water from the stack dripped down upon and into the folds of his blanket, which, being water-proof, refused egress to the sometimes precious fluid. The Captain estimated that he thus secured to himself three or four pails full of pure water, uncontaminated by contact with rebel soil! Those who sleep in warm beds, in clean, dry rooms, can scarcely be made to appreciate such soldier experiences.

At Berlin, the Regiment remained two days. Here were received the knapsacks that had been left on the march from Fredericksburg to Culpepper. It was a sad sight, as they were brought up to the Regiment for distribution. The names of the owners were printed upon them. Not more than half of those owners were here to claim them! As the men looked them over, and read the names, a feeling of sadness came over them at this reminder of the terrible havoc which the last five months had wrought.

“That’s poor Ed’s; he wants no knapsack now!”

“This one belonged to Charlie; he was killed at Gainesville!”

“Here is Johnny’s; poor fellow! He was shot through the head at Bull Run!”

“This is Charley Stamp’s; he died game at South Mountain!”

“Here is Bill’s; he was killed at Antietan!”

Such were the expressions of the men, until the bronzed soldier turned away with a heavy heart and tearful eye, from those evidences of the awful work in which he was engaged. Many garments were packed and sent home, as sad mementoes to surviving friends, but many were left, never to be seen by the friends of the honored dead again.

But camp life is not all gloom. Sad remembrances will present themselves in a variety of forms; but they are so quickly succeeded by a counterpart, that, on the whole, camp life averages, in point of exciting sport, with most of the avocations of life.

There is always a set of men present in camp who make a living by selling articles to the soldiers at exorbitant prices. At Riker's Island we saw them sell a pistol to a boy for fourteen dollars, worth about five. At Camp Brightwood they sold "Cal." Totman a bottle of "villainous compound," called whiskey, for a dollar, worth, perhaps twenty-five cents. In the case now in hand, the man offered boots for sale at exorbitant prices. The boys had an equitable interpretation of the confiscation act, whether it was legal or not, and as this fellow mentioned his prices, they concluded it a proper case wherein to enforce confiscation. Some one cried out, "Rim! rim! rim!" This was caught up by others, until the cry went through the camp.

Now, "Rim," in camp, means, "Seize and confiscate." "We rimmed that chap beautifully." "Didn't we rim that Johnny garden, though!" "Hurra, boys, here's a fellow with whisky; let's rim him." These were the camp phrases applied to confiscation.

"In the case at bar," as the lawyers say, the wagon-load of boots was soon "rimmed," and the property that was to extort enormous sums from the men proved an unprofitable investment. Report was made at headquarters, where these army leeches were as thoroughly detested as in the ranks. It was necessary, however, to investigate the matter. The Major, a Captain and a Lieutenant were appointed a commission to examine the tents and bring to trial any man found with the confiscated property. Notice was given in due form to the orderlies, who in turn promulgated the order to the men to be



ready for the inspection of their tents. Of course the men were soon ready, and no boots were found, though every tent was looked into. A few days after, the men looked much better in the new boots they had just "purchased."

*October 28th.*—Everything being in readiness, the troops commenced moving over the pontoon bridges into Virginia. It was with some regret that the army left the loyal, or at least semi-loyal, atmosphere of Maryland, for bitter-secession Virginia. This State has been called the "Mother of Presidents;" but the Seventy-sixth had found her the breeder of vile reptiles instead, which hissed and thrust their poisonous fangs into the national existence, until the men began to conclude that the fact that her sons had become Presidents was attributable more directly to their cunning intrigue in securing place, than any royal blood that run in the veins of the now disloyal mother. It was not, therefore, without regrets that the men again set foot upon her "sacred soil." But soldiers have no discretion, and on they went, until they had marched ten miles into the State. Here the Regiment remained two days.

On the first day of November, the Brigade was sent about fifteen miles to Snicker's Gap, to prevent an attack from the enemy in that direction. It was only accompanied by a cavalry force under General Pleasanton, and remained three days from six to ten miles in advance of the main army. The enemy was at that time on the west side of the Blue Ridge, in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

The Brigade to which the Seventy-sixth was attached, was, at this time, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hofmann, of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, a most gallant officer. During the three days that it was supporting General Pleasanton, it was continually more or less under fire. The cavalry would go out and stir up the rebels, as the dog starts up the

game, then, retreating to its supports, the infantry would pour in such deadly volleys that the rebels would in turn retreat.

These gaps in the mountains were important points, and no good general could be induced to march past them without so securing them that the rebels could not come through and cut off his supplies. It was for this purpose that General Pleasanton and Hofmann's Brigade were sent out. Each of these gaps was guarded by rebel skirmishers, with strong reserves, and each was in turn taken and held by General Pleasanton.

At Ashby's Gap, our Brigade did the work nobly. Deployed as skirmishers, they advanced slowly up the well wooded sides of the narrow opening, drove in the enemy's pickets, rallied on our own reserves, and advanced in line of battle, had a sharp fight with the rebel reserves, and finally drove them altogether out of this important passage.

Here, as everywhere else during the war, the negroes rendered signal service by acting as guides.

While at Ashby's Gap, an incident occurred, which illustrates the estimation in which the Seventy-sixth Regiment was held by the Brigade Commander.

Colonel Hofmann had advanced with the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, and Ninety-fifth New York to take a battery, leaving the Seventy-sixth as a reserve. He failed in the attempt, and openly declared that if he had taken the Seventy-sixth, in the place of either of the others, he could have taken the battery.

The enemy were finally driven through Ashby's Gap, and thus ended the running fire which had been kept up for three days, and extended over from twelve to fifteen miles.

*November 3d.*—The cavalry and Brigade of infantry, having accomplished the object in view in their detail, joined the Division near Union. The Seventy-sixth was here detailed to guard the rebel property, which they did to the entire satis-

faction of their loyal selves, whether they satisfied the disloyal owners or not.

A region visited by an army, is generally left in some such a plight as Egypt after the locusts had swarmed over it. The neighborhood of Union had felt very little of the devastating influences of war. Nestled at the foot of the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, in the rich and beautiful valley between that range and the Bull Run Mountains, at some distance from any public thoroughfare, it had thus far escaped the bitter experiences of other portions of the "Mother of Presidents." It was, therefore, literally "overflowing with milk and honey." But, with all its blessings, the inhabitants had forgotten their allegiance to the Government that had protected them, and, except as policy dictated, made no secret of their sympathy for the rebel cause. The privates in the army understood that such men were entitled to no particular protection from the Union forces; indeed, they very properly supposed that the fat poultry, and pigs, and mutton, which abounded there would quite as properly feed the Union soldiery, as its secesh owners, while the honey in the neighborhood would add a relish to hard tack not to be ignored.

It was difficult for Union soldiers to stand guard over rebel property, while its gouty owner sat on his porch talking disloyalty, and his daughters turned up their aristocratic noses and flirted contemptuously by, as though their protectors were beneath their notice. But poultry and honey furnish an excellent panacea for all such insults and wounded feelings, and the men of the Seventy-sixth applied the remedy skilfully and in allopathic doses.

One old secessionist had himself stood guard over his swarms of bees during the day, not quite liking the protection which his conscience told him the Union army should give them. They stood upon a rack in his yard, and had attracted the at-

tention of our men. About four o'clock in the morning, fearing the old man might have fallen asleep, and his bees not properly guarded, Lieutenant Myers, with a proper guard, visited the premises. The rack had disappeared, and with it the hives of bees. Fearing that their services might have been tendered too late, they visited the wood-house in search of the lost property; but after stumbling over divers boxes, casks, and piles of wood, their convictions were strengthened that the honey had escaped their guardian care. At last, as they were about leaving the premises, they cast a lingering look behind, when they discovered the bee rack against the window of the bedroom where its owner slept, and on the rack was one solitary hive. The window was open, and the hive was convenient; but so was the old gentleman. Honey is sweet, and so was the sleep which the old man was enjoying, so they took the one and left the other to its owner. This hive of honey, after the bees were smoked out, sweetened many a ration for the Regiment, while the description of its capture deprived it of none of its sweetness.

In the earlier part of the same night, certain poultry yards had been guarded in much the same manner.

"Mister," said Frank F. Pratt, of Company A, accompanied by a squad, "have you any chickens?"

"I have a few," replied the secessionist, "and will sell them to you."

"Where are they?"

"Out in those trees," said "secesh." "There, you climb up and get what you want, and then you can go up and do the same," pointing first to one and then to another of the boys.

This was too slow a process; so the boys all climbed up together, each taking a separate tree. No sooner had they seized those nearest them, than the others flew away.

“Hallo, there! here go the chickens,” shouted “seesh,” as he rushed off in pursuit of the wanderers.

The men descended, but the proprietor was gone, and time was precious. They could not wait to pay.

The boys always justified themselves with the proposition that if a man leaves his ninety and nine chickens in the tree, to seek the one that flies away, he has no right to complain at the absence of the ninety-nine thus abandoned, when he shall again return.

Similar experiences were not wanting with reference to all the delicacies, as well as substantials, necessary to make camp life pleasant.

The men were congratulating themselves upon a little quiet camp life in this region of plenty, when, after a stay of twenty-four hours, the order came to march!

The honey was stored in all descriptions of receptacles—oyster and milk cans, sardine-boxes, and whatever was at hand that was honey-proof, while the supply of chickens packed in haversacks and knapsacks precluded the necessity for the usual order to distribute three days' rations. Could a vote have been taken in the army at this time, there would have been very few dissenting voices to General Pope's order to forage and subsist on the enemy.

So bitterly opposed to the Union army and cause were the people of this region, that one gouty old land owner, seeing the boys drinking and filling their canteens at his well, rushed out and took the handle from the pump, and carried it into the house, and then, with the effrontery peculiar to Virginians, went to headquarters and asked for, and actually obtained, a guard to protect his private property!

Another incident is related to us by a friend, where a soldier, at a later period of the war, entered a house and asked

for milk, offering to pay for the same. The "daughter of Virginia" refused him, on the ground that she had none. This he did not believe, and it was not until he had threatened to demolish her piano with the butt of his musket, that she produced milk in plenty from under her bed. Most people will agree with us in saying that he was a generous soldier who insisted upon paying for the milk he thus obtained.

## CHAPTER XV.

MARCH TO WARRENTON—"WHAT GUNS DO YOU CARRY?"—SNOW STORM—GENERAL McCLELLAN LEAVES THE ARMY—COLONEL WAINWRIGHT RETURNS TO THE REGIMENT—WARRENTON TO FALMOUTH—CONTINUALLY CHANGING—ARRIVE AT FREDERICKSBURG—ANOTHER BATTLE IMMINENT.

On the morning of November third, the Regiment took up its line of march, and continued on until nine o'clock P. M., when it arrived at a little village called Upperville, where a rest of a three days was given. The weather had now become cold, and the men suffered severely.

Nothing noteworthy occurred, except hard marching, until the Regiment reached Warrenton, on the sixth of November. The last day before reaching that place, the men marched eighteen miles, and were extremely pleased to receive the orders to halt and go into camp. Though weary with marching, the Regiment entered Warrenton with much lighter hearts than when two months and a half before, they retreated through its streets. The rebels had very lately been here, and about four hundred of its wounded were still in its hospital.

While at a halt in the streets of Warrenton, the Seventy-sixth chanced to be directly in front of a building occupied as a rebel hospital. The windows were filled with rebels, anxious to get a view of our troops.

"What regiment is that?" shouted a "Johnny," from a window.

“Seventy-sixth New York,” was the proud reply.

“Is that so? Then you are the cusses that gave it to us so at Gainesville. Say, boys, what kind of guns be them you carry?”

“Come down and look at them, if you would like to know.”

“Wall, I’d like to know, for I reckon they are different from any other, for they send a bullet through seven men at once if they stand in a row.”

A pause, and then another voice shouts from a different window:—

“Say, you fellers, which of you sp’ilt the leg of General Ewell, hey?”

But no one in the Seventy-sixth could answer. It might have been any one in the Regiment, for that volley leaped from every gun, as if from one, and General Ewell will never know the man, though he must distinctly recollect the Regiment which, at Gainesville, deprived him of a leg.

Passing on, the Regiment went into camp about two miles from town, where it remained four days. While here the Regiment encountered the first fall of snow. It was not one of your half rain, half snow storms, such as had been witnessed the winter before in Washington; but a regular Northern snow storm, wherein the snow fell a foot deep.

Colonel Wainwright here resumed command of the Regiment, having partially recovered from the effects of the wound received at South Mountain.

At Warrenton, General McClellan was relieved of his command of the army. The parting scene was truly affecting. General McClellan was a kind-hearted man, and as such, endeared himself to the men; and now, as he rode along the lines, the demonstrations of the men must have in some measure, quieted his sensitive mind, naturally annoyed at being dismissed at such a time as this. He who has the hard-



hood to declare that General McClellan had no good traits of character, even for a general, does himself injustice. No general ever exhibited a better faculty for winning the confidence and esteem of his men; none ever took better care of his troops; few excelled him in organizing an army; but still, the fact was patent that he was an unsuccessful general on the march and in the field. Those unacquainted with military science, may not be able to point out accurately the defects in his military character; but there certainly was wanting the necessary element, *success*. A general may be an excellent draughtsman, and make splendid maps of intended operations; he may be skilled in engineering, and detect in a moment the salient points in a given fortification; he may understand perfectly the science of approaches by parallels; but if he fails when he takes the field; if he tires the people by his dilatory marches, and fails to reap the results of repeated victories, the people will consider him, and history will write him, a failure! With all his good qualities, the halting at Yorktown; the failure at Richmond; the failure to give support to Pope, and the neglect to gather the fruits which the heroism of our gallant soldiery placed in his power at South Mountain and Antietam, must ever arise to accuse General McClellan.

*November 11th.*—The Regiment to-day marched about seven miles to Fayetteville. This place consisted of one log barn, tottering into dilapidation, one small frame house, two or three small whitewashed negro quarters, and four or five aged apple trees! One of the most striking contrasts between the vigorous North and sleepy South is found in the villages of the two sections. At the North, wherever a little village springs up, there is life and activity, and evidences of industry and thrift; at the South, the villages on the map may be as numerous, with more celebrated names; but when visited, they are found to be thriftless and, like the western

cities during the rush of speculators, existing chiefly on paper. The same remark applies to the Southern cities. What at the North would be considered a fair specimen of a broken-down manufacturing town, where some visionary speculator had spent a fortune in building up a town, and then become a bankrupt, while his town resolved itself back to a wilderness, the Southrons dub "city," mistaking the results of want of energy, for evidences of antiquated aristocracy. Slavery dragged the South down—freedom built up the North. Slavery is dead, and freedom reigns universal, and the South will yet thank the "Yankee horde" who overran their territory, achieving for the South an inestimable victory over their superstitions—a victory which the direful institution of human slavery prevented them from achieving for themselves.

Four days of halting at Fayetteville, and away went the troops for Falmouth. The enemy was at this time marching down from west of the Blue Ridge to a position south of the Rappahannock.

Two days of hard marching through the rain and mud, a bivouac in a swamp for two days, until the water actually drove the troops away, and then another day's march brought the Regiment to "Brooks's Station," on the railroad from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg. This is the same point at which, just six months before, the Seventy-sixth bivouacked for the night after its first day's march in Virginia.

It was now exceedingly cold, and during the few days the Regiment remained at Brooks's Station the men were busy in the endeavor to make themselves comfortable. This was scarcely accomplished, when the Seventy-sixth was ordered to Aquia Creek, on guard. Here the effort to be comfortable was repeated; but just as the men began to feel at home, the order to march was again given, and away they went to Fredericksburg.

## CHAPTER XVI.

CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK—BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG—HEROIC CHARGE OF DOUBLEDAY'S DIVISION—LIEUTENANT CRANDALL KILLED—THE REBELS DRIVEN FROM A STRONG POSITION—SEVENTY-SIXTH GUARDS THE BATTERY—NIGHT FIGHT—INCIDENTS AND INSTANCES OF BRAVERY—SKILFUL RETREAT OF GENERAL BURNSIDE—TOM SEES "DE OLE HOUSE AGIN"—GETTING INTO CAMP—WINTER QUARTERS—GENERAL DOUBLEDAY TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER COMMAND—HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS—CORDUROYING.

*December 11th.*—All was bustle and excitement. The pontoons, which should have been here long ago, had at length arrived, and were moving toward the river. The movements all indicated that the foes who had so often met, with changing success, for the past six months, were very soon to renew their acquaintance.

*December 12th.*—This afternoon the Seventy-sixth crossed the Rappahannock with the Brigade, at the lower pontoon bridge, which it was detailed to guard. The whole army was at this time under command of General Burnside. The First Corps, to which the Seventy-sixth was attached, was under General Reynolds, afterward killed at Gettysburg. The Sixth Corps was under command of General Smith, and, with the First Corps, constituted the left Grand Division, under General Franklin. The place selected for its crossing was about three miles below the city, where, after ascending a steep bank by the river, the surface spread out into a broad plain toward the rebel heights.

Early on the morning of the eleventh, the pontoons were brought down to the river's brink and laid, one bridge by the Fifteenth New York Engineers, and the other by the United States Engineers, while the cannon stood, heavily shotted, upon commanding eminences, threatening destruction to the enemy in case he attempted to interfere with the workmen.

No duty requires more real courage than the laying of bridges, in the face of the foe. The excitements of the field prepare the soldier for the severest charge; but the engineers, without the stimulus of excitement, must march down to the stream, though the rebel pickets and sharpshooters threaten on the other shore. The bridges were, however, laid, and to-day crossed in the face of the enemy.

Our forces have been shelling the city of Fredericksburg, but as yet have elicited no reply. The signs are ominous for to-morrow!

The Seventy-sixth was ordered to guard the bridge to prevent any retreat of stragglers or others, even at the point of the bayonet, as the General said, because this Regiment could be depended upon in any emergency.

After the experience of the past few months, the glory of being shot at was not very highly prized. The men rather considered it good fortune when obedience to orders required their presence at a point not particularly exposed; and though in all the record of the Seventy-sixth, no instance can be found where, as a regiment, it sought to avoid the performance of its whole duty, yet the truth impels us to do justice to that common instinct which there, as elsewhere, preferred safety to danger.

Early in the morning, December thirteenth, firing commenced all along the lines, and it soon became apparent that a severe engagement was about to take place. The Seventy-sixth was congratulating itself upon its good fortune in

escaping a participation in the dangers of the fight, when, about nine o'clock, orders were received to join the Division moving to the front.

The fighting in this battle was mostly done with artillery, yet in very few engagements have the casualties been greater than in this. The ground was particularly favorable to the rebels, and correspondingly unfavorable to us. The Union army was obliged to march over a broad plain, without the least protection, while the rebels occupied a commanding eminence, from which they could pour their destructive fire over the whole plain below.

Doubleday's Division formed the extreme left of the whole army, and our Brigade, commanded by Colonel Cutler, formed the right of the Division.

The battle raged from about nine A. M., until eight P. M., without cessation,—our men exposed to a most destructive fire for eleven hours, without the power to inflict any adequate chastisement upon the enemy. The rebels were posted upon a range of hills forming nearly a semi-circle, and in the deadly focus was the Division of General Doubleday. The shot and shell came from the front and each flank, and some, at times, from near the rear, so favorable was the ground to the rebels.

Shortly after marching into line, the enemy were discovered on the left of the Division, in a ravine that ran down to the river, which, being skirted by dense wood, was peculiarly well-protected. Doubleday's Division was ordered to drive them from this strongly-intrenched position. As the Division faced to the left, it was subjected to a galling flank fire from the rebel batteries on the hill.

It was at this time that Lieutenant Crandall, of Company B, was killed by what, in military language, is called a *ricochet* shot. The ground was frozen, and the enemy fired at such an angle that the balls came bounding along over the plain, one of which struck Lieutenant Crandall.

Previous to crossing the river, an order had been received to detail one officer from the Seventy-sixth, to remain on the north side of the river, and care for the wounded at the hospital. Lieutenant Crandall was detailed for this duty. On hearing of the order, and that his Company was going forward, he went to Colonel Wainwright, and requested, if his men were to go into battle, that he might accompany them. His gallant conduct at South Mountain, where he was wounded, did not make this request necessary to establish his character as a soldier. Every one in the Regiment knew him as one of the truest men that ever drew a sword in defense of the right. Quiet, gentlemanly, educated, conscientious, he possessed just those qualities which could not fail to endear him to every one with whom he became acquainted. He had left a lucrative business, a beautiful young wife to whom he was just married, and all that made life desirable, to march at the call of his country to her defense. When he made his request, the Colonel at first hesitated, but observing the Lieutenant's anxiety, he finally yielded, and substituted another to remain. With those frowning cannon in front, it was not difficult to find one who would consent to act as a substitute. The line of battle had just been formed, when the bounding ball struck the brave Lieutenant, carrying away a large portion of his head. He was carried to the rear by Corporal C. V. Fuller, who stood near him at the time, and there, on the southern bank of the Rappahannock, beneath a wide-spreading oak, rests the broken vase that contained one of America's truest and best. A species of courage is sometimes found in bad men; but here was an instance of that genuine moral courage that dared anything and everything, because by so doing he was aiding the right. To Lieutenant Crandall, conscience and courage were synonymous. Peace to the memory of Chauncey D. Crandall.

It was a brilliant charge made by General Doubleday's Division, at the opening of which Lieutenant Crandall was killed. Over that broad plain, with a severe fire of shot and shell in front, and from the batteries on the right, which, discovering the movement, attempted by sharp flank firing to prevent it, up the ascent to the thicket, from which poured the deadly fire, rushed this tried Division. It was a severe test of the soldier; but they were soon amply rewarded by seeing the enemy retreat in haste, leaving General Doubleday in possession of this portion of the field.

Night at last cast her mantle over the scenes of that sanguinary field, and the men needed, as they anticipated, rest. But army anticipations are very unreal. Just as darkness came on, two regiments that had been sent to support an important battery, returned with a request that General Doubleday send two regiments which could be relied upon in any emergency, as it was expected the enemy would attack and attempt to capture the battery during the night. The General honored the Seventy-sixth New York and Second Wisconsin with the order to support that battery. To fight all day in such a position, has no particular relish in it. After eleven hours hard fighting, to stand guard all night, does not heighten the relish.

Scarcely had these regiments stumbled through the darkness to their position as supports, when the heavens were lighted up, and the grape, canister and solid shot fell like hail about them. The enemy had several small pieces, which they would load, run up near our lines in the darkness, discharge the volley, then retreat hastily to repeat the movement. This was kept up for about half an hour, our men only protecting themselves by falling flat upon the ground, and even then quite a number were wounded. The importance of the position having attracted the attention of General Reynolds, he

sent several Regiments to the support of the battery, and the Seventy-sixth was withdrawn.

During the firing, Captain Swan, of Company II, was nearly blinded by the dirt thrown by a charge of canister falling within a few feet of him. Though he could see nothing, he managed to crawl over a ditch and fence, when, getting the dirt out of his eyes somewhat, he succeeded in overtaking his company, and was led from the field.

Sergeant-Major (afterwards Adjutant) Hubert Carpenter was here wounded by a canister shot in the forehead, and was sent to the hospital over the river. In the morning he returned to the Regiment, his head badly swollen, and asked the privilege of taking his position in the line; but Colonel Wainwright felt constrained, in view of the wound of the young hero, to order him back to the hospital. It is not surprising that such bravery should promote the private to one of the most important positions in the Regiment.

During this engagement, Henry McFall, of Company F, fell mortally wounded in the thigh, by the bursting of a shell. Colonel Wainwright says of him:—"He was attended to very bravely, under fire, by a little Assistant-Surgeon of the Ninety-fifth New York. Probably he sank under the shock, for he died very shortly. On leaving, the brave fellow called out cheerfully, 'Good-bye, Colonel,' evidently, as I thought, with the intention of keeping up the spirits of his comrades. I have always admired him, and should like to know how his family are doing."

The Seventy-sixth went into this battle with one hundred and twelve privates, and of this handful eleven were killed and wounded.

It was expected the next day would witness a renewal of this awful carnage; but it passed quietly, with the exception of an occasional salute from a solitary Whitworth gun. The



next day (Monday) was passed in about the same manner. The fighting had been terrific along the whole line. The enemy had witnessed the bravery and strength of the Northern army, and that army respected the position and strength of the enemy; and there, for two days, the opposing armies stood, like two giants of equal strength, neither desiring to renew the conflict.

At length, on Monday night, December 15th, General Burnside having decided that the position of the enemy was impregnable, ordered a retreat to the north side of the Rappahannock. History will be searched in vain for the record of a more skillful retreat. So well was it executed, that the next morning when the rebels awoke expecting to find our army in their front, they beheld in amazement the vacant field, and the river unbridged by pontoons.

Whether this failure is chargeable to General Burnside, or to the delay of the Quartermaster-General in furnishing pontoons, we, of course, cannot decide; but time, and impartial history will, no doubt, reveal the facts.

During the stay of the Seventy-sixth at Fredericksburg, when first there, many "contrabands" came into our lines and claimed food and protection, several of whom remained with the Regiment. Among the more notable were "Old Archy," "Tom," and "Bill." The latter two were quite small boys when they first came, but three years with the Regiment worked a wonderful change. Tom belonged to a family living in a mansion three miles below Fredericksburg. This mansion was used as a hospital during the battle. Often during the marches, as the Regiment approached Fredericksburg, Tom, with the same feelings that animate white men on nearing home after a long absence, would exclaim:—

"I'se gwine home to de ole house agin!"

He was laughed at, and assured he would never see home again.

“You ’ll see,” said Tom. “I’se gwine to see de ole house agin! Wonder if Mas’r ’ll be dar?”

Tom knew no fear. During the hottest of the artillery fire, when the heavens were full of the deadly missiles, he insisted on remaining with Captain Swan, his employer. When sent back by the Captain, he would return under some pretense, to see if “Massa didn’t want suffin.” Did the Captain scowl at Tom’s persistent efforts, his frowns would turn to smiles at Tom’s bow, and “Cap’n, I thought you *might* want dis coffee, so I brung it.” Finally, during the heat of the battle, and after Doubleday’s Division had driven the enemy a mile or more, there appeared an old house between the two lines. Tom was missing an hour when he again appeared.

“Where have you been Tom?” inquired the Captain. “The men said you had turned reb., and gone over to them.”

“No, sar. Tom don’t do dat ting! I’se bin down dar to de ole house.”

“What have you been there for?”

“’Kase, dat ’s de ole home! Tole ye all de time I’se gwine to see de ole house agin!”

Who says that under that dark surface which could thus brave the tempest of fire from both armies to obey a human instinct, there is not genuine humanity? Let the lie that “the negro is not human” remain unspoken.

Tom probably never saw “de ole house agin,” for he retreated with the company, and was taken prisoner the next summer, by the rebels, and that was generally equivalent to death.

A day or two after the retreat, the Seventy-sixth marched a short distance to a wood, and for the third time commenced to erect winter quarters. Before much progress had been

made, they were marched about ten miles further to the Potomac, near Belle Plain. Camp was regularly laid out, and building again commenced, when another march of two miles up the river brought them to a thick, tangled wood. This proved to be the real "winter quarters" which the men had so much desired. They set briskly at work, and soon a city of log houses, surmounted with canvas, rewarded their industry.

The troops were now hid away in the woods which cover the rough and broken grounds lying between Aquia Creek, Belle Plain and Fredericksburg. With the exception of now and then a "Poor White," who had hidden himself from the world in these pineries, it was a howling wilderness. The trees were from four to ten inches in diameter, showing that some time had elapsed since the "chivalry" overlooked their colored brethren—literally speaking—as they grubbed and hoed the last crop of corn on this land, and yet the rows of corn hills at this day, on removing the forest, are plainly visible.

A vast change had come over the men since they first went into camp at Meridian Hill, less than a year before. Then the cloth tents went up awkwardly, the smoke of their sheet iron stoves wonderfully disturbed the equanimity of their owners, and fresh bread was considered a necessity. Now, stoves were not thought of, but the men were evidently as much at home, if not as happy, while sitting around their little fireplaces in their log huts, as when they used to sit in their quiet Northern homes on a winter evening, and hard tack had become a fixed institution.

The men were, for the first fortnight engaged in erecting their tents, and clearing the drill grounds, policing and preparing generally for winter. Then came the drill, interspersed with court martials, until the soldiers, even in winter quarters, found their time well employed. Leisure hours were passed very agreeably in visiting old acquaintances in the Tenth

New York Cavalry, Fiftieth New York Engineers, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers, and other New York regiments.

While stationed at this point, our Division was pained at losing their brave commander. By priority of rank, General Doubleday was transferred to another division of the same Corps, and General Wadsworth given the command of our Division.

The men were familiar with the principles of General Wadsworth, and approved them; but their first experiences in battle were under and with General Doubleday, and they parted with him with regret. General Doubleday was one of those true men who went to the war from principle: With comprehensive views of the questions involved, and the causes of the war, and a clear conception of the character of the rebel leaders, and the personal motives which actuated them, he believed what every one now realizes, that the kid-glove style of treating them would never accomplish anything for the Union. With him, compromise was disloyalty and death to the Government. General Doubleday had fired the first gun from Sumter, and there learned lessons which were never forgotten. Men of different political views, and looking at this war from a different stand-point—men who could walk the streets at night in deep study whether to espouse the cause of the Union or the Confederacy, and the next day, on the receipt of a commission or important command, “mouth it” for the Union equally with the most ranting politician, looked upon General Doubleday as an impolitic radical, and threw every possible obstacle in his way. But the officers and men who had witnessed his noble daring at Rappahannock, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg, and were most intimately acquainted with him, knew but to love him.

On taking leave of the Division, the General issued the following brief address :

“ In taking leave of this command, I desire to say one word of farewell. Wherever the service may call me, and whatever may be my future lot, I shall never forget the ties which bind me to this Brigade and this Division. I shall never cease to remember the brave men who stood by my side in some of the most stupendous battles the world ever saw. Men who fought against such heavy odds at Gainesville and the first day at Bull Run—who stormed the heights at South Mountain, took eight standards from the enemy at Antietam, and held their ground so bravely at Fredericksburg, have won my admiration and regard. I am happy to have fought by their side, and proud of the honor of having commanded them. I wish them now at parting, individually and collectively, all honor and success.”

It was natural that the men who had followed him through the terrible marches and scenes of difficulty and danger, on the retreat saved by his skill, and by the same skill and courage, led by him to victory, and who had become proud of their leader, should experience deep regret at parting.

Road-making and corduroying were now the order. Virginia roads made in the usual method, are very unserviceable in the army. Detachments were, therefore, sent out daily from the different brigades, to build these corduroy roads, and General Wadsworth, who had the idea that honest labor is not degrading, frequently personally superintended the work, and occasionally gave the men a little aid, to show them how it should be done. To see a major-general condescend to assist in road-building, was rather gratifying to the democratic ideas of the privates, and, out of respect, they christened him “Old Corduroy.” We have no record of the name they gave him when, at the second Fredericksburg fight, he rode across the Rappahannock in one of the first boats sent out to drive the rebel sharpshooters from the opposite bank, swimming his horse across the river. However much he prized a good road over which to travel, there was the best of evidence that he

was by no means particular when the object was to get at the rebels.

The regret at parting with General Doubleday was very much alleviated by a more intimate acquaintance with General Wadsworth.

Even winter quarters afforded no sure guaranty against the inevitable order to march, which always came when the men had prepared to stay.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT—THE “MUD MARCH” OF BURNSIDE—INCIDENTS AND DESCRIPTIONS—DISCIPLINE—FURLOUGHS—THE SICK SERGEANT—GENERAL BURNSIDE RELIEVED BY GENERAL HOOKER—REVIEW OF THE ARMY BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

*January 20th, 1863.*—General Burnside, anxious to retrieve his reputation as a General, resolved upon a winter campaign. He, therefore, issued the following order, which was joyfully received by the troops, now tired of the dull routine of camp life:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }  
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., Jan. 20th, 1863. }

*General Orders, No. 7.*

The Commanding General announces to the Army of the Potomac, that they are about to meet the enemy once more. The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, have divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great and mortal blow at the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country. Let the gallant soldiers of so many brilliant battle-fields accomplish this achievement, and a fame the most glorious awaits them.

The Commanding General calls for the firm and united action of officers and men, and, under the providence of God, the Army of the Potomac will have taken the great step towards restoring peace to the country, and the Government to its rightful authority.

*By command of*

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE.

LEWIS RICHMOND, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The Army of the Potomac was again on the march toward the enemy. The men were never in better spirits. They felt assured that this time they were to cross the Rappahannock in the face of the foe, and there attack him; but the hope of success gave elasticity to their steps, and buoyancy to their spirits, as they rushed southward.

The roads were in good condition, but about four P. M. the rain began to fall in torrents—not one of those warm, refreshing rains that the men relish on the dusty march; but a cold, driving rain, that not only saturated the clothing, but cut the faces of the soldiers as they staggered forward. The Virginia roads were in a few hours converted into quagmires, through which it required the greatest energy and perseverance to drag the heavy trains of army wagons and artillery, at the rate of a mile an hour. It was after dark before the Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg Railroad was reached, at Stoneman's Switch. Here the brigades went into camp, building huge fires around which the troops gathered, eager to warm and dry themselves, only to lie down in the mud and rain for the night. The rain continued unabated, and the prospect of sleep was anything but flattering.

To add to the horrors of the night, the wind blew a perfect gale. All night the creaking of the trees, the flapping of the canvas of officers' tents, the orders to the guards to pin down the canvas, and the torrents of rain descending, drove sleep from the eyes of the weary soldiers.

The next morning, after a hasty and half-cooked breakfast, the men continued their *wade* to glory. The rain had not ceased nor abated. Ordinary mud-holes became little lakes; unpretending ditches were suddenly transformed to large creeks, and the men actually waded the whole distance of their march. Frequently their shoes would become detached from their feet in the mire. Search for them was in vain, and



thus the men plodded on, sometimes with one shoe, and again with neither. The supply, artillery, and pontoon trains were with great difficulty moved along at all. Now, a horse, from sheer exhaustion, lay down in his harness, and could be induced to go no farther. Then a mule, immersed in mud, discouraged and exhausted, unheeding those oaths of mule-drivers never equaled in civil life, unmindful alike of "ye-ape's" and cruel blows, sank down in the mud and furnished its body to corduroy the road.

About three P. M., the Brigade reached the place selected for its night bivouac, having waded five miles. The trains did not, however, arrive until the next day. The whole country in this vicinity was full of troops, and one with half the experience of our men, would not be long in concluding that a general battle was intended. The supply trains having been left behind in their old parks, the men were obliged to subsist on the contents of their haversacks, and the country around them. They now had time to erect their shelter tents, which they did in a beautiful grove, and though the ground was wet, and the January weather not very favorable to comfort, the men felt comparatively contented. Here the army remained stationary over the twenty-second of January; not, however, unemployed. The arms being in bad condition, were cleaned and polished, clothing dried and cleaned, and the army put in order for the expected battle of the morrow.

If it rained on the south side of the Rappahannock as on the north, the factious rebel was not without good reason for writing the sign and placing it in sight of our troops:—

"BURNSIDE STUCK IN THE MUD!"

*January 23d.*—This day was to have witnessed a forward movement to the river, but a short distance, and then a hand to hand fight with a foe that hitherto had ever proven too strong for our army in Virginia. It seemed that the moment

they touched Virginia, they became possessed of a spell, or our army was shorn of its strength. But instead of "forward," came the order "about face," and our army, thwarted by the elements, was on its way back to the old camping-ground.

The sights which everywhere presented themselves were strange mixtures of the painful and ludicrous. Shipwrecked wagons, dead and dying mules and horses, heavy pontoons stuck in the mud, guns slowly moving along, hauled by double the usual teams, imparted a most desolate and woe-begone appearance to the whole affair.

The army which, but three days before had so cheerfully shuffled off the *ennui* of camp life, now marched as cheerfully back from the bitter experiences of those three days.

Only about thirty men and a few officers of the Seventy-sixth, arrived with the Colonel at the old camp, the remainder being scattered for miles along the road. They, however, arrived during that day and the next.

The same lawless vandalism which usually attacks a deserted camp, had made sad havoc with the camp of the Seventy-sixth, carrying away boards, doors, split logs, and even log cabins; but the men were not long in repairing the damage.

Back again in camp, the Regiment continued that drill which Colonel Wainwright deemed so essential to the successful soldier. The recruit may possess true courage, and the enthusiasm of the first campaign may carry him through creditably; but when he settles down to the actual life of the soldier; when fighting becomes a business, and enthusiasm and thirst for glory have, in a measure, given place to other emotions, the value of drill and discipline cannot be over-estimated. Hence it was that day after day was passed by the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, in studying the tactics. A commodious log school-room was erected, and here

the principles of disciplining, marching and fighting men, were studied, recitations heard, suggestions and explanations made, etc. These officers thus educated were required to communicate the instructions to the men under their immediate command, and thus the Seventy-sixth became one of the best-drilled regiments in the service, and was a source of pride and satisfaction to Colonel Wainwright.

"How is it, Colonel Wainwright," said Colonel Biddle, the venerable commander of the Ninety-fifth New York, "when I come among your men, they all salute me, and show that respect due my rank, while, when I go out among my d——d hounds, they begin instead to cry, 'Clams! Clams!'" No more gratifying contrast could have been presented to our Colonel.

Though in civil life, all who properly conduct themselves, are equal, yet such familiarity is very destructive to discipline in the army.

This army was made up of fragments of armies which had been successful in North Carolina, storming and carrying Forts Hatteras, Clark, Macon, and the defenses of Newbern; fought bravely on the peninsula, and in Pope's retreat, and finally hurled the enemy from Maryland, and it felt keenly the disgrace of a drawn battle at Fredericksburg, and the recent defeat by the elements. Though they had enjoyed enough of battle to satisfy their "thirst for the 'fray," they chafed under these defeats, and longed to meet the enemy in a fair fight. It was necessary, however, to wait for this event until Spring.

Furloughs were now granted to the men, but so few at a time, that the chance of seeing home by that red tape process was about as uncertain as a lottery; and Yankee ingenuity was often taxed to overcome that hesitation and uncertainty which characterized this department. Men grew suddenly

sick, and nothing would save their lives but a trip home, and the inhalation of Northern air; and letters from friends and family physicians urged the men home immediately, if they would see their dying father, or other near relative.

A Sergeant of Company II, a hale, hearty fellow, became dangerously sick. He was sure he would not live unless permitted to snuff the Northern breezes. Dr. Metcalfe, Regimental Surgeon, kindly recommended a furlough, which, after being signed by the Colonel, was sent to headquarters. Unfortunately for the Sergeant, the Brigade Surgeon, whose signature only was wanting, declined signing the petition, until he could see the man. Next morning he proceeded to the camp of the Seventy-sixth, and, calling on Dr. Metcalfe, went with him to the tent of the sick applicant. Coming to the door, they knocked and were bid to come in. Opening the door, they beheld the invalid at the table, with a pile of wheat pancakes about eight inches high, swimming in butter and sugar, steaming before him, while his mouth was too full to readily respond to questions as to his physical condition.

“My God, Dr. Metcalfe,” exclaimed the surgeon; “is that your sick man?”

“I don’t think,” replied Dr. Metcalfe, as he turned to leave, “that is the man. He must be out.”

The doctors enjoyed the joke, but the sergeant recovered without the trip North, and immediately on finishing his breakfast, reported to Captain Swan for duty, laughingly remarking that he soon got well, after being attended by two physicians at once.

On the return of the army from the “mud march,” General Burnside was relieved by General Hooker, (January twenty-sixth, 1863.)

One of General Hooker’s first acts was the issue of an order

that the number of absentees be returned to his headquarters, when it was ascertained that the number absent from that army was two thousand nine hundred and twenty-two commissioned officers, and eighty-one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four non-commissioned officers and privates. Many of these were absent from causes unknown. This was followed by such action on the part of the new commander, as seemed best calculated to prevent desertions—now very prevalent. Those arrested on that charge were tried and punished. The cavalry, heretofore very inefficient, was consolidated, and rendered highly useful. Whenever the roads or rivers would permit, expeditions were sent out, and thus this hitherto unreliable, though necessary arm, was encouraged and stimulated by its successes, however insignificant, until it became one of the most important components of the army.

Early in April, though the roads were heavy and impracticable for artillery, General Hooker became convinced that the army was in a condition to march upon the enemy; and having about forty thousand nine months and two years men, whose terms of service would soon expire, he felt it necessary to commence operations at the earliest possible moment.

The orders to General Hooker were similar to those to General Pope. He was required to keep in view the importance of covering Washington, either directly, or by so operating as to be able to punish any force sent against them:

*April 9th.*—The First Corps, to which the Seventy-sixth was attached, was reviewed by President Lincoln. The election of Mr. Lincoln having been made the pretense for the rebellion, and the Northern army having volunteered to refute the fallacy at the point of the bayonet, it is not surprising that of all the men in the country, Abraham Lincoln stood highest among the soldiery. His name was, indeed, the talisman by which they conquered; and whether on the march

or around the camp-fire, his anecdotes and illustrations furnished an inexhaustible remedy for all the ills of soldier-life. Even the contrabands, ignorant and stupid as centuries of oppression had made them, catching a gleam of the effulgence of freedom just bursting upon them, in their adorations placed "Massa Lincum" next to Deity. No wonder that the "boys in blue" cheered lustily, and were happy, as they witnessed the approving smile of the President, on this grand review.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE—GENERAL WADSWORTH CROSSES THE RIVER IN A BOAT IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY—A DEAD REBEL—BUILDING BREASTWORKS—BETWEEN TWO FIRES—SERGEANT BAKER OF COMPANY H—PERILOUS POSITION OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—A MARCH OF TWENTY MILES—ENTERING THE BATTLE—SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS—JOHN SMITH ARRESTS THE DUTCHMAN—INEFFICIENCY OF UNDRILLED NINE MONTHS MEN—A THIRD RETREAT.

GENERAL HOOKER having determined to strike a blow at the earliest practicable moment, organized a campaign to start about the thirteenth of April. The cavalry, under General Stoneman, was to proceed up the Rappahannock some distance, then cross, and, sweeping down behind General Lee's position, sever his communications with Richmond. The infantry was to cross below Fredericksburg, and attack or pursue Lee's army, as events should render most practicable. The cavalry started on its mission; but a heavy rain storm shortly after set in, which rendered the river impassable, and operations were suspended until a more favorable opportunity. In the meantime the men were drilled, clothed and disciplined, and everything betokened an advance as soon as the elements would permit.

All was at length ready. The skies had cleared; the roads had become passable; the men were well-drilled and equipped, and everybody was hopeful. Now was the auspicious time when the Army of the Potomac was about to wipe out the effects of its late defeat, and all, from the general in command

to the private in the rear rank, felt the importance of the hour.

*April 28th*—Orders were this day received, to march to the Rappahannock. Haversacks and canteens were filled, ammunition supplied, tents struck, and soon the whole army was in motion. The plan of operations was varied somewhat from that adopted at the beginning of the month. The cavalry was to perform about the same task as then assigned to it—cross the river and by getting behind the rebel army, destroy its communication with Richmond. The bulk of the infantry was to cross above instead of below Fredericksburg, where it was expected the fatal blow would be struck at Lee's army.

The Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps were to move up the river, and crossing the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, establish themselves near Chancellorsville.

General Sedgwick, with the First, Third and Sixth Corps, was to remain in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

Two divisions of the Second Corps, under General Couch were held in readiness to take a position at United States Ford, as soon as the movements of the main army should render it practicable, and to join the main column at Chancellorsville, when the line should be established there.

The force moving upon Chancellorsville, excluding the two divisions under General Couch, did not exceed thirty-six thousand men, and the movement was conducted with such secrecy and dispatch that by the night of April thirtieth, they had gained the position designated.

During these operations, the left of the army, in which was the Seventy-sixth, under General Sedgwick, performed the part assigned them in the programme, by the commanding-general.

The Seventy-sixth broke camp on the twenty-eighth of April. A march of fifteen miles brought them to what was supposed



the camp for the night, one mile from the Rappahannock, and three miles below Fredericksburg. Scarcely had the weary soldiers laid down to rest, when a secret order to march was given, and at eleven o'clock at night the Regiment was again in motion. Very slow progress was made. The roads were completely blockaded with batteries, pontoon and ammunition trains, and the night being exceedingly dark, the men were forced to pick their way along singly. The river was finally reached, four miles below the city. The men of the Seventy-sixth were ordered to stack their arms half a mile from the river, and assist in laying the pontoon bridges. The rebel pickets and sharpshooters lined the opposite bank, watching the approach of our men, and prepared to pick off any who should attempt to cross or lay the pontoons, while their artillery stood frowning further up the hill. Our artillery soon, however, opened upon the enemy, with the intention of keeping him out of sight behind his intrenchments.

It was in this aspect of affairs, that General Wadsworth, commanding the Division, crossed on a pontoon, swimming his horse beside him, before any bridge was laid, and with the Wisconsin Brigade, drove the rebel pickets from their rifle pits, killing several. This bold adventure of the General did not fail to inspire the men with confidence in their leader, who could thus face the most imminent danger.

So hot was the rebel fire that many of the mules and horses employed in drawing the pontoons were killed. It, therefore, became necessary to abandon them. Ropes were attached to the wagons, which the Seventy-sixth seized and rushed to the river bank.

Without excitement to buoy them up, the men coolly proceeded to lay the bridge, while from an embankment, rock or tree frequently came the ominous flash, followed by the unmusical "ping" of a Minnie ball, yet the work continued,

and in a very short time the task was completed, and the troops crossing to occupy the identical ground occupied by our army over four months before.

Aside from the capture of one hundred and thirty prisoners in their rifle pits, very little fighting took place the first day. In making the capture, a few rebels were killed. On occupying the ground, one poor "Johnny" was found in a shed, whence he had been carried by his comrades. He was dead, and in his bosom was found a small New Testament. From his papers, one of which contained an application to be removed to the Southern naval service, his name was found to be — Jasper, of Georgia. Our men kindly buried him close by the shed, and placed a head-board at his grave, the men who had probably killed him dropping a tear upon his rude grave. Such instances but aggravate the crime of treason. Here was a "poor white," who had either been forced into the rebel army, or induced to lift a parricidal hand against the Government by those to whom he was accustomed to look for advice, carrying that chart of right, to guide him through what he may have been induced to believe a holy crusade in this life, to a higher and holier existence beyond. When the acts of time are impartially judged by Him who is unswayed by human prejudices and human interests, the instigators of this rebellion will find an account against them of the magnitude of which, even they, with all their knowledge of their own corrupt intentions, have now but a feeble conception.

Feeling certain of a severe battle the next day, our army employed most of the night in throwing up long lines of parapets, by the aid of which they would be enabled, at least, to hold their ground, if not sufficiently strong to drive the enemy from his position. The Seventy-sixth during the night demolished two large barns, with the timbers of which they erected a very respectable fortification. These works were

placed under charge of Colonel Wainwright, who was active the whole night, riding several times the entire length of the line. About two o'clock in the morning, as he was inspecting the works, he met General Wadsworth, who, quite alone, had crossed the river and was making a round of inspection. The brave old General had arisen to affluence and social position by his untiring energy and attention to business. Unlike the other Generals, who were now embracing Morpheus in their tents, he brought to the service of his country the same watchful vigilance which had made him a *millionaire*, and relinquished sleep and ease, rather than neglect his duty. Had the army been wholly commanded by men of the same spirit, the war had not lasted four years.

During the night, Captain Swan, of Company H, received a piece of shell in his leg. He retired quietly a few yards in rear of his men, where he could be ready in case of need; but taking good care that his men were not disturbed by a knowledge of his wound.

Scarcely had the morning light appeared, when the rebels, discovering the position of our forces, opened their batteries vigorously with shot and shell. The air was literally filled with the iron hail. In every direction the ground was deeply furrowed by the solid shot, while the bellowing of the cannon, shrieking of shells, and whizzing and groaning of solid shot, rendered the scene, even behind breastworks, not a little exciting. The excitement was greatly intensified by the firing of some of our own batteries. Several of these batteries stationed on the heights on the north side of the river now opened upon the enemy, firing over the infantry. The range was so long that many of the shells burst immediately over our own men. They were thus actually receiving the damaging effects of the shells of both armies.

In one instance, several men declare they saw a shell from

each army meet and burst, sending the fragments of both directly into the ranks of the Seventy-sixth. There are well-authenticated instances of balls found by the men of the Regiment, firmly imbedded in each other, having met in mid air, and fallen to the ground as one ball.

The troops, at the opening of the fire, were still using the spades, which had employed them most of the night; but these were soon relinquished, and the men sought refuge behind their temporary fortifications. The arms were stacked at a distance of forty paces from the embankment, and the fire had but just opened when a solid shot sent a whole stack of rifles whizzing through the air.

The good effects of discipline and drill were here again displayed. To save their arms it was necessary that the men should leave their refuge and expose themselves to this terrific storm, which was done with coolness and deliberation. Among the most conspicuous for cool bravery, was Sergeant Irving Baker, of Company II. Small in stature, but large in patriotic courage, and strong in his determination to do his duty, he went back and forth several times, carrying his arms full of guns, while his escape seemed each time a miracle. He escaped unhurt, to be, however, several times wounded afterwards. At Gettysburg, the following July, he displayed equal courage. The powder in the cannon tubes had become so damp from exposure to the rain of the preceding night, that the pieces could not be discharged. In the midst of a most terrific fire, Sergeant Baker, with cool and steady nerve, actually picked out the damp and primed the guns with dry powder, an operation lasting several minutes, until he had duly prepared seven or eight guns. This was done in the hottest of the fighting, and while our dead and wounded were falling around and even against him! A story is told of Sergeant Baker, while stationed at Fredericksburg in the summer

of 1862, when yet a private. One night, while on guard, a strong "six-foot" rebel came toward him, and was about to pass the line, as though the slender boy of five feet, and ninety-five pounds weight, constituted no impediment.

"Halt! Who comes there?" demanded the little private.

The rebel, deeming no reply necessary, kept on until within a rod of the guard, when the ominous click and steady aim of the Enfield rifle induced him to pause.

"About, face!" said the private, with such coolness and determination that scesesh promptly obeyed. "Forward, march!" shouted the boy, and through the streets of Fredericksburg the little conqueror marched the giant conquered, at each corner giving the order to "file right," or "file left," until the two appeared before Lieutenant Story, officer of the day, to whom the prisoner was given over by his captor. The proud and aristocratic rebel will ever have reason to respect the manly courage of the little Northern "mudsill," who thus, in the middle of the night, alone captured his giant proportions, and made him a prisoner of war. Sergeant Baker served his time out faithfully, and was well-entitled, both by his courage and intelligence, to a commission: yet, though four or five times wounded, he saw his merits unheeded, while those who were never within hearing of a battle, were given commissions, in consequence of outside political pressure.

The shelling lasted about three hours, when darkness put an end to the operations of the day.

The next morning was very foggy. The Seventy-sixth was ordered to advance part way across the plain, and do picket duty. The fog was so dense that no difficulty was experienced in securing the required position, though the men were liable at any moment to stumble against a rebel picket. Having reached the position, the fog soon after lifted, and there stood the Seventy-sixth within a few rods of the rebel army!

To charge the enemy was not only against orders, but involved the sure destruction of the whole Regiment, with no possibility of success. They were discovered by the rebels, who were taking aim for a destructive volley, when every man fell flat upon the ground, and the terrible storm of bullets went safely overhead! Owing to inequalities in the surface, most of the men were protected while lying upon the ground. In several instances, however, the men were obliged to dig rifle pits with their bayonets and knives, and thus hide their bodies from the sight of the enemy. To advance was impossible; to retreat across the plain certain destruction. And there, within a few rods of the rebels, not daring to lift a head or hand, lay the Seventy-sixth throughout that long and perilous day. At length the darkness of night permitted a retreat, and the Regiment gladly escaped "out of the jaws of death!"

During the day several were wounded. One poor fellow, after laying in misery several hours on the field, insisted that he had been wounded. He was examined by two young surgeons, who pronounced him unhurt. He still insisted that he had a bullet in his right breast. He was about being thrust back into his company as a "dead beat," when a more experienced surgeon came up and commenced an examination. Not a drop of blood could be seen, nor a wound of any kind, and still he complained of a severe pain in the lower part of his breast. The surgeon finally discovered on the shoulder, a small bullet hole, scarcely perceptible. The ball had struck the man on the shoulder, as he lay upon the ground, and penetrated his body nearly a foot!

Nothing is more surprising than the instances of wounds and recoveries in the army. Wounds which, in civil life, would be considered as surely fatal, are almost as surely curable in the army. At Gainesville, Eli E. Peck, of Company B, received a gunshot wound through the hips, the ball passing

entirely through his body, and being flattened in the passage. He lay several days upon the field, entirely unprotected from a severe storm and the rays of the sun, and yet to-day he experiences little inconvenience from the wound.

At the same battle, Captain Fox received a ball in his lungs, which still remains there, and yet he is alive and engaged in the active duties of life.

At the same battle, Captain Sager, of Company G, received a gun-shot wound, the ball passing entirely through the body, yet to-day he performs his accustomed duties with little inconvenience.

At the battle of Gettysburg, Sergeant Cliff, of Company F, received a wound which fractured his leg at the knee. Unable to stir, he lay upon the field for nearly a week, exposed to the scorching rays of a July sun, without food or water, and when finally taken to the hospital, his leg was amputated near the body, and yet Sergeant Cliff plies his needle still, and measures his customers as though he had never been in sight of the smoke of battle.

Lieutenant Cahill carries a ball in his head, and numerous other instances of remarkable escapes from death are connected with the Seventy-sixth. Providence seems to shield the hero who fights for his country, from many of the dangers which surround him.

During the night the Seventy-sixth was relieved, and joined the main body of the Left Grand Division, nearer the banks of the river. As they retired, the rebels, thinking it a trap to allure them into our breastworks, cried out:—

“You can’t catch us in that way!” at the same time firing a parting salute into the darkness.

The Regiment was soon after drawn up in rear of the “Tayloe House,” now occupied as Brigade headquarters, when the rebels opened a brisk fire with shells, several of

which struck the building, and others falling among the men, frightening the horses, and terrifying the birds, which flew from tree to tree in the wildest confusion. None of the men were injured.

The First Corps was now, (May 2), ordered to report to General Sedgwick, at Fredericksburg; but this order was changed, and the whole Corps, crossing to the north side of the river, was hurried on towards United States Ford, up the the Rappahannock a distance of about twenty miles, where they bivouacked for the night without crossing.

The men were awakened about two o'clock on the morning of May third, and resumed the march. Sleep had scarcely relieved them of the wearisome effects of yesterday's march; but Hooker had been fighting the day before, and in the hope that they were to set the seal of victory upon the battle, they eagerly pressed forward towards the ford. At daylight the river was crossed, and at six o'clock the Regiment arrived at the battle-field. The fight soon opened with great fury. As the Regiment crossed the river, a staff officer beckoned Colonel Wainwright from the column, and said:—

“The men must not know it, but all is up with the troops on the south side. Everything now depends upon your Corps.”

On reaching the field, the Fifth Corps was found in front, behind intrenchments, perfectly quiet. The Seventy-sixth went into camp behind them. Not far off was an artillery battery, and the shouts of the rebels could be distinctly heard, as they, with great courage, made several successive charges, but were each time mowed down by the pieces, some thirty in number, under charge of the gallant Captain Weed, afterwards killed as General at Gettysburg.

Early in the morning, General Hooker made a personal examination of his whole line, at Chancellorsville, returning



about nine o'clock to his headquarters. His right was held by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, under Generals Slocum and Howard. Not feeling satisfied with the dispositions made by these Corps, he issued the following instructions :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }  
 CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 2, 1863, 9:30 A. M. }

I am directed by the Major-General commanding, to say that the disposition you have made of your Corps has been made with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground, and determine upon the positions you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defenses worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the General's opinion, as favorably posted as might be.

We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets, for purposes of observation, as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach.

JAMES H. VAN ALLEN,

Brigadier-General and A. D. C.

MAJ.-GENERAL SLOCUM, AND MAJ.-GENERAL HOWARD.

Information was soon brought to General Hooker that a heavy column of the enemy was moving toward his right, for the purpose, as was very evident, of making the flank movement he had already anticipated. The above instructions were immediately sent to the Generals commanding the right, and General Sickles, with two divisions of the Third Corps, was ordered to follow up the movements of the enemy, now concealed from view by the woods in front of our lines. General Sickles promptly advanced, but did not reach the line of the enemy's movements until the main column had passed. He, however, captured a large number of their rear guards. From these prisoners he learned that this column of the enemy consisted of General Jackson's Corps, numbering about twenty-five thousand men, and their route was over a

by-road through the forest, passing diagonally across the front of the Union lines, and approaching within two or three miles of the right of our army, occupied by the Eleventh Corps. This Corps, formerly commanded by General Siegel, was composed chiefly of German regiments. There were in it, however, two or three Regiments of Americans, among which was the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York.

About six o'clock in the afternoon, musketry was heard on the right, but nothing indicating a very severe engagement. Soon, however, without any apparent cause, the Division on the extreme right broke and ran, and, flying along the line of the Eleventh Corps, threw that whole body into confusion and swept it from the field. The Germans, after Pope's retreat, had frequently taunted the Yankees with "We fight mit Siegel—you run mit Pope!" but now the tables were turned, and just when the whole result of the battle depended upon their remaining firm, they broke and ran in the most cowardly manner. In vain in that surging mass did the brave regiments attempt to preserve their line of battle. The cowardly waves would overwhelm them, until regiment after regiment fell back upon the next in the rear, and all was confusion. All in the Eleventh Corps were not cowards, and many instances of personal bravery are related.

John Smith, of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, saw a large Dutchman running for dear life, towards the rear. As he neared Smith he placed his gun between two trees, and with one effort, snapped it in twain. On he came, until Smith seized him by the collar, and, giving him three or four good jerks, put him in the line, placed in his hands the gun of a fallen hero, and compelled him to "fight mit" the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, until that Regiment was overwhelmed in the surging tide of retreat.

Steps were taken to arrest the fugitives and prevent the

communication of the panic to the whole army. Berry's Division of the Third Corps, and a brigade of the Second Corps, were ordered to cover the rear of the Eleventh Corps, and, if possible, retake and hold the position. This was, however, rendered impossible, by the occupation of it by a large force of the enemy, before our troops could reach it. This giving way of the right left General Sickles very much exposed, and in a critical position. He, however, learning the situation of affairs, very skillfully withdrew without much loss.

The Seventy-sixth lay as a support to a battery of thirty-six guns. The forces under Jackson rushed forward after the panic-stricken Eleventh Corps, until they came to this battery, which opened a most terrific fire upon them, mowing them down by regiments. Up came the rebel hosts, only to be hurled back with thinned and weakened ranks. It was during one of these charges that "Stonewall" Jackson fell mortally wounded. The enemy being repulsed with severe loss, active operations ceased for the night. While this attack was being made, General Lee was making an attack upon the Twelfth and Second Corps, where he was promptly repulsed. General Hooker says of this conduct of the Eleventh:—

The bad conduct of the Eleventh Corps had cost me the key of my position, and embarrassed me by contracting my sphere of action. The position which had been held by the left of that Corps was the most commanding one in that vicinity. In the possession of the enemy, it would enable him with his artillery to enfilade the lines of the Twelfth and Second Corps. He could drive from the plain in front of the Chancellorsville House, all the artillery posted to command the junction of the plank road and the old pike; and he could drive from the plain all the force that might be upon it. To wrest this position from the enemy after his batteries were established on it, would have required slender columns of infantry, which he could destroy as fast as they were thrown upon it.

This was the position of affairs on the right at the close of the operations of the day.

General Hooker, at nine o'clock that night, sent an order to General Sedgwick to cross the Rappahannock, and march immediately on the Chancellorsville road, until he connected with him, and to attack and destroy any force he might fall in with on the road. He was directed to leave his trains behind, except pack-trains of ammunition, and to be in the vicinity of General Hooker at daylight, to fall upon the rear of General Lee, who, it was expected, would be used up between the two Union armies. General Gibbon was to take possession of Fredericksburg. At midnight, General Hooker sent the following to General Sedgwick:—

MAY 2d, 1863—12 Midnight.

*Major-General Sedgwick:—*

From the statement brought by General Hooker's aid, it seems to be of vital importance that you should fall upon Lee's rear with crushing force. He will explain all to you. Give your advance to one who will do all that the urgency of the case requires.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,

Major-General, Chief of Staff.

General Sedgwick's Corps consisted of from twenty-two thousand to twenty-five thousand men, who, with General Gibbon to occupy Fredericksburg, were left at liberty to make the movement directed by General Hooker. The forces of the enemy occupying the defenses of Fredericksburg amounted to perhaps ten thousand men. The balance of the rebel army was in front of General Hooker, seven or eight miles above Fredericksburg.

The movement directed was commenced by General Sedgwick, but instead of communicating with Hooker by daylight, as directed, no demonstration was made upon the heights of Fredericksburg until after that time, and the heights were not carried until eleven o'clock the third of May. The enemy had by that time discovered the movement and sent reinforcements to Fredericksburg offering much stronger resistance

to the advance of General Sedgwick than he would have met had General Hooker's orders been obeyed.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the third, the enemy renewed the attack, which was bravely resisted until eleven o'clock, when a new line was chosen and taken in good order.

The position which was thus abandoned had been held at great disadvantage, and only for the purpose of hearing of the approach of General Sedgwick.

Shortly after the attack, General Hooker was injured by a cannon ball, which knocked him against a pillar of the house in which he was. The command then devolved upon General Couch as the senior officer. After this, the operations of neither army were carried on with much activity. For two days assaults were made by the rebels upon exposed portions of our line, but they were easily repulsed.

An amusing incident occurred in the rear and to the left, illustrating the danger of relying upon undisciplined troops in action, and the utility of persistent drill. A brigade of New Jersey nine months men, under General Paul, afterwards shot through the head at Gettysburg, had been stationed with one of those interminable southern thickets directly in front of them, through which no body of troops could possibly advance—in fact, as good as a breastwork. These nine months men had seen no service, and being near the battle-field, every cracking bush was indicative of the advance of a large army. While thus stationed, two or three of their own men, having occasion to visit the thicket, chanced to step upon a dry limb, when the unfledged warriors of the brigade, officers and men, in imagination saw the whole of Lee's army in their immediate front. The order to fire was scarcely given, before a volley was poured into the thicket by the entire Brigade. This was immediately followed by another, when the mistake was fortunately discovered before anything serious resulted,

and the firing ceased. To the want of drill be it credited, that though the men who caused the alarm were in plain sight, few rods distant, neither of them was injured by this firing. This will in part explain why nine months men never added to the strength or efficiency of the army.

General Sedgwick had crossed the Rappahannock. General Stoneman had failed to sever the communications of Lee's army with Richmond. General Hooker was incapacitated by reason of the accident which had happened to him, and to add to the perils of the situation, a severe rain storm set in on Tuesday, May fifth, with a fair prospect of rendering the river impassable at the fords in a short time. Under these trying circumstances, and in view of his instructions to cover Washington and Harper's Ferry, General Hooker at length determined to recross the river. This was accordingly done, and on the morning of May sixth, the whole Union army was north of the Rappahannock.

The retreat was conducted in the midst of a heavy storm. The night was very dark. The ground, which was almost deluged with water, had become muddy and soft, and altogether this third retreat, under the existing circumstances, was not well calculated to inspire hopes, or strengthen the men's attachments for soldiers' life.

In the afternoon the Seventy-sixth arrived at Falmouth, within a mile of the camp from which they started on the previous Saturday, wet, tired, and it will not be wondered at if nearly discouraged at these repeated failures to accomplish anything really decisive.

On the ninth the Regiment was moved a short distance to a pleasant pine grove, where the men were soon at home in buildings of their own erecting, and where, with rest and pleasant surroundings, they soon forgot the discouragements of the retreat.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE SEVENTY-SIXTH RECRUITING—ANN REDMOND—TRADING BETWEEN THE PICKETS—MARCH OF THIRTY-FIVE MILES IN ONE DAY—COLONEL WAINWRIGHT TAKES HIS LEAVE OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—HEAT, DUST AND SUN-STROKE—AGAIN IN MARYLAND—CAMPING IN THE MUD—MARCH PAST SOUTH MOUNTAIN—RECEPTION AT FREDERICK CITY—CHANGE OF COMMANDERS—ACTS OF GENEROSITY BY THE PEOPLE—AMUSING INCIDENT—MUSTER FOR PAY—THE ROLLS NEVER SIGNED.

*May 13th, 1863.*—The Seventy-sixth had now dwindled to a mere skeleton of its former self. Honorable service, with the diseases incident to change of climate, water and mode of life, had sadly thinned its patriotic ranks. At this date the first addition of men was made. About fifty were added from the Twentieth-fourth New York Volunteers. The balance of that regiment had been discharged on expiration of term of service. The Regiment was still further increased on the twenty-fourth of May, by the addition of five officers and about two hundred men from the Thirtieth New York Volunteers.

A month was spent in this lovely camp. The thermometer ranged high; the air was dry and the roads dusty; but hidden away in the dense pine woods, the soldiers rapidly recruited their strength. Colonel Wainwright could not forego the drill which he correctly deemed so essential to the efficiency of the army. This, with the picket duty along the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, kept the soldiers sufficiently employed to dispel the *ennui* engendered by camp life. The woods

were full of game, especially rabbits. These were so numerous that often the young were trodden under foot in camp. This gave Ann Redmond, of whom we have already spoken, occasion for the exercise of the kindlier emotions of her nature. For nearly two years she had stood by our sick and wounded soldiers, marching with them hundreds of miles, washing for them, and when in pain, kindly watching over them and administering to their wants, and by her mirthful conversation and hearty laugh, driving away many of those gloomy forebodings which are the bane of the soldier's life. Now that the soldiers no longer needed her care, she sought to make herself useful to the brutes. Many of these young rabbits were taken into her tent and nursed with all the fondness of Ann's heart; but generally her labor was vain, as the little pets would die from sheer fright.

As the month wore away and the pickets of the opposing armies lined either side of the river, a friendly feeling grew up between them, and quite an active commerce was the result. Picket firing—never indulged in by properly disciplined armies of civilized nations—had ceased, and the men held daily conversations together. Then came the proposition to exchange tobacco for coffee, which was accepted. At first little boats of board, with paper sails, were sent across, returning laden with the promised article. Then the pickets grew more familiar, and swimming the river, made visits to the "enemy's" side, and indulged in a game of cards, and other camp sports. Newspapers were exchanged, and a general friendly feeling engendered. How strange that in less than one month these trading friends were engaged in a desperate struggle on the sanguinary field of Gettysburg, hundreds of miles distant!

The latter part of May it became apparent from the conduct of the rebels, and the reports brought in by our scouts, that



General Lee was contemplating some grand movement. General Hooker became satisfied that it was not a simple raid, but an extensive movement of the whole rebel army, similar to that of the year previous, which resulted in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. The General, comprehending the necessity of vigorous and united effort against Lee, submitted to President Lincoln a proposition, that all the troops whose operations could have any influence on those of Lee's army, should be placed under the control of one commander. He at the same time signified to the President, that he (General Hooker) might not be considered in the way of this arrangement, as it was a position he did not desire, and only suggested it because of the necessity he felt for concert as well as vigor of action. In reply, General Hooker received notice that Generals Heintzelman and Dix had been instructed to telegraph him all the movements which they might ascertain or make. Also, that directions had been given to forward military information which might be received from General Schenck's command. But at the same time, no authority was given General Hooker over them nor was any commander appointed. For two weeks the Army of the Potomac was in that state of unrest and uncertainty which precedes a grand advance. Orders to strike tents and prepare to march at one o'clock A. M. would be immediately followed by orders to pitch tents, and soon the boys were asleep as though nothing had happened. This was often repeated until at last, on the twelfth of June, the army took up its march toward Warrenton: The men had been given rest and were now in excellent spirits, and ready for any duty, though it led them to a renewal of those severe conflicts, the novelty of which had long since passed away. The Regiment was on picket at Pratt's Point when the order to march was received, which was at two o'clock in the morning. The night was very dark, and the men

stretched over an extent of four miles. It was day-light before the last squad had arrived, and the march for camp commenced. Before reaching camp, word was received that the Brigade had marched. The course of the Regiment was changed, and at one P. M., the Brigade, having halted to execute a deserter, was overtaken by the Regiment. The Seventy-sixth arrived just in time to hear the fatal volley, and the army was immediately in motion, giving no time for rest to our weary men.

It was nine o'clock that night before the Regiment went into bivouac. They had been in motion nineteen hours, and traveled thirty-five miles! No man who endured that march will readily forget it. The weather was hot, the roads dusty, and many of the men, with great difficulty, managed to keep with the Regiment. Yet with blistered feet and aching shoulders, they plodded on. This march, unequalled in the history of this war, would seem to entitle them to a little rest, but at two o'clock the next morning, the men were called from their weary bivouac, and marched twenty miles before 6 o'clock P.M. The distance in miles will scarcely convey an adequate idea of the labor performed. The roads were so blocked with troops and trains that for hours little progress was made, the troops standing in readiness to march, the wearying effects of standing about equaling those of actual marching.

The Seventy-sixth arrived at Centreville on the sixteenth, and remained two days. While here, Colonel Wainwright left the Regiment on account of sickness and never returned. It could not afford to lose so able and earnest an officer. With him, war meant fight; and to prepare for fighting, he deemed drill and discipline and proper selection of subordinate officers absolutely necessary. Upon entering the Regiment he commenced a regular military school. The men thought him unnecessarily strict in, and tenacious of drill; but they after-

ward, in many a severe battle, while other regiments of as good men broke and ran, the Seventy-sixth winning for itself laurels by its steadiness and courage, had reason to, and did, heartily approve of those drills. To his qualities as a disciplinarian, Colonel Wainwright added attention to the wants of his men, their physical, mental and moral developements, himself a model, which every man might follow with profit. We parted with the Colonel with regret, and trust that the future pages of the history of the Regiment will convince him that the precepts and example, the drill and discipline which he gave the Regiment, were not given in vain.

Captain Grover, of Company A, having partially recovered from the severe wounds received at Gainesville, and been commissioned Major of the Regiment, now took command, and continued such command until his death at Gettysburg.

The movements and intentions of the enemy were now becoming well understood. They had determined upon an invasion of Maryland, and probably Pennsylvania, with possible ultimate intentions upon Baltimore and Washington. The plan of General Hooker was to permit them to advance to a favorable point, and then, while covering Washington, to strike with the whole force at his command, and fight a decisive battle.

After leaving Centreville, on the seventeenth, the army moved toward Leesburg. The day was extremely hot. The march was made through a dense forest of pine shrubs, which, while furnishing no shade to protect from the scorching rays, prevented any good effects from cool breezes, if any existed, in that sultry climate. The roads were filled with wagons, batteries, cavalry, infantry, artillery, all rushing, halting, sweating. The dust arose in suffocating clouds, was inhaled at every breath, and settling upon faces from which the perspiration flowed at every pore, soon rendered the face of the most

intimate friend indistinguishable in the surging crowd. Many fell down in the ranks from sun-stroke and exhaustion. Even officers fell from their horses from the effects of the suffocating dust and heat. An open country was finally reached, and the Seventy-sixth went into camp near a small creek and the Leesburg railroad. One day of rest was given, during which many who had fallen out the day before, came up and rejoined their commands. On the nineteenth, marched four miles and re-encamped at Goose Creek.

At two o'clock A. M., on the twentieth, orders were received to march. The men were ready, but no order came to "fall in," and gradually the excitement passed, and the men settled down to camp life. The cavalry engaged the rebels at Aldie, and our Brigade was to support the cavalry, but that arm of the service behaved with such gallantry and efficiency that they won the battle and drove the enemy across the mountains without any support from the infantry, and the orders to our Brigade were countermanded.

On the twenty-fifth, the Regiment marched eight miles and crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry. At length, out of the secession atmosphere of "the Mother of Presidents" of the olden time, and the breeder of traitors of the new, and on the soil of at least semi-loyal Maryland, the men could not repress a shout of joy. Civilians will scarcely appreciate the change. But the soldier who has spent a year in a State where even the "poor white trash" feel corrupted by contact with the shadow of the old flag, without one smile of recognition of their heroic sacrifices, continually taunted as a Yankee horde of invaders, can well understand the kindly smile of welcome from the window and door-way, while the "flag of our Union" waves from the porch and house-top. No wonder that our boys shook off the dust of "old Virginia" against her, and sent up a shout for "My Maryland," wayward, erratic,

and hesitating, though at times she had proved herself. The men felt the inspiration as of new life, and though weary with their march, and the rain had already set in, making the roads slippery and heavy, they marched twenty miles, passing through Poolesville, and going into camp near Barnesville, Maryland. The Regiment was stationed in a cornfield where the water stood from three to six inches between the rows of corn. Of all the songs and rhymes written to show the beauties of the different seasons and the multifarious phases of human existence, we do not remember of any in which the author fell into ecstasies over sleeping in a mud-puddle. A strong guard was stationed about camp to prevent any escapes; but to the credit of the guard be it said, that the next morning most of the men were found encamped in a piece of woods on a dry knoll across the road, where they should have been placed by the proper authorities the night before. General Wadsworth, with characteristic kindness, bought a stack of straw for his Division to sleep upon. The next morning at 9 o'clock, the men rolled up their wet blankets, making their load about three times its usual weight, and marched sixteen miles through the rain and mud. This day passed Sugar Loaf Mountain, and went into camp at Jefferson, Maryland.

*June 27th.*—Marched through Middletown and camped within a mile and a half of the battle-field of South Mountain. As the men came in sight of that field where so many of their comrades offered up their lives, it is not surprising that they inwardly shuddered at the recollection of that awful slaughter, and speculated upon the prospect of being again called upon to renew it. The next day marched to Frederick City, which the patriotic and humane Whittier has made immortal as the home of the heroic Barbara Frietchie. To-day, more than

“Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind.”

Old Barbara's heart rejoiced at the sight of the "glorious ensign of our republic still full high advanced" from every window and house-top as, instead of, as the year before,—

"Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,"

now came the steady columns of "the boys in blue." What a mingling of voices was that, as the thankful maiden's voice, in songs and words of welcome, mingled with the coarser but patriotic shouts of Maryland's heroic defenders!

*June 28th.*—To-day General Hooker was relieved of his command, which was given to General Meade. A difficulty had arisen between General Hooker and General Halleck, of the latter of whom it has been remarked:—"He proved his pen to be mightier than his sword!" There were about ten thousand troops at Harper's Ferry. General Hooker thought the possession of that place of no practical benefit to our army, and requested permission to withdraw those troops and unite their strength with that of the army marching against Lee. Without the Harper's Ferry troops, the armies were about equal in numbers, and the result of a battle under those circumstances must, at least, be doubtful. Instead of orders to withdraw the troops from Harper's Ferry, General Hooker received an order from General Halleck disapproving of the withdrawal of the troops, and directing, if necessary, that the place be strengthened by an addition of troops from Hooker's army. General Hooker says: "On finding that I was not allowed to manœuvre my own army in the presence of the enemy, and conscious that I was standing in the way of the accomplishment of its mission, on the same day, the twenty-seventh of June, I sent General Halleck the following telegraph:—

June 27th, 1863—1 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK:—

My original instructions were to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington.

I have now imposed on me in addition an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully, but firmly, that I am unable to comply with these conditions with the means at my disposal, and I earnestly request that I may be at once relieved from the position I occupy.

JOSEPH HOOKER,

Major-General Commanding."

The next morning Colonel Hardie arrived with an order from General Halleck, relieving General Hooker from command and directing him to turn it over to General Meade. This terminated the connection of General Hooker with the Army of the Potomac. We have seen how well he fought while connected with this army, and his subsequent fighting above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, will make his name shine in the annals of history, when other Generals, pampered and petted by the War Department, will have been buried in oblivion. In this refusal of the troops to General Hooker, as in many other things connected with the conduct of the General who fought his battles in the parlor in Washington, there is much that has never been satisfactorily explained. Immediately after General Meade assumed command, not only was he authorized to use the troops refused to General Hooker, but was given other troops for which General Hooker had not asked. It is the opinion of able men with the evidence fully before them, that had General Hooker been clothed with the power at once conferred upon General Meade, and been given the assistance which was so freely accorded to him, the result of the campaign might have been far more decisive than it was.

*June 29th.*—The Seventy-sixth was to-day detailed as wagon guard, and marched thirty miles to Emettsburg. Much of the way was through fields, frequently for miles upon the double quick, and yet the men felt less weariness than on many other marches of half the distance. The crossing of the fields was made necessary in consequence of the blockade

of the road by ambulances, ammunition trains and troops, crowding all the main streets, and all tending in the direction of Gettysburg. The line of march was through a most fruitful region of country. On every side, huge cherry trees, loaded with their ripe, delicious fruit, invited the thirsty and fruit-hungry boys to the commission of trespasses; but this was not an enemy's country, and so the boys desisted. Had it been in Virginia, the owner might have congratulated himself had his trees survived the passage of the army.

As the army neared that line which had heretofore separated the free from the slave, the people grew more intensely and heartily loyal. The road sides became lined with ladies, old and young,—it may be homely, but especially lovely to the Union soldiery—as each, with a pail and dipper or cup, dealt out the cooling draughts of water, and frequently of milk, to the thirsty heroes. Frequently loaves of fresh bread, kneaded by loyal hands and tendered with pleasant smiles of welcome, and aprons full of ripe cherries, were presented by blushing young maidens with words of encouragement, giving to them a double relish. “Take a few cherries; they will strengthen you for your march!” said the beautiful maiden. “You look weary, sir, have a little milk,” said the girl. “Put this loaf of bread in your haversack,” said the matron. “God bless the heroes who defend us!” shouted the group of thankful Marylanders. “Three cheers for our friends!” shouted the sergeant, and along the whole line the shout of the heroic North thanked Maryland's generosity. Is it surprising that this day's march of thirty miles passed off as a mere holiday parade? God bless the loyal females of Northern Maryland, for the inspiration which they thus poured into the heroic bosoms of those patriotic soldiers. Who can estimate its influence upon them during the awful carnage of the three days at Gettysburg? Poor fellows! to many of them it was



the last kind act they received on earth. May we not hope it was a harbinger of that "well done, good and faithful," which they soon after received on the other shore?

An amusing incident occurred to-day. An old farmer living about a hundred rods from the road, up a private lane, stood a perfect picture of wonder and despair because he could not convince the men that "Dare ish no road up dis way!" The Regiment had turned up this lane for the purpose of taking the fields to avoid the crowd in the main road, and there the old fellow, unacquainted with the necessities of war, stood addressing each officer as he came up and passed, with "My Got, you can't go dis way!" "Tare ish no road dis way!" Yet on moved the army, convincing even our Dutch friend by the time the movement was completed, that there was a very wide road that way.

At length, the Regiment went into camp at Emmettsburg. The next morning it was moved about four miles to a creek, separating Maryland from Pennsylvania. As the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, attached to our Brigade, reached the shore of their native State, they sent up cheer upon cheer, showing their appreciation of "Home, sweet, sweet home." The army was now placed in line of battle, and remained thus until the next morning.

The Seventy-sixth was mustered for pay by Major Grover, but it being late in the afternoon before it was completed, and one company being on picket duty, the certificates of muster were not signed that night by the officer. Indeed, they were never signed by him, for before another sun had set, Major Grover with nearly one-third of the noble men who answered to their names at this muster, were mustered into that great army from the roll-call of which none will be absent.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,  
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!

Right through that dread lead-storm of shrapnell and shell

Through without faltering—clear through with a yell.

Right in their midst in the turmoil and gloom,

Like heroes they dashed at the mandate of doom!

Oh, that last charge!

\* \* \* \* \*

They are mustered out!

Oh, God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,

And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!

Oh, land of earth's hope, on the blood-reddened sod,

They died for the Nation, the Union, and God!

They are mustered out."

## CHAPTER XX.

MARCH TO GETTYSBURG—THE SEVENTY-SIXTH GIVEN THE POST OF HONOR—MAJOR GROVER'S ORDER—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—DETAILS AND INCIDENTS—HALF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH KILLED AND WOUNDED IN HALF AN HOUR—INSTANCES OF HEROISM—RECRUITING FROM THE "WOUNDED" ON THE FIELD—THE "NAMELESS HEROINE" OF GETTYSBURG—THE AGED VOLUNTEER OF GETTYSBURG—SERGEANT CLIFF, OF COMPANY F—UNION VICTORY—OLD ARCHIE—ANN REDMOND.

*July 1st, 1863.*—The Union Army could now be deemed invaders no longer, though viewed from the stand-point of the most violent secessionist. It was now upon the soil of a State that has never been charged with treason by her bitterest foes. The enemy, in this second attempt, had invaded the loyal State of Pennsylvania, and were to be driven from it, or march further into the interior of the loyal North. The men all felt that they were now called upon to fight, not merely for an abstract principle, but for their own hearth-stones,—not only to sustain the Government, but for their own families, and to preserve their homes from the desolations of war.

It had rained through the night, and the arms being loaded, were in poor condition for fighting; but the men set briskly at work putting them in order, and soon the army was moving towards Gettysburg. The Seventy-sixth was placed on the right of the Brigade, which was on the right of the Division, occupying the right of the First Corps. This brought the Seventy-sixth in the extreme front in marching, and on the extreme right in line of battle.

Our Regiment, at this time, belonged to the Second Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps. The Brigade was composed of the Seventy-sixth New York, Fourteenth New York, (Brooklyn), Seventh Indiana, Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, and Ninety-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, and commanded by Brigadier-General Cutler.

Before noon the Regiment reached a gentle eminence, from which a view was had of Gettysburg. A halt was ordered. In front of the Corps were gathered a group of Generals and their respective staffs, all intently surveying with their field-glasses, the valley and hills beyond. There stood Reynolds, the Corps Commander, even now surveying the ground where in less than six hours he fell in front of his Corps. There was Wadsworth, the brave and intrepid leader of the Division; and Cutler, the commandant of the Brigade. Scouts were momentarily coming in with their reports of the position and strength of the enemy. Then came the rush of people from the town—gray-haired old men tottering along; women carrying their children, and children leading each other, while on the faces of all were depicted the indices of the terror and despair which had taken possession of them.

At the side of the road opposite the Seventy-sixth was a long row of cherry trees loaded with ripe fruit. The boys looked and wished, yet hesitated. Just at this moment, Major Grover rode down from the group of officers, and, speaking in a tone audible to all, said:—

“Boys, the General charges you to be very particular to keep strictly within the rules, and not meddle with those cherry *trees*! Be sure you don't break the *trees* down!” and then turning his horse up the road, he watched intently the group of officers beyond. The hint was understood, and the cherries proved very palatable, though the *trees* did not remain quite uninjured. The officers failed to look around

while the trees were being plundered. The cause was fully explained afterwards. The owner of the trees occupied a house near the Generals, and by his manner and conversation had convinced them that, though living in a free and loyal State, he was a secessionist; hence Pope's foraging order was applicable to his case. Before night his house was riddled with shot and shell, and finally consumed, and not one in the Union army who understood his political status, mourned over his loss.

The cherries were hardly disposed of, when the order, "Forward!" was given, and off at double-quick, down the hill toward the enemy rushed the veteran regiments. The Seventy-sixth New York being in advance, was obliged to remove fences as they led the army through fields, gardens and yards. It was an hour of excitement—this rushing into the midst of a large army now plainly visible on the opposite hills.

On approaching, and when within two miles of the town, General Cutler was ordered to move obliquely to the left across the fields to the ridge near the Seminary west of the town, where the enemy were already engaging our cavalry. He moved across the railroad with the Seventy-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York Volunteers and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and immediately formed in line of battle. He soon found himself engaged with a vastly superior force of the enemy, advancing in two lines, at short range, in front, and on his right flank. The three regiments under General Cutler's command, in the language of his report, "fought as only brave men can fight, and held their ground until ordered to fall back by General Wadsworth, to the woods on the next ridge. The Seventy-sixth New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania fell back; the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York did not receive the

“order, in consequence of Lieutenant Colonel Miller being  
“wounded at the moment of receiving it. Major Harney  
“held the regiment to its position until the enemy were in  
“possession of the railroad-cut on his left, when it was impos-  
“sible for him to retire until relieved by a charge on the ene-  
“my from the left by the Sixth Wisconsin, Ninety-fifth New  
“York Volunteers, and Fourteenth Brooklyn, which resulted  
“in capturing a large body of the enemy, and enabled Major  
“Harney to bring off the remainder of his Regiment.”

It was near the first of this fighting that General Reynolds was killed, and the command of the corps devolved upon Major-General Doubleday. About the same time Major Grover was struck by a ball and almost instantly killed. Major Grover was a good disciplinarian, and was missed in the Regiment. General Cutler, in his report of the battle, says :—

“Major Grover, commanding the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers, a brave and efficient officer, was killed early in the action of the first instant, and the command devolved upon Captain John E. Cook, and most ably and faithfully did he perform the duty.”

About the same time that Major Grover was killed, Lieutenant Cahill, of Company B, fell, wounded in the thigh. Captain Story, of Company B, fell mortally wounded. Lieutenants Carter and Button, of Company B, were wounded, and Sergeant-Major Thomas Martin killed, the ball entering his arm and side.

All the Regiments in this advance Brigade were fearfully cut up. The Seventy-sixth went into the fight with three hundred and forty-eight men and twenty-seven officers, and in half an hour it lost two officers killed, and sixteen wounded ; twenty-seven men killed, and one hundred and twenty-four

wounded; making a total killed and wounded in the half hour, of eighteen officers and one hundred and fifty-one men, or over half the officers, and nearly half the men expended in that brief period! The One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York went into the fight with three hundred and eighty officers and men, and within the same time lost in killed and wounded two hundred and seven. The Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania went into the battle with seventeen officers and two hundred and thirty-five men, and within the same time lost in killed and wounded, six officers and seventy-two men. It is very seldom that an army suffers in the ratio above indicated.

After falling back to the woods, and subsequently further back, General Cutler received orders to advance again, and occupy the crest of the ridge. Although reduced by a loss of half their numbers, the men bravely and cheerfully moved forward to renew the fight. On his way, General Cutler was joined by the Ninety-fifth New York, Fourteenth Brooklyn, and Sixth Wisconsin. After occupying the old ground from half to three-fourths of an hour, the enemy were discovered putting a battery into position on the right flank, and moving forward large bodies of infantry in the same direction. This being reported to General Wadsworth, he directed General Cutler to take such a position as he deemed proper. Leaving the Fourteenth Brooklyn to assist the Sixth Wisconsin in supporting the battery, he, with the balance of the Brigade present, changed front to the right, and endeavored to hold the enemy in check as best he could. He had no support on either the right or left, until about two o'clock, when a brigade from the Second Division formed on the right, and the Eleventh Corps came in on the right of them. Soon after, a column of the enemy opened on the Second Division. General Cutler immediately pushed his Brigade through the woods

and, coming in on the flank, opened so hot a fire upon them, that one regiment threw down their arms and surrendered. By this time the enemy were so close on his left flank that he again changed front, and came into line on General Robinson's left, where he remained until out of ammunition, and was relieved by other troops. He then fell back under the hill and sent for ammunition.

The Eleventh Corps had now fallen back to, and were moving into, the town, and soon the enemy appeared advancing in line of battle. After waiting about twenty minutes, General Cutler moved the Brigade to the railroad with a view to form under cover of its bank and try to hold him in check there, when he received an order through Colonel Bankhead, to send three regiments to aid in repelling the enemy near the Seminary. He immediately sent the Seventy-sixth, the Fourteenth Brooklyn, and the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York. These regiments remained there until General Cutler received orders to move his Brigade to the rear in the best order he could. He moved off on the railroad embankment, and although exposed to the enemy's fire on both flanks, the men marched with perfect steadiness and no excitement. Their steadiness had the effect to bring the enemy to a halt, when he threw out skirmishers, thus relieving our Brigade from the fire of his main line on the left. This Brigade thus completely covered the troops who were retreating on its right from the fire of the enemy on its left. The Brigade suffered severely while retiring. General Cutler had one horse killed on the railroad, and another wounded going through the town. After the death of General Reynolds, the Corps was handled with courage and skill by General Doubleday. In the midst of the fight he was ever-present, giving orders to his men, and even, in some cases, "sighting" the artillery. At one time he was nearly surrounded by the



rebels, and only escaped by reason of their ignorance of his rank.

Instances of heroism occurred on this sanguinary field, which, had they been witnessed in the olden time, would have linked the names of the actors with the worshiped saints. In the hottest of the fight, the rebels had killed nearly all the gunners attached to Battery B, Fourth U. S. Artillery, and were rushing up to take the Battery, when a remaining gunner, nearly exhausted by his almost superhuman effort to save his battery, raised his "swab," and struck the commandant of the rebel squad, breaking his neck. The brave gunner fell, however, pierced through the body by rebel bayonets. His battery was taken, but recaptured by our troops later in the day.

As the Sixth Wisconsin was advancing to the relief of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, a fine appearing man came deliberately up to Lieut.-Col. Dawes, commanding the Regiment, and, taking the position of a soldier, saluted the Colonel. Supposing he had some order to communicate, the Colonel turned toward him, when the man, standing erect, exclaimed:—"Tell my friends at home I died like a man and a soldier!" Then, tearing open his coat with both hands, he displayed a ghastly wound, and fell dead!

In another instance, the rebels had killed nearly all the gunners in charge of one piece of our artillery, and were advancing to capture it. Observing their movement, one of the gunners hastily attached the horses to the gun, and was just preparing to mount and ride off, as the rebel Lieutenant placed his hand upon the piece and ordered him to surrender. Instead of obeying the order, he put spurs to the horses and dashed off. But, as he started, the Lieutenant, who had reached the horses' side, presented a cocked pistol at the head of the gunner. Determined to save the gun, regardless of the

danger, he dashed ahead, when the Lieutenant fired, the ball entering the body of the gunner; he, however, managed to stay upon his horse until the gun was safe within our lines, and then fell to the ground dead!

Cases of cowardice, as well as courage, were not wanting. As the Regiment was marching near the railroad, they were at one time deployed through the lot, along the edge of which ran a stone wall. As they were marching along, Captain Pierce, of Company A, discovered a man nicely rolled up in a blanket, lying behind the wall, his head completely hidden. Considering the care with which he was rolled in the blanket a little unusual for a dead man, Captain Pierce proceeded to investigate.

“What are you doing here?” inquired the Captain. “Get up!”

“I can’t. I am awfully wounded,” replied the “beat.”

“Where?” inquired the Captain.

“Here,” answered the coward, pointing to his side.

An examination discovered no wound. After changing the locality of the injury several times, and each time failing to discover blood, the Captain shouted, “Get up, you coward! Fall in!” and Company A kept this recruit of the battle-field in the front rank the remainder of the day.

The Brigade was now ordered to fall back through the town to Cemetery Ridge on the south. The rebels followed closely, so that at one time the town was occupied by portions of both armies.

The people of Gettysburg, like the bulk of the people of the free States, are heartily loyal. At many of the doors and windows, the ladies, lads and girls stood through that long, hot day, and passed water and food to the Union troops. The men of the Seventy-sixth will not soon forget, and I should fail in the performance of my duty, did I not

mention the "nameless heroine," who, with a cup in each hand, so busily dealt out water to the thirsty boys, the tears of sympathy streaming down her lovely cheeks, as the wounded soldiers came hobbling by, until, pierced by a rebel ball, she fell dead by the side of her pail! We regret that we cannot hand down her name to posterity, even in these humble pages. The memory of her deeds and heroic sacrifice shall remain green, though her name is unknown.

After passing through the town to Cemetery Hill, the Brigade was joined by the Seventh Indiana, which had come up. By order of General Wadsworth the Seventh Indiana was sent, to hold the crest of a hill to the right, and the balance of the Brigade having been in action from ten o'clock A. M. to four o'clock P. M., were allowed to rest for the night.

At the commencement of this battle, as the Regiment was rushing forward toward the enemy, a cannon ball passed between the legs of Captain Robert Story, of Company B, plowing up the earth beyond, yet he rushed on until, half an hour later, he lay mortally wounded, in the enemy's lines. He was struck in the left thigh by a Minnie ball, which, on reaching and fracturing the bone, divided into three parts. He lingered until the sixth of August, receiving all the attentions which kind hearts and skillful hands could give. No man in the Regiment was entitled to more praise than Captain Story.

To the Seventy-sixth New York is due the credit of firing the first gun at Gettysburg, except the skirmishing done by the cavalry. Next to the Seventy-sixth was the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, one of the best regiments in the service—a regiment which ever vied with the Seventy-sixth in the laudable strife to excel in achievements.

As the regiments were pushing forward, before the fighting commenced, a gray-haired man, sixty years of age, rushed

across the fields, gun in hand, and attempted to reach the front; but being unable to overtake the Seventy-sixth New York, he fell in with the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, and fought with that Regiment all day. Had all the residents of Gettysburg been equally patriotic and courageous, the result of the first day's fighting might have been more disheartening to the South, and rendered the terrible fighting of the next two days unnecessary.

Early in the first day's fighting, Orderly Sergeant Henry Cliff, of Company F, fell severely wounded in his left leg. Our troops were retreating, and he was left upon the field. The sun was shooting down his hottest July rays. No bush protected the brave Sergeant.

"Please carry me to the shade of that tree," said the Sergeant to a rebel, alluding to a large tree that stood near by.

"I shan't do it," replied the rebel; "get some of your d—d Yankee horde to help you. If you had been at home, where you belonged, instead of fighting for the d—d nigger, you would not have needed help!" and there, for five days the Sergeant lay with a broken limb, unable to stir, almost dying from thirst and hunger, and nearly roasting, while day after day he watched the cool shade in its slow journey around the tree, never quite reaching him, but advancing toward him and then retreating, as though tantalizing him for his loyalty! He was finally found by our men, his limb amputated, and he still lives to tell his story.

General Pleasanton, commanding cavalry, had become familiar with the country around Gettysburg, and had advised General Meade that this was the proper place to bring on the battle, which every one considered imminent. General Meade, however, decided upon making a stand at another point, for the purpose of receiving the attack of the enemy. He accordingly selected a position on Pipe Creek, the left resting

in the neighborhood of Middleburg, and the right at Manchester. He was engaged in making arrangements for occupying that position as soon as the enemy should by their movements indicate the time for doing so, while the First Corps was fighting the battle of Gettysburg, above described. In the afternoon of the first of July, General Meade learned that the cavalry under Buford had met a large force of the enemy at Gettysburg; that General Reynolds, who had gone to his assistance with the First and Eleventh Corps, had been killed, and a battle was then being fought. The attention of General Meade seems then, for the first time, to have been seriously directed to the position of Gettysburg for meeting the enemy. He immediately sent General Hancock to inspect and report the condition of our troops, and the character of the ground. That night the troops were moved up and took position on the hill south of Gettysburg.

The troops now formed in line of battle in the shape of a horse-shoe, with the convexity toward the town. The left facing to the northwest, was occupied by the Fifth Corps, under General Sykes, the Third Corps, under General Sickles, and the Second Corps, under General Hancock. The center facing the town, by the First Corps, under General Newton. the right by the Eleventh Corps under General Howard, and the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum.

The fore part of July second was spent by the Union Generals in disposing their troops, and arranging for the battle. Early in the morning, the Second Brigade was moved to the hill and took a position between the First Brigade, and General Green's Brigade, of the Twelfth Corps. Wasted as was the strength of the First Corps, by the fighting of the day before, it was not expected that they should bear the burthen of what was to follow.

The enemy now occupied the valley at the base of Ceme-

tery Hill, and formed nearly parallel with our forces. Early in the day skirmishing was commenced by the enemy, and continued more or less severe until four o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly he opened a most terrific fire upon Cemetery Hill, held by the Eleventh Corps, and upon the position held by the Second Corps. Our artillery, posted in favorable positions, replied vigorously, and for two hours the roar, and flame, and smoke of artillery, and shriek of shells so completely filled the air, that everything else seemed forgotten. On the left were soon observed dark masses of troops emerging from the woods and advancing in the direction of the Third Corps. Skirmishing in that part of the field became sharper. General Sickles was sent forward to ascertain the enemy's intentions. The artillery fire ceased, and with yells and cheers, the rattle of musketry and flash of fixed bayonets, Longstreet's and Hill's Corps rushed against the Union Army. The Third Corps fought manfully, but were finally forced to give way beneath the weight of the attacking column. Sickles fell severely wounded, his leg being blown off by a shell, and his Corps cut to pieces. On came the rebels with more fury than before. The Second and Fifth Corps were thrown into the breach. The Second Corps suffered terribly. The Fifth Corps, including the Pennsylvania Reserves, fought with desperate courage, and a determination to leave the field only as conquerors. A division of the Twelfth Corps was now called in, and about the same time General Sedgwick arrived with the Sixth Corps. They had marched thirty consecutive hours, their feet were sore, some without shoes, and they felt much more like lying down in the road than fighting. But when the situation was understood, these weary patriots seemed strengthened by a new inspiration, and even awaited with impatience the order to advance. At length the order came, and like fresh troops this celebrated Corps went down

the hill like an avalanche upon their almost victorious foe. The rebel column halted, staggered, and then fell back in confusion, leaving their dead and wounded piled across each other, and in our hands. About the same time, an equally sudden dash was made by Ewell's Corps upon our right. The suddenness of the attack, that portion of our army having been weakened by the reinforcements sent to Sickles, gave the enemy some advantage. Reinforcements were, however, promptly sent up, and his advance checked.

Stung by the defeat on the left, which had sent their columns back in confusion, the rebels were determined, at all hazards, to carry the right, hence the attack upon Slocum was furious almost to madness. The First Corps, which had covered itself all over with glory the day before, and the Sixth Corps, which had just turned the tide so magnificently on the left, came promptly to the support of the Twelfth Corps. From dark until half-past nine o'clock, the battle raged with unabated fury. The lines swayed to and fro, each in turn advancing and falling back. At this hour the enemy made his last desperate charge on the right wing held by Geary's Division. He was repulsed with terrible slaughter, and refused to renew the attack. At ten o'clock the firing ceased and all was quiet the remainder of the night.

Ewell had been reinforced, and held a position of some advantage. As a matter of personal honor, General Meade assigned the task to General Slocum of dislodging Ewell from the position lately held by Slocum. He accordingly made preparations for the work assigned him.

A division of the Sixth Corps was posted on the right of the Twelfth, thus forming the extreme outpost of the right wing. The Fifth Corps was sent over as a reserve, and General Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps took position to strengthen Howard's right, where it joined Slocum's left.

Thus the men lay down to refresh themselves with such sleep as comes to him who is convinced that the morning will bring him into the midst of a sanguinary battle. At four o'clock the next morning, (July third) Slocum's line opened a terrific fire on Ewell's forces. This was responded to by one of those furious charges for which the rebels were so justly celebrated. The charge upon the left the day before, where, with such desperation the rebels fought our forces for three hours, and the charge of Ewell upon the right the night before, were regarded by the oldest officers in the army as the most obstinate and deadly contests of the war. But this charge of the enemy in response to Slocum's opening fire was far more furious. With unearthly yells and utter contempt of danger and death, for six hours they hurled their solid columns against the Union Army. During all this time the Federal troops, firm as the rocky foundation on which they stood, hurled the fiery shot, and shell, and flame into the thinning ranks of the enemy, until he staggered and fell back entirely defeated and exhausted.

Enemy though we are to any man or set of men who can lift their parricidal hand against this best of Governments, we can but admire the courage and determination displayed by the rebels in this battle. Nothing else during the war equaled this six hours of carnage. In front of General Geary's Division were more rebel dead than the entire number of casualties in the Twelfth Corps.

At ten o'clock General Slocum had defeated and driven the rebels and occupied his original position.

At two o'clock General Lee opened a terrific fire in front, upon the First and Second Corps, from a hundred guns. Our batteries promptly responded, and for two hours a battle with artillery was fought such as has never before been heard upon this continent. It was fitting that the decisive battle of Get-



tysburg should have such a magnificent termination. The Union troops were stationed upon a hill. Much of the surface was covered with rocks and natural depressions, so that our men were in great part protected. The rebel infantry was formed on the plain below, and being unprotected, suffered severely. Their artillery was posted on the north of Gettysburg. The shot and shells of both armies, during this heavy artillery duel, all passed over the city. There our wounded lay all day listening in their pain, to the shrieking of the shells from both armies as they passed over them. Frequently two meeting in the air, or one falling short, would drop into the city and there explode. In one of these instances a sergeant of the Seventy-sixth, who had been wounded the day before and was in the hospital, was struck by the fragments of a shell, and lost an arm and a leg.

General Howard's headquarters were in the Cemetery, and were raked in a terrible manner.

At four o'clock, solid columns of rebel infantry were again seen moving in the woods in front of the center, held by the First and Second Corps. During the cannonading the officers and men had been ordered to protect themselves behind the rocks and natural fortifications; but, on seeing the movement in the woods, several officers went to General Doubleday, and volunteered to carry messages to General Meade asking that the center be strengthened. General Doubleday replied that they might trust to General Meade; that he undoubtedly understood the condition of affairs. On came the column over the fields, but not with the fury which marked the assault the night before. The head of the column was directed toward the position held by General Webb, commanding a Brigade in the Second Corps. This Brigade opened a steady fire upon the enemy, and the rebel General Armistead, who led the charge, halted at a fence to steady his column. General

Webb, seeing this, shouted, "Charge! the enemy is ours!" The charge was made, and the Second Corps closing upon the right, and the First Corps on the left, General Armistead and thirty-five hundred men were captured. The remaining rebels were driven back over the fields with great slaughter, and the battle of Gettysburg was ended. No more desperate battle was fought during the war. Each army seemed to consider this the Waterloo of the rebellion, and fought accordingly. The result was of the greatest importance to the Union Arms.

At the commencement of the fight, "Old Archy," of whom we have before spoken, left the army and did not again appear until after the battle, when he approached Captain Byram, whose baggage he had carried, with,—

"Cap'n, I *totel* your baggage to de rear, for fear dem rebs would capture it." Of course Archy had no eye upon his personal safety.

In this battle the Seventy-sixth and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York took very nearly the same part, except the first day, and both suffered severely, many of their best officers being either killed, or wounded and taken prisoners.

"Have you heard from the battle?" anxiously inquired Ann Redmond, of the Quartermaster-Sergeant, on the second day of the fight. Ann had accompanied the train, and was now thirty miles from Gettysburg.

"I have not," replied the Sergeant, "except that it has been a severe fight."

"Then I must go and see for myself," said Ann. "Oh, dear! what will I and our children do if Tommy is killed?" and away went Ann Redmond thirty miles on foot, to learn the fate of her husband—devotion worthy of imitation.

## CHAPTER XXI.

VICTORY AT GETTYSBURG ANSWERED BY VICTORY AT VICKSBURG—AN ADVANCE ORDERED—CROSSING SOUTH MOUNTAIN—WATCHING THE ENEMY TO SEE HIM SAFELY ACROSS THE POTOMAC—FOLLOWING THE REBEL ARMY—GUARDING REBEL PROPERTY—GENERAL WADSWORTH TAKES A TEMPORARY LEAVE—REMINISCENCES—PICKET DUTY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK—NIGHT EXPERIENCE IN CAMP—MARCH TO CULPEPPER—THE PAYMASTER COMES—FLAG PRESENTATION IN THE SECOND CORPS—DRUNKEN SCENE—LARGE PROFIT ON WHISKY—EXECUTION OF WINSLOW N. ALLEN, OF COMPANY H, FOR DESERTION.

VICTORY now perched upon our banners! Heretofore, whenever the Army of the Potomac had met the rebel army, except at South Mountain and Antietam, the contest had failed of good results to the Union cause. Now the battle had been fairly won—won at an immense cost of life and limb. As the result was made known to the anxious North, it was closely followed by the cheering news that General Grant, who had long been besieging Vicksburg, had finally compelled its unconditional surrender, and our troops had held their Fourth of July celebration within that almost impregnable position. Even the enemies of “forcible coercion” could scarcely refrain from smiling at such a combination of grand successes. On the fourth of July, the rebel movements indicated a retreat from Gettysburg. General Gregg, twenty-two miles from that place, on the road to Chambersburg, reported at eight o’clock in the morning: “The road is strewn with wounded and stragglers, ambulances and caissons, and

there is great demoralization and confusion." This was reported to General Meade, but no advance was ordered. A meeting of the corps commanders was held on the evening of the fourth, at which General Meade requested the opinion of every corps commander, as to the expediency of an advance. The first question put to them was:—

“Shall this army remain here?”

Those answering in the affirmative were Generals Birney, Sedgwick, Sykes, Hays and Warren. In the negative, Generals Newton, Pleasanton and Slocum. Doubtful, General Howard; and so the advance movement was delayed for the present. Had the question been submitted to the officers of lower grade, even to the Major-Generals commanding divisions, where men of such character as Doubleday and Wadsworth could have been heard, the result would undoubtedly have been different. For the patriotic determination to *crush* this rebellion, instead of dallying with it, seemed to increase as you go downward in the scale of promotions.

Two such armies could not remain long in ignorance of each other's intentions. Our cavalry was continually reconnoitering the enemy's positions; the loyal people aided by sending in such information as they possessed, so that during the fifth of July General Meade ordered the Sixth Corps to advance, and on the sixth and seventh the remainder of the army started in pursuit of the enemy. Learning that the mountain passes through which the rebels had retreated were strongly fortified, General Meade determined to march back to Frederick, and thence over the mountain, where our army had so signally defeated the rebels the year before.

July eighth, headquarters were at Middletown, and the whole army was concentrated in and about that place and South Mountain. Many of the weary soldiers now gazed upon that mountain, sacred to the memory of “Charley

Stamp," and his noble hero brothers who so bravely fell on its summit less than ten months before, and discussed the probabilities of a renewal of those trying scenes. Such a reflection is not the sweetest, even to the patriot.

July ninth the troops crossed South Mountain, and the Seventy-sixth encamped on the west side. At night the men slept with their accoutrements on, ready at a moment's warning, to meet the enemy. But the enemy was too busily engaged in seeking the means of escape, to make any attacks. The next day marched to near Funkstown, where the First Corps was drawn up in line of battle, to prevent the crossing of the Potomac by the rebels. Orders had, however, been given to bring on no general engagement, and there was no firing.

Instead of attacking and destroying the defeated and demoralized army of Lee, General Meade simply watched his crossing, keeping a respectful distance in his rear, and just near enough to prevent his comfortable stay on the north side of the river.

The thirteenth of July was spent in reconnoitering the enemy's position, and General Meade says he intended to attack Lee on the fourteenth; but during the night of the thirteenth the enemy crossed the Potomac in safety, and General Meade, on advancing the next morning, found the ground evacuated, and ready for his peaceable occupation! Thus ended the second Maryland campaign, under Meade, an exact repetition of the first, under McClellan. In both cases, a defeated army was permitted to escape through a friendly country, across the Potomac, into the hot-bed of secession.

Our troops now took the same route as on the former occasion, crossing the Potomac at Berlin. As on the former occasion, during the march to Berlin, the rain fell in torrents; the roads were almost impassable; the men had received no

clothing since leaving the camp in Virginia; hundreds of miles had been traveled, and many of the men were barefoot, ragged and dirty, and altogether the army presented a sorry-looking appearance. But the river must be crossed, and the march resumed, and veterans of so many battle-fields are not the men to quarrel with fate, or question orders.

The Regiment arrived at Middleburg July twentieth, having marched twenty miles that day.

A marked difference was observed between the loyalty of Maryland and disloyalty of Virginia. Flags were no longer seen floating from the houses. No "Union rag" would be possessed by such a people, and discretion forbade the display of any other at this particular period. The old traitors and young traitresses all frowned alike bitterly upon our men. Yet, even the bitterest secessionist was ready to call for a guard to compel our troops to "respect private property." One bloated old secessionist, puffed up with that self-conceit which is indigenious to the very soil of "the mother of Presidents," was the owner of a well. The thirsty troops took the liberty, in passing, to fill their canteens, seeing which, the burly old rebel sprang to his well, took off the pump handle and carried it into the house, then, with characteristic impudence, went to the commanding general and asked for and procured a guard to protect his property from destruction! No wonder that narrow-minded treason was not rendered odious to itself by such acts of generalship!

Here General Wadsworth took his leave, for a time, of the First Division. No better or more patriotic man ever shouldered a musket or carried a sword. On leaving he shook the hand of each officer and man in the Seventy-sixth, as though they were his brothers. There was a time when a Major-General could scarcely have found time to shake the hands of the thousand men who composed the Regiment. Now it was an

easier matter; for, although two hundred and fifty men had been put into the Regiment just before marching for Gettysburg, the whole number of officers and men now present did not exceed eighty. General Wadsworth stated to the officers on leaving, that he had endeavored to get the Seventy-sixth sent on detached duty, to enable them to recruit. "Having failed in this," said the General, "I cannot bear to see the small remnant of the brave old Regiment put up to be shot at any more!"

A story is told showing the kindness of heart possessed by General Wadsworth. Just previous to the march upon Chancellorsville, an order was issued that no teams should be employed, but instead thereof, pack-mules were to be used. The order also required each man to carry ten days' rations, (thirty pounds,) one hundred rounds of cartridges, (twelve pounds,) extra shoes, overcoat, blanket, poncha tent, canteen and clothing, (forty-five pounds,) musket, (eight pounds,) in all about ninety-five pounds! On receiving the order General Wadsworth called his orderly:—

"Orderly!" said the General, "pack a knapsack, canteen, haversack and cartridge-box, and roll the tent and overcoat, and place them upon the knapsack, according to orders, and put the whole rig on me, and hand me a gun. I am going to see if this order can be obeyed by the men;" and for nearly an hour, the General paced his tent carrying the load of a soldier. At the end of that time, perspiring at every pore, he commenced unloading, declaring, as he did so, "No man can carry such a load and live; it is preposterous!" He was obliged to promulgate the order, but to the General's credit be it said, no inspector came around to see that the order was obeyed, and the men did not carry ninety-five pounds each to Chancellorsville.

*July 22d.*—Having rested a whole day, the Regiment

moved down to White Plains, a distance of eight miles. The next day at sunrise the march was continued until in the afternoon, after a march of twenty miles, the Regiment reached Warrenton. Here a rest was given until the first day of August. The enemy moving down the west side of the mountains, had as yet given no evidence of their intention, and the Army of the Potomac was simply watching their movements.

*August 1st.*—The Seventy-sixth was ordered to advance to Beverly Ford on the Rappahannock, near the place where it was first under fire in August, 1862. Captain Byram, of Company D, was now in command of the Regiment.

*September 12th.*—About two hundred and fifty conscripts were, at this date, added to the Seventy-sixth. The Regiment was now, and for a month had been, engaged in doing picket duty along the Rappahannock, one half relieving the other each consecutive day, watching and waiting for the enemy, who seemed anything but anxious to renew the acquaintance.

Captain Swan had been home on a furlough, to enable him to recover from his Gettysburg wound. He returned in the evening of September thirteenth. Being tired, he retired to his bunk, made by driving down four crotched stakes, and laying two poles in the crotches, and numbers of smaller sticks across them. He was scarcely asleep, dreaming of the pleasant home so lately left, when his somnambule entertainment was unceremoniously intruded upon. On waking he found himself lying in the mud, while the rain was pouring in torrents upon him. A tremendous shower coming up in the night, had softened the ground, when the stakes gave away, and, aided by a strong wind, the Captain was launched outside his tent. On becoming conscious of his situation, he crawled back into the tent, passing the remainder of the night on the wet earth.



*September 16th.*—At two o'clock in the morning, orders were received to march in one hour. To young soldiers this would have seemed something of a hardship; but down came the tents, and before daylight the Regiment was on its way to Culpepper. After a march of twelve miles a halt was ordered and the men went into camp. Here the paymaster's welcome face and seductive greenbacks made their appearance, and the men were happy again.

The next day a flag presentation took place in the Second Brigade, where a most disgraceful scene transpired. Whisky everywhere, and under all circumstances, is a "thing of evil." It leaves its slimy track through every lane of life, and hisses its seductive falsehoods in the ears of every neighborhood; but never does it rise to the full display of its sickening diabolism, until it circulates unrestrained in the army. The paymaster had been around, and somehow the sutler had managed, under pretense of celebrating the flag presentation, to obtain a permit to sell a certain amount of whisky. When once a permit of that kind is given, it amounts practically to an unlimited license. The result was, that there was scarcely a sober man in the Second Brigade. Nor was the poison confined to that camp. Money will ever command the services of King Alcohol, if he is within commanding distance. The First Brigade, therefore, felt the influence of this drunken spree. The veterans had become accustomed to sober life; but the conscripts lately from home, had become thirsty, and many humorous as well as painful scenes were witnessed:

In one tent were three conscripts with more money than had commonly fallen to their lot, and more raging thirst than had ever been experienced before.

"Say, boys let's have some liquor," said one.

"How shall we get it?" was the awkward response.

Just then, Jim ——, of Company H, came in.

"Say, veteran, can't you get us some liquor?" inquired the conscript.

"Well, I guess so," said Jim.

"How much do you want for a bottle?" said conscript, showing the money, his eye brightening at the thought.

"Well, about three dollars, I guess," replied Jim.

The money advanced, Jim, after a few moments, returned with the coveted bottle. He knew that the three dollars bought two bottles, one of which lay back for speculation.

"Hurrah for the veteran!" shouted the three conscripts, as they drank the contents of the bottle. One bottle for three empty conscripts was a small ration.

"Say, vet., can't you get us some more whisky?" inquired the anxious conscripts.

"No more at that price," said Jim; "I can get another bottle for four dollars."

"Here is your money; hurry!"

Jim went to his tent, poured half the contents of the other bottle into this, filled up with water, and returned.

"Bully for the veteran!" shouted the conscripts, and the contents of this bottle followed their late neighbor.

"Say, old feller, can't you get us another bottle?" said the now slightly intoxicated conscripts.

"Not for that price," said Jim. "Whisky is getting scarce—can't get it short of five dollars."

"Well, five dollars it is, then; here, hurry up!" and one of them passed over a five dollar greenback.

Jim repeated the last operation, and they received the last bottle of whisky purified with water.

The two bottles of whisky, though weakened with one of water, had, by this time, very much affected the discretion of the conscripts, and as their judgments failed, their appetites became sharpened.

“Say, veteran, can’t you get us some more whisky—we must have it—name your price!” shouted the three conscripts in concert.

“I can get you just two bottles more, and that’s all,” said Jim. “You must give me ten dollars.”

“Here’s your (hic) money.”

Jim went to his tent, filled the two bottles with water, and returned them to the conscripts, who were, by this time, very oblivious.

“Hurrah (hic) for the (hic) ve’eran!” shouted the three, in drunken chorus. “Say, (hic) this tastes (hic) ratherm ild! Wha’ d’you think? I guess (hic) I’m getting cl’yed!”

Jim having become satisfied with his speculation, left with his nineteen dollars profit. There was grumbling among the conscripts the next morning; but Jim could not be recognized, and his sale of water was never punished.

During the same whisky rule, Captain E. J. Swan was walking through camp, when he was accosted with:—

“I say (hic) Cap’n, I’m (hic) awful sick!”

“What’s the matter, my man?”

“O-u-g-h (hic) don’no. O-u-g-h-oo—do git, o-o, doc’or, Cap’n.”

“Is there no one in your tent to help you?”

“Y-e-s! o-o-g-h, Bill’s there.”

“Why don’t you have him go for the doctor, then?”

“’Cause, o-o-o-u-g-h—he’s (hic) he’s—drunk, too, Cap’n!”

The Captain did not send for the doctor.

Drunkenness became general for the time, and Governor Curtin, the hero of the occasion, saw little in this advent to the army, to inspire him with confidence in the temperate habits of Liberty’s defenders. To the honor of the army be it said, however, that this development of their worse than beastly natures, was exceptional, and not a common occurrence.

*September 21st.*—Another addition of one hundred and fifty men was made to the Seventy-sixth at this date. The Regiment now began to bear the proportions of the olden time. The veterans began to appreciate their importance as veterans, and many a sly joke was perpetrated at the expense of the recruits. How strange to these educated soldiers of two years' experience seemed the lengthy strides, the awkward gestures, and the loose civilian style of the raw recruits! How their arms dangled from their ill-fitting coats! How they grumbled at sleeping on the ground, and wondered that the Government should feed them on hard tack and salt pork. For all the world as the veterans talked less than two years before, and yet how strange it seemed to them after the lapse of that time.

*September 24th.*—Orders were received to march in half an hour. At the end of that time the Regiment had struck tents and were on the march to the Rapidan. After going about six miles they went into camp near Raccoon Ford. Here, late at night on the twenty-seventh, another hundred men joined the Regiment. They were mostly substitutes and conscripts. Among the number was Winslow N. Allen, formerly a private in Company H, who had deserted while the Regiment was stationed at Washington, in the spring of 1862. Eight of these new men were assigned to Company H, and, strange as it may appear, Allen was assigned to the same Company from which he had deserted. After deserting, he had lived under an assumed name, (William Newton,) in Jefferson county, New York, his residence when he enlisted being in Madison county. He was possessed of a beautiful wife and one child, but, tempted by the bounty of three hundred dollars, he had sold himself as a substitute, trusting to fortune to make his escape again. As he was marched by the sergeant down the company street, though dark, his voice was

recognized by his former comrades. This coming to the ears of the officers, he was arrested and placed in confinement to await his trial for desertion. He was soon after tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot to death on the eighteenth of December, 1863.

So many had been arrested and either returned to duty or punished by imprisonment and loss of pay, that he could not believe he would be sentenced to death. Others who had been sentenced to be shot had been pardoned, so that after the decision became known to him he still indulged in hope. As the hour drew near, however, Captain Swan, as kindly as possible, assured him that all hope was vain, and that he should prepare for his awful doom. A day or two before his death he began to realize his situation, and to set about making preparations to enter

“The undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

He seemed calm and collected, and declared himself ready to die, if such must be his fate. So self-possessed was he, that an hour before his execution he sat at the table with his Captain, and ate a hearty dinner, after which he engaged in writing. As the drum beat the signal to march to the place of execution, he said:—

“Captain, you have been kind to me, which I can only return by my prayers for your welfare.” Handing the Captain his pocket-book, “Take this, it is all I have, and when I am gone, please lay this,” (a fervent prayer for one in his situation, printed on a card), “on my breast.”

The Captain promised to do as requested. As they marched to the mournful measure of the death march, and neared the fatal spot where the rough coffin and gaping grave were waiting to receive their victim, he seemed suddenly struck with terror, and, seizing the Captain's hand with a vice-like grasp, thus remained until they arrived at the coffin. Around him were

formed his companions whom he had deserted. The grave which was to receive him as a loathsome criminal, was fresh beside him. It was a severe test of his physical courage. To none but the Captain was there the exhibition of the least emotion.

The condemned man was placed upon the foot of his coffin ; the bandage placed over his eyes ; his hands pinioned. The charges, specifications, findings and order for his execution had been read. The Captain bent over him, and, his heart almost too full for utterance, whispered :—

“ Winslow, I can go no further with you ; the rest of your dark journey is alone. Have you any last word for your wife and child ? ”

“ No, only tell them I love them all ! ” These were his last words. The Captain stepped back a few feet ; the officer gave the signal to the executioners ; the report as of a single gun rang out, and Winslow N. Allen fell lifeless upon his coffin.

He had, on that day completed his twenty-sixth year. He died without a perceptible movement of a muscle.

This was the only execution that ever occurred in the Seventy-sixth Regiment.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEVENTY-SIXTH RECRUITED TO ONE THOUSAND MEN—BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS—MARCH AND LEAVE THEM—NIGHT MARCH—ON THE RETREAT—MARCHING THIRTY MILES IN EIGHTEEN HOURS—VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF GAINESVILLE AND BULL RUN—SICKENING SIGHTS—RETREATING AND ADVANCING—WADING BROAD RUN—AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE—JOHN MINER BOTTS, THE LOYALIST—DARK AND DANGEROUS NIGHT MARCH—BATTLE OF MINE RUN—BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS AGAIN—ANOTHER MARCH—WINTER QUARTERS IN EARNEST.

*September 24th.*—The idea had become prevalent that the army would go into camp on the north bank of the Rapidan. The men had accordingly erected a city of log houses, and everything began to resemble camp life. At this date, however, the order came about twelve o'clock to march, and at once these houses were abandoned, and by daylight were left about eight miles in the rear. Here again the Regiment went into camp, and remained until October eleventh. The time was all occupied in drilling the recruits, who had already swelled the rolls of the Regiment to one thousand again.

Captain John E. Cook, of Company I, had been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel Livingston being still on duty upon the examining board in Washington, the command of the Regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Cook. Captain J. W. Young, of Company K, had also been promoted to Major. While lying here, General Rice assumed command of the Brigade.

At midnight, October tenth, the men were called up to re-

ceive five days' rations. Every man failing to arise, lost his rations. This produced no small amount of grumbling, especially among the recruits. Poor fellows! they had not yet learned the elements of soldiering.

The rebels were reported to have retreated. They had certainly called in their pickets, and some move was evidently about to be made. Everybody believed the Union army was to advance southward.

Early in the morning, (October eleventh), the Regiment was marching back toward the river, on arriving near which they lay in battle order behind a slight rise of ground until dark, when a retreat was ordered. A night march of ten miles was made before stopping. The night was so extremely dark that a man could not be seen two paces distant. About midnight the Regiment reached an open field near Culpepper and rested two hours. The night, if possible, grew darker, and at two o'clock the troops were again on the march; after a march of about four miles, the regiment reached Stevensburg, when a halt was made.

Stevensburg is situated upon an eminence from which a splendid view was had of the valley from which the infantry had just ascended. Here was presented a fine view of the contest going on in the valley below. The enemy were surely "retreating towards us," as Paddy would say, and our forces were evidently making the best possible time in placing the Rappahannock between them and the enemy. The cavalry were protecting our rear. From this eminence their splendid charges into the enemy's advancing lines, then their retreats, could be distinctly seen with the naked eye. Then came the white smoke wreaths and the heavy roar of artillery, mingled with the rattle of musketry, all speaking unmistakably of the heroic conduct and daring of the cavalry and artillery. About noon the infantry were hurried off again in the direc-



tion of Kelly's Ford, showing conclusively that General Meade did not intend to make a stand at this point. After a hard march of ten miles, the troops crossed the Rappahannock and encamped for the night four miles below Rappahannock Station. Here a rest of one day was given to the men.

Learning that the enemy were crossing the river farther up with the evident intention of flanking our army, General Meade ordered the march resumed, and at one o'clock in the morning the Seventy-sixth, with the other infantry, started northward at a rapid rate, marching thirty miles in eighteen hours! That night they went into camp near Bristow Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, tired and sleepy. Scarcely were their eyes closed, when they were ordered up to receive their rations! Men cannot live without food, and when life is at stake, the soldier, like the civilian, will relinquish sleep to secure his food. The men, therefore, arose, drew their rations at midnight, and again laid down; but only to be soon aroused again by the order, "Be ready to march in half an hour!" and at daylight, after a night of broken rest, the troops were on the march to Centreville, twenty-five miles distant!

It was during this day that General Warren made his celebrated fight at Bristow Station, driving back and capturing many of the enemy.

The next day, (October fifteenth), the Seventy-sixth took possession of some old breastworks, and prepared to repel the expected attack. Heavy rains were now falling, accompanied by high winds, which leveled the tents, and rendered camp life not only unpleasant, but dangerous.

On the morning of October eighteenth, the men were ordered at three o'clock to be in readiness to march at daylight. They prepared to obey, but with the daylight came no order to march, and they returned again to camp. The following

morning at four o'clock, however, in the midst of a terrific storm of rain and wind, the march was resumed.

The enemy was expected through Thoroughfare Gap, and the march was in that direction, over the celebrated Stone Bridge of first Bull Run notoriety; over the whole Bull Run field; past the terrible battle-field of Gainesville the Regiment marched to Haymarket, where a halt was ordered.

On passing Gainesville, many of the officers and men could not resist the temptation to fall out and view the ground whereon they fought their first battle, now sacred to the memory of so many heroic comrades.

On coming upon the field where the battle was fought, the sight was indeed sickening. Lying about in every direction were the bleaching bones and ghastly skulls of the men who fell in that memorable fight. The rebels had but slightly covered the dead with earth, which was quickly washed off by the heavy rains, leaving the bodies fully exposed to view. A detail of men was sent in a few days, and these sacred remains properly buried.

After halting at Haymarket, Lieutenant Edwin J. Swan was sent with two companies, as pickets, near the entrance to the Gap, to prevent a night surprise. Shortly after arriving at their destination, a force of rebel cavalry came dashing through the Gap, and attempted to capture the picket line in a body. They succeeded in capturing several and wounding others from a company from the Second Brigade; but by careful manœuvring the two companies from the Seventy-sixth were rescued without the loss of a man.

The next day, October twentieth, the whole Brigade marched into the Gap, where they remained encamped until the twenty-fourth, when they marched back through the Gap to Gainesville. Leaving the railroad at this point, the route was taken over the hills to Bristow Station, where another

camp was formed. This day's work was very severe. The rain of the night before had thoroughly saturated every article of the poorly sheltered men. The mud was deep, and the rain continued to fall through the day. The men were forced to wade through Broad Run, then nearly to their arms! The weather was very cold. Thus wading through mud and streams, and nearly freezing, the men marched about fourteen miles!

The Seventy-sixth remained in camp in a pleasant cedar grove near Bristow, until November fifth. With cold fingers the officers completed the pay rolls of their companies.

At this date orders were received to march in fifteen minutes. Down went the tents, and the Regiment was soon moving southward. A march until late in that very dark night, brought the Regiment to Catlett's Station. At ten o'clock the next day the Seventy-sixth crossed the railroad and went into camp again. A lively cavalry skirmish was taking place near by.

*November 7th.*—The men were called at four o'clock in the morning, and at daylight started for Kelly's Ford, twenty-two miles distant. Everything was now very dry. The rebels, to prevent the advance of our troops, had set fire to the grass and forests, and for nearly the entire distance, the fire was seen burning on every side. The roads were very rough and the marching difficult.

While this march was being accomplished by this Division, a sharp contest was going forward at Rappahannock Station, the result of which was the capture of nineteen hundred and fifty rebel prisoners, seven guns, four caissons, nine colors, and two thousand stand of arms. It was on this occasion that the Sixth Maine and Fifth Wisconsin so gallantly carried the two redoubts at Rappahannock Station.

At two o'clock on the morning of the eighth, the Regiment started for Kelly's Ford, six miles distant, arriving there shortly before daylight. Here it was halted until noon, then crossed the river, and marching a short distance, formed in line of battle, and reconnoitered. Finding the road clear, the march was resumed until sundown, when the Regiment arrived at Brandy Station. The Second and Third Corps also crossed at Kelly's Ford, the Fifth and Sixth Corps crossing at Rappahannock Station. The rebels had fallen back to Culpepper, fighting all the way.

The next day the First Corps recrossed the river and occupied the trenches about Rappahannock Station. November ninth snow fell for the first time in the season.

The object of the rebels in coming north at this time, seems not to have been so much to bring on a decided battle, as to destroy the transportation by means of which our forces would be able to occupy an advanced position. They accordingly destroyed the railroad for a distance of twenty-three miles.

While stationed at Rappahannock, the first Corps was engaged in repairing the railroad, which, with the picket duty and drill of recruits, kept the men actively engaged.

While here and at Brandy Station, the officers became familiar with the premises of that sterling old patriot, John Minor Botts. He lived but a short distance from Brandy Station, and his plantation was easily distinguished from those of his neighbors. While theirs were fenceless, and general ruin prevailed, those of the brave old loyalist were untouched, his house, out-houses and barns were uninjured, and about him were to be seen very few of those unmistakable indices of war. Each army had passed and repassed his premises five times, and yet he remained unharmed. The rebels respected, and the Union men loved him. He never covered his loyalty,

and yet he was so timely and proper in his declaration of it that even the bitterest rebel could take no offense. For a time he was imprisoned in Richmond, in company with other loyalists. One day several of the rebel generals made them a visit. He had slept upon the floor and fared anything but sumptuously for nearly six months.

“Mr. Botts, why don't you come over on the side of your State? You could have any position you desire,” said one of the officers, temptingly.

The old man straightened himself to his fullest extent, and showing contempt as well as courage, replied:—

“I have lived nearly sixty years under the flag of our Union, and was never deprived of my liberty. Your *rag* has been in the ascendancy but a few months, and, without committing any offense, witness my condition! No, sir. I prefer the old flag!”

The old patriot remained true until even Southern tyranny yielded, and he was set at liberty. His house was ever open to the loyal, and there they felt as much at home as among the loyal people of the North.

November twenty-fourth orders were received to march. The men were up at four o'clock and struck tents, and at six were in readiness to move. Just then the order was countermanded and the tents put up again.

*November 26th.*—This day was Thanksgiving. Were human experiences foreordained to average with the army's experiences this day, a day of humiliation and prayer would be much more appropriate. At four o'clock this morning all was bustle in camp, and at six the march was commenced, and continued at a rapid pace until nine o'clock at night. Tired, hungry, sleepy—that was the soldier's Thanksgiving! Camped at Ely's Ford on ground passed over by the Regiment more than two years ago, on the march from Fredericksburg.

What reminiscences of those two years flocked in upon those weary heroes!

The next morning the men were called at three, and started at four o'clock. Before daylight they crossed the Rapidan on pontoons, and at half-past seven, after a very rapid march, reached the Chancellorsville battle-field. Here a short rest was allowed for breakfast, and then off for a long march into the wilderness. The woods were full of guerrillas, who, hidden behind trees and ledges, fired upon our men, and then escaped by paths unknown to any but themselves.

On marched the troops in search of something, they knew not what. At length, as night set in, the Seventy-sixth was ordered to march through the dense forests by a private path. Blackness was overhead, and all around; they knew not but this jungle was full of the enemy, yet in they plunged. The boys who made that march of six miles through the woods, will not fail to recollect it. The file leader, twenty-eight inches in advance, was invisible. If one man fell, as they often did, half a dozen came down over him! Mounted officers came out so scratched by the limbs, that it was hard to recognize them! It was an occasion on which impulsive "cussin" was palliated, if not pardoned.

The pike was finally reached near Robinson's tavern, General Meade's headquarters, and the men were permitted to halt and rest. A march of twenty miles had been made, notwithstanding the difficulties.

These long and rapid marches always indicate business ahead, and the men hurried forward with the firm conviction that they were soon to meet the enemy.

The next morning, (November twenty-seventh), the bugle was sounded, and each man arose from his restless slumbers to engage in the battle of Mine Run. After advancing about three miles, the enemy's skirmishers were met and driven in to

their main line. The lines of battle were formed along Mine Run, and the fight commenced. The sound of the bugle that would send our troops rushing in a bayonet charge upon the enemy was now momentarily expected. Every man, recruit and veteran, looked his duty manfully in the face, and firmly resolved to act his part in the bloody drama; but, after waiting for some time, instead of an order to charge there came one to support the batteries.

The rebel sharpshooters were so stationed that from their safe retreats they could pour a destructive fire into our ranks. Aside from this, there was very little infantry firing. A heavy artillery fire was kept up all along the line for some time, the infantry acting as supports. This was the first fire under which the recruits had been placed, and, to them, it was an all-important event. As they hugged the ground, and listened to the whizzing of bullets and screeching of shells, the roar of artillery, and the quick crack of the sharpshooters' rifles, they believed that Mine Run was the decisive battle of the war. To the old veterans, the expressions of the recruits would have seemed supremely ridiculous, had they not remembered the time of *their* initiation.

"My heavens! There was a shell burst right over us!"

"D'ye hear that? That was a cannon ball!"

"Who in h—l did that?" exclaimed a recruit, as his coffee cup flew into the air from the coals he was blowing.

"Guess he didn't see the cannon ball that passed between his legs!" said a veteran, with a complacent smile.

The recruit was not long, however, in learning the facts. No fires were allowed, except a few coals. The recruit was cooking his coffee, leaning over to blow the fire, when a cannon ball passing between his legs, became the author of his catastrophe! This incident was the basis of many a stirring letter from the recruits to their Northern friends.

One regiment of the Brigade, the Seventh Indiana, made a gallant charge across the stream, capturing the enemy's rifle pits, and several prisoners, but no orders being given for the advance of supports, they were compelled to abandon their prize and return. During the engagement, several companies of the Seventy-sixth were sent to the front on picket. The sharpshooters of the enemy rendered the position of these men very precarious. The enemy occupied one side of the Run, and our forces were compelled to occupy the other, a portion of the distance in the open field, on the slope of the hill facing and in plain view of the enemy. Many of our men were wounded while occupying this position. It became necessary to erect breastworks, and dig rifle pits, behind and in which the men would take refuge during the day. Whenever a head appeared above the fortifications it was sure to be saluted by a volley of balls. It was during this dangerous service that James Jameson, of Company D, showed the true courage of which he was possessed. Dissatisfied with his fortification, he continued to run out and seize stones, and bring them to his pit, each time receiving a volley, until he had erected a respectable fortification, and yet not a bullet touched him!

"I have no fears of this picket duty," said a private of Company D, rather famous for his dislike of the smell of powder.

"Well, I will detail you for that service to-day," replied Captain Byram, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"But, Captain, I haven't any gun."

"Never mind; here is the gun of Ed. Watrous. He is sick to-day."

The matter had gone too far to retreat. The next day, on returning, our hero reported to the Captain the result of his picketing:—



"I killed ten and wounded five, Captain."

"Indeed! How many times did you fire?"

"Just fifteen. I tell you, Captain, I drew a bead on them and never missed once!"

Ed. Watrous heard this conversation. Stepping one side he put down the "wormer" and drew out the same piece of his pocket handkerchief that he put on top of the cartridge before his gun went on picket that morning! Charity would impel the belief that the picket *thought* he had fired the gun.

A general engagement was almost momentarily expected. But, though skirmishing was continued for three days, with occasional heavy cannonading on both sides, and some losses, no general engagement took place, and at the end of that time, (five o'clock P. M., December first, 1863), suffering from the intense cold, and hunger, the Union Army again started on the retreat! It seemed as though some ill-fated star controlled the destiny of the Army of the Potomac whenever it met the enemy on the soil of Virginia.

The Seventy-sixth arrived near Germania Ford on the Rapidan about eleven o'clock, after a very hard march.

The next morning, (December second), the Regiment crossed the Rapidan, and marching ten miles, went into camp near Stevensburg. Resting here for the night, the retreat was continued the next morning to near Kelly's Ford. Here the men were ordered to erect winter quarters. The veterans had too often heard and obeyed that order, then marched away and left them as soon as finished, to place much faith in the order. But building tents for others was better than idleness in the cold, so they set briskly at work, and in a few days the log city was completed, and the men at home again.

The veterans were correct in supposing their labor in building would be lost, for with December twenty-fourth came an order to march, and at six o'clock A. M., they bade adieu to

their "city of ten streets," and, marching twelve miles, went into camp a mile southwest of Culpepper. The ground was well chosen in a beautiful chestnut grove, and there, after three disappointments that winter, they built what proved to be their real winter quarters.

It should have been mentioned that Adolphus Morse, of Company F, was tried for desertion, and sentenced to be shot on the twenty-seventh of November; but through the exertion of Hon. R. H. Duell, and the writer, his sentence was suspended by President Lincoln on the twenty-fifth, and afterwards commuted to imprisonment at hard labor, in Fort Jefferson, Florida, where he subsequently died.

The year 1863 wore away, chronicling long and weary marches through broiling suns and dusty roads, then sleet and rains, with muddy wadings, then severe frosts and chilling night marches. Yet with all this added to much heroic endurance and almost matchless fighting, the Army of the Potomac had accomplished little of practical utility. Though it had marched and countermarched over the entire northern part of Virginia, across Maryland into Pennsylvania, and back again, it passed this winter but a few miles farther south than the winter before.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WINTER QUARTERS—RE-ENLISTING—FURLONGHS—THEATER ESTABLISHED—PRESENTATION OF A NEW STAND OF COLORS BY THE LADIES OF CHERRY VALLEY—PARTING WITH "THE OLD FLAG"—A MARCH—ENGAGEMENT AT RACCOON FORD—RETURN TO WINTER QUARTERS—GENERAL GRANT ASSUMES COMMAND—GENERAL WADSWORTH RETURNS—RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY—PREPARATIONS FOR A GRAND ADVANCE.

DURING the stay in winter quarters at Culpepper, the men employed their time in drill, picket and police duty, very much as during the preceding winter. Several that had been absent in hospitals and on detached duty returned, so that there were gathered during the winter, about one hundred and seventy-five of the original men, about one hundred of whom re-enlisted as veterans. In one Company, (II), thirty-two thus re-enlisted. Under a general order, this entitled them to a thirty-day furlough, to visit their friends, a favor which they joyfully accepted. Many of the men had not been home since leaving at first, nearly two years and a half before, and the thought, after passing through so many perils, of visiting those homes again, sent a thrill of joy through every veteran.

*January 5th, 1864.*—The Seventy-sixth was, at this date, transferred temporarily\* to the First Brigade. It remained attached to that Brigade but a month, when it was again transferred to the Second Brigade.

During the month of January, General Rice commanding

the Brigade, organized a theatrical troupe for the amusement of his command. A large log house was erected with all the necessary appurtenances, and on the twenty-third day of January the theater was opened with a "grand entertainment by the Star Troupe." It may be that the spirit of Shakspeare might have detected mistakes, and directed Hamlet to renew his advice to the players, yet nothing was ever instituted in the army better calculated to drive away the *ennui* of camp life. At this opening, one of the "boxes" was graced by General Rice and lady, while the notables were thickly scattered through the democratic combination of "parquette," "dress" and "family circles." Never was the drama or the comedy enacted to a more appreciative auditory than that assembled on these cracker-box seats. Gathered in from the log huts and canvas tents, the rough and smoky retreats of the heroic sons of liberty, these veteran heroes had reason to praise in no stinted terms the General whose Yankee ingenuity, and interest in the happiness of his men, had projected so philanthropic an enterprise. No wonder that when a few months after this the noble General gave up his life on the sanguinary field, the whole command was in mourning.

*February 2d.*—The splendid stand of colors presented to the Regiment at Albany, on behalf of Mrs. Campbell, had become riddled by the balls and shells of at least eleven battles, in the front ranks of which it had waved. The ladies of Cherry Valley had conceived the noble idea of replacing them by a new banner. The silken flag was presented on behalf of the fair donors, in the following chaste speech forwarded by them, and was appropriately replied to by Lieutenant-Colonel Cook, on behalf of the Regiment:—

*"Lieutenant-Colonel and Privates of the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers:* In behalf of the ladies of Cherry Valley, we testify to the most unsullied pleasure in paying this slight tribute to your bravery and worth. Anxious

and admiring eyes have followed you ever since you bade farewell to the hills of the Empire State. We have watched your bright career, and marked all your fierce struggles with the foe, from Rappahannock Station to Gettysburg. We have peculiarly sympathized with you in all your hardships and trials, and rejoiced with you when victory has been yours. And might we not do so? Was not the glory *ours* as well as *yours*? Was it not won by *our* friends and brothers of the noble Seventy-sixth?

We have looked upon the torn remnants of your old flag, and the sight of it has inspired our hearts with a new warmth towards you. It came to us like a wounded friend, telling us of blood and carnage which we once thought could never desolate our happy country. It told us of noble hearts that once beat in unison with yours, but whose manly forms are now missing from your number; whose battles of life and country ended together; your brothers and ours, whose work on earth is done, but whose memory will ever live in our hearts. It told us, too, of deeds of daring that made our hearts thrill with wonder and admiration.

Tears were shed in memory of those noble-hearted heroes, who, in rearing that proud standard above the heads of your gallant band, have poured out their hearts' blood for their country, and now the folds of that sacred relic bear witness to their loyalty, and \*his, one of Cherry Valley's sons, whose bravery saved it from the hands of the foe. As his familiar name was spoken, the prayer, 'God bless him,' arose from many a heart. Thus with a knowledge of your achievements still fresh upon us, we present you anew with your country's emblem, not *hoping*, but *knowing*, that you will protect it to the last; for as one has well said, 'The past history of the Seventy-sixth is sufficient guarantee that it will never be disgraced.'

In asking you to bid adieu to the old flag, we are aware that it is requesting you, as it were, to take leave of an old friend, who has been your talisman through many a hard-fought battle. When victory has crowned your arms with success, its proud head has been lifted as in defiance of all attempts of the foe to tear it from its high position, and many a loyal heart has looked upon and blessed it. When dark clouds have hung threateningly over it, past successes have cheered your hearts and bade you hope against hope.

But this new friend will hold no second place in your affections. And now, as we entrust to your keeping this most sacred emblem of all that is most dear to an American heart, we pray you guard it well. Let no star be sundered from its sister stars, but with colors undimmed, and its silken folds unmarred, let it be borne with a firm and steady hand.

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\*Sergeant John Stephens, of Company H.

And now let the prayers of us all arise to heaven, that 'this cruel war' may soon be 'over,' and until then may the strong arms of Divine Love, encircle you; stay the hand of the foemen in its deadly work, and bring you once more in safety to your homes, where loving hearts are impatiently waiting to welcome you.

MARY STACEY,  
GEORGE P. ENGELL,\*  
ELOISE CLYDE."

The old banner, like many of the heroes who welcomed it at Albany, and followed it on the field, had been "expended in the service," and was to be furled for deposit in the archives of the State, as a silent but eloquent eulogist of the services of the Regiment it had so long accompanied. What wonder that the boys bade it a tearful farewell, as Captain Swan bore it away to its final post of honor! Fourteen bullets, one shell and three fragments of shell had passed through this sacred relic, and their rents will ever bear witness at the Capital where it joined us, of the dangerous proximity of the Seventy-sixth to the enemy.

*February 6th.*—The train was sent to Culpepper, and the Seventy-sixth proceeded to Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan. On reaching the Ford a sharp engagement took place, the enemy being driven across the river. During the day the sharpshooters, posted in the buildings about the Ford, seriously annoyed our men, while they were themselves protected. In the evening a dash was made at those buildings, and they were burned, our troops retreating by the aid of their light. The object of this movement was not so much to bring on an engagement, as to ascertain the strength of the enemy. This accomplished, the army returned to its winter quarters. The weather was chilly and the roads were very muddy, still the men came wading into camp in high glee, singing camp songs,

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\*Since died in his country's service.

and making the woods and hills echo with their shouts and laughter.

*February 14th.*—The Chaplain of the Regiment, having long since resigned, the first sermon for nearly a year, was listened to on this day. This was preached by a member of the Christian Commission. This noble organization will never be duly appreciated in this life,—the results of its labors can only be read in the light of the hereafter. The system of army chaplains was exceedingly defective, not to use the harsher term, pernicious. Without alluding to specific cases, we speak of the whole system as a sad failure—as not even an approach to the object in view in its organization. Young ministers leaving home with the patriotic intention, of rendering spiritual assistance and guidance, very frequently became contaminated by the change of life and associations of camp, and instead of remaining a beacon light to the wrecking soldier, became the bad example which bred contempt for all saintly pretensions, and thus steeled the hearts of the soldiery against those better convictions which soldiers, of all men, most need. The Christian Commission avoided the evils resulting from the intimate and familiar associations between chaplain and men, sending to the field for short periods volunteer ministers, fresh and pure from their christian associations at home—men who went into the work with zeal and with the advantage of having their defects, (and who has them not?) unknown, and were thus enabled to impress upon the soldiery the truthfulness of their precepts. Many ministers, by remaining for some time in the army, so lost confidence in themselves as to refuse to preach to the men with whom they associated, when requested to do so.

February twenty-third was a proud day for the Seventy-sixth. General Newton had a grand review of his Corps, comprising about two thousand men. The First Brigade, (to

which the Seventy-sixth was still attached), was pronounced the best Brigade in the Corps, and Colonel Morrow, commanding the Brigade, tickled the pride of the Seventy-sixth by remarking that it was the best Regiment in the Brigade.

On the sixth of March, the Seventy-sixth was transferred from the First to the Second Brigade, from which it was detached in January. Though attached to this Brigade by the common dangers and privations of nearly two years, they left the celebrated "Iron Brigade" with regret.

Thursday, March twenty-fourth, 1864, General Grant, the hero of the West, arrived at Culpepper Court House, to take command of the Army of the Potomac. Now that the clouds have lifted, and we read the history of this army, we come to understand somewhat the importance of this announcement to the country. The halting, hesitating style of fighting which, to that time, had characterized the movements of this army was now at an end, and we are to record only forward marches and an ultimate and glorious triumph! After this the army was to be led by a general who had no idea of his position when he was whipped, and when other generals would have ordered a retreat behind the Rapidan, Rappahannock, or Potomac; but who never failed to follow up a defeat of the enemy, and to gather all the laurels won by the bravery of his army. To those who had watched his career, the advent of General Grant into the Army of the Potomac was surely "the gleaming of the dawning of the day."

To the Seventy-sixth there was the return of another officer in whom they had most implicit confidence. General Wadsworth now returned to assume command of a Division—alas! too soon to offer up his life on his country's altar!

The next day after the appearance of these generals, the reorganization of the army commenced. By hard fighting, severe marches, and sickly camps, the army [had become



greatly reduced in numbers, and though recruits had been sent forward, many of the regiments were still mere skeletons. This, together with some "augurs that would not bore," made a change and "weeding out" necessary. In this consolidation, the First Corps was reduced to two Divisions, and transferred to the Fifth Corps, under command of General Warren. One Division of the Third Corps was assigned to the Sixth, and the other two Divisions to the Second Corps. The First and Third Corps, though thus consolidated, and thus losing their identity, were permitted to retain their badges and marks of honor. The officers and men deeply regretted this consolidation. For nearly two years they had been identified with the First Division of the First Corps, and that "there is something in a name" is no where more fully recognized than in the army.

"To what Corps do you belong?"

"To the old First," was ever a proud response, after Gettysburg.

But the loss of name was fully compensated in the minds of the men, by the fact that their Division, (now the Fourth), was to be commanded by the heroic and patriotic Wadsworth. His disinterested patriotism in leaving his large and lucrative business to fight for principle without pay; his gallant conduct in crossing the river at Fredericksburg, in the face of the enemy; his kind care of his troops, all tended to give him a firm lodgment in the heart of each man in his command.

The Seventy-sixth was now in the Second Brigade, commanded by General Rice, Fourth Division, commanded by General Wadsworth, Fifth Corps, commanded by General Warren.

*March 29th.*—In the midst of a storm the army was reviewed by Lieutenant-General Grant. Owing to this storm, the men were not ordered to march in review, but the com-

manding General, accompanied by his staff, General Meade, and other distinguished Generals, rode the length of the lines.

“The old hero looks better than I supposed.”

“His pictures belie him.”

“Where the devil is his pipe?”

“There will be no halting or retreating now.”

These were some of the expressions called forth by the presence of General Grant.

Nothing except ordinary camp experiences transpired until the latter part of April, when rumors of a march filled the camp. The necessary camp and garrison equipage was distributed; quartermasters' stores turned in; transportation delivered over to the Division Quartermaster, and everything betokened an advance of the army. The campaign of 1864, under the new commander was about to be inaugurated.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE MARCH—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—THREE COMPANIES OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH AS SKIRMISHERS—INTERMINABLE FORESTS—A CLEARING IN THE WILDERNESS—FALLING INTO AN AMBUSH—THE THREE COMPANIES CAPTURED BY THE REBELS—CONFUSION IN THE REBEL RANKS—BRIGADE COMMANDERS OPINION OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—SEVERE FIGHTING—DEATH OF GENERAL WADSWORTH—DEATH OF ADJUTANT CARPENTER AND CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW—OFF FOR SPOTTSYLVANIA.

MAY fourth, at one o'clock in the morning, the Second Brigade broke camp at Culpepper, and moved on the Rapidan river. It consisted, at that time, of the Seventy-sixth, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cook; the Fourteenth Brooklyn, Colonel Fowler; the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, Colonel Miller; the Ninety-fifth New York, Colonel Pye; and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, Colonel Hofmann. The Brigade had present a little over two thousand men, and was commanded by Brigadier-General J. C. Rice.

The Brigade crossed the Rapidan over a pontoon bridge, at Germania Ford, about noon, and, marching to near the Wilderness Tavern, encamped at five o'clock P. M. The weather was fine, and men never marched with greater alacrity than on this occasion.

At seven o'clock the next morning, the Second Brigade moved on Parker's store about four miles distant. After marching about two miles it was halted formed in line of battle, and moved through a dense wood for the distance of nearly a mile, when it was met by a heavy fire of musketry from an

unseen enemy. Here they halted and returned the fire, when a sharp engagement ensued. The Second Brigade at this time occupied the left flank of the Division.

Three companies of the Seventy-sixth, B, F and K, were, at this point, thrown out as skirmishers, to cover the left flank, Major Young commanding them. They soon reported the enemy to be advancing in a line extending far beyond the left of our forces. Almost simultaneously with this report, the line on the right fell back in disorder, and was followed by this Brigade. The underbrush was very dense, and the men found great difficulty in making their way through it. The enemy, still unseen, continued to pour in a very destructive fire. At the end of half a mile the officers succeeded in rallying about three hundred and fifty men on the crest of a slight eminence, and prepared to hold the position. At this moment, an aid of General Wadsworth arrived, with instructions to move some distance to the rear, where the Division was reforming. Shortly after the skirmishers were sent out they received orders to advance their line two miles, and on arriving at the point indicated, to remain until further orders, and avoid bringing on a battle. This whole movement of General Grant to the Wilderness was intended as one of his remarkable flank movements, and no battle was intended at that point. To this end no fires were allowed to be lighted on the night the troops left Culpepper, and they were ordered to make no noise.

The skirmishers marched to the required position without meeting any opposition. In a few moments, however, heavy firing was heard on the right, and a skirmish line at least twice as strong as ours appeared in front, and opened a heavy fire. Our skirmishers, and especially Company B, were in an open field, exposed to the enemy, who were covered by the wood. From this wood the balls came like rain, but not a

rebel could be seen. The order was finally given to retreat to another wood about twenty rods to the rear.

The rebels, seeing our skirmishers retire, and considering it a defeat, rushed out into the open field in pursuit. No sooner, however, had they reached the open space than they received a most destructive fire, which sent them reeling back in disorder to the wood again. They soon rallied and came out again with a rush and a yell of defiance. Again were they received with a galling fire; but though they fell in great numbers, considering the force engaged, they kept on until they reached a fence about the middle of the field. A heavy fire was kept up on both sides. Our skirmishers occupied a most dangerous position upon the side of a hill sloping toward the enemy, and though in the wood, there were no trees of very large size, and they were only screened from sight by bushes. Our men were, therefore, ordered back about fifteen rods, to a point more heavily timbered. The enemy advanced to the position thus abandoned. Here our skirmishers met with a new difficulty. A portion of the line on the right gave away and before the fact became known to the whole line, the enemy had turned our flank. A portion of Company B was sent to drive them back, when a severe hand to hand conflict took place, resulting in our favor. When it was ascertained that our skirmish line was broken, a staff officer, who had accompanied the line, started back to learn the state of affairs in the rear. He had not rode over fifty rods, when he found a rebel line in rear of our skirmishers, which fired upon, wounded and captured him. On learning the condition of affairs, an order was silently passed up the line to assemble on the right. Companies F and K, of the Seventy-sixth, and several companies from other regiments, came down and reported the attack upon them. The officers, about fifteen in number, now held a council to determine what course to pursue. The situation

was desperate. Already the horrors of rebel prison pens loomed up before them. The rebel skirmishers were in front. Retreat was made impossible by a rebel line of battle in the rear! To add to the difficulty, so much shifting and fighting had occurred, that the officers had lost the points of compass and could not tell the direction of our main force. The forest was one dense net work of dwarf pines. It was, indeed, properly styled, "the wilderness." The council failed to agree, as other councils had done before, and was summarily broken up by the appearance at this juncture, of the negro servant of an officer, who notified the council that a force of rebel cavalry was near. The officer in command of our skirmishers insisted that everything indicated that the Army of the Potomac had been defeated, and had retreated toward the Rapidan, and that the only way to get out of the dilemma was to march in the direction of the sound of battle. The order was given to fall in, and the march commenced.

About this time, as one of our men was marching in with a rebel prisoner, a rebel colonel rode up and demanded:—

"Halt! Where are you going?"

"To the Union Army," replied our captor, somewhat discomfited at meeting two, and seeing the cocked revolver pointing at his head.

"Give up that gun to the prisoner," said the Colonel; "march him back to our camp!" and away rode the Colonel. No sooner had he gone than the rebel handed back the gun, remarking:—

"Take it and march me to your camp. I've done with this confederacy!" and thus the two came in.

The march of the skirmishers now commenced. Homer D. Call, with a detachment, marched some distance in the rear, to prevent any surprise in that direction. But, unfortunately, no precautions were taken against a surprise on the

flank. The detachment moved on to where two paths crossed each other at right angles. A council was held as to the proper path to take, which resulted, like the former, in a disagreement. Several of the men climbed the trees, but reported that nothing could be seen as far as the eye could reach but interminable forests. After marching about half a mile further, a path was discovered leading to a small house in a clearing not far off. To this several of the men repaired, and were informed that no armed troops had been seen about there that day. This coming to the ears of the commandant of the detachment, he marched his command to the house. The Regiment had bivouacked at the Gold Mills the night before, and it was desirable that the detachment should be directed thence, when they would know their whereabouts.

“Do you know where the Gold Mills are?” inquired the Captain, of the “lord of the manor.”

“Sartinly,” was the laconic reply.

“How far is it?”

“Wall, I reckon it is about two miles.”

“Can you take us to it?”

“Could n’t think of it, When I’m gone, who knows who might tote off my wife and young uns. Could n’t think of it, sir.”

“No excuses will do, sir,” replied the Captain. “You must act as our guide.”

“Oh, sir! you would not think of taking my father?” pleaded the daughter. “What should we do were some accident to befall him?”

“No accident will befall him, madam,” replied the Captain. “We’ll send him back safely when he puts us upon the right track.”

“Will you permit me to accompany him, then?” asked the daughter.

“Certainly.” And thus with two guides, the detachment resumed its march. They shortly reached a path which the guides declared to be the direct road, and then asked permission to return, which a staff officer mistakingly granted. It was soon discovered that the Regiment had passed over this road in December, on its way to Mine Run. The guide and his daughter had scarcely left, when the detachment came to ground which had that day been burned over, and several dead bodies were strewn about, showing that they were even then upon the battle-field. Advancing a few rods farther the detachment fell into an ambush, and received a volley from a whole rebel brigade. Being at short range, the execution was fearful. Many fell wounded, among whom was Lieutenant William Cahill, of Company B, wounded in the shoulder, and one arm broken. All the wounded and about half the others were captured on the spot. The remainder broke and ran, but were pursued by a strong force and mostly captured.

The battle continued to rage at the front, and our prisoners had marched but a short distance with their captors, when, on ascending to the summit of a hill, they discovered the Union batteries not a mile distant. These soon opened upon the rebels and prisoners, but at such range as to do no material damage to either. It was indeed painful to our men to be thus fired upon by their own men.

It was now nearly dark, and immediately in front of the rebels, and not more than fifteen rods distant was the Union line of battle. The battle was raging with terrific fury. Such fighting is seldom witnessed on any field. Each party seemed to consider this the crisis, and fought with desperation. In the midst of it a panic seized the rebels. Their wounded poured in from the front in great numbers; the artillery rushed to the rear, and for a time all was confusion in that portion of the line occupied by our prisoners. Had General



Grant known what our skirmishers then saw, he would have followed up the advantage, and taking possession of the Parker Store road, separated the forces of Lee, and made the victory of the Wilderness complete the first day. Our skirmishers though prisoners were now elated at the thought of a Union victory. They anticipated a general panic, during which they would escape to our lines. But unfortunately at this point night set in and the firing ceased. Two hours afterwards our skirmishers were on the march to Lee's headquarters, at Parker's Store.

The following officers of the Seventy-sixth were captured at this time :

Company B—Captain J. D. Clyde, First Lieutenant William Cahill, Second Lieutenant James Casler.

Company F—First Lieutenant William Buchanan, Second Lieutenant William H. Myers.

Company K—Captain E. J. Swan, First Lieutenant Homer D. Call, Second Lieutenant Job Norwood.

As the Regiment fell back, pursuant to the orders of General Wadsworth, Major Young not falling back as readily as the men, was left in the enemy's lines. He was approached by a rebel soldier, who shouted :—

“Halt! you are my prisoner.”

The Major, not relishing the order, nor considering it from his superior, started in the direction of our lines.

“Halt! or I'll blow your d——d brains out!” shouted the rebel, while the Major heard the click of the lock, as the rebel aimed at his head. The Major surrendered, and paid for his obedience by nearly a year in the prison pens of the South.

At the time of the capture of Major Young, he was accompanied by James Cinnamon, of Company D. Seeing the Major surrender, Cinnamon started on double-quick for our lines.

"Halt!" shouted the Major's captor, but Cinnamon kept on. The sharp crack of a rifle was heard; the ball passed through Cinnamon's cap, but he escaped unhurt, and soon after joined the Regiment.

In this battle, Company D was the color company. In the sharp engagement previous to falling back, two of the color-bearers fell wounded. The colors were then taken by Albert Hilton, of Company A, who soon fell dead upon them. Captain S. M. Byram, commanding Company D, seized the colors, and drawing them from beneath poor Hilton, carried them safely off the field. As the Captain came into the open field, he became an object of special interest to the rebels, who fired several volleys at him, but he escaped unharmed.

The other color was brought off by George Hawley, of Company D, who, for his bravery, was immediately designated as color-sergeant; but his office was of short duration, for he was killed the next day. After Hawley was killed, Rutger B. Marsh took the colors, but fell wounded, when James Cinnamon took them and carried them safely through.

The Regiment had suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-Colonel Cook was wounded in the arm, Major Young taken prisoner, and many others killed and wounded. The command of the Regiment now devolved upon Captain Byram.

At six o'clock P. M., the Brigade, under command of General Rice, moved to the support of the Second Corps, then engaged with the enemy on the Orange Court House and Fredericksburg plank road, about one mile in advance of the crossing of the Brock Road, and about three miles distant from where the Division had reformed. The route lay through a dense wood in many places impenetrable. It was nine o'clock in the evening when the Brigade found itself in position, about a quarter of a mile from the plank road, and

facing it. The men were permitted to lie on their arms until four o'clock the next morning, when General Rice directed the Ninety-fifth New York, and part of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York to be deployed as skirmishers, and moved forward. The position now held by the Brigade was the extreme right of our lines. The enemy succeeded in bringing a battery to bear, enfilading our forces from the right flank. The two right Regiments, the Seventy-sixth New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, changed front to the rear on the left company, and opened fire upon the skirmishers, now advanced to the crest of the hill about three hundred yards distant, and drove them back. General Rice directed Colonel Hofmann, of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, to select two regiments and take the battery. He chose his Regiment, and the remains of the Seventy-sixth, saying:—"If any two regiments can take it, they can."

These Regiments were then moved forward, and to the right, screened by a wood, to a point nearly on a line with the battery, with the intention of taking it with the bayonet. They captured the skirmishers thrown out to protect the flanks of the battery, but when the detachment arrived within one hundred yards of the edge of the wood, the movement was discovered by the enemy, the battery was limbered up and hastily driven to the rear about four hundred yards, where it again opened with spherical case, and forced the detachment back.

The enemy, at eight A. M., came forward in strong force, and pressed our lines back for nearly half a mile, but was in turn compelled to fall back to his former position.

At eleven A. M. the Brigade formed in line of battle at a right angle with the plank road. The firing had ceased for nearly an hour, except from the enemy's sharpshooters.

At noon the enemy again came forward in great force on

the left of the plank road. General Wadsworth who was present with the Second Brigade, ordered it to change front, forming the line on the right of the plank road, and parallel with it. He stated at the time, that the object of the movement was to take in flank the enemy as he came forward. The right flank of the Brigade was exposed to the fire of the enemy's battery, and sharpshooters posted on the hill beyond our right, and suffered severely. This, with the impetuosity with which the enemy came forward, broke our lines, and the troops were forced back in confusion. The ground over which they moved offered no favorable opportunity for rallying the men for the first half mile. Coming, at length, to a slight elevation, an effort was made to rally. This was only partially successful, and they retired as far back as the Brock Road, and a quarter of a mile north of the plank road. The Brigade had again suffered severely in killed, wounded and prisoners.

It was while immediately in rear of the center of this Brigade, that General Wadsworth was killed in the act of cheering the men on. The loss of no officer in the army would have been felt more keenly. Leaving a home of luxury and ease for the hardship and privations of camp, and the dangers of the field, he died as the true soldier ever desires to die—in the line of his duty, in the thickest of the fight, with his face to the foe—a worthy offering on the altar of the country he died to save. Just previous to his death, General Wadsworth shouted to the men:—

“Forward, men! We'll take a thousand prisoners now!”

Alas! for the frailty of human hopes!

About the time that General Wadsworth fell, Hubert Carpenter, the Adjutant of the Seventy-sixth, fell mortally wounded, and died the next day. He was an excellent officer.

During the battle, Captain Norman G. Bartholomew, of Company E, fell mortally wounded. He was taken to the hospital and soon after died. We have had occasion in a former chapter to speak of his soldierly conduct.

General Rice now directed Colonel Hofmann to reform the Brigade, and collecting the officers and men of the Division that were in that vicinity, to form the line in rear of the Brock Road, the left of the line resting on the plank road:

At four P. M. the Brigade consisted of detachments from the Seventy-sixth, Ninety-fifth, and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, the Fifty-sixth, One Hundred and Forty-second, One Hundred and Forty-third, One Hundred and Forty-ninth, and One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, and a company of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. Most of the detachments had their regimental colors with them, and so severe had been the losses that the whole eight regiments and one company formed an aggregate, at that hour, of but four hundred and eight—less than half a regiment!

At half-past five P. M., the enemy again came forward on the left of the plank road, and succeeded in forcing a portion of our troops back from the line of works erected on the west side of the Brock Road, by the Second Corps, and planting the rebel colors upon the works. General Hancock, through General Rice, directed Colonel Hofmann to move his Brigade to the support of the troops at the works. The Brigade was moved out rapidly by the right flank, and when the head of the column arrived at the point of the works where they had been vacated by our troops, it formed in line of battle at nearly a right angle with the works, the men firing as fast as they came into line. In the course of ten minutes the enemy were driven from the works, and back into the woods from which they had emerged. Several hundred men now sprang over the works, and desired to follow up the enemy. Colonel

Hofmann, being uninformed as to whether they could be supported or not, felt it his duty to recall them. He then reported his action to General Hancock, who approved it.

At eight P. M. the Brigade was relieved and ordered into the second line of works, and at half-past three A. M., of the seventh, again moved into the front line. At seven A. M., it was marched three-fourths of a mile to the left, and erected new works. At eleven A. M., it was ordered to rejoin the Division then on the right, and half a mile beyond the road. General Rice, who had had a special command, now returned and assumed command of the Brigade.

At four P. M., the Brigade moved to the Lacy House, and at ten P. M. took up the line of march for Spottsylvania. The Brigade was now joined by the Fourteenth Brooklyn.

There is no doubt that the Union Army, at the Wilderness, would have been considered by many generals, defeated. General Grant, however, was possessed of the gift of not seeing, or not heeding a Union defeat. Hence the movement continued.

## CHAPTER XXV.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA—GENERAL RICE KILLED—"TURN ME WITH MY FACE TO THE ENEMY"—"THIS IS AN UNHEALTHY COUNTRY, CAPTAIN!"—CONTINUOUS NIGHT FIRING—TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER—APPEARANCE OF THE GROUND THE NEXT MORNING—A CAMP OF DEAD HEROES—BATTLE AT THE NORTH ANNA—ON THE PLANTATION OF PATRICK HENRY—BATTLE NEAR BETHESDA CHURCH—CAPTAIN GODDARD AND LIEUTENANT BALDWIN WOUNDED—LOSSES IN THE SEVENTY-SIXTH—MARCH TO THE CHICKAHOMINY—DESERTED VILLAGES.

*May 8th, 1864.*—After marching all night, the Brigade to which the Seventy-sixth was attached, arrived at Todd's Tavern. Halting here for breakfast, they again moved forward and met the enemy at Laurel Hill.

General Rice directed the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Ninety-fifth New York to move forward and clear the enemy from an orchard that he then occupied, about half a mile from the road. These Regiments cleared the field, but were found inadequate to hold it, and the Seventy-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-seventy New York Volunteers, and Fourteenth Brooklyn were sent up to their support. Subsequently they were relieved by troops from another Division, and the Brigade moved in rear of a ridge, where it remained until five P. M., when it again moved forward, and to the right of the orchard. Here breastworks were erected and occupied until two P. M. on the tenth. At that time the Brigade under General Rice moved forward to attack the works of the enemy, then about six hundred yards in front. The attack

failed, and the Brigade returned to a position nearly in rear of that which they had previously occupied. In this charge General Rice was mortally wounded. After his limb was amputated he was asked by the attending surgeon which way he desired to be turned that he might rest more easy.

“Turn my face to the enemy,” said the dying hero. These were his last words, and indicated the true character of the man, the soldier and the patriot. General Rice was the third general who had been killed in less than a year, while leading the Seventy-sixth. Reynolds, Wadsworth, Rice! They are enshrined in the hearts of every remaining member of the Regiment.

Colonel Fowler being the ranking officer, now assumed command of the Brigade.

On the evening of the eleventh, the Brigade again moved to the attack on the enemy's works. After having been in line of battle half an hour, subjected to a severe flank fire from the left, the Brigade was withdrawn, the attack having been suspended. A considerable loss was sustained in killed and wounded.

During the fighting, Lieutenant Cochran was lighting his pipe when a ball struck the fire brand, knocking it out of his hand, then coming in contact with his breast, knocked him down. Arising, he coolly remarked to Captain Byram:—

“This is an unhealthy country, Captain. I believe I'll go to the rear.”

“Halloa, Cochrane,” said the Captain, two days afterward; “I thought you had gone to the rear, wounded.”

“I'm cured, Captain—can't stay there. It is quite too lonesome away from the Regiment.”

At eight A. M. on the twelfth, the Brigade again advanced to the attack. After moving about four hundred yards, and at the front of a ravine, the underbrush was of such a



character that it was found impossible to push the line through it, and as the troops upon the right encountered the same difficulty, and were unable to move forward, the Brigade was withdrawn. At one P. M. it was marched to the left nearly two miles to a point where a portion of the Second Corps had captured the works of the enemy, but had subsequently abandoned them. The Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, and Fourteenth Brooklyn were ordered to form a column to attack the works, but before the column was formed the order was suspended.

The Brigade was then moved to a point of the works where they were cleared of the enemy, and formed in line nearly at right angles with the works, the left resting on them. In this position they were directed to fire continuously to prevent the enemy who occupied the opposite side of the breastworks from firing or sallying out. The Brigade continued this firing from three P. M. until two A. M. on the thirteenth, when they were relieved and moved to the rear. The loss sustained in this firing was small, the troops being sheltered by the parapet of the enemy's works, and a depression of the ground in front of them.

Some idea may be formed of the severity of this night battle, from the ghastly sight presented the next morning. While thus engaged, this one Brigade fired about ten thousand rounds. The enemy made many efforts to fire, but there is every reason to believe that those who made the attempt were generally killed, as the following morning, (the enemy having withdrawn before daylight), the pits were found filled with rebel dead. In one pit not over fifty feet in length, were counted thirty dead, beneath and mingled with which, were several too severely wounded to get off the field. Horses lay strewn over the ground, literally cut to pieces by bullets. One green oak tree, from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter

and standing in range of our guns, was actually cut off by bullets, and fell during the night.

Several caissons in the vicinity of the rebel troops, were left on the ground on their retreat, because the spokes of the wheels were so cut by our fire that they could not be moved.

Nor had our army escaped injury. As the Second Brigade arrived on the field, they saw the ground covered for some distance with men lying upon the ground, and covered with tents.

"Why are these fellows taking their ease, while we go in?" was asked by more than one of our officers.

"How cool they take it under this fire," remarked another.

"I'll learn the cause from them," said Lieutenant Edgcomb, stepping in the direction of the men in the supposed bivouac.

"Get up, here," said Lieutenant Waterman, kicking one of the men. "You can't play 'possum on us. Come, go in with us!"

"I guess you won't raise that man," said Sergeant Miles Foster.

On examination it was found the man was dead, and this field of tents but covered a bivouac of heroic dead!

At nine A. M. on the thirteenth, the Brigade marched to the right a distance of two miles, and at ten o'clock that night moved to the left, over a very muddy road. At daylight it arrived within three-fourths of a mile of Spottsylvania Court House. It was subsequently moved a quarter of a mile further forward, and threw up breastworks.

The time of service of the Fourteenth Brooklyn, Colonel Fowler, having expired, that Regiment was detailed for special duty, and Colonel Hofmann, of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, assumed command of the Second Brigade.

At eight P. M. the Brigade encamped at Catlett's House, near Guinness Station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg

Railroad. Moved at ten A. M. on the twenty-third, and bivouacked at Bull's Church.

May twenty-fourth the Brigade moved at five A. M., and halted at Campbell's Church. Repassing the church at two P. M., it forded the North Anna River at Jericho Bridge.

As our forces approached the North Anna the rebels were retreating, and so near were they that prisoners afterwards taken declared they could hear our drums in camp so plainly as to distinguish the different tunes played. The rebels under Longstreet disputed the passage of the river. A force was left at the ford to attract the attention of the enemy, while the remainder of the Fifth Corps, including the Seventy-sixth, moved to a point about half a mile further up the river. Here they came to a piece of wood, through which ran a road to the river. A pontoon bridge was laid, but before it was completed the men became so anxious to cross that they jumped into the river and waded across. The Brigade was formed in line of battle on the heights about half a mile above the ford. The Ninety-fifth New York was deployed as skirmishers.

At half-past six P. M. the enemy attacked our front line of troops then occupying the woods. The Second Brigade was moved to the front and to the right near the skirmish line, and formed in line of battle about one hundred and fifty yards in rear of it. The enemy now charged through the woods, sending up cheer after cheer, accompanied by unearthly yells. The brigade in front broke and passed around our left flank. The Second Brigade, under a heavy musketry fire, changed front to the rear on the left battalion, and formed a new line. This was necessary to enable Captain Mink's battery, which had been brought up and was occupying the ground between our right and the river, to open fire. Another battery was brought up on the right of Captain Mink's. The enemy

made several attempts to charge from the woods, but failed and was each time driven back with severe loss. They kept up a heavy fire from their skirmish line for over an hour, when the firing on both sides ceased.

Captain C. A. Watkins, of Company K, Seventy-sixth Regiment, then threw out a line of skirmishers very rapidly, and succeeded in capturing over one hundred prisoners, who represented that they belonged to Lane's, Cook's, and Scale's Brigades of Heath's and Wilcox's Divisions. The line was then moved forward, and the works held until five o'clock on the morning of May twenty-fifth. In his report of this engagement, Colonel Hofmann says:—

“In this action the officers and men behaved splendidly. I think to them is due the credit of saving the artillery from being cut off, and in all probability saving the army from a terrible disaster.”

The Seventy-sixth was commanded in this battle by Captain S. M. Byram, of Company D.

May twenty-fifth the Brigade moved down the right bank of the river several miles, then moving to the right into a wood, formed into line of battle and erected breastworks. During the day a heavy loss was sustained on the skirmish line, several being killed and many wounded.

May twenty-sixth at ten o'clock in the evening, the Brigade recrossed the North Anna at Quarter's Mills, and moved on the Pamunkey River.

May twenty-seventh the march was continued to Mongoluck, where the Brigade bivouacked for the night. At half-past seven the next morning the Regiment crossed the Pamunkey on pontoons, at Hanover Town, and erected works on the heights two miles beyond the river.

May twenty-ninth, moved to near Tolopotomoy Creek, and formed a line of battle on the plantation formerly owned by Patrick Henry. A great change had come over the people

with whom he was accustomed to mingle, as well as the plantation which he occupied, since he enunciated those doctrines of political faith, to uphold which this visit of the sons of Freedom was made.

This ground was held until the next morning, when the Brigade, having been increased by the addition of the Third Delaware Volunteers, two hundred and eighty-four men, and the Forty-sixth New York Volunteers, one hundred and forty-nine men, moved to within one mile of Bethesda church, and was sent to support a brigade of the Third Division of this Corps. Scarcely had the Second Brigade got into position, when the enemy made a heavy attack upon our lines, principally to the right of this Brigade. He was driven back with heavy loss of killed and wounded.

The ground was held until ten A. M. of the thirty-first, when the Brigade moved half a mile forward. At seven P. M. it was marched to the right of the Corps line to relieve the brigade of General Bartlett. It occupied the works of that Brigade, and was engaged with the enemy until midnight, when it was relieved and moved to the left of the Mechanicsville road, about half a mile in front of Bethesda church. The instructions were to connect with the First Brigade, and extend the line to the road. This was found to be a difficult task, owing to the dense thicket through which it was necessary to move the troops.

This forming a line between midnight and daylight, in the face of the enemy, is not a pleasant task under more favorable circumstances ; but orders must be obeyed.

The One hundred and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, numbering one hundred and ninety-three men, was here added to the Brigade.

At five o'clock P. M., June second, the enemy attacked our right, which was forced back on new works, thrown up at

nearly right angles with the former line. A portion of the old line of works was occupied by the enemy. In this attack Colonel Pye, of the Ninety-fifth New York Volunteers, was mortally wounded. The Brigade remained in the new works until ten P. M., on the fifth of June, meeting with considerable loss from the sharpshooters of the enemy. Captain Goddard, commanding the Seventy-sixth, was severely wounded. Lieutenant Baldwin was also wounded, and Sergeants Comstock, of Company E, and Snow, of Company C, killed. As Comstock was borne past the Regiment on a stretcher, he shouted :—

“ Good bye, Seventy-sixth—this is the last of Dolph ! ”

At ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth of June, the Brigade moved toward Cold Harbor, where it arrived at four o'clock the next morning. The Fourth Delaware Volunteers, numbering four hundred and twenty-five men was assigned to the Second Brigade, and reported for duty.

Here the troops remained in bivouac until eight A. M. on the seventh, when they moved to the Chickahominy, halting within one mile of Sumner's Bridge. Colonel Hofmann, in command of the Second Brigade, was then ordered to march and take possession of the railroad bridge crossing the Chickahominy. To screen the movement from the enemy, the march was made by a circuitous route through the woods, to a point half a mile west of Despatch Station. The enemy had works three-fourths of a mile beyond the bridge, that commanded the railroad for two miles. A screen of brush was constructed across the railroad, and two regiments passed in rear of it to the opposite side. A heavy skirmish line was then thrown out on both sides of the railroad, the enemy driven across the river, and possession taken of the east end of the bridge. A line of battle was formed about a quarter of a mile in the rear, and pickets posted on the river,

connecting with the First Brigade on the right, the left extending down the river.

In driving the enemy back, the casualties to the Brigade were five wounded.

In the afternoon the enemy opened with shot and shell upon the screen across the railroad, supposing our troops were at work behind it. No loss was sustained, however, except the partial demolition of the brush screen. The Brigade remained in this position until ten P. M. on the twelfth, then moved to the left, and crossed the Chickahominy on pontoons at Long Bridge, at four o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth. Here the troops remained until four o'clock P. M., when they moved to near Wilcox's landing on the James River.

On this day the Regimental Quartermaster, Lieutenant Burnham, visited St. Peter's church, where Washington was married. Here lie buried the dead of a century and a half ago. The Lieutenant has preserved a copy of an inscription upon one of the tombstones:

"Here lyethe the body of Ann Clopton, wife of William Clopton, of the County of New Kent. She departed this life on ye 4th day of March, A. D. 1716, in the 70th year of her age. She left two sons and four daughters, viz.:" (naming them).

The country from the Chickahominy to the James was indeed beautiful, though the fiery hand of war had sadly desolated it. Though naturally very productive, so thoroughly had it been stripped and despoiled by both armies, that scarcely anything was raised, and prices of provisions were almost fabulous.

New Kent Court House, Charles City Court House, and all the villages on the route were deserted. Not even a negro, who, like the owl, usually clings to the deserted village, was seen to cast a shadow of blackness over the solitude. The

people had taken the sword, and had perished or been driven out by it.

The troops had now passed over the field where, in 1862, McClellan met with such disastrous defeat. While the accomplishment of his plan consumed fifty-seven days in marching from Fortress Monroe, aided by his gunboats, and all the facilities furnished for transportation, General Grant had, in forty days, without any of these advantages, marched to the same point from the Rappahannock, fighting all the way down. History has thus most emphatically vindicated President Lincoln's choice of approaches to Richmond.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER—FIGHTING SOUTH OF THE JAMES—CAPTAIN BYRAM WOUNDED—BATTLE AT THE WELDON RAILROAD—LIEUTENANTS PHENIS AND WELDON KILLED—CAPTAIN HATCH CAPTURES A REBEL STAND OF COLORS—THE ENEMY THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS—REPORT OF THE BATTLE—DEATH OF D. WEBSTER SMITH—DANGEROUS SERVICE—CONSOLIDATION OF THE FIRST CORPS INTO ONE DIVISION—VOTING IN THE ARMY.

JUNE sixteenth, at ten o'clock A. M., the Seventy-sixth crossed the James River on a steamboat, landing about three miles below Windmill Point, where they remained until two P. M., when the march was continued toward Petersburg. Bivouacked that night two miles beyond Prince George Court House. The Army of the Potomac was now mostly south of the James. The objective point seemed to be Petersburg, with ultimate designs upon Richmond.

It is doubtful whether more skillful manœuvring has ever characterized the movements of any army, than that of General Grant in his march to this place. Actually beaten at the Wilderness, and meeting a foe too strongly entrenched to be driven out at different points, by his persistent fighting, and those remarkable flank movements, by which he always appeared at a point not anticipated, he succeeded in finally placing his army in the very position where it could most surely ultimately accomplish the object of capturing the rebel capital and suppressing the rebellion.

June seventeenth, the Brigade moved about two miles to the

front, and found the enemy posted in rear of a strong line of works. Here they formed a line of battle, and threw up works on the west side of the Blackwater road. The enemy fired upon our troops, and the Brigade sustained a loss of ten men wounded.

At four o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth, the Brigade moved forward to attack the enemy's works. Captain Byram commanded the Seventy-sixth. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn during the night, and that he had also abandoned his second line of works. Upon moving forward the skirmish line, the enemy was found posted in rear of his third line of works, with his skirmishers thrown forward to near the railroad. The Brigade moved to the west side of the railroad, and formed in line of battle in a wood.

At three o'clock P. M. the Brigade was formed in line of battle on the crest of the hill, and moved forward to charge the works of the enemy, then about seven hundred yards in front of our works. Believing that the final blow to the rebellion was about to be struck, the line moved forward with spirit. The enemy immediately opened with musketry and spherical case, and as our troops approached nearer, with canister. When the line had arrived near the ravine, the loss had already been very great, for the troops were exposed to a fire not only in front, but upon both flanks. During this galling fire, Captain Byram fell severely wounded, and never did further service. The command of the Regiment now devolved upon Captain Hatch.

As the line was descending into the ravine it broke. Many of the men returned, and only about two hundred of the Brigade reached the opposite slope, where they found shelter by lying on the ground. The horse of Colonel Hofmann, the Brigade commander, was killed before the line broke, so that he did not reach the opposite side of the ravine.

The officers now rallied the men in rear of the crest from which the line had moved when the charge commenced. About four hundred and fifty men were thus formed in line. An order was received at four P. M., to prepare for a second charge at half-past five P. M. This was, however, subsequently suspended. The troops in the ravine remained until dark when they were withdrawn. Pickets were now thrown out, a line of battle formed and advanced to the crest of the hill, and breastworks thrown up. The wounded were brought in and the dead buried. The Brigade and Regiment had suffered a very heavy loss in killed and wounded.

These works were occupied by the Brigade until July thirty-first, the troops every three days relieved and relieving in turn the First Brigade of this Division.

Colonel Hofmann, in his report, says:—

“During the campaign the officers and men of the Brigade have evinced great bravery, patriotism and fortitude. From May third to July thirty-first, a period of nearly ninety days, not more than five days passed that they were not under the fire of the enemy.”

The number of killed and wounded in this Brigade during this period, was eighty-four officers, and fifteen hundred and fourteen men.

The men were now permitted to rest until the eighteenth day of August. The interim was occupied chiefly in picketing, writing and receiving letters, and the performance of those other duties incident to camp life.

August eighteenth, at five o'clock in the morning, the Brigade left camp near the Jones House, and moved south over the Jerusalem plank road. It numbered at this time, fifteen hundred and seventy-one officers and men, and arrived at the Yellow House, on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, at noon. The heat was intense, the dust almost suffocating, and the march so fatiguing that only about half the men

arrived with the Brigade. By three P. M., however, most of the men had reported. At half-past three P. M., the Brigade was moved to the front of a wood about half a mile north of the Yellow House, and deployed in line of battle, the left resting on the Railroad and facing the north.

At four P. M. the Second Brigade was detached from the Fourth Division, and ordered to report to General Ayres, commanding the Second Division. The Brigade soon after relieved General Dushane's Brigade, stationed on the left of the Railroad, opened fire upon the enemy, and in fifteen or twenty minutes drove them back. A picket line was then established, and breastworks erected.

August nineteenth, at four P. M., the enemy broke through our lines about half a mile to the right of the Brigade, at the same time attacking the line in front. The Seventy-sixth, and other Regiments of the Brigade, remained in the works, and repulsed the enemy in handsome style. During this engagement, Lieutenant Barnard Phenis, of Company H, was killed. He is spoken of in high terms by his fellow officers.

The Brigade was moved at eight P. M. on the twentieth, about half a mile to the rear, to a crest extending south from the Blick House, and running parallel with and about a fourth of a mile west of the Railroad. Breastworks were erected during the night, and at nine o'clock the next morning the enemy moved forward to attack our works. Their line of battle emerged from the woods about four hundred yards in front, and moved steadily through a field of corn to within fifty feet of the works, when it broke and the men fled to the woods. They had suffered very severely in killed and wounded.

During this engagement, Captain Hatch, of Company C, Seventy-sixth Regiment, captured a stand of colors from the enemy, displaying great bravery in the act.

General Hagood's Brigade of the enemy passed over the field to the left of our works. They were fired upon until they had arrived at a point a little in our rear, when Colonel Hofmann observed that a number of them had thrown away their arms, and as they still moved forward he concluded they intended to surrender, and ordered the firing to cease. They halted a moment in the ravine about one hundred and fifty yards in rear, and to the left of our works. At this point about half of them attempted to retreat. Fire was again opened upon them, and many were killed and wounded. Of the number that came forward, not more than one-fourth regained the wood from which they had emerged.

The Brigade captured two Lieutenant-Colonels, a number of line officers, and nearly three hundred prisoners. On the following day two hundred stand of arms were collected, and fifty of the enemy's dead buried in front of the Brigade. In his official report of this battle, Colonel Hofmann, says:—

“The Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, Seventy-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, and Fourth Delaware Volunteers, remained in the works and repulsed the enemy in handsome style. \* \* \* \* \*

“The following named have received special notice:—

\* \* \* \* \*

“Seventy-sixth New York—Captain Hatch, for gallantry in crossing the works and capturing a stand of colors.

“Lieutenant Weldon, Seventy-sixth New York, killed on the picket line, on the night of the twenty-first, is spoken of as having been ever faithful in the discharge of his duties—courteous and kind in his intercourse with his brother officers and men. \* \* \* \* \*

“Captain Burritt was obliged to leave the field of battle for the third time, on account of wounds received. \* \* \* \* \*

“Captain Watkins, of the Seventy-sixth New York, has since discharged the duties of the office, and rendered very efficient services on the twenty-first, as an acting aid-de-camp.”

The casualties to this Brigade in this battle, were two offi-

cers and twenty-three men killed, eight officers and ninety-seven men wounded, and sixty-eight men missing.

There is so much sameness in camp life, that it is difficult to describe the events of each day interestingly. During the intervals between the different battles, after reaching the south side of the James River, our men were continually in the advance, with the enemy confronting them. Scarcely a day passed that they were not under fire. Most of the time the enemy's sharpshooters were so posted, that it was extremely hazardous for our men to appear in sight. Did a man leave the breastworks, he was sure to be greeted with a volley of bullets. Did he show his head above the works, he immediately became the target of the enemy. This sort of service was much more annoying than actual battle. Lacking the enthusiasm and excitement of battle, it was full as dangerous, and instead of lasting a few hours, continued for months. An instance occurring in the Seventy-sixth illustrates:—

D. Webster Smith, of Company D, was on picket near Petersburg, June twenty-first, 1864. Like the others, he had sought in a ditch protection from the rebel bullets. He had just finished a letter to his friends at home and loaded his gun, when, on rising, he was fired upon, the ball taking effect in his head, killing him instantly.

An order was received September twelfth, transferring all the Regiments in the First and Second Divisions, formerly in the First Corps, to the Third Division, to be commanded by General Crawford. The soldier will appreciate the pleasant emotions of the men at this reunion of the fragments of the First Corps into one Division.

During this lull between the battles, the Seventh Indiana Volunteers was mustered out, and the remaining fragments of that noble Regiment returned home. They had been so

closely identified with the Seventy-sixth that they seemed to almost constitute a part of it. Together they had fought side by side, emulating but not envying each others success, until now they parted like twin brothers.

Reinforcements were now daily arriving by thousands, and everything indicated that General Grant's promise to "fight it out on this line" was to be fulfilled.

*October 1st.*—The One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Jenny, arrived on the field. This Regiment was raised in Onondaga and Cortland counties, was a full Regiment, and had received no drill. Unaccustomed to camp life, their introduction was rather discouraging. A severe storm came up; they were without tents, had not yet learned the science of drawing comfort from a storm while lying in the mud, and many of the poor fellows began to think seriously of the comforts of home. The Regiment was assigned to the Fifth Corps with the Seventy-sixth, and hereafter their experiences were in common.

Colonel Livingston, of the Seventy-sixth, who was absent some time on special duty, in Washington, returned to the Regiment and assumed command October fourteenth.

*October 21st.*—The hosts of civilians at home were preparing for the great political contest which should determine whether the war should be terminated by a disgraceful compromise, or whether instead thereof, the administration which had thus far struggled to suppress the rebellion, should, on the eve of success, be permitted to gather in the fruits of its patriotic efforts. The vote was taken in the field, and so unanimous was that of the Seventy-sixth in favor of continuing the administration of Abraham Lincoln, that the agent sent by the McClellan party to secure votes, was compelled to cover his defeat with the false charge that he was driven from the field and not permitted to take the votes. One of the

proudest evidences of the wisdom and humanity of Abraham Lincoln, is the fact that the soldiery, taken from comfortable, and many from luxurious homes, transferred to the seat of war, making forced marches at night through mud and sleet, fighting all day in the broiling sun, frequently on half rations and without water, and long periods without pay, would still, like the crusaders, almost consider it a pleasure to die for the cause, and when the question of perpetuating the rule of their noble leader presented itself, they almost unanimously voted in the affirmative. With such a leader, and such men to execute his commands, no republic need despair.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE MARCH—FIRST HATCHER'S RUN—DISTRIBUTING CLOTHING—SAD REMINISCENCES—THE RE-ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THE ARMY—"WORTH MORE TO THE COUNTRY THAN A VICTORY WON"—HOW THE REBELS RELISHED IT—FORT HELL—THE TRUCE TERMINATED—THANKSGIVING AND THE NORTHERN TURKEYS.

THE troops were not long permitted to rest, even in the exposed trenches in front of Petersburg. General Grant had a favorite plan of attack by the "smoking-out process." An army cannot long retain its position, no matter how strongly defended, unless it can procure supplies. General Grant now held the Weldon Railroad, and the Railroads to City Point and Norfolk, and was continually threatening the Richmond and Petersburg road. But one Railroad remained to supply the rebel forces at Petersburg with provisions and implements of war. This the commanding general determined to destroy, and thus accomplish indirectly what might at least be considered doubtful if attempted by direct assault.

At four o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh of October, the Seventy-sixth, with the other troops of the Fifth Corps, broke camp, and marched in the direction of Hatcher's Run. The Regiment was at that time attached to the Third Brigade, Third Division, Fifth Corps. It was commanded by Colonel Livingston, and mustered but one hundred and thirty-three muskets. The men had been so long in the trenches that the change of scenery and the varied incidents of the march gave a zest to the movement, so that, though the fasci-

nation of fighting had long since passed, the men actually anticipated with pleasure anything that presented a change. They, therefore, rushed forward with the eagerness of troops marching to their first battle. Crossed Hatcher's Run at Armstrong's Mills. The report of Colonel Hofmann, commanding the Third Brigade, thus describes the battle:—

“The line of battle was then formed, facing southwest, the right of the line resting on the creek. The One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York was detailed to act as flankers. The instructions were to follow the Brigade of General Bragg, then in our front, to move parallel with and our right resting on the creek. After moving a short distance, it was found necessary to change the direction of the line of march from southwest to northwest. The route was through a very dense wood, and it was with great difficulty that even an approximation to an alignment could be preserved. Permission was obtained from the General commanding the Division, to move by the right flank along the bank of the creek. After moving in this manner for about a mile, serious doubts arose whether or no General Bragg's Brigade was still in our front. The scouts sent out to find it, reported their inability to do so. As it was impossible to see far ahead, the head of the column was then covered by a line of skirmishers. After moving a short distance, the Brigade was halted and again formed in line of battle, and a line of skirmishers thrown forward. Advancing in this manner for about two hundred yards, a heavy line of skirmishers of the enemy was met. They opened fire upon us, but were driven across the creek. The action was short with light loss to us. An aid from General Bragg arrived with directions to retire to where his Brigade was then in line. This was about five hundred yards in our rear. We had passed his Brigade whilst we were marching by the flank. Before the order to retire could be executed it was countermanded. Subsequently the order was renewed and the Brigade moved back. It was, however, in the course of an hour, again moved forward to the line formerly occupied, and threw up a light line of works. At two A. M. on the twenty-eighth, the Brigade was, by order of the General commanding the Division, withdrawn and moved across the creek, and the line of battle formed facing nearly southwest, near the Armstrong House. At ten A. M. the Brigade moved to Fort Cummings and thence to camp. When the direction of the line of march was changed, the line of flankers became detached. In his efforts to regain his proper position, Colonel Harney became lost; supposed to have been

captured by the enemy. \* \* \* The number of prisoners captured by my command, was between fifty and sixty. The exact number I am unable to give, as they were at once turned over to the Provost Marshal of the Division, no receipt taken. The above were brought in by Captain E. Smack, Ninety-fifth New York.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. WM. HOFMANN,  
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Thus terminated the first Hatcher's Run. The men expected and were fully prepared for a battle; but no general engagement took place. The rebels were found in too strong force for an attack by the forces employed, and no general movement of the army having been made, the troops returned to their camps. The Union lines were, however, extended. Our forces captured seven loaded teams at Stony Creek, a dozen beef cattle, a portable forge, and nine hundred and ten men. We lost no men captured, except a few stragglers. The troops were scarcely in camp, when the rebels played one of those sharp tricks incident to war.

As our pickets were on duty, they were approached by a body of men, supposed by them to be a relief. They, however, proved to be a body of rebels, who, taking advantage of the illusion, surrounded our pickets and took them all prisoners. Several soon escaped and rushing into camp gave the alarm, so that no disastrous results followed.

The Seventy-sixth now occupied a lovely camp, and soon the men, with that natural instinct which leads every creature to erect a home, were busily engaged in building log huts and erecting their tents. In a few days what was so lately an open field and dense forest, became a compactly built city of log houses, with their Virginia chimnies, muddied walls, and furnished with fire-places, cracker box tables, cracker box seats, cracker box shelves, and beds of poles and green boughs. Never since the Regiment entered the service, had it occupied

such pleasant quarters, if we exclude from consideration the dangerous picket and guard duties which alternately devolved upon them.

The weather had now become cold and rainy, and the men who had fought a hundred days in the last one hundred and fifty, began very naturally to hope they were now building their winter quarters.

November seventh, the clothing of the Regiment, stored in Alexandria last April as the troops were about to advance, was brought to camp to be distributed to its owners. What painful recollections it awakens! Three companies now lie in southern prisons, while large numbers of the men lie scattered along in Virginia's accursed soil, from the Wilderness to Petersburg. The God of war had rode triumphantly with the Union Army over this sanguinary road; but death and bloodshed, and captivity had lurked in every thicket, sadly thinning the loyal ranks. These heroes will answer to no more roll-calls here; but there will be a roll-call hereafter where they shall muster to receive the never-fading wreaths of the true and faithful.

*November 10th, 1864.*—The news of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln reached the army at this time. Two months and a half ago the Union-loving heart was pained to hear cheers go up along the rebel lines, as they received the news of the adoption of a peace platform by a powerful party at the North. Now, that cheer is answered by one along the entire Union lines, sending dismay to the rebel hearts, as it informed them that their Northern friends had been vanquished. Let the Union men cheer. Custom gives that right to the victor!

General Grant, in behalf of the army, writes the Secretary of War:

"CITY POINT, Thursday, Nov. 10—10:30 P. M.

*Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War :—*

Enough seems to be known to say who is to hold the reins of Government for the next four years.

Congratulate the President for me for the double victory. The election having passed off quietly, no bloodshed or riot throughout the land, is a victory worth more to the country than a battle won. Rebeldom and Europe will construe it so.

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General."

"Shall he be buried with christian burial that seeks his own damnation?" shouted a private in allusion to their former General.

"He has so effectually buried himself that the services of a grave-digger will be quite unnecessary," replied one of the listeners.

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

was sung in one part of the camp, while,

"We now begin to see de gleaming ob de dawning ob de day,"

came up from a bevy of Africa's descendants in the rear.

General Grant was right. Lincoln's election was better than a victory on the field. A sentiment pervaded the whole army that the rebels would now see that the loyal people North were resolved to *suppress* the rebellion, not to settle it, and with a four years' lease of power, resistance to the authority of the Government would be worse than useless.

Near the rebel lines was a Union fort, where for three months there had been almost an incessant firing night and day. So hot was this vicinity that the fort had been named by the soldiers Fort Hell. On Wednesday night, the ninth of November, all firing was, by mutual arrangements between the pickets suspended, the rebels being extremely anxious to

learn the result of the election of the previous day. Enough had been learned to justify the belief that the Union cause had triumphed. The probable result was shouted across to the enemy, whose chagrin was finally vented in laudations of "Little Mac," and harsh epithets against his successful rival. Thus the discussion which at first was carried on good-naturedly enough, finally degenerated into the free exchange of abusive personalities, and the truce was soon brought to a termination by a sudden volley from the rebels, whose exasperation knew no bounds as from our side three times three were sent up for Lincoln and the Union. Our men, knowing the treachery of the rebels, were not taken by surprise, and the flash of the enemy's guns had scarcely disappeared before an answering volley was hurled back, and for nearly an hour the rattle of musketry was incessant. Fort Hell also joined in the general din, and greeted the enemy with a score or two of shells.

During this cannonade, the novel exhibition of the collision of two immense bombs in mid air was witnessed by thousands of spectators.

No sane man will doubt that the re-election of Mr. Lincoln was all-powerful in the speedy suppression of the slaveholder's rebellion.

The weather had now become cold, and the time was spent very much as though the decree had gone forth that the army should remain here for the winter.

The cheering support of the loyal North at the polls was quickly followed by another reminder of their gratitude to and sympathy for the soldiery. President Lincoln had set apart the twenty-fourth day of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. The loyal people North had seized upon this opportunity to remind the soldiers of their attachment to

them and their cause. Boat loads and ear loads of fat turkeys, chickens, pickles, vegetables, and other edibles, such as, though too rare with the soldiers, are wont to grace our tables at home, at the annual gathering around the family board, came pouring in.

Nothing could have been devised more encouraging than this manifestation. The avalanche of "good things," fresh from the hands of loyalty and affection was intensely enjoyed by rank and file. Not only did the begrimmed soldiers relish these delicious viands for the physical gratification afforded, but for the associations accompanying them.

A well-cooked turkey or chicken, under any circumstances is much to be preferred to the hard tack and salt junk, mingled with cinders, as it is fried in a half canteen between two logs; but this was sweetened by the recollection that mothers, sisters and sweethearts in the far off North-land had prepared the dressing, and as they thought of their darling ones in the army, had ceased a moment to wipe away a tear. It proved to the soldier that he was held in grateful remembrance at home—that place where the true soldier cares most to be remembered, and this thanksgiving dinner strengthened the armies more morally, if not physically, than the addition of thousands of men.

We cannot omit recording, however, that many complaints were made by some regiments, that they never obtained their proper share of these dainties so kindly sent from home. We are credibly informed that the cause of this seeming neglect was the greediness and dishonesty of detailed officers and men connected with the various brigade and division headquarters. One instance is related of a company in a New York regiment, in the Fifth Corps, that received only twelve and a half pounds of roast turkey, goose, and chicken for

sixty-four men, and that sadly "mushed, and covered with Virginia sand." A general remark may not be out of place. The soldier is largely indebted to the women of the North for the almost numberless mementoes of friendship which they forwarded to the soldiery in the field. Yet very many of the articles of necessity and luxury never reached those for whom they were intended, but fell into unworthy hands.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANOTHER ADVANCE—HICKSFORD RAID—REPORT OF GENERAL HOFMANN—MARCH OF FIFTY MILES—CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH WITH THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH NEW YORK—FAREWELL TO THE SACRED NUMBER.

*December 7th, 1864.*—The original term of enlistment of all the members of the Seventy-sixth Regiment expired before this date, and had there been no re-enlistments, this history had terminated at this point. But so many had re-enlisted the preceding winter and spring, that two companies yet remained. These were under the command of W. Earle Evans, now Lieutenant, originally a private in Company F. The patriotism of these men will continue this narrative to the end of the war, and the triumph of the Union arms.

On the seventh a forward movement was made to the South, known as the Hicksford raid. The following report was made by the commandant of the Brigade:—

“HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, }  
FIFTH ARMY CORPS, Before Petersburg, Dec. 16, 1864. } ”

*Major E. C. Baird, A. A. G. Third Div. :—*

Major:—I have the honor to report the part taken by this Brigade in the recent movement on Hicksford.

The Brigade broke camp on the morning of the seventh, and joined the Division at the Jerusalem Plank Road. The Brigade consisted of the following Regiments:—Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, Major Jack commanding; One Hundred and twenty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, Captain Barlow commanding; One Hundred and Forty-second

Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Warren commanding; two Companies of the late\* Seventy-sixth New York, Lieutenant Evans commanding; Ninety-fourth New York Volunteers, Captain Fish commanding; Ninety-fifth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Crency commanding; One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, Captain Coey commanding, and the headquarters guard. Total 1,328 muskets.

The Brigade crossed the Nottoway river at Freeman's Bridge, and moved to and bivouacked at Sussex Court House at nine P. M.

On the eighth at seven A. M., moved toward the Weldon Railroad via Coman's well. When about two miles beyond this place—this Brigade leading the column—a small force of the enemy's cavalry attempted to cut through the column, but were driven off without loss to us. At seven P. M. the Brigade commenced destroying the Railroad. By eleven P. M. about one mile of it was destroyed. Bivouacked, and at seven A. M. on the ninth moved to about four miles below Jarratt's Station. There the Brigade destroyed about three-fourths of a mile of the road, then moved to beyond Three Creek, where about half a mile of the road was destroyed, then went into bivouac. At seven A. M. on the tenth, moved on Sussex Court House. Bivouacked at five P. M. when within about five miles of it.

Resumed the march at eight A. M. on the eleventh, and when within one mile of Sussex Court House, formed line of battle and erected breastworks, to resist a threatened attack on the rear of the column.

Subsequently moved on and crossed the Nottoway at Freeman's Bridge, and bivouacked at eight P. M., near —— church.

Resumed the march at nine P. M. on the twelfth inst., and arrived in camp at four P. M.

The work of destroying the Railroad was done in a very thorough manner—all the ties burned, and all the rails bent.

The conduct of the officers and men on this expedition is deserving of praise. There was very little straggling. The few who straggled fell into the hands of the enemy. A nominal list of them is herewith sent, showing the loss of men.

I am, Major, Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

J. W. HOFMANN,

Brevet Brigadier-General Comd'g Brigade.

May 27th, 1865.

[OFFICIAL.] HARRY G. ELDER,

Brevet Major & Acting Brigade Inspector."

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\* The Seventy-sixth is here spoken of as the *late* Seventy-sixth, though the order consolidating it was not made by the War Department until December thirty-first.

The object of the movement was the destruction of the Weldon Railroad. The rebels were accustomed to transport their supplies to Stony Creek by rail, and re-shipping at that point in wagons, to convey them by a circuitous route to Petersburg. This movement of General Warren to Hicksford, and his cavalry to Weldon, accomplished the destruction of this road, rendering it entirely useless to the rebels.

The troops marched in all about fifty miles on this raid, and destroyed three long railroad bridges, about twenty miles of railroad, one hundred barrels of apple jack or cider brandy, and a large amount of forage and other stores, and captured a score or two of prisoners, sustaining but a trifling loss. The weather was intensely cold, and the men suffered severely in their nightly bivouacs.

After the return, the troops remained in camp near Petersburg engaged only in the ordinary routine duties of camp life in winter quarters.

The camp was frequently enlivened by news of the advance of Sherman, now on his great march from Atlanta to the seaboard, and of the victories of Thomas in the West. But the armies of the Potomac and James remained for the most part quiet in their camps.

On the thirtieth of December, 1864, the date of the last official report previous to the consolidation, the Seventy-sixth Regiment contained two commissioned officers and one hundred and sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men.

On the thirty-first of December, 1864, the following order was issued from the War Department :

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }  
Washington, December 31st, 1864. }

Special Orders }  
No. 476. }

(Extract.)

\* \* \* \* \*

21. Upon the receipt of this order by the Commanding General Army of

the Potomac, the remaining veterans and recruits of the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers will be permanently transferred to and consolidated with the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Volunteers, the consolidated force to bear the designation of the latter Regiment.

The Commanding General Army of the Potomac will charge the proper Commissary of Musters with the execution of this order.

The consolidation effected, the Commissary of Musters will forward to this office the transfer rolls, as directed in Circular No. 64, August eighteenth, 1864, from this office.

\* \* \* \* \*

By Order of the Secretary of War,

(Signed,)

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Ass't Adjutant General.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }  
Albany, Sept. 14, 1866. }

OFFICIAL COPY.

J. B. STONEHOUSE, Ass't Adjutant-General.

This order did not reach the Regiment until sometime in January, 1865. The last report of the SEVENTY-SIXTH was made on the fifteenth day of January. At that time the Regiment was commanded by Captain Edward B. Cochrane, and belonged to the Third Brigade, Third Division, Fifth Army Corps. The following from the semi-monthly report for February first, 1865, is the last official mention of the Seventy-sixth:—

Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers consolidated with One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, January twenty-fifth in compliance with Special Orders No. 476, War Department, 1864.

D. J. DICKSON,

Captain and Brigade Inspector.

It was a trying ordeal for these veterans as they witnessed the departure of the fragments of company after company of their friends; they had sadly witnessed the exchange of the old flag for a new one, but the most trying of all, was the relinquishment of that name of which they had felt so proud. The 76th! With what pride they had welcomed that number at

the first which spoke of Bunker Hill, and Bennington, and the Declaration of Independence! 76th!—the historic number to which all Americans ever point with pride. But how sacred now it had grown. The men had worn it on their caps; it had been printed on their knapsacks; they saw it on the front of the cap of the officers from whom they received their orders; it was written on their letters; and in the midst of the storm and fury of battle, when natural instincts led them to seek safety in retreat, they had gazed upon the dear old flag, and drawing inspiration and courage from that freedom's talisman, had pressed forward to victory. No wonder that the brave boys of so many battles thus tenaciously clung to the cherished number; aye, as the child clings to its mother. Battles may hereafter be fought and won. These heroes will do their duty, but in all the lists of Regiments covered with glory, the SEVENTY-SIXTH, always the foremost, will not be there. Our heroes may fall in battle, but their names will scarcely be noticed, for opposite them will no longer stand the 76th. When we left Cortland three years ago, we sang:—

Don't stop a moment to think, John,  
 Our country calls, then go;  
 Don't fear for me nor the children, John,  
 I'll care for them, you know.  
 Leave the corn upon the stalk, John,  
 The fruit upon the tree,  
 And all our little stores, John,  
 Yes, leave them all to me.

Then take your gun and go,  
 Yes, take your gun and go;  
 For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,  
 And I can use the hoe.

I've heard my grandsire tell, John,  
 He fought at Bunker Hill,  
 He counted all his life and wealth,

His country's off'ring still.  
 Would I shame the brave old blood, John,  
 That flowed on Monmouth plain?  
 No, take your gun and go, John,  
 If I ne'er see you again.

Then take your gun and go, &c.

The army's short of blankets, John,  
 So take this heavy pair,  
 I spun and wove them when a girl,  
 And worked them with great care.  
 A rose in every corner, John,  
 And here's my name, you see :  
 On the cold ground they'll warmer feel,  
 Because they're made by me.

Then take your gun and go, &c.

And, John, if God has willed it so  
 We ne'er shall meet again,  
 I'll do my best for the children, John,  
 In sorrow, want or pain.  
 On winter nights I'll teach them, John,  
 All that I learned at school ;  
 To love our country, keep her laws,  
 Obey the Savior's rule.

Then take your gun and go, &c.

And varied it with :—

“ 76 is on our banners.”

Now, as the men scatter along, singly and alone, to their long deserted homes, it will not be as members of the Seventy-sixth! Farewell, then, venerated number! Farewell battle-battle-scarred banners, that in the fiercest of the fight so proudly bore thee! The men who followed thee on the march and the field, have the proud consciousness that they have done what they could to make themselves worthy of the name, and to preserve the talismanic number unsullied.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ARMY IN WINTER QUARTERS—NEGOTIATIONS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN FOR PEACE  
—ORDERS TO ADVANCE—FLANKING THE ENEMY—SECOND BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN  
—THE THIRD DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, SUFFERS SEVERELY—SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES  
—CHANGING CAMP—THIRD "WINTER QUARTERS."

THE troops were now in winter quarters, with no expectation of immediate action. Sherman was on his march to the seaboard, and the reports of his brilliant achievements inspired the Army of the Potomac no less than his own. The troops, with intelligent interest, watched the dying symptoms of the rebellion, as slowly but surely the coils of the rightful authority tightened about it. The cold might pinch the loyal army, and the mud prevent its advance. Yet the men looked forward with prophetic eye to a time when, the rebellion suppressed, they should lay aside the implements of war, and hasten to the more congenial walks of civil life.

The troops were pleasantly situated in their new log huts; but it was not home, and they welcomed the order to advance, which came on the fourth day of February. The order directed a detail to keep watch of the tents, while the men went forward in search of the enemy. This looked like fighting, and not a mere change of camp.

The attempt at negotiation made by President Lincoln and the rebel authorities had failed, and the army and the country were assured that the only road to peace lay through success-

ful warfare. The defenses of Petersburg and Richmond were nearly impregnable, and General Grant still cherished his favorite scheme of saving his men, while he compelled the enemy to surrender by cutting off his supplies. Another forward movement was, therefore, determined upon in the direction of the Southside Railroad.

At three o'clock P. M. on the fourth of February, orders were received directing the Fifth Corps to march the next day. All was bustle and confusion in camp. At three o'clock the next morning, preceded by Gregg's cavalry, the Corps started on the road to Ream's Station. No force of the enemy was encountered. The roads at various points were picketed by rebel cavalry, all of whom retreated as our column advanced. About noon our Corps reached Rowanty Creek, where it was halted several hours while a bridge of considerable length was being constructed. Towards night the stream was crossed, and the troops went into bivouac. During the afternoon of the fifth, the Second Corps and the cavalry were quite sharply engaged, resulting in the advance of our lines beyond Hatcher's Run, the capture of about two hundred prisoners, a train of wagons and mules, and quite a severe loss to the enemy in killed and wounded.

About one o'clock P. M. the next day, the Third Division of the Fifth Corps, including the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, was ordered to the front. Crossing the Run they ascended the hills on the west side, and as they were descending the opposite slope came suddenly upon the enemy. Almost the entire surface of the country was covered with a dense growth of pine. Marching through this, upon the road to Dabney's Mills, the Division came upon a clearing of some ten or fifteen acres. Here they found the enemy in force. The fight soon commenced with great fury, but was of short duration, when the rebels retreated. Our



Division retreated across the open field down to the edge of the opposite wood at double-quick. The rebels kept up a running fire, until about five o'clock, when they made a most determined assault all along the line, evidently with the intention of breaking through the line, cutting off and capturing the Division. At the same time an attack was made in front, and part of the Division being out of ammunition, the left fell back on the center. Soon after, the right fell back also, being hotly pursued by the enemy. In a short time the whole line fell back in disorder, until they reached the breastworks erected by the Third Division the day before. Here they were rallied, and pouring a heavy volley into the rebel ranks, brought them to a sudden halt. The wagons and artillery were on their way back when the retreat commenced, but had got fast in a swamp, and though great efforts were made by the ordnance officer of the Division to save them, they were obliged to abandon two.

The enemy shortly after made an attack upon the left of the Second Corps, near the Armstrong Road, but were repulsed. The loss in this engagement was quite severe, falling mostly upon the Fifth Corps,

General Morrow, commanding our Brigade, was severely wounded in the shoulder.

Captain Coey, commanding the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Regiment, was shot in the nose, the ball coming out at the ear.

The only officers engaged in this battle, who formerly belonged to the Seventy-sixth, were Lieutenants Martin Edgcomb and George B. Hill.

Of the handful of the former men of the Seventy-sixth, Lucas F. Lawrence, of Company E, was killed, and Sergeants Miles R. Foster and John J. Evans wounded.

The weather was so intensely cold that whenever the

clothing became wet it froze to the men, and many who fell in the battle were frozen to death before they could be removed from the field.

*February 7th.*—It was determined to send a reconnoissance over the ground occupied by the Fifth Corps the day before, to ascertain the whereabouts of the rebels, and, if possible, force them back to their works at Dabney's Mills. General Crawford's Division, (the Third), of the Fifth Corps, having led the advance the day before, and being best acquainted with the nature of the country, was selected for the duty. Though they had broken the day before, the cause being understood by the commanding General, no blame attached to the Division.

The column moved about noon, taking the Dabney's Mill road, and after advancing about half a mile, struck the rebel pickets, who fell back as our men advanced. A line of battle was then formed and advanced cautiously through the dense woods on each side of the road. Before going far they met the rebels in force, when a sharp engagement immediately commenced. The rebels were steadily driven back until they took refuge behind their works at the mill, where they made a determined stand. Fighting was here kept up until dark, when our men commenced throwing up light breastworks, and repairing those evacuated by the rebels. At twilight the Third Division was directed to make a charge upon the enemy's works; but on arriving near them, the rebels were found too strongly entrenched to make the charge practicable, and our troops retired behind their works. During the night our Division advanced and built a line of works in the immediate front, and very near the rebel lines.

The men were without tents, and to add to their sufferings a severe storm of snow and sleet set in, and the weather being intensely cold, the troops were soon encased in ice. It was a

gloomy time, indeed. So near was the enemy that fires were not admissible, and to the dangers of battle were added the horrors of freezing.

The morning of February eighth dawned bright and sunny upon the army, cheering the hearts of the brave men who had endured and accomplished so much. The spirits of the troops, naturally depressed by the hardships of the past three days, and the freezing nights, now revived, and the determination was universal to hold at all hazards the extended line of five miles.

It had been developed by this movement, that Lee had weakened his forces at this point, by sending several divisions against Sherman. Thus the double object of the movement had been accomplished—the extension of our lines, and the development of the enemy's strength.

The main losses of these engagements were sustained by the Third Division of the Fifth Corps. The whole force of that Division numbered about four thousand. The losses were :—

Killed, - - - -	5 Officers,	66 Men.
Wounded, - - -	28 “	491 “
Missing, - - -	4 “	586 “
	—	—
Total, - - - -	37 “	1,143 “

Of the missing many afterwards returned to their respective Regiments.

This movement extended the Union lines from the James River to Hatcher's Run, a distance of about twenty-three miles.

During the ninth the Brigade was engaged in building corduroy roads, and smoothing the railroad track and converting it into a wagon road, preparatory to occupying the grounds thus captured as a camp:

On the tenth the Brigade returned to the old camp, and gathering the tents and other property, moved out to the front and for the third time that winter, commenced the erection of winter quarters. In a few days the surrounding country was thickly covered with tasty log huts, their canvas roofs bleaching in the alternate storm and sun of a Virginia winter.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ANOTHER ADVANCE—BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS—REPULSES AND SUCCESSES—BRILLIANT CHARGES—IMPORTANT CAPTURES—A LULL IN BATTLE—PETERSBURG EVACUATED—THE REBELS RETREAT FROM RICHMOND—PURSUIT OF THE REBEL ARMY—"IN AT THE DEATH"—LEE SURRENDERS—REJOICING.

THE armies remained in winter quarters until the latter part of March, occupying the time in picket and police duty and organizing and drilling, preparatory to the approaching campaign. The month and a half wore away and the order came to move towards the Southside Railroad on the twenty-ninth of March. The men were up at three o'clock in the morning, and at daylight were on the march. From the Lieutenant-General to the private, the whole army entertained the belief that this was to prove the death-blow to the rebellion. The battle-scarred veteran, therefore emulated the recruit in enthusiasm, as they rushed forward toward the enemy. The First Division of the Fifth Corps, containing the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York, was in the advance, and were soon engaged in a sharp fight, in which the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth lost heavily. The Third Division first marched towards Hatcher's Run, then took a road leading nearly south. This they pursued five or six miles, then turning to the right, reached the Boydton Plank Road two miles from that point. Here the One Hundred and Forty-seventh was under fire, but the loss to the Brigade was but one killed and ten wounded.

The Brigade at this point halted and threw up several lines of breastworks. Firing was kept up the next day at different points along the line; but owing to a heavy rain storm which set in, no general engagement took place. The Brigade advanced about a mile on the morning of March thirty-first, when they were met with such a galling fire, that they were forced back nearly half a mile, losing about one hundred men in killed and wounded. Here was terrible fighting. The contending forces swayed to and fro. At one time a stampede of our whole Brigade seemed imminent; then by the mere force and courage of the men, the rebels were driven back and at night our Regiment occupied a position beyond the line from which they had been driven in the morning.

General Sheridan having been repulsed it was seen that a change of front of the Fifth Corps would be necessary to meet any attack of the enemy on the left and rear. Accordingly at midnight, the Fifth Corps, leaving an interval to be supplied by Miles's Division of the Second Corps, left its position, and moving down the Boydtown Road toward Dinwiddie, and massed at the Butler House for the purpose of seizing the White Oak Road.

Early the next morning, April first, the Fifth Corps moved forward, while the Second Corps commenced demonstrating its front to mask its real intentions. The charge of the Fifth Corps was temporarily successful, the enemy being pushed back to a point near the White Oak Road. Here he rallied, and in turn violently assaulted the Fifth Corps, which hastily retired to the vicinity of the Boydtown Road, where it took shelter behind a line of temporary works.

Miles's Division was now directed to strike the victorious enemy on the flank, and massing his brigades, he began moving to the left and west from his position on the Boydtown Road. The remainder of the Second Corps were skirmishing.

About half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, the column of General Miles struck the rebel left in front of the Fifth Corps, surprised it, and moving rapidly forward drove the enemy like frightened sheep, capturing a large number of prisoners, guns and colors, then wheeling to the right and still pursuing the flying enemy, established himself on the White Oak Road. Thus, after a severe engagement of several hours, our forces had, at the cost of several hundred lives, accomplished what was originally intended. During the day, Sheridan, confronted by superior numbers, was again forced to retire, and it became necessary to threaten with larger numbers, the masses of the enemy gathered on our left to protect the South-side Railroad.

General Foster of the Twenty-fourth Corps had again advanced his pickets so near to the guns of the enemy that the gunners were unable to work them, and the two armies occupied this position when Friday night put an end to the operations.

On Saturday morning, April first, General Sheridan having as yet met with no important success, determined to strike the rebels a severe blow. General Warren moved the Fifth Corps to the rear of the White Oak Road to report to Sheridan, and Miles likewise fell back and extended his Division along the Boydtown road, facing northwest. Sheridan who in the morning was east of Five Forks, now commenced moving west and northwest in several columns, and meeting the enemy in strong force, a fight was immediately commenced.

The Fifth Corps had, in the meantime, moved southwest toward the Five Forks, and the enemy, struck in front and on both flanks, soon wavered and fell back. Charges such as had never during the war been exceeded for valor and impetuosity, were now made by both the infantry and cavalry.

The rebel hosts were rolled back in confusion, and captured by regiments and even brigades.

Sunday, April second, opened bright and glorious. The sky was undimmed, except by the battle-smoke of the previous four days, and the haze as of an Indian Summer, which for a week had hung over the army. To-day the hosts of Sheridan's prisoners were sent to City Point, apparently well pleased with their change of condition.

General Grant had determined upon a grand wheel of the whole line south of the Appomattox. Petersburg, the key to Richmond, was to be attacked by one grand combined assault upon the east, southeast, and south, by the Sixth and Ninth Corps, while the command of General Ord, on both sides of Hatcher's Run, moved to their support, followed by the Second Corps. Early in the morning, Turner's and Foster's Divisions of Ord's command moved to the support of the Sixth Corps, leaving General Birney, of the Colored Division, to charge the enemy simultaneously with the Second Corps on its left. The charge was almost a bloodless one. No enemy except a few pickets were found in their front, and they continued their grand right wheel until about eleven A. M., they were on the line of the Sixth Corps, southwest of Petersburg. The gallant Sixth and Ninth Corps had already performed the task assigned them. The Sixth, supported by General Ord, had advanced two miles, carried a complete line of formidable works, including a number of forts, and seized the Southside Railroad, while the Ninth had, by a series of assaults, forcibly possessed three important points, and occupied Fort Mahone in front of Fort Hell. The three Corps alone, captured thirty-two guns, nearly three thousand prisoners, and large numbers of colors and small arms. The assault was made with such rapidity that more losses were sustained during the massing of the troops, than during the assault



itself. The rebels made a bold resistance, but it was of no avail. Determined men, white and black, with bristling bayonets, and a resolution to "fight it out on this line," had now grappled with treason in its stronghold, and the fate of the rebellion was sealed. Fort after fort, batteries and rifle pits were successively carried, and at eleven o'clock A. M., the Southside Road, within three miles of the town, was in our possession.

The headquarters of Generals Grant and Meade, at night, were at the Ritchie House, on the Boydtown Road, within three miles of the town and in range of the enemy's batteries. No one could foretell the glorious results just then in the grasp of the loyal soldiery. Night came, and the weary soldiery slept upon their laurels. Bright columns of light arose from the city, and until one o'clock on Sunday morning occasional shots were exchanged between the two lines. Then all became still, and so remained until morning.

At three o'clock Sunday morning, April second, an advance was made, and the enemy's works in front of the Sixth and Ninth Corps carried, our forces capturing many prisoners and a large number of guns. This lasted until about eight o'clock A. M., when the fighting ceased, and all remained quiet.

At half-past four o'clock the next morning, (April third), four reports of cavalry in front of Birney's colored troops were heard, followed in quick succession by four shells as they sped with their hollow, rushing sound towards Petersburg.

The troops were yet in their bivouac, and were scarcely awakened, before cheer upon cheer rolled up along the line until the whole line joined in the jubilee. It required no "general orders" to explain the cause. The enemy had evacuated Petersburg, that key to the Capital of the "Confederacy," and were even now hastily retreating from the loyal

army! It was indeed a jubilee to the battle-scarred veterans. Nor were the colored troops of General Birney less joyful than their white brethren in arms. As a colored regiment marched into the city, they sang:—

“ Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa,  
Wid de mufstash on his face,  
Go down de road sometime dis mornin',  
Like he's gwine to leab de place?”

while in every part of the army the delight of the troops knew no bounds.

Colonel Ely, commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, Ninth Corps, was credited with being the first to enter the city, and was made Provost Marshal of the town. No sooner had his headquarters been established, than it was thronged with rebels demanding “guards to protect private property.”

So thoroughly convinced had President Lincoln become that the city must surrender, that he had left Washington, to be “in at the death,” and arrived at Petersburg with Admiral Porter in the afternoon.

On the same morning that our troops marched into Petersburg, the Mayor of Richmond surrendered the keys of the public buildings of that city to General Weitzel, who, with his staff led the advance into the town.

The tactics of General Grant did not permit him to squander his time in rejoicing over his laurels. The enemy, under General Lee had retreated to the southwest along the Danville Road, and the whole Union army, save a small garrison left in each city, was, during the afternoon set in motion in that direction.

The thrilling thought of occupying this objective point of four years' struggle, would have caused almost any other General than Grant to linger about his prize; but with him

the object of the war was to suppress the entire rebellion, not to rejoice over victories.

The race between loyalty and treason now became exciting. General Lee, with the advantage of nearly a whole day's march, was striving for a point of safety in the interior, but Sheridan, with characteristic energy, was fast gaining upon him. On the sixth of April General Sheridan reported to General Grant:—

“THURSDAY, April 6,—11 P. M.

*Lieutenant-General Grant:—*

I have the honor to report that the enemy made a stand at the intersection of the Burke's Station Road in the road upon which they were retreating. I attacked them with two Divisions of the Sixth Army Corps, and routed them handsomely, making a connection with the cavalry. I am still pressing on with both cavalry and infantry. Up to the present time we have captured Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Button, Corse, De Barre and Custis Lee, several thousand prisoners, fourteen pieces of artillery, with caissons. If the thing is pressed I think Lee will surrender.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major-General Commanding.”

In their flight the enemy threw away everything which could impede their progress. General Sheridan pushed forward the cavalry and infantry with great energy, capturing large numbers of prisoners and arms, and destroying vast trains which the enemy were compelled to abandon.

The Fifth Corps was now under Sheridan in the advance, and thus the few remaining members of the old Seventy-sixth with happy hearts witnessed the death of the rebellion.

Almost every day from the second of April, when Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated, until Sunday, the ninth, when Lee surrendered, the Fifth Corps was under fire from the rear of the rebel army, yet they pressed cheerfully onward. The march from Petersburg to Appomattox was a long one, and from the broken and hilly character of the country, would, under ordinary circumstances, have been con-

sidered tedious ; but flushed with success, the men made their march of thirty miles a day, with less weariness than they had formerly retreated half that distance. At length, on Saturday, the eighth of April, 1865, within a fortnight of four years from the surrender of Fort Sumter to the rebels, General Grant opened a correspondence with General Robert E. Lee, looking to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. On the following day the whole of that army surrendered unconditionally, at Appomattox Court House. General Grant immediately telegraphed the glorious news to Washington.

The excitement and unalloyed and exuberant joy manifested in the army at this result of their heroic sacrifices, met a hearty response from the people as the joyful news flashed over the land. What if the intoxicating bowl did for a moment add power to the expression of gladness ! Sober voices could scarcely do justice to the long pent up feelings, and we pardon alcohol for this intrusion !

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON—MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—HOMEWARD BOUND—MARCH TO PETERSBURG—"ON TO RICHMOND"—FREDERICKSBURG—CROSSING THE OLD CAMP—MARCH TO ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—THE GRAND REVIEW—COMING HOME—"EXPENDED IN THE SERVICE."

THE surrender of Lee was soon followed by that of Johnston. The hopes of the South had centered upon General Lee, who was undoubtedly their ablest chief, and with his surrender all hopes of successful resistance to rightful authority died out. This became apparent no less from the tone of the press and the people, than from the surrender of all their armies. Mr. Lincoln visited Richmond, and was welcomed with apparent cordiality—a feeling, alas, more apparent than real!

The day after the surrender of Lee was extremely rainy and disagreeable, but the "boys in blue" were happy, and remained busy, gathering up the captured property, and paroling the rebel troops.

At length, on Wednesday, the twelfth, the Fifth Corps started on their homeward march! The mud reminded the army of Burnside's celebrated march, but with different feelings the men waded on, until the fifteenth, when the headquarters of the Corps were established at Burkesville. Here was received that news so shocking to loyalty everywhere, but pre-eminently so to the army—the assassination of President Lincoln! No man ever enjoyed in such an eminent degree the entire confidence and admiration of the army, and

the country, as Mr. Lincoln. His very name was the talisman which gave courage in the fight, and endurance on the march. His stories enlivened the camp, and his name was sung on the march and in the bivouac. The army has by disloyal men been stigmatized as "Lincoln's hirelings." They never despised the name of "Lincoln's admirers." The news of his assassination did, indeed, sadly reverse the current of universal rejoicings. The display of all the flags at half-mast, the draping of the swords, and cannon, and sleeves with crape, the muffled drums, and saddening tones of the death-march, but feebly told of the deep, unspeakable sorrow which pervaded the camp. Like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, the news fell upon the army, and it was overwhelmed with sorrow. Men who without an unmanly emotion could march to the cannon's mouth; heroes who had faced death in a hundred forms with unpaled cheek, now wept like children, and the army which had crushed the rebellion, felt itself crushed by that single bullet of the assassin. Eulogy is powerless. The future will do justice to the memory of the Great Liberator and Defender.

The army made slow progress, passing through Petersburg on the third, and Richmond on the sixth of May. The men now became fully aware that they were indeed marching homeward. No pen can describe the emotions created by that assurance. Home! after all the turmoil and dangers, the privations and endurances! A peaceful home of quiet and plenty, after four years of bloody strife. No wonder that the boys cheered and joked, and were happy, as they reeled homeward under their heavy knapsacks!

Through Hanover Court House and Milford, often meeting objects with which they became acquainted the year before, while on the great campaign of 1864, the army reached opposite Fredericksburg, May ninth, and crossed the field where

they fought so bravely December thirteenth, 1862, and April twenty-ninth, 1863. How the memory of those severe struggles crowded upon the remaining heroes! Of all that gallant Seventy-sixth which then followed the brave Doubleday up into "the jaws of death," but about thirty now remained!

Crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons a mile below Fredericksburg, the veteran heroes soon came in sight of the huts they had built in 1862. How familiar every foot of the uneven ground!

With home in view, the conquerers could not long dwell upon such scenes, but on through Dumfries, Fairfax Court House, Bailey's Cross Roads, and Falls Church, a little before sundown, May twelfth, went into camp on Arlington Heights, on the same grounds occupied by McDowell's Corps in 1861.

Here the Corps remained until May twenty-third, when it crossed the Potomac and took part in the great Presidential review. Never before on this continent was there such a marshaling of the Sons of Freedom. Well may the spirit of despotism abroad profit by this parade of the noble army which crushed out the spirit of despotism in this country. Its steel is burnished for the next conflict, whenever it shall be precipitated. Long rows of graves and trenches mark the resting place of hundreds of thousands of Freedom's defenders, but they are but a tithe of the hosts that will ever rush from the hills and valleys of the North, to "rally round the flag," and uphold the right, whenever endangered from any source.

Shortly after the grand review, most of the volunteer forces were mustered out, the veteran regiments being retained until the last. As the organizations reached their homes, they met with such receptions as returning heroes deserve—processions, banquets, speeches, and all the outward tokens of welcome. Alas! no such reception awaited the Seventy-sixth. Its time having expired in 1864, but few of the men remained in the

service, and they had been absorbed in another organization. It had lost its identity, and its few remaining members came home singly and alone. But each member will ever point with just pride to those four words which sum up its glorious history :—

“EXPENDED IN THE SERVICE !”

Such a record is more to be desired than all the chaplets an admiring crowd can weave about the brows of an unexpended organization. Such a record is not only a badge of honor to the wounded heroes who survived the storm of battle ; but it is a fitting epitaph to the memory of those brave heroes who now lie buried in the accursed soil they died to save !

This noble Regiment, like its fellows, was not expended in vain, if its heroic sacrifices shall conduce to the establishment of those eternal principles of justice which are embodied in the Declaration of Independence—principles to overthrow which the rebellion was inaugurated.



# BIOGRAPHICAL.

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## COLONEL NELSON WINCH GREEN.



THE subject of this sketch was born in Pike, Allegany, (now Wyoming), county, New York, July thirtieth, 1819. His father, Arnold Green, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts. The ancestors of Colonel Green, on both sides were Revolutionary patriots. His grandfather on his mother's side (Roberts) died in the Revolutionary service.

The Worcester Greens, and the Rhode Island Greenes were originally descended from the same English family. Five brothers land-

ed at Boston at an early day, and purchased lands upon which to settle. But differing irreconcilably upon matters of religion, they agreed to separate amicably, the three Worcester brothers taking the lands purchased, and dropping the final "E," and the other two retaining the final "E." Thus the Greenes went to Rhode Island, taking a certain amount of money. From this, the Quaker branch, came General Nathaniel Greene.

The grandmother of Colonel Green, Betsey Winch, afterward Roberts, sent her three sons to accompany her husband to the battle of Lexington, and the latter never returned. They were living within hearing of the battle-field, and were fitted out and rushed to the field after the battle commenced.

Colonel N. W. Green was trained in the elementary branches at the private school of Harley F. Smith, of Pike, N. Y., and entered the military academy at West Point, as a cadet, in September, 1839, in the class of Generals U. S. Grant,

Franklin, Augur, Quinby, Ingalls, Dent and Wheaton. After remaining at the Military Academy over three years, and being remarkably proficient in his studies, when within a few months of graduation, he was accidentally injured, and prevented from entirely completing the course, though he had passed a highly satisfactory examination in all the principal branches there taught. At the time he received the injury, he was engaged in the light artillery drill introduced about that time, by the celebrated Colonel Ringgold. After being thus disabled, Colonel Green read law with Senator James R. Doolittle, then in practice in Wyoming county. He was afterwards connected editorially with several newspapers, and wrote "Fifteen Years Among the Mormons," a work possessing much merit as a composition.

In October, 1859, Colonel Green removed to Cortland, Cortland county, where he has since resided.

When the rebellion became a fixed fact, Colonel Green evinced a desire to do all in his power to aid the authorities. Before the idea of raising a regiment had been started, he formed classes for drill at the village hall, and to this beginning may justly be attributed the organization of the SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

While others were doubting the possibility of raising even a Company, Colonel Green insisted that by proper effort a Regiment might be organized, and to his determination more than to any other one man, is due the formation of the Regiment. He drew the call, (on pages 20 and 21), except so far as it speaks of himself, and immediately set about the work of organization. How well he succeeded we have had occasion to witness. A regiment of better men was never organized, and no regiment ever improved more rapidly in discipline and the elementary drills, than did this Regiment while the Colonel was with it. As we marched through New York we enjoyed the proud satisfaction of hearing citizens on the street declare that of all the regiments that had passed through the city, this was the first in which, in marching by the right flank, the rear files kept step with the front.

The following extracts from the findings of the Military Commission at Washington, show the light in which the investigation placed him before the Court:—

The undersigned beg leave to report:—That they find nothing in the testimony adduced, derogatory to Colonel Green's character as a gentleman or man of honor.

This was signed by the two members who decided adversely to the Colonel. The report then proceeds:—

All the members concur in reporting Colonel Green's proficiency in the Tactics and Regulations.  
Respectfully submitted.

JOHN C. CALDWELL,  
Colonel and President.

SELDEN HETZEL, Major and Recorder.

The legal effect of this action of the Court in this case, was an acquittal.

Through all of Colonel Green's troubles, no man has been able to point to a corrupt act. On his trial for shooting McNett, he was fully vindicated by the evidence of Generals Robinson, Davies and McDougal, as to his abstract right to shoot McNett, and the failure to convict was, under the circumstances, equivalent to an acquittal. The jury are understood to have been six for acquittal, and six

for holding him for a technical "assault," being unanimous against finding *an intention* to kill, which was the substance of the offense charged.

The following documents are annexed to this sketch, without note or comment, as matter of history. The last was in the hands of the lamented President Lincoln, and under his consideration, unacted upon, at the time of his assassination:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR MORGAN:—

CAMP CAMPBELL, December 5th, 1861.

Honored Sir:—We learn from Captain A. J. McNett, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers, now under arrest at this camp for disobedience of orders, that he has preferred charges against Colonel N. W. Green, commanding Seventy-sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers.

Your Excellency—We, the undersigned, commissioned officers in the Seventy-sixth Regiment, knowing the charges to be untrue and malicious, take this early opportunity to truly represent to you our Colonel, asking your confidence in our statements, which we make without any solicitation, or hint even, from Colonel Green. Colonel Green, commanding the Seventy-sixth Regiment, is an earnest, patriotic and christian man. He is an energetic, thorough and competent officer. He has the confidence and love of both his officers and men. We love him as a man, respect him as an officer, and will obey him as commander of his Regiment.

Your Excellency—We thank you for the honor you have conferred upon us by placing him in command of our Regiment, and we humbly pray your Honor, that your confidence in Colonel Green may not be shaken by these slanderous charges.

Pardon us, Governor, for expressing frankly our opinion of Captain A. J. McNett in this same paper. We have learned thoroughly to distrust both his patriotism and his integrity. We cannot, under any circumstances, willingly suffer him to occupy any position over us, and we again pray your Excellency to allow Colonel Green to retain his place in your confidence, and in our Regiment. Waiting your orders to march against our enemies, we remain,

Very Respectfully,

J. C. CARMICHAEL, Acting Lieut.-Colonel,  
J. C. NELSON, Surgeon,  
H. S. RICHARDSON, Chaplain,  
ANDREW J. GEORGE, Capt. Co. A,  
WM. LANSING, Capt. Co. G,  
H. F. ROBINSON, Act'g Adjutant,  
G. D. CRITTENDEN, Capt. Co. C,  
W. H. POWELL, Capt. Co. E,  
OSCAR C. FOX, Capt. Co. B,  
J. H. BARNARD, Capt. Co. F,

G. I. FOSTER, 1st Lieut. Co. D,  
JOHN H. BALLARD, 2d Lieut. Co. E.  
WM. W. GREEN, 2d Lieut. Co. F,  
E. J. COX, 1st Lieut. Co. E,  
E. R. WEAVER, 1st Lieut. Co. C,  
W. S. WALCOTT, 2d Lieut. Co. B,  
A. SAGER, 1st Lieut. Co. G,  
JOHN FISHER, 1st Lieut. Co. K,  
A. P. SMITH, Lieut. A. Q. M.,  
E. D. VAN SLYCK, Capt. Co. K.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, Albany, Dec. 30, 1864.

I certify this to be a true copy of the original on file in this office.

J. B. STONEHOUSE, Ass't Adjutant-General.

TO HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—

WASHINGTON, December 5, 1862,

Dear Sir:—Colonel N. W. Green, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers, then in the United States service, alleges that he was cited before a Court of Inquiry, in February, 1862, which found nothing against him. Many of the officers were opposed to his command, and he was arrested and suspended from his command, and he was subsequently, on the third day of June, 1862, without further trial, on the recommendation of the Governor of the State of New York, by War Department Special Order No. 124, discharged the service.

Believing Colonel Green to be a loyal, brave and competent man, a well educated and efficient officer, and that his service may be made useful to the Government and country, I recommend that his case be reviewed, and that the order discharging him from the service be rescinded, if the facts that shall appear will justify it, and that he be ordered to report for duty to General Blunt, of Kansas, or to other duty where his services may be required.

Very Respectfully,

PRESTON KING.

I have confidence in Colonel Green, and believe he has the capacity to render valuable service to the Government, as a military officer. If any arrangement can be made by which his services can be made available, as indicated by Senator King, I shall be much gratified.

IRA HARRIS.

I concur in what is said by the Senators from New York.

J. R. DOOLITTLE.

I have confidence in Colonel Green, and concur in the request of the Senators from New York.

J. H. LANE.

IN THE MATTER OF COLONEL N. W. GREEN'S CLAIM to be recognized the Colonel of the Seventy-sixth Regiment of the New York State Volunteers:—

STATEMENT.

N. W. Green was commissioned as the Colonel of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, by a Commission under the hand and seal of the Governor of the State of New York, bearing date October twenty-ninth, 1861, and duly mustered into the service of the United States, on the twentieth day of November, 1861, by Major J. T. Sprague, U. S. Mustering Officer at Albany, N. Y.; and was in actual command of said Regiment, from its first organization, September, 1861, until about the twenty-fifth day of February, 1862, when he was arrested by order of General Doubleday, near Washington, D. C., without charges or reason assigned, which arrest continued

until the twelfth day of April, 1862, at which date he was, by order of the Secretary of War, released from arrest, and required to repair to Cortland County, N. Y., there to await further orders; which requirement he obeyed, and has remained at Cortland county until the present time; and no further order has ever been made known to him, except the order in the words and figures following, to wit:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE. }  
Washington, June 2, 1862. }

SPECIAL ORDER No. 134.

At the recommendation of the Governor of New York, Colonel N. W. Green, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment New York Volunteers, is hereby discharged the service.

Order of the Secretary of War,

(Signed),

L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.

The Regiment named in said order, was mustered into the service of the United States for three years, and their term of service does not expire until about October, 1864.

I.

The above order of the Secretary of War is a NULLITY, and without authority of law.

1st. (11th Article of War). The President alone has authority to make an ORDER discharging a Commissioned Officer.

2d. The President (previous to the act approved July seventeenth, 1862) could make such order only:—

1st. On the expiration of the term of service.

2d. Resignation.

3d. Partial disbandment of the army.

4th. Sentences of Court Martials.

See DeHart's Military Law, p. 235 to 243.

II.

And even after the passage of the Act, approved July seventeenth, 1862, sec. 17, enabling the President to "dismiss and discharge" any officer "FOR ANY CAUSE," &c., it is submitted that the President cannot ARBITRARILY discharge WITHOUT CAUSE; he must at least know of the case, or hear what the charges are, and determine from some basis that the cause renders the officer unsuitable for the public service, or that his dismissal will promote the public service.

But this power, after the passage of said Act, is not important in determining the effect or legality of orders made before its passage. The order in question is of the date of June third, 1862; this law cannot be said to affect previous ORDERS, but only to confer new authority upon the President for the future.

III.

The legal effect of said order, No. 134, cannot be determined except by considering the power of the Secretary of War at the time—and even if such an order were made by the President, its legal effect must be determined by considering his power at the time.

The CAUSES which led to this order are, of course, of no importance in determining the question—What is the legal effect of said order? Were those causes deemed important, Colonel Green is ready and willing to vindicate himself against any charge which can be invented against him—only asking, if required to do so, that he may be informed what the charges are; and that their truth or falsehood may be determined by fair trial, before any legally constituted tribunal. Such an investigation he earnestly, but respectfully, solicits, if deemed of any importance.

IV.

But if such order, No. 134, BE a nullity, then Colonel Green is, as he claims to be, the Colonel of the Seventy-sixth Regiment; and as such Colonel, respectfully asks that he be restored to his command.

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## COLONEL WILLIAM P. WAINWRIGHT

Was born in the city of New York, June tenth, 1818. He enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education, having graduated from the University of the City of New York. After graduating, he studied medicine, but not fancying to practice, he never did. Soon after finishing his medical studies, he went to Europe and there devoted his attention principally to military studies. He was a long time at Berlin, which was then the best point for that purpose. Since then these have been his favorite pursuit, although some connection with the militia of Dutchess county, where he long resided, was his only practical application of them, until the war of 1861. The militia is a poor organization for the practical operation of military science, so that the Colonel never found much encouragement in his favorite vocation until he entered the army. At the commencement of the war,



he was requested to take the post of Major in the Twenty-ninth New York Volunteers. This was composed chiefly of Germans, and Colonel Wainwright understanding that language perfectly, and the officers desiring one American, he was finally induced to accept the position. The officers had mostly been educated at the German military schools, and it was always a source of gratification to the Colonel that, though fearfully cut up, this was one Regiment in the Brigade that did not run at Chan-

cancellorsville. Shortly after the battle of Cross Keys, Colonel Wainwright was ordered to Washington to take command of the SEVENTY-SIXTH, then at Fredericksburg. How earnestly he entered upon his work has been already stated in the body of this work. The Colonel believes that the best men will be inefficient without discipline and drill, while these aids will make tolerable soldiers of poorer material. In a communication to the writer, the Colonel says:—

"I can now unhesitatingly say that there are no men capable of being made such good soldiers as our native American COUNTRY boys; but they should know their A B C before being brought into the field, and their officers should have some idea of what they have a right to require, and that neither laziness nor home associations must interfere with keeping each man up to his work.

"I believe I mentioned to you that I consider it a great subject of pride for the Seventy-sixth, that (at least so far as I remember), they have never exhausted their cartridges on the hottest battle-field. The action is hardly conceivable in which a good soldier, who has a full supply at the commencement, should do so. Europeans are much worse about it than Americans, and were it not that the Prussian needle gun, (being a breech-loader), never requires the muzzle to be raised high enough to be directed above the enemy's heads, the only consequence from its capacity of rapid discharge, would have been to make it impossible to supply the army with cartridges."

The anxiety of the Colonel that his Regiment should have the best officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and be in the best state of drill and discipline, sometimes induced the men to believe him unnecessarily strict; but as they grew into soldiers, and witnessed their steady ranks as they rushed into the jaws of death, while other regiments of equally good material, from want of discipline, broke and fled, they united in one voice of praise of the Colonel.

At the battle of South Mountain, the Colonel was wounded in the arm, and his horse killed under him. He rejoined the Regiment near Warrenton, and remained in command at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; but on the march to the North in June, 1863, his health becoming impaired, he was obliged to resign. We have failed of our object if, in the preceding pages, we have not shown that Colonel Wainwright was an accomplished christian gentleman and officer.

He has resumed his residence in New York City.

*Is this the Col. Wainwright referred  
to 3 Psychological manual 716?*

## LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN D. SHAUL.\*



WAS born in the town of Stark, Herkimer county, New York, December 18th, 1814. In 1839 he removed to Springfield, where he has since resided. He was elected Colonel of the Thirty-ninth New York State Militia in 1850, of which he was in command at the breaking out of the rebellion. When the war had actually commenced, he used every endeavor to get the consent of his Regiment and the permission of the Governor to take it out as an organization. On the first of October,

1861, he received an order to place his men in camp at Cherry Valley, and commence recruiting at that place. This order was promptly and cheerfully complied with by the Colonel, and the companies first organized were soon after mustered into the United States service. He closed up his large farming business at a great pecuniary loss, and immediately directed his entire attention to the reorganization and recruiting of his Regiment, and the drill and discipline of the men. In addition to the large amount of money he was obliged to advance in recruiting, he found it expedient, in connection with the commandant of the depot, to lend his credit to a large amount, to secure the payment of the necessary camp expenses, rations, &c. A large proportion of the Regiment had signified their desire to have the Regiment go out in a body, and some had even, when requested to join other organizations, claimed to be waiting for that purpose, and had thus excused themselves from entering the service earlier. But now, to the great disappointment of the Colonel, he found that only a very few responded to his invitation to them to come forward and be mustered into the service. Recruiting proved very dull. No large bounties had at that time been offered.

In January, 1862, the Regiment, only some six hundred and sixty-seven strong, were ordered to Albany, where they arrived on the evening of the eighth, and were soon after consolidated with the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers, in which Colonel Shaul took the position of Lieutenant-Colonel. There was a strong effort made at Albany to prevent the Colonel entering the service, even in this capacity, and as he made no pretensions at wire-pulling or political gambling, he would have been thanklessly sent home, had not his officers and friends insisted that he, at least deserved this position, and should by right have it.

The Seventy-sixth went out with Green as Colonel, and Shaul as Lieutenant-

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\*Written by Major John W. Young.

Colonel. In February, 1862, Green was relieved, the Lieutenant-Colonel left in command of the Regiment. Colonel Green was soon after discharged, and Lieutenant-Colonel Shaul remained in command until the last of June, when he was relieved by Colonel William P. Wainwright.

During the four and a half months Colonel Shaul was in command of the Regiment, he had, by an honest administration of military rule, and his upright and gentlemanly conduct, gained the esteem and good will of both his officers and men. For about three months he had command of five forts in the defenses of Washington, D. C., and in addition to the infantry drill, he was obliged to instruct his Regiment in the artillery drill and practice.

In May the Regiment was ordered to Fredericksburg, and again divided into detachments for guard duty. Here the opportunities for drilling were greatly lessened, but in order to keep up the battalion drill, the Colonel would get as many of the men together as possible for that purpose.

While in camp near Fredericksburg, the Colonel was taken sick, and when his command was ordered to Culpepper, he was ordered to report to Surgeon Clymer at Washington. Here he remained some four weeks, during which time General Pope retreated before the enemy, and the Seventy-sixth passed through Washington. Knowing this, the Colonel, although he had not fully recovered, hoping by prudence to regain his former health, was very desirous of rejoining his Regiment, to which the Surgeon, after much objection, consented, and he again took command of the Seventy-sixth, in camp at Sharpsburg. But, to the great disappointment of the Colonel and his friends, in about two weeks he had a relapse, and was sent to the Seminary Hospital at Georgetown. On the twentieth of November, 1862, he was honorably discharged, on account of physical disability; not, however, until he had consulted with the surgeon in charge, who gave it as his opinion that he would not be able to endure the hardships of the service, and that it was his duty to have him discharged on that account. Then the Colonel, feeling that he had done all he could for his country in the field, and not wishing to receive remuneration for services he could not render, cheerfully accepted his discharge, and returned to his home in Springfield, Otsego county, where he has since resided. His post office address is East Springfield, Otsego Co., N. Y.

He has never fully recovered from the sickness he incurred while in the service, but considers himself able to oversee his large farming business, to which he has returned.

John Shaul, the grandfather of the Colonel, served in the Revolutionary war, and was captured by the Indians and kept a prisoner five years. The father of the Colonel, Daniel Shaul, served in the war of 1812.

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### LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW J. GROVER,\*

WAS born in West Dryden, Tompkins county, New York, on the twenty-second day of December, 1830. His early advantages for an education were limited to

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\*Written by Rev. D. W. Bristol.



the privileges furnished by our common schools at that time. At the age of seven years, death deprived him of both his parents, so he may be said to have commenced life almost alone. When sixteen years of age, burning with a desire to see the world, and prompted by a military ardor which is so common to youth of that age, but which in him was a development of a peculiar adaptation of mind for military art and science, he enlisted in the army then being raised for the Mexican war. After a

brief stay in New York, he sailed with the expedition, which eventually landed at Vera Cruz, and subsequently, led by General Scott, entered the City of Mexico and explored the famed "halls of the Montezumas." Here he had an attack of fever peculiar to that climate, which came near carrying him to his grave, and the effects of which attended him to the close of his eventful and useful life, it having caused a lameness which was often attended with excruciating pain.

Such was his bearing as a soldier while in the army, that at the close of his term of enlistment he was offered an office in the regular service, if he would renew his enlistment and remain. This, however, he declined, preferring to return to the walks of civil life. At the close of the war with Mexico, each soldier who was honorably discharged received a warrant for one hundred and sixty acres of land. Colonel Grover sold his, and with the avails commenced a course of education, which he sought in the Groton, then the Ithaca, and finally in the Cazenovia Seminaries. In these institutions he attained a fair educational training, but what was better, he contracted habits of study which attended him during his whole life. He was a keen observer of men and things, and a thorough student. With a keen perception and a quick apprehension, he was enabled to master speedily whatever he undertook.

In 1852 he entered the christian ministry, in which he continued until the fall of 1861. There his success was eminent, he having attained to a high position for one of his age, in the church of his choice. He always won the esteem and confidence, as well as the affection, of his people. His pulpit efforts were clear, logical and forcible, always commanding the admiration, and awakening the convictions of his audience.

In the autumn of 1861, seeing and feeling the peril of his country, he felt it to be his duty to throw himself into the breach, in common with thousands of his brave countrymen, for the defense of the Government. He assisted in raising the Seventy-sixth Regiment. Some estimate can be made of his energy and popularity, when it is known that in less than a month his company was full and



mustered into the service of the country. His commission as Captain bears date January seventeenth, 1862.

In the spring of 1862 he took the field and participated in the toils and dangers of the stirring events which during that summer occurred in Northern Virginia. He participated in the battles at Rappahannock Station, August twenty-second, Warrenton (Sulphur) Springs, August twenty-sixth, and Gainesville, August twenty-eighth. In this last battle he was ordered forward just in the evening twilight, with a detachment of his company, to feel of the enemy, who were known to be in the vicinity. On coming within rifle range, he heard the order of the enemy to fire. Ever careful of his men, he directed them to lie down, but remained himself standing. Here he received two severe wounds, which, for a time, were thought to be mortal; one in his leg and the other in his back. Here for an hour and a half he and his men lay, he suffering from three wounds, while a terrific fight was waged between the two armies, the shot from either side flying over them. When the fight was over he was brought off the field and conveyed to Washington, where for many weeks he lay, enduring as only our brave soldiers knew how to endure, the suffering arising from wounds received in defense of country and great principles. When at the last he so far recovered as to return to his home, supposing himself unfitted for further service in the army, he resigned his commission, with the purpose of again entering upon his pastoral duties. But he recovered rapidly, and, contrary to the expectations of all, regained nearly all his former soundness.

In February, 1863, without his knowledge or solicitation, he was appointed Major of his Regiment. This was no small compliment to him from his old companions in arms who recommended his appointment, and is good evidence of the high esteem in which they held him as a companion and a soldier. After much anxious thought he concluded to accept this unexpected call as an indication of Providence, as to his line of duty. He accordingly bid adieu to his wife and children, and again accepted the fatigues and perils of the field. From May first to the sixth he fought at Chancellorsville, winning the confidence of all by his military skill and bravery.

On the morning of the first of July, 1863, he was in command of his Regiment on the eventful field of Gettysburg. He led his men with great gallantry, but, following his orders, he led them into the crater of a volcano. Early in the battle which opened the terrible but decisive conflict of that field, he was struck by a rifle ball near the heart, and lived only a few moments after; but he was composed and calm, looking death in the face with the same christian heroism with which he met the enemies of his country. He gave his watch with the badges of his rank to a comrade, requesting that they be given to his wife, and then, on the bloody field and amidst the roar of battle, awaited the summons of the Great Captain of salvation in the heavens. No doubt his thoughts during those brief moments dwelt with his wife and children, whom he so tenderly loved, but whom he was to meet no more in this life. Sometime previous to this he had been recommended for the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but for some reason his commission was not received until after his death.

Colonel Grover was a man of superior mental abilities, of warm attachments, and possessed of a most generous disposition. An ardent friend of most courteous manners. Sometimes, when engrossed in a subject which deeply interested him, he appeared to those who did not know him well, as impetuous; but this was more in appearance than reality. He had a keen sense of honor, and was a man of high integrity. As a soldier, he was patriotic, prompt, strict in discipline, and brave. No officer carried with him the confidence of his men in this respect, to a greater extent than he did. That he stood high with his superiors, the following letters to his bereaved family will show. Colonel Wainwright, who had formerly commanded the Seventy-sixth, writes:—

MORRISTOWN, N. J., August 11th, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM:—

I am well aware that nothing can add to the comfort which the christian hope for those we love always gives; but it is some gratification to hear that our friends were appreciated by those who had opportunity of knowing them thoroughly in their peculiar vocation, and it is especially so as to the character of a soldier in these times of active service, which bring every point conspicuously to sight. As commanding officer of the Seventy-sixth, I had learned to esteem and value very highly your lamented husband, for his distinguished courage on the field, and for his knowledge of his duties, as well as his unflinching determination in performing them. On leaving the Regiment I felt it was in good hands, and he has proved in the battle in which he lost his life, that it was so. Such men are not only a great loss to their regiments, but to the service, for there is a quiet influence from their example, which affects every officer brought in contact with them. As a man and a soldier, Major Grover always appeared to me a model, and in the management of his Company when Captain, in the gallant manner in which he led our skirmishers at Gainesville, or more recently as commander of the Regiment at Gettysburg, he has given every reason for those who knew him to lament his loss. With high respect, I am, dear madam,

Very sincerely your friend,

WM. P. WAINWRIGHT,  
Late Colonel 76th N. Y. Vols.

The following is from General L. Cutler, who at the time commanded the Brigade to which the Seventy-sixth was attached:—

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, FIRST CORPS, }  
In the Field, July 13th, 1863. }

MY DEAR MADAM:—

It is my painful duty to announce to you the death of your good and brave husband, who fell bravely leading his Regiment to the bloody battle of July first, at Gettysburg, Pa. I was within a few paces of him when he fell. He was among the bravest of the brave, and fell lamented by all who knew him. His Regiment behaved worthy of their leader, and although losing more than half their number, fought on through the three bloody days, and are still ready to avenge their fallen leader and comrades, and restore the Government of the Union. Allow me to offer you my sincere condolence for your great loss, and to assure you that he died in a glorious cause, and without a fear or murmur.

The body was buried on the field with the men who fell by his side. We could do no more.

I am very truly yours,

L. CUTLER,  
Brig.-General Commanding Brigade.

Such was the testimony of those who had the best opportunity to know him, and who were the most capable of judging of his merits as a man and an officer. He probably was not more virtuous or more brave than many others who went forth in the great strife for our national existence, but he was as good and as brave as any. In October the remains of Colonel Grover were recovered, through the exertions of his ever affectionate and faithful wife, and were brought to Cortland by C. P. Cole, Esq., of the GAZETTE AND BANNER, for final interment.

The funeral services at Cortland, were conducted by the Masonic fraternity, to which Colonel Grover belonged. Large delegations of brethren were in attendance from Utica, Syracuse, Homer, Marathon, Dryden, Binghamton, Cortland, and other Lodges, and the services of the Knights Templars, under Z. C. Priest, of Utica, as well as the Masonic burial service at the grave, under the direction of

Clinton F. Paige, Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, were solemn and impressive.

The remains of Colonel Grover now lie in the Cortland Rural Cemetery an early and noble offering upon the altar of an imperiled country.

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## LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES A. WATKINS



Was born in Oneonta, Otsego county, New York, May twenty-sixth, 1838. His parents were John M. and Julia A. Watkins. He was educated at the common school. At the time of his enlistment, Colonel Watkins was engaged in the hotel at Oneonta. Receiving permission of General Danforth to raise a company for the Thirty-ninth New York State Militia, then recruiting at Cherry Valley, he disposed of his interest in the hotel, and on the thirtieth of November, 1861, proceeded with

thirty-two men to Cherry Valley, where they were examined and mustered into the service. The Colonel was then unanimously elected Captain of the company, with C. M. Gaylord as First Lieutenant. When the Thirty-ninth was ordered to Albany, and consolidated with the Seventy-sixth, this company was consolidated with the company being raised by Captain Young, and became Company K in the Seventy-sixth, with J. W. Young as Captain, and the subject of this sketch as First Lieutenant.

While at Riker's Island, Lieutenant Watkins was ordered on detached duty at Albany, to look after the sick. Here he remained six weeks, when he was, at his own request, relieved, and he joined the Regiment at Meridian Hill, D. C.

On reaching Fredericksburg, Company K was assigned to duty at General Doubleday's headquarters. While on this duty, he was sent with despatches from General Doubleday to General McDowell's headquarters, at Manassas. On the first of July, 1862, he was appointed Regimental Quartermaster, by Colonel Wainwright, the duties of which office he performed until the tenth of February, 1863, when he was relieved and ordered to Company I for duty. He served successively in Companies I, E. G. and H. At the battle of Gettysburg, July first, 1863, he commanded the Color Company until toward night of the first day, when, the Adjutant being wounded, he was appointed Acting Adjutant, by Captain Cook commanding the Regiment. He continued in that position until the

Regiment reached Rappahannock Station, when he received orders from General Rice, commanding the First Division, to report at his headquarters as Acting Aid-de-Camp upon his staff. He remained upon the staff of the Division commandant, acting in the meantime as Provost Marshal, until, the Regiment becoming deficient in officers, he was ordered back to his company. He remained with his company until May twenty-second, 1864, when he was ordered by Colonel Hofmann, commandant of the Brigade, to report to him as Acting Aid-de-Camp and Brigade Inspector. He acted in this capacity until he was mustered out with his company (C), November eighth, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va., on expiration of term of service.

Lieutenant Watkins was slightly wounded at Gettysburg, July first 1863, and the same day promoted to Captain. On the fifteenth day of October, 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, vice John E. Cook, mustered out on expiration of term.

Colonel Watkins was never reported on the sick list while in the service, and never absent from duty while the troops were on the march. He was absent from duty twenty-five days during the winter of 1862-3. On the twenty-third of May, 1864, Colonel Watkins was sent out by General Cutler, with thirty picked men from the "Iron Brigade." They advanced some four miles beyond our lines, and captured a large number of prisoners. The following extract from General Orders, shows how well the duty was performed:—

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FOURTH DIVISION, FIFTH A. C., }  
In front of Petersburg, Va., August 6th, 1864. }

(Extract) General Order No. 24.

In expressing my thanks to you, I do so not only as an individual, but as commanding officer of the Brigade. Had your reputation for skill and bravery as an officer no other basis than the services you have rendered in this campaign, it would still rest upon a firm foundation. To the prompt and skillful manner in which you advanced the skirmish line at Jericho Ford, on the evening of the twenty-third of May last, was due the capture of over two hundred prisoners. Trusting that you may safely pass through this yet unended campaign,

I am truly yours,

J. W. HOFMANN,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

At the close of the war Colonel Watkins and his father became proprietors of the Exchange Hotel in Albany, N. Y., where he still resides.

## LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN E. COOK\*

Was born in Hadley, Mass., August twenty-fifth, 1829. His parents still reside there. At the age of fifteen, Colonel Cook commenced an apprenticeship at the carpenter's trade, which vocation he has since pursued. In 1848 he removed to Middleburg, Otsego Co., N. Y., where he now resides. By a drill of seven years in the State Militia, he had acquired a taste for military life, and when the rebellion broke out, he was an early recruit. Organizing a company in the "Otsego Regiment," he with it joined the Seventy-sixth, and was made Captain of Com-

\*Owing to the advanced stage of this work on Colonel Cook's return from the South, his portrait cannot appear, much to the regret of the writer.

pany I. On arriving at Fredericks-burg in the summer of 1862, he was, in June, made Provost Marshal of that city. He took part in all the battles during Pope's retreat. He was commissioned Major, June twenty-fifth, 1863, and after the death of Major Grover at Gettysburg, assumed command of the Regiment. He was honorably mentioned by the Brigade Commander, for bravery in that battle. He was slightly wounded at Gettysburg, but did not leave the field. He was afterwards commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, with rank from the third of July, 1863. At the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, he received a gun-shot wound in the right arm, and was thus compelled to leave the Regiment, joining it, however, about a month afterward near Petersburg, Va.

On the seventh of October, 1864, Colonel Cook was again wounded by a piece of shell, depriving him of his command about one week. With these two exceptions, he was in command of the Regiment from July first, 1863, to the end of his term of enlistment, October seventh, 1864, when he was mustered out of service. Since leaving the service, he has been engaged in business South, and chiefly in the State of Texas.

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## BREVET LIEUT.-COL. AMOS L. SWAN

WAS born in West Cambridge, Mass. At the age of seven years he was left fatherless, and soon after sent to live with a distant relative. In Boston he learned the trade of machinist and locksmith, and the manufacture of philosophical and chemical apparatus and models. At the age of twenty-one he removed to Utica and engaged in a silversmith and jewelry establishment. In 1840 he removed to Cherry Valley, where he has since resided. In 1842 he married the daughter of J. K. Forrester. Since that time he has become extensively known as a manufacturer of melodeons, in which business he is still engaged at Cherry Valley.



When the rebellion broke out, Colonel Swan was in command of the Union Guards, and as such volunteered to join the army. At the consolidation he was the tenth in rank, as regarded the date of his commission, so that all the other Captains stood above him in the line of promotion. He remained in the Regiment, until from the tenth he became first in rank among the line officers of the Regiment. He was often in command of the Regiment, and ever ready for duty. It was generally remarked in the Reg-

iment, that Captain Swan was always in a fight, and always wounded. He received five different wounds in the service. At the battle of Gainesville, August twenty-eighth, 1862, he received a severe wound in the hip. At Fredericksburg he was wounded by the bursting of a rebel shell so near him that the powder is still to be seen in his face. At second Fredericksburg, he was wounded by a fragment of a shell in the thigh, and at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, he was wounded twice, in the breast and right arm, by Minnie balls. Notwithstanding all these wounds, he was only absent from his Regiment four months during nearly three years' service.

After the campaign of 1863, while the Regiment was in winter quarters, Captain Swan tendered his resignation on account of the wound in his hip, which made it impossible to keep with the Regiment on long marches. He could not endure the thought of being under pay and a nominal soldier, while he was unable to participate in the fighting. His life had been earnest, and with him, shirking was a crime. His resignation was reluctantly accepted. He has since been honored with a commission as Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, for "faithful and meritorious services," and no brevet could be more worthily bestowed.

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## MAJOR JOHN W. YOUNG



WAS born in Springfield, Otsego county, N. Y. He was reading law in that town, when he entered the service in September, 1861. One of the first companies mustered into the Otsego Regiment was from his native town. With this company he enlisted, and was very active in aiding its organization, and was afterwards chosen its Captain. He had no military knowledge, but his popularity among the boys secured him this honorable and responsible position. In January, 1863, his company

was consolidated with the Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers, and he remained a member of it until he was mustered out of service, March fourteenth, 1865, having been in the service about three and a half years. The Regiment, as a Regiment, had been mustered out previous to this time, but at the time it was mustered out, he was a prisoner of war.

During the three and a half years of his service, he was in every battle in which

his Regiment was engaged, up to May fifth, 1864, when he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was twice wounded, twice captured, and twice his name appeared among the killed. At the second Bull Run, when his Division was routed, August twenty-ninth, 1862, he, with Lieutenant Story, succeeded in bringing off about fifty of the men, and a few of the wounded. After an unsuccessful search until after midnight for their Regiment, they moved back a short distance from the enemy's line, placed out a guard, and, nearly exhausted with two days' and two nights' hard marching and desperate fighting, stretched themselves upon the ground for a few hours' rest. At break of day, men were sent out to find the Brigade, but it had been so badly scattered, that only a few of its men could be found together. The Colonel was at last found, and the regimental call sounded, and these men formed a nucleus around which the Regiment was soon gathered.

At the battle of Antietam, September seventeenth, 1862, he had command of his Regiment, although he was then the eighth ranking Captain, all those outranking him being absent on account of sickness, wounds or capture. At Gettysburg, July first, 1863, he was wounded and taken prisoner. He remained a prisoner until the fifth, when he was left by the enemy, on account of the severity of his wounds. During the fourth of July, he lay in a house between the two opposing picket lines, and within hailing distance of either. Fortunately, however, the firing during the day was carried on with small arms only, the balls from which could not penetrate the walls of the brick house in which he lay.

He was unable to rejoin his Regiment until October fifth, at which time his wound had become so nearly healed that he was able to resume his command. Just after he was wounded, he received the commission of Major, and when he rejoined his Regiment, he entered upon the duties of that position. In November following, he had command of his Regiment at the battle of Mine Run, and, as he had previously done at the battle of Antietam, commanded it with great skill. At the battle of the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864, he was taken prisoner. Colonel Cook had been wounded early in the action, and the Major, at the time he was captured, had command of the Regiment, and was at the front trying to rally and urge on his men. The capture was a great surprise to him. The enemy had forced back the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, which was on the immediate left of the Seventy-sixth, and the pine thicket in which they were fighting, was so dense he did not discover that the left flank of his Regiment had been turned, until the enemy appeared in his rear, in a little ravine. The fight had become a hand to hand encounter. Those at the front and left of the ravine cut off from the main part of the Regiment, surrounded by the enemy, whose fire was concentrated upon them from all points, were compelled to surrender. The loss of the Regiment was very heavy. The Major was slightly wounded just before he surrendered. After he was captured he was first taken to Orange Court House, and from there to Gordonsville the next day, and then to Lynchburg where he was confined some two weeks. He was afterwards confined in prison at Danville, Augusta, Macon, Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh and Goldsboro. He was also confined in several different jails, the longest period, at one time being seventeen days in the Charleston jail.

During the two and a half months he was confined at Charleston, he was with the six hundred officers who were placed there under fire.

At Columbia he succeeded in making an escape, November twenty-eighth, but after traveling about three hundred miles in nearly a direct line, he was recaptured and returned to prison December twenty-sixth, having been absent four weeks and one day. He was obliged to travel in the night time, to prevent being discovered by the rebels. The negroes supplied him with provisions, until he got into the mountains, where there were no negroes kept; then he was obliged to go to the house of a white man for food, and was recaptured by him, and consequently returned to prison. He was eight days returning, during which time he was frequently placed in jails for safe keeping over night, when the party who had him in charge halted.\*

March first, 1865, he was paroled, and the same day arrived at Wilmington, N. C., and on the fourteenth was discharged at Annapolis, on account of his Regiment having previously been mustered out of service.

He is now engaged practicing law, in Cooperstown, Otsego county, N. Y.

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## SURGEON JUDSON C. NELSON



Was born in the town of Danby, Tompkins county, New York, June third, 1824. He was the son of a Baptist clergyman, in moderate circumstances, with a large family, and it was only through his own personal efforts, and natural energetic character, that he acquired a tolerable early education, being obliged to work on a farm during the summer seasons, and going to school or teaching in winter.

In the spring of 1845, he commenced a course of literary and medical reading, under the tutelage of that eminent physician and surgeon, Professor Thomas Spencer, of Geneva, which he continued for a term of three years, and graduated at the Geneva Medical College, in January, 1848. In March, 1848, he commenced the practice of medicine and surgery in Truxton, Cortland county, N. Y., where he has been successful as a practitioner, and highly honored by the community in which he lives.

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\* A full account of his escape and recapture is published in "Prison Life in the South," by Lieutenant A. O. Abbott. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.



Politically, Dr. Nelson has always identified himself with the Democratic party, and was the candidate of his party for Member of Congress, in the Twenty-third Congressional District, in 1860, when he received a very handsome complimentary vote in his own locality. On the breaking out of the rebellion, he took decided ground in favor of the war for the Union, and as early as April, 1861, commenced enlisting men for the volunteer army, and when it was decided by the original movers to organize the Seventy-sixth Regiment, he promised that his town should raise a company of men for it, and he faithfully redeemed his pledge. He went before the State Military Examining Board, at Albany, October eleventh, 1861, was passed as full surgeon, and appointed Surgeon of the Regiment then forming at Cortland, (not numbered), by the Surgeon-General of the State, and was mustered into the United States service November eleventh, 1861.

During the first months there was a great amount of sickness in the Regiment, due in a great degree to the sudden change of the men from civil to camp life, and change of climate. Hospital stores and conveniences were not very abundant, and the Surgeons duties were very arduous and perplexing. Nevertheless they were discharged with a spirit of fidelity and humanity by the Doctor, that was highly commendable, until, in consequence of his own failing health, after a severe illness common to the climate, he was obliged on the eleventh of July, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va., to resign his position in the Regiment altogether, and return to his home, as the medical officers of his Division, and himself believed, a confirmed invalid.

After spending some time, however, at Avon Springs, in the Genesee Valley, he so far recovered his lost health that he returned to Washington early in January, 1863, and by special contract with the Surgeon-General of the United States, entered upon the duties of a medical officer in the United States General Hospital Department at Washington, in which capacity he occupied several positions of trust and responsibility. He served first as ward physician in Trinity General Hospital, until its discontinuance in April, 1863. Then in Mount Pleasant General Hospital until December, 1863, when he was put in charge of the Regular Army Post Hospital, at Old Fort Washington, on the Potomac, opposite Mount Vernon, where he remained until the following April, when he was relieved by the regular Surgeon of the Post, who had been assigned to other duty. After being relieved at Fort Washington, he was ordered to Finley General Hospital, and put in charge of three surgical wards, where a large amount of operative surgery devolved upon him, and where he remained (with the exception of two weeks on duty with Surgeon Autisell, attending sick and wounded officers), until the expiration of his term of service in November, 1864.

On retiring from the hospital, the Doctor received the public thanks of the Surgeon in charge, for his faithful attendance to duty, and from the inmates of his wards a very valuable case of amputating and general operating instruments, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services in their severe trials and afflictions.

After leaving the service, the Doctor resumed his old practice in Truxton, Cortland county, N. Y., where he still remains.

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## SURGEON GEORGE W. METCALFE

Was born July twenty-second, 1837, at Owego, Tioga county, New York, but at the age of two years removed with his parents to Clarkeville, in the same State, where he passed the remainder of his childhood. He received a liberal education and in 1854 commenced the study of medicine with his father, Dr. A. E. Metcalfe. After thoroughly pursuing the proper preliminary studies, in 1855 he commenced a course of lectures at the New York University Medical College, and graduated at the age of twenty. But the laws of New York, while they do not prevent the practice of medicine by those who never studied it, requires those who do, to attain the age of twenty-one before commencing practice. He, therefore employed the interval before attaining his majority in more thoroughly preparing himself for his profession, and attending an additional course of lectures. In 1858 he formed a partnership with his father, and commenced the practice of medicine in Clarkeville. In the winter of 1861 he was married to Miss Nannie Wickham, of that place, and removed to Erie, Pa. He had hardly commenced practice there, when the fall of Sumter inaugurated the war, and he felt that his country called for him. He passed a favorable examination before the Examining Board at Albany, and on the thirteenth of September received the commission of Surgeon, and orders to report at Cherry Valley, where a Regiment was being organized, with the Thirty-ninth Militia as a nucleus. At the consolidation with the Seventy-sixth Regiment, Dr. Metcalfe preferred to accept an Assistant-Surgeonship with the Regiment, many of whose officers were his personal friends, and whose men were the bone and sinew of Otsego, dear to him from his infancy, to Surgeon with another Regiment. In this capacity he served until July thirtieth, 1862, when Dr. Nelson, whose health had been such that he was unable to accompany the Regiment to the field, resigned, and Dr. Metcalfe was promoted to Surgeon. He participated, with his Regiment, in all the important battles of the Army of the Potomac, after the return from the Peninsula, with the single exception of the first battle of Fredericksburg, he having been left in charge of the wounded after the battle of Antietam. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, but liberated on the retaking of the town by our troops. During the bombardment, a shell exploded in the room where he was performing an amputation of the shoulder joint. In the winter of 1863, he was appointed Surgeon in charge of Division Hospital, which position he resigned in the spring, to accept that of Brigade Surgeon on the staff of the lamented General Rice, and remained on that of his successor, General Hofmann, until mustered out of service with his Regiment.

Dr. Metcalfe is a young man of skill and experience. His present residence is Owego, N. Y.

CHAPLAIN H. STONE RICHARDSON.



WHEN the war first broke out, this eloquent advocate of human rights was engaged as minister at New York Mills, Oneida county, N. Y. Having formerly preached in Cortland county, his preferences naturally centered upon a regiment including so many of his former parishioners and friends. A man of indomitable will, burning eloquence, and undoubted patriotism, Mr. Richardson rendered most efficient service in the organization of the Regiment.

The following letter, in response to one of inquiry by the writer, gives an idea of the Chaplain's early history:—

A. P. SMITH, Esq.:—

Dear Sir:—You ask me to give you for publication, a brief biography of my life. I thank you for that word, "brief," for at the very best I have only time to say, that I was born in the year 1828, in the town of Nelson Madison county, N. Y. By dint of hard work, I prepared myself for college, and was ready to enter at the age of seventeen. At this time I (through the influence of mistaken friends), changed my mind, and, going south, engaged a school in Charleston, S. C. Here I did well pecuniarily, and was enabled to gratify my born love for sight-seeing and travel. Three years I spent in travel, visiting most of the islands of the Atlantic, and spending eleven months in the south of France, among the islands of the Mediterranean, and in Italy. I returned to Texas, and while engaged as teacher in Galveston, I volunteered to go out on the frontier to fight the Indians and Mexicans, who were committing depredations on the border of the State. I was wounded at the battle of Yumo River, and was discharged after six months' service.

At this time, 1848, with a company of twelve men, I commenced the difficult enterprise of crossing this continent on mule back, without a guide or path, to California. Six months found me a resident of Mariposa county, and one of the first squatters on the claim known as Colonel Fremont's. At the expiration of about two years, I was elected a member of the Legislature from Mariposa county. At the close of that session I came home to Madison county.

In 1853 I united with the M. E. Church, and in 1861 commenced the active work of the glorious ministry of Christ, in which work I was engaged, when treason stretched out its bloody hand, to roll us backward a thousand years into abysmal barbarism.

In relation to my efforts to raise and organize the Seventy-sixth Regiment, and the amount and character of my labor as Chaplain in that Regiment for about two years, you are well informed, without any statement from me. Grand old Seventy-sixth! Thy dead are walking above the stars! Thy living have palaces in the hearts of the American people!

I use as much or as little of this biography (written in twenty minutes), as you please. I have no fear but I shall be justly named, if named at all, in your History of the Seventy-sixth.

Very Truly Yours,

H. STONE RICHARDSON.

No one ever connected with the Regiment will forget the genial nature of the Chaplain, or his readiness to lend a helping hand to a comrade in distress.

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ADJUTANT HEMAN F. ROBINSON,

SON of Heman and Betsey Robinson, was born on the thirtieth of September, 1827, at Bennington, Vermont. Descended from Revolutionary sires, and surrounded by reminiscences and mementoes of the battle of Bennington, his young



mind was early imbued with a patriotic fervor and love for his country and its glorious flag, which caused him to be an early and earnest volunteer in its service, soon after the opening of the great rebellion. His early education was of the character at that time provided in the common schools and academies of his native town. His mind partaking of the roving element, however, he confined himself to dry and tedious studies, and being an orphan, with no relative or guardian to oppose his wishes, he embarked, at the age of

fourteen, as a common sailor, on board the good ship *St. Nicholas*, bound from New York to Havre, France. Too young to bear without disgust the roughness and privations of the life of a common seaman, he returned home at the end of a few months, and quietly settled down to the life of a farmer; not, however, without making several subsequent attempts to get to China or Valparaiso, which were only prevented by promises of an appointment to the United States Military Academy, upon the list of applicants for which his name was soon after placed by the Hon. Solomon Foot, Senator from Vermont. But, finding the list already large, Mr. Foot advised the acceptance of a cadetship at West Point, which was gratefully accepted, and at the age of eighteen Mr. Robinson received his appointment to that position. By excessive and constant application to his studies, preparatory to entering the Military Academy, he brought on a severe, and apparently incurable, attack of dyspepsia, which obliged him to resign his appointment at the expiration of a few months, his family physician having decided, upon examination, that Mr. Robinson was not, and never would be, physically able to bear the severe mental and physical training of that institution. At West Point, under the daily drill of accomplished officers, Cadet Robinson soon excelled in all the duties of a soldier, so far as he had been instructed, frequently calling out the marked and public approval of his commander. Here he learned the soldierly lessons of obedience and attention to duty, and that those lessons were well learned is evidenced by the strictness with which he aimed to perform his duties as Adjutant of this Regiment.

Leaving West Point in the fall of '46, broken in health and spirits, he returned to his native village, under the shadow of the Green Mountains, in hopes of recruiting his failing health, but to no purpose, and it was only after a long and distressing course of sea-sickness, on the fishing grounds, off the coast of New England, in the year 1849, that he finally mastered his complaint, and became able to attend to business. From this time until the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. Robinson was variously engaged in mercantile pursuits, civil engineering, &c.,

being located most of the time at Cortland, N. Y. At the breaking out of the rebellion, his domestic affairs precluded the possibility of carrying out his purpose of joining the army; but in the fall of 1861, his patriotic fervor was not to be withstood, and he entered with his whole soul into the organization of the Seventy-sixth Regiment. He acted as Adjutant until the fourth of October, 1861, when he was mustered into the service as First Lieutenant of Company A, being the first line officer mustered in the Regiment. He was immediately appointed Adjutant of the Regiment, and mustering officer, performing the former duty most of the time until the second day of January, 1863, when he resigned his commission, on account of disability, and left the service. Whilst in the service, Adjutant Robinson contracted a chronic affection of the bowels, which will ever remain with him, as a reminder of his field service. He was with the Regiment during no engagement of any magnitude, except that at Fredericksburg, Va., December thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, 1862.

Entering the service purely from patriotic motives, and a sense of duty, although through physical disability exempt by law, it is due to him to say, that during his connection with the Regiment, he was evidently actuated by no personal ambition, and only sought, by precept and example, to instil into the minds and hearts of his comrades a due appreciation of the duties and obligations of a soldier, and the holiness of the cause in which the services of the Regiment were enlisted.

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## ADJUTANT HUBERT CARPENTER\*



Was the son of William Carpenter, of Dryden, and was born in DeWitt, New York. When the war commenced, our young hero was quietly pursuing his studies at the Ithaca Academy. Naturally modest and retiring, but few knew his worth, or appreciated his ability. Had he lived he would have become a ripe scholar, and occupied a prominent place among literary men. His love of country led him to share the toils and perils of a soldier. He resolved that his country should first be saved,

then, if he survived the conflict with treason, he would again return to his favor-

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\*Written by Rev. Mr. McDougall, of Dryden, N. Y.

ite studies—Greek, Latin, French and German. He entered the service with many of the young men from Dryden, and by his fidelity and talents soon rose to share the honors that awaited him. He enlisted the sixteenth of September, 1861, and in November, 1862, was promoted to Sergeant-Major, and in less than one month received a Second Lieutenant's commission. In February, 1863, was promoted to First Lieutenant. His commission as Adjutant of the Regiment is dated June first, 1863, showing that bravery and meritorious conduct won for him the rank to which he was justly entitled. The duties of his last position were pleasing to his tastes, and his exact mind, and well and faithfully did he discharge them all. Strictly temperate in all his habits, he was a pattern for others, both in civil and military life. When a student at McGrawville, Prof. Brockett said of him:—"He was the best linguist, and the ablest mind in that institution." In that school, (New York Central College), he filled, for a time, the position of mathematical teacher, with great credit. Nor was he less honored as a soldier. "There," said his Colonel to a friend, in January, 1864, (pointing to the Adjutant), "is the HEAD above all others, that runs the Seventy-sixth Regiment. He is always at his post." We venture to say the War Department has no clearer or more exact monthly reports than those which came from his pen. In addition to all his duties on the field and in camp, he kept in PHONOGRAPHY,\* or "short-hand," a condensed history of the Regiment—all its marches, skirmishes and battles.

The Seventy-sixth Regiment has an honorable record, of which its patriotic survivors may well be proud. It was our good fortune to mingle with the boys while at Rappahannock Station, and to learn how they drove the enemy from the forts and into the river, and then encamped on the spot where a Union victory had been achieved. Adjutant Carpenter was then in the field on duty, suffering from wounds received at the ever-memorable battle of Gettysburg. All praised him, for all loved him, and amid the stern realities of war, learned his worth. But few young men among us had such bright prospects—few whose future was so promising. Still, he placed all on the altar of freedom, and in the battle of the Wilderness, May seventh, 1864, he gave his life that his country might live. He fell into the hands of the enemy, mortally wounded, and died the next day. He sleeps with gallant comrades on the field of the nation's greatest conflict, and where the fate of the Republic and the freedom of millions were so triumphantly vindicated. Peace to his ashes and joy to his soul! His horse escaped, and by Lieutenant Burnham was brought to his father's house, and will be kindly cared for, though every view of the favorite animal will bring before the father and mother, and beloved sisters, the fallen rider—the patriot son and brother. Many of his letters show that although he made no public profession of religion, he had faith in God and the cause for which he freely gave his young life. "Many of us," said he, "may fall, but God, who is ever true, is pledged to defend the right. Our cause is just and must prevail."

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\*Written out to March, 1863, for this work, by H. Perry Smith, Journal Office, Syracuse, N. Y.

## LIEUTENANT U. A. BURNHAM, Q. M.,



Was born in Homer, N. Y., December sixteenth, 1837. His father's name was Marvin Burnham, and his mother's maiden name was Caroline Webster. His great grandfather, John Burnham, was wounded in the revolutionary war, and his two great grandfathers on his mother's side, Selah Bacon and Samuel Webster, were both in the revolutionary war. The latter, disguised as an Indian, assisted in making tea of an English ship-load in Boston Harbor, and was with General Gates at Burgoyne's surrender, at

Saratoga. At the time of his enlistment, Lieutenant Burnham was engaged in farming. He was educated in the common school, with academical training at Cortland Academy. He had also taught district school. He spent nearly three years west, engaged in teaching. He enlisted as a private in Company D, October fourth, 1861, and on the organization of the Regiment, was made First Sergeant. He held this position until February, 1863, when he received a commission as First Lieutenant, and was soon after appointed Acting Regimental Quartermaster, by Colonel Wainwright. Up to this time he had been on every march and in every battle with the Regiment, and fortunately escaped unhurt. Of about seventy muskets left in the Regiment after the battle of Antietam, he carried one. In January, 1864, he was appointed A. C. M. of the Brigade, and occupied the position until March following, when the Regiment was transferred to the Second Brigade. He was then, for a short time, Acting Assistant Quartermaster of the Second Brigade. On the first of December, 1864, he was discharged on expiration of enlistment. With the exception of two leaves of absence of ten days each, Lieutenant Burnham was never absent from duty but two days during the three years, and his attention to business was proverbial. His post-office address is Homer, Cortland Co., N. Y.

## SERGEANT-MAJOR THOMAS MARTIN

Was born at Newbridge, Ireland, November eighteenth, 1842. Enlisted into the Seventy-sixth Regiment, from New York Mills, Oneida Co., N. Y., as a private in Company B, in November, 1861. He was a young man of energy of character,



and his gentlemanly deportment and bravery soon won the esteem of both officers and men in the Regiment. He was promoted at different times, until he was made Sergeant-Major, and was recommended to a Lieutenantcy. He was ever ready to perform his duty. At the fearful but glorious battle of Gettysburg, in the hottest of the fight, after Major Grover had fallen, and when annihilation was staring the brave Regiment in the face, Sergeant-Major Martin was struck by a ball which entered his arm and side.

Our troops soon fell back, and the ground was occupied by the enemy. As some of our men, taken prisoners, were passing over the field that night, they heard the voice of the Sergeant-Major calling for water. It was given him, but as he drank the cooling draught, it flowed from the wound in his side. After lingering twenty-four hours he died. He was conscious he could not live; told his comrades he was willing to die for his country, and requested them to inform his parents. He breathed his last towards morning, July second, 1863. His comrades buried him where he fell and died, and then wrote his father, as he requested them. John C. Ross, Esq., of Utica, shortly after visited the fated field, and removed the body to the rural cemetery at New York Mills, where, amid the scenes of his childhood, the brave hero sleeps until the resurrection morning. No better record can be left of this young hero, who arose from private to sergeant-major, with a recommend for a commission, than the letter written to his parents the spring before his death, of which the following is an extract:—

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTY-SIXTH N. Y. S. VOLS., March 14th, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS:—

I have just received yours of the 9th inst., and was very glad to hear that you were well, and, as I suppose, still at work; but I am not at all pleased with its tone. You seem very uneasy at my situation. Perhaps it is my fault for using some words in my last, which I might have left out, and yet have expressed the same meaning. You seem to think that I am very fearful of my destiny, and that I can never see you again; but I can very candidly assure you such is not the case. I never had any more hope than I have at present. I look at this exactly in this light:—Every man was born for some purpose, and if it is my lot to leave earth on the battle-field, I can only say, as did Burns:—"Lord, give me grace to endure it." For, should I stay at home and see others fighting that I might enjoy privileges equal to them, I should be a coward indeed, and in after life I should have a conscience more guilty than Cain's. Should I remain at home at times like the present, and find security only in the blood of others, I would be a coward, indeed. No, far rather would I die, or be crippled for life, for in after life I will ask no greater honor than to have it said of me that I once belonged to the Army of the Potomac. Should it be my happy lot to survive this rebellion, my friends and companions can only be the manly volunteer. Think not that I dread a coming battle. Glad would I be could we be a united people without again meeting in deadly combat; but such cannot be, so I, at present, await my fate very calmly. Be that as it may, I beseech you give yourself as little concern as possible. Attend to your family; they need all your thoughts, and thinking can do them good—it can do very little for me. If you had another son capable of bearing arms, my advice to him would be—"Come on! and if thy brother fall, avenge his enemies; not stand back and hear his blood calling for vengeance."

I am daily growing more rabid, as I think of the rebellion, and of the noble slain. I have long since forgot to call the rebel States "wayward sisters;" it is too mild a term. The only way I can give utterance to my feelings, is, "Traitors, die!" Be not uneasy about me, I say again, for I have a duty to perform, and I will endeavor to perform it, come what will.



## CAPTAIN HERSHEL W. PIERCE



Was born in Reading, Steuben county, (now Starkey, Yates county, N. Y.,) November fourteenth, 1818. His father, Samuel Pierce, was a native of Otsego county, N. Y., and a soldier in the war of 1812. His mother's name was Sally Maria Wright, and she was born in Litchfield county, Connecticut. The Captain was educated a farmer, and followed it until his twentieth year. He then turned his attention to architecture and building, in which he has since been engaged. He was commissioned First Lieutenant

of artillery in a company attached to the Two Hundred and Sixth New York State Militia, by Silas Wright, when Governor. He has filled several civil offices, and at the time of his enlistment was Supervisor of his town. In October, 1861, he recruited twenty-five men, and took them to Cortland, and with his men was mustered in as private. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant, January thirteenth, 1862, to First Lieutenant March eleventh, 1862, and to Captain, December twentieth, 1862. He was on detached duty in the recruiting service from August sixteenth to December second, 1862. He was engaged with his Company in the following battles:—First and second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Coal Harbor, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Grove Church, Chapel House. He was mustered out on expiration of term of enlistment, October tenth, 1864, at the Yellow House, Va.

Captain Pierce resides at Dundee, Yates county, N. Y.

## LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. RIPLEY

Was a descendant of Revolutionary patriots. At the age of sixteen his great grandfather on his mother's side, entered the French war, and subsequently the war of the Revolution, in which latter his great grandfather on his father's side was Chaplain, and a personal friend of General Washington.

Lieutenant Ripley enlisted as a private in Company K, November first, 1861. At the battle of Bull Run, August twenty-ninth, 1862, he received a severe wound in the left shoulder, the ball lodging near the shoulder blade. The next morning



he was captured by the Sixth Virginia Cavalry. After remaining prisoner about a week, with nothing to eat, and no attention paid to his wound, he was paroled, and in that condition walked to Alexandria, a distance of twenty-eight miles.— From Alexandria he was sent to Clifbourne Hospital, D. C., where his arm was amputated at the shoulder joint—a most painful and dangerous operation—seven days having elapsed since the receipt of the wound. He subsequently received a commission as Second Lieutenant in Company A, to date from September first, 1862. In June, 1863, he resigned this commission, and, in the following September, was, on the recommendation of General Doubleday, commissioned as Second Lieutenant in Company D, Sixth Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, which position he held until July thirtieth, 1866. At the time of his enlistment, Lieutenant Ripley was a tinner by occupation, with nothing but a common school education; yet, though “expended in the service,” in less than a year he had, by his soldierly qualities, arisen from private to Second Lieutenant. His post-office address is Greene, Chenango county, N. Y.

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### CAPTAIN OSCAR C. FOX



WAS born at Pitcher Springs, Chenango county, N. Y., August twenty-third, 1830. His father, Daniel Fox, was a native of Massachusetts, and his mother, Harriet A. Chapman, of Connecticut. The Captain attended district school during the winters, working at home, and for the neighboring farmers, summers, until he was sixteen years of age, when he engaged in teaching district school. Here he succeeded admirably for one of his age. In 1852 he entered the preparatory department of Central College at Mc-

Grawville, N. Y., where he remained until the fall of 1856, when he went to Ohio as Principal of Nelson Academy, in Portage county. He remained in this position three years, his labors being crowned with excellent success. In 1860 he left the Academy and returned home to make arrangements for a tour of Europe; but before his departure, the bombardment of Fort Sumter changed his whole plan. He determined to remain and serve his country. In May he proceeded to Binghamton and enlisted in "Balcom's six foot company," remaining there about a month; but as there was little prospect of being mustered into service, he came to Cortland and entered a law office temporarily, holding himself in readiness to take the field. When the project of raising a regiment in Cortland county was started, Captain Fox entered heartily into the work. Proceeding to his native town he soon enlisted the minimum of a Company, and on the first day that the camp was opened at Cortland, (September twenty-sixth, 1861), he proceeded with about forty men to the rendezvous. He remained with the Regiment until he received his wound at Gainesville. For several months he commanded at Fort Slemmer, D. C., it being occupied by his company (B) only. At the battle of Gainesville, August twenty-eighth, 1862, Company B was at the angle where the rebel fire was the most severe. While urging his men on, Captain Fox received a ball in the breast, which passed through his lung. It was a terrible and dangerous wound—one from which he can never fully recover. The fall of the Captain, whom the company idolized, created some unsteadiness for a moment, but they immediately recovered, and the rebels paid dearly for the cruel shot they had given the Captain. It is no disparagement to other good officers, to say that no better combination of talent and moral worth entered the large army of Freedom's noble defenders. Had he not been crippled at the very outset of his military career, there is no position in the army to which he might not have attained.

When the Regiment left Fredericksburg for Culpepper, Captain Fox was unfit to march, but his Lieutenants being away on sick leave, he felt it necessary to make the attempt. He was put in command of three companies of skirmishers, and thus, regardless of his health, he kept in the advance. With all his heroism he was extremely modest. He loved his men, and they would have died for him. He says in a communication to the writer:—

I felt proud of these noble, faithful boys. Uncomplaining, kind and gentlemanly always. I have always felt that whatever success or popularity I attained in the Regiment was owing to these men who always seemed to be striving to assist and encourage me—to overlook my faults and mistakes, and to set me right with those who knew me less intimately. Lieutenants Crandall and Wolcott were noble men—invaluable as men of taste and culture—men of principle. Without them I cannot conceive of such a thing as success in Company B.

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## CAPTAIN ROBERT STORY

SON of Robert and Elizabeth Story, was born October seventeenth, 1832. Until he entered the army, he was engaged in farming. A man of character and ability, he had filled many civil offices in his town. He was one of the first to enter



heartily into the work of reorganizing the militia regiment at Cherry Valley, for active service. He was chosen Second Lieutenant in Captain Swan's company, October twenty-second, 1861. On the twenty-second of February, 1862, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and on the nineteenth of February, 1863, was commissioned Captain "for meritorious conduct at South Mountain, and bravery at Fredericksburg," with rank from December, 1862, and assigned to command of Company B. These promotions were

unsought by him, and were won by bravery and good conduct alone. He was present in every battle in which his Regiment was engaged from the time he entered the service, and never shrank from the greatest dangers and most arduous duties. As he entered the fight at Gettysburg, July first, 1863, a cannon ball passed between his legs, doing no injury. He rushed on toward the enemy, and before the Regiment had been engaged half an hour, he was struck in the left thigh by a Minnie ball which fractured the bone. The ball was split into three pieces, two of which were the same day extracted by Drs. Metcalfe, Preston and Barnes. He was soon after removed to the house of Mrs. William Culp, in Gettysburg, (her husband was also in the army), where he was kindly cared for by her and Horace Fabian, a member of his company. His wife and sister, (Mrs. Bates, of New York), on hearing that he was wounded, hastened to Gettysburg, and remained with him, doing all that was possible, until August sixth, when, conscious that he was prepared to die, the hero went home to the hero's reward. His remains were taken home and, by a sympathizing group of tearful neighbors, and the Lodge of Odd Fellows of which he was a member, consigned to their resting place in the family burying ground on the farm he had been wont to till. His wife soon went to share with him the realities of the blissful hereafter.

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## LIEUTENANT CHAUNCEY D. CRANDALL

WAS born in Pitcher, Chenango county, N. Y., where he resided until his enlistment in the fall of 1861. His life of a little more than twenty-seven years, was one of very even course, witnessing few, if any, incidents which might be considered in any sense startling or uncommon. It was his chief ambition to make the



wisest use of a good common sense and to lead a life of order, industry, and virtue. He was a mild, obedient child; a sober, thoughtful boy; a modest, unassuming youth, nobly shunning all those trifling and foolish habits which so often sap the foundation of an otherwise manly character. Nor did he confine himself to mere morality. About two years before his seemingly untimely death, he made a public profession of religion, and ever after was a steadfast and consistent christian. When

the war commenced, he was pursuing his studies at the Cortland Academy. But as he said, he could not confine his mind to study, while his country so much needed his services. He believed that God would approve his motives, and accept the act as service to Him. With this spirit he entered the service. During the latter part of the summer of 1862, he was disabled by disease, and confined to a hospital. Captain Fox having fallen at Gainesville, the Lieutenant, scarcely recovered from his sickness, returned to the command of his Company, (B). His first experiences under fire were at the battle of South Mountain, Md., with reference to which, Colonel Wainwright says:—

Although for the first time under fire, he faced the long continued and destructive musketry of the enemy as if he had been in a dozen battles. And I well remember, (for I marked it) the coolness with which he bound a handkerchief around my arm to stop the bleeding, thereby saving me from what might have been excessive loss of blood.

In the subsequent part of this battle, Lieutenant Crandall took command of the Regiment. At Antietam he was wounded in the hand, so as to unfit him for service, and soon after he was permitted to visit home on a furlough. But before he was so far recovered as to be called to his post, from a sense of duty to his men, now without a company officer, he returned to his command, reaching the Regiment just before it marched to Fredericksburg.

Before it had been determined to publish these biographies, the facts relating to the death of this hero were given at pages 189 and 190, to which the reader is referred.

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## LIEUTENANT W. STUART WALCOTT.

THE subject of this sketch was born at New York Mills, Oneida county, N. Y., February eleventh, 1843. His parents were William D. and H. C. Walcott. One of his great grandfathers was a General, and the other a Captain in the Revolutionary war. His father is largely engaged in manufacturing, at New York Mills,



as a partner of Honorable Samuel Campbell, mentioned in the fore part of this work. When the war broke out, Lieutenant Walcott then, but eighteen years of age, was pursuing his studies at the high school, at Clinton, N. Y. Descended from such patriotic stock, and surrounded by such men as Mr. Campbell and his father, the young Walcott could scarcely fail to be a patriot. Knowing the Chaplain of the Seventy-sixth, Walcott enlisted a number of his young comrades and joined that Regiment. Possessed of fine personal

appearance, well bred and educated, he was immediately commissioned Second Lieutenant in Company B. He remained with the Regiment, continually gaining friends, until the summer of 1862, while at Fredericksburg, Va., he was attacked with camp or typhoid fever. After a severe illness of five months, the surgeon giving no encouragements for renewed health for at least a year, and being unwilling to deprive the company of the services of an officer they so much needed, he reluctantly resigned, and was honorably discharged October thirtieth, 1862. The merits of many an officer and men are measured, not by what they did, but what they wished to do. Had Lieutenant Walcott's health permitted, no one knowing him will doubt that his career would have been brilliant.

He is at present engaged with his father in manufacturing, at New York Mills, Oneida county, N. Y.

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### LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CAHILL,

Son of Thomas I. Cahill, late of Solon, Cortland county, N. Y., was born in the city of New York, whence his father moved to Solon, when the Lieutenant was yet young. He enlisted in Company B at its organization, as a private, having been injured about the time the war broke out, so that he was unable to enter the service before, as he desired. Ever present for duty, and prompt to perform it he did not long remain in the ranks. When the Regiment left Fredericksburg for Culpepper, he was sick and so emaciated that the surgeon directed him to be taken to a hospital in Washington, and sent an ambulance to his tent to convey him to the cars. But determined to accompany the Regiment and share its first dangers, he insisted that he was improving and was able to undertake the march.



The surgeon finally assented. His energy enabled him to keep with his company. He took part in the skirmishes at Rappahannock Station and Warrenton Springs, and the battle of Gainesville. At the latter place he was struck by a pistol shot in the head, the ball entering and lodging between the right eye and nose, where it still remains. It was one of those narrow escapes which partake largely of the miraculous. He fell, and was reported dead. This fortunately proved incorrect. He was taken

prisoner, but soon after paroled. He was sent to the hospital in New York, where he was tendered his discharge. The surgeon informed him that he would never be fit for service, but this he steadily denied. He returned to the Regiment in time to take part in the first battle of Fredericksburg. He was soon after, (January fourteenth, 1863), promoted to Sergeant. He remained with the Regiment, taking part in the "Mud March," Second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. March first, 1863, he was promoted to Orderly Sergeant, and as such fought in the battle of Gettysburg. Here he displayed true heroism. In the hottest of the fight, next to the colors of the Regiment, he was struck by a piece of shell on the hand, which benumbed his arm, and rendered it, for a time, useless. He, however, by rubbing, induced a return of sensibility, when the rebels had reason to regret the provocation they had given. Immediately before the line fell back, he was struck in the thigh by a musket ball, bringing him down. The ball struck the bone, and, glancing around, lodged on the other side. He was taken to the city and the ball extracted. He was captured by the rebels, and retaken on our troops repossessing the city. He was sent to Philadelphia, but soon returned to the command of his company, as Second Lieutenant, (July thirty-first, 1863), which command he held until March, 1864. He was on the march with the Regiment southward through Virginia, and participated in the battle of Mine Run. Was promoted to First Lieutenant, February fourteenth, 1863. At the battle of the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864, he was with his company when the three companies, (B, F and K), were captured. He was on this occasion severely wounded. His left arm was broken, and the wrist joint dislocated. He also received a Minnie ball in his body, where it still remains. In this condition he was compelled the next day to walk twenty miles. Two weeks later, on reaching Macon, Ga., having had no change of clothing, he was obliged to soak himself before he could remove his clothes. Here the prisoners were all searched and robbed of their money. The bullet hole in the Lieutenant's coat was now not without its uses. As the robbing-sergeant approached him, the Lieutenant quietly slipped his greenbacks through the bullet hole, and thus retained his money.

Here he found Lieutenant Myers, of the Seventy-sixth, and Lieutenants Curtis and Coffin, of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, all from Cortland. What these prisoners suffered in Southern prison pens has been so often related that to write the experience of this hero, would be to repeat the same story of cruelties, starvation, vermin, heartless disregard of life, and unparalleled diabolism, which puts to the blush every loyal man, as he considers even the possibility of a return of these barbarous savages to the political status of peers to the loyal Sherman's successes before Atlanta, and Stoneman's advance towards Macon, rendered this an unsafe depository for prisoners. They were therefore, July thirty-first, 1864, sent to Savannah and Charleston. At the former place Lieutenant Cahill witnessed one of the peculiar attractions of the corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy. It became necessary to cover a trench of rubbish to prevent disease. A man with a white skin marched in fourteen colored women, who, with spades and bare feet, and arms bare to the shoulder, were compelled to do the menial service, while the white traitor looked on with whip in hand! At the end of six weeks, (September thirteenth), Lieutenant Cahill, with other officers, was taken to Charleston, S. C., and placed under fire from our batteries on Morris Island. Here they were placed in the filthiest of pens, where the shells from our guns fell as often as one in twenty minutes, often sending showers of fragments among our officers. To add to the horrors of the situation, the yellow fever broke out in the prison, and for a time threatened the annihilation of the entire company. Of fifty officers attacked, but two recovered, one of whom was Homer D. Call, of the Seventy-sixth. Our officers were removed to Columbia, S. C., October fifth, 1864. An arrangement was finally made by which a certain number of sick and wounded were exchanged. Lieutenant Cahill was examined. The surgeon directed his clerk to write, "five gunshot wounds" opposite his name, and the next morning he was discharged. December ninth he started on a blockade runner down the harbor for the Union lines. For the first time in many months these brave boys hailed the "red white and blue," as it floated in front of Fort Sumter. Cheer upon cheer rent the air, while "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," were sung as never before. No one in the army had a more varied experience than Lieutenant Cahill. Five times wounded, three times a prisoner, still carrying two balls in his person, he feels proud of each scar received in freedom's battles.

He was discharged March eleventh, 1865, and commenced the study of law. He now resides at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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### LIEUTENANT A. LYMAN CARTER

Was born in Pitcher, Chenango county, N. Y., November fourteenth, 1829. His parents' names Thomas and Susan L. Carter. At the time of his enlistment,





Lieutenant Carter was engaged with his father as a blacksmith. He enlisted September sixteenth, 1861, as Second Sergeant. Was with his company at the battles of Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville, Bull Run, Second Fredricksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. October twenty-ninth, 1862, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in Company B, vice Lieutenant Walcott, resigned. At the battle of Bull Run he was captured by the rebels, paroled and sent to

Annapolis, Md. He remained there until December fourteenth, 1862, when he was exchanged, and immediately rejoined his Regiment. At the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July first, 1863, he was wounded in the foot, the ball passing into the ankle joint, where it remained until April thirteenth, 1865, when his limb was amputated below the knee. He was mustered out in consequence of his wound, October ninth, 1863. After his return, and while the Administration favored loyal Union soldiers, Lieutenant Carter filled the office of Post-Master in his native village. His present post-office address is Pitcher, N. Y.

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## LIEUTENANT MOSES PARKER MARSH,



ELDEST son of Daniel B. and Mary A. Marsh was born at McLean, Tompkins county, N. Y., January tenth, 1841. At an early age he became an earnest student. He attended the Cortland Academy nearly three years. Also New York Central College. At the age of nineteen he entered the Commercial College and completed the course with credit to himself. A great admirer of Theodore Parker, Ralph W. Emerson, Wendell Phillips and Garret Smith, he became most emphatically "radical."

He enlisted as a private in Company C, but was elected Second Lieutenant on the organization of his Company. While at Fort Slocum in the Spring of 1862, he acted as Adjutant of the post. On the march to Fredericksburg, in May, 1862, he received a partial sunstroke. He, however, managed to keep with his company, until it reached Fredericksburg. Here, notwithstanding his sunstroke, he acted as aid to the Provost Marshal until he was at length sent to Lincoln Hospital, Washington D. C. On arriving at the Hospital he was attacked with a fever. He continued to write his parents that he was not very sick, except a pain in the head, and that he would soon be better. His father finally, in September, 1862, sent a physician to Washington to ascertain his condition. The physician immediately telegraphed the father that his son was in a low condition. The father hastened to Washington, and on the twelfth of September, started home with his son, arriving there on the twenty-second. Friends vainly hoped the Lieutenant had stood his journey well; but their hopes proved evanescent, for on the twenty-sixth of September, surrounded by friends, he breathed his last.

### LIEUTENANT MOSES M. WHITNEY



Was born in Solon, (now Taylor), Cortland county, October twenty-third, 1840. His parents were Thaddeus and Laura Whitney. His grandfather was in the war of 1812. When enlisted, Lieutenant Whitney was a farmer. He enlisted as private in Company A, September twenty-sixth 1861; was promoted to Seventh Corporal October fourth, 1861; to Sergeant January ninth, 1863; to First Sergeant October twenty-first, 1863; to Second Lieutenant, Company C, March sixteenth, 1864, and commanded

the company after crossing the James River to move upon Petersburg. He was a most excellent officer. At the battle of the Weldon Railroad, August eighteenth, 1864, he received a gunshot wound in the left thigh, fracturing the bone. He was carried from the field to a hospital, and was discharged December fifth, 1864, having been in the service over three years and three months. Lieutenant Whitney was in the following battles, besides all the skirmishes in which the Regiment was engaged, (some twenty in all):—Rappahannock Station, Gainesville, Bull Run, First and Second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Coal

Harbor, Tolopotomoy, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad. At the second battle of Bull Run, he was taken prisoner and remained in rebel hands six weeks. He was never excused from duty by a surgeon while in the service, until wounded, and was always ready for duty.

At the close of the war he formed a partnership with Captains Vanderbilt and Porter, of the Tenth New York Cavalry, and went into business in Baltimore, Md., where he now resides. See pages 119 and 120.

## LIEUTENANT CARLOS BALDWIN



WAS born in Groton, Tompkins county, N. Y., November second, 1840. He enlisted October fifth, 1861, as a Corporal in Company C. In July, 1862, while encamped at Fredericksburg, Va., he was severely attacked with fever, and two weeks thereafter still remain a blank in his memory. On becoming conscious, he found himself in the hospital at Falls Church. He was soon after removed to the hospital at Philadelphia. He rejoined the Regiment in time to take part in the battle of First Fredericksburg, and

participated in all the battles until the third day of June, 1864. At that time, while lying in the woods, he was struck by a ball which entered the right leg at the knee, and came out at the thigh sixteen months after. He was taken to Armory Square Hospital, Washington, where he lay forty-three days, when he was removed to his home on a stretcher, by his father. The ball remaining in his leg, and there being no prospect of his being able to render further service to his country, he resigned in November, 1864, having been in the service over three years. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant in his company (C) January thirteenth, 1864. He carries in his pocket the ball that disabled him. His residence is Peruville, N. Y.

## LIEUTENANT THOMAS F. WELDON

WAS born at Little Falls, New York, in 1839. His parents were Patrick H. Weldon and Margaret McGirk Weldon. He enlisted as private in the Thirty-ninth



New York State Militia October twenty-first, 1861, and joined the Seventy-sixth New York, at the consolidation at Albany. May first, 1863, he was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and November first, 1863, to First Lieutenant in Company C, which office he held at the time of his death. He won his straps by his good conduct and brave deeds. He was wounded at Bull Run, August twenty-ninth, 1862. At the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, he was taken prisoner and remained a month in rebel

hands. He had scarcely time to reach the Regiment, when he took part in the battle of Gettysburg, where he was again wounded. When our forces crossed the Rapidan in May, 1864, Lieutenant Weldon was at his post, and remained with his comrades through all their fiery trials on that unequalled campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and until death sealed up his glorious record. He was killed instantly, on the Weldon Railroad, August twenty-first, 1864, being pierced by two balls. The officers and men, on the same day, appointed a committee consisting of Captain H. W. Pierce, and Lieutenants E. B. Cochrane and J. M. Waterman, who drafted most flattering resolutions, among which is the following:—

**RESOLVED**, That in the death of Lieutenant Weldon, we have lost a true friend and a genial companion, the service one of its most courageous and thorough soldiers, and the cause of the Union one of its most loyal and patriotic adherents. Ever gentlemanly and considerate in his bearing towards every one with whom he was brought in contact, strictly temperate in his habits, always ready in the performance of every duty, as well while on the staff of the Brigade as while with his Regiment, and receiving, as he invariably did, the highest encomiums of his superior officers, we feel his loss to be an irreparable one, as well to his country as to his immediate associates.

The following letter was written by his Captain, the day after his death:—

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FOURTH DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, }  
NEAR PETERSBURG, August 23d, 1864. }

JAMES DAVENPORT, ESQ.:—

Sir:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of the brave and lamented Thomas F. Weldon, of my Company, (C) Seventy-sixth New York Volunteers. He was killed in the skirmish line, while observing the movements of the enemy whom we had just repulsed, capturing a portion of Haygood's Brigade, with their colors. He was hit by two shots, both passing through his body, killing him instantly. He never spoke, and scarcely gasped. Lieutenant Weldon was one of the best and bravest officers I have ever known—ever ready to do his duty. In battle he was always to be found where the leaden hail fell thickest. While he was associated with me as a subaltern in my company, he formed a friendship with me as lasting as the granite hills, and won my admiration and respect for his brave and soldierly conduct. His loss is irreparable to the Regiment, and his comrades mourn his departure from our midst, as they would a brother. No larger-souled patriot ever lived. His whole heart was in the cause, and he has ever expressed his willingness to die as a soldier wishes to die—"with his face to the foe." In the second day's fight in the Wilderness, he captured, by a brilliant movement of his picket line, an officer and ten men, and was complimented by the Brigade commander, in his official report.

We deeply sympathize with his family and friends at home, but think the manner in which he died while bravely defending his country's flag, will be a consolation to his friends.

I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

CHARLES A. WATKINS,  
Captain Co. C, Seventy-sixth N. Y. V.

## CAPTAIN CHARLES L. WATROUS,

SON of Joseph and Lydia Watrous, was born in Freetown, Cortland county, N. Y., January thirteenth, 1837. His ancestors were from Connecticut, and the Captain, at an early age, displayed an ardent love for books. At the age of seventeen he commenced teaching district school. He taught during the winters in his native State, Pennsylvania and Illinois, and during the summer attended school at New York Central College. His health failing in 1856, he went West and remained nearly three years, returning in 1859, with improved health. He entered Cortland academy as a student, and graduated with honor the following year. In the fall of 1860 he entered the Junior class of the University of Michigan, where he was pursuing his studies when the war commenced. The disaster at Bull Run in July, 1861, determined his future course. Locking up his books he hastened home, raised a company, and joined the Seventy-sixth at its organization. As an officer, Captain Watrous was prompt and efficient to such an extent as to incur the censure of harshness from his undrilled neighbor "boys." He labored zealously to make his company well drilled and strictly disciplined. He was in command of his company at Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville and Bull Run. In the latter battle, August twenty-ninth, 1862, he received two gunshot wounds in his right thigh, and a Minnie ball in his left arm. The ball passed entirely through the arm below the elbow, shattering the larger bone, and injuring the nerve, making a severe and extremely painful wound. His arm being useless, he was, on the nineteenth of December, 1862, mustered out for disability. The following February an operation was performed upon the arm, at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, and a portion of the bone removed. In the autumn of 1863 the Captain returned to his college studies. Graduating soon after, he entered the law school, from which he graduated in March, 1863. Soon after the fall of Richmond, and collapse of the "man-owners'" confederacy, he settled at Winchester, Va., where he now practices his profession.

## CAPTAIN SAMUEL M. BYRAM,

SON of Josiah and Rhoda Byram, was born at Virgil, Cortland county, N. Y., August thirteenth, 1837. His father commenced business in Virgil in 1825, as clothier, and before his death in 1842, became one of the first men of his town. He was Colonel of a militia regiment, and filled many important positions. He reared a numerous and respectable family of children, of whom the Captain was the eighth.

The subject of this sketch enjoyed the benefits of a common and select school education, in his native town, and an academical course at Cortlandville Academy. He taught district school for a number of winters; but hav-



ing a love and aptitude for mechanics, became a carpenter. He enlisted as private in Company A, September nineteenth, 1861, but on the organization of the company was made First Sergeant. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant March sixteenth, 1862; to First Lieutenant September first, 1862, and to Captain of Company D, December nineteenth, 1862. In February, 1864, three-fourths of his company re-enlisted, and the Captain remained as a veteran officer. While in the service, Captain Byram was in the following engagements:—

Rappahannock Station, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Coal Harbor, Tolopotomoy, Petersburg. He was sick in hospital, with typhoid fever from shortly after Antietam, until January following. After Lieutenant-Colonel Cook was wounded, at the Wilderness, the command of the Regiment devolved upon Captain Byram, and he remained in command through the brilliant campaign to Petersburg, until the eighteenth day of June, 1864, when he received a severe wound in the groin, and was sent to the hospital at Annapolis, Md., from which he was honorably discharged by Special Orders from the War Department, No. 423, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1864. At the battle of the Wilderness, Captain Byram distinguished himself by bringing away the colors of the Regiment, under a most galling fire. The Captain has requested us to "mention "Mr. Hummel's family, and Mrs. Riley, of Harrisburg, as my good angels while "in hospital there, for I think I should have died but for their care; and the same "of Miss Hall, at Annapolis."

The Captain resides at Virgil, Cortland county, N. Y.

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### CAPTAIN JOHN M. WATERMAN

WAS born in the town of Decatur, Otsego county, N. Y., September eighth, 1833. On his father's side, his great grandfather was in the Revolutionary war, and his grandfather in the war of 1812. Lieutenant Waterman enlisted into Company I, September twenty-seventh, 1861, under Captain John E. Cook. He was promoted to Orderly Sergeant of his company at Albany, N. Y., January thirteenth, 1862, and to Hospital Steward at Fort Massachusetts, D. C., May seventeenth, 1862. He served in this capacity for several months, but was subsequently commissioned First Lieutenant, with rank from August sixth, 1863, and assigned to duty in



Company A. He was present at the battle of Mine Run, November, 1863, and was shortly after detailed as Acting Regimental Quartermaster, during the absence of Lieutenant Burnham at headquarters. At the battle of the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864, Captain Pierce, of Company A, having become disabled, the command devolved upon Lieutenant Waterman, until the latter part of July. He thus had command of the company through all the battles of Grant's brilliant campaign of 1864. August nineteenth, 1864,

Company D being without an officer, Lieutenant Waterman was assigned to the command of that company, which he held until he was mustered out on expiration of term of enlistment, October twelfth, 1864. An idea of his faithfulness may be gained from the fact that he was with the Regiment every day after it broke camp at the Wilderness, until he was discharged, except two days, when he was sick. At the battle of the Wilderness, a ball passed through his clothes, inflicting a flesh wound in the hip. At the battle of the Weldon Railroad, August eighteenth, 1864, a ball passed through his hat. He was subsequently commissioned Captain, with rank from April thirtieth, 1864.

Captain Waterman spent about two years in California in 1855-6, having performed the journey overland. In the latter year he returned, but in 1857 removed to Pennsylvania, where he remained three years. From 1860 to the time of his enlistment, he was engaged reading medicine with Dr. A. P. Chamberlain, at Westfield, Otsego county, N. Y. His present post-office address is Decatur, N. Y.

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## LIEUTENANT EDWARD D. VAN SLYCK

Was born at Exeter, Otsego county, N. Y., August eleventh, 1833. His father, Phillip Van Slyck, was a descendant of the Kinderhook family of Van Slycks, and a relative of Martin Van Buren. His mother, Abi Rider, was daughter of Stephen Rider, a Tolland, Connecticut, Yankee. At an early age Lieutenant Van Slyck exhibited a love of letters, and at the age of seventeen commenced teaching district school. This he followed winters for several years, filling the intervening spaces with labor on the farm. At the age of twenty-three he married Kato Fisher, sister of Lieutenant John Fisher. She accompanied the Lieutenant to Washington, and many of the men will acknowledge her kindness in camp, and



the value of her tuition in cooking. In the fall of 1856, Lieutenant Van Slyck commenced reading law in the office of R. Holland Duell, in Cortland. In 1858, with a fellow law student, P. H. Bateson, of Ohio, Lieutenant Van Slyck commenced the publication of the "REPUBLICAN BANNER," in Cortland, a weekly sheet devoted to the interests of freedom. This publication was continued until October fourth, 1861, when he sold out to enter the army.

Not being able to dispose of his paper

in season, he was delayed in raising his company; but finally, on the twelfth of November, he was mustered as Captain of Company K. Not filling his company previous to the receipt of marching orders, the company was broken up at the consolidation at Albany, and distributed among the other companies. Captain Van Slyck, with a few men, were put into Company D, in which he became First Lieutenant. He consented to this rather than be rendered supernumerary. On the resignation of Quartermaster Smith, in May, 1862, Lieutenant Van Slyck was detailed as Regimental Quartermaster. He was ordered the next day to prepare to march. The labor, and a drenching rain which set in while working the train from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg, induced the typhoid fever, from which he did not recover until the following August. He marched with the Regiment to Cedar Mountain in August, and was with it until the battle of Gainesville. Though an invalid, he entered this battle, in the early part of which he was wounded by a fragment of shell breaking two of his ribs. He rejoined his Regiment September eighteenth, and remained several weeks; but another relapse of the fever occurring, and being otherwise physically incapacitated, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted by General McClellan, October eighth, 1862. Since February, 1863, Lieutenant Van Slyck has been publishing the "DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN," at Hamilton, Madison county, N. Y.

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### LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. TARBELL,

Son of Samuel and Sally Tarbell, was born at Freetown, Cortland county, N. Y., February twenty-fourth, 1840. He received an academical education at McGrawville, N. Y. Enlisted at the organization of the Seventy-sixth, as private in Company D. Was promoted to Corporal before leaving Cortland; to Sergeant in the spring of 1863; then to Orderly of his company, and finally to Second Lieu-





“expended in the service.” His present residence is McGrawville, N. Y.

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## LIEUTENANT LUCIUS DAVIS



WAS born at McLean, Tompkins county, N. Y., July thirtieth, 1835. His parents' names were John L. and Mary Boynton Davis. At the time of his enlistment in 1861, Lieutenant Davis was a farmer. He enlisted as a private in Company C. At first he was thrown out as physically incapable of military duty; but with that determination which afterwards won so many laurels, he again applied and was accepted. He felt that the country needed his services, and desired to make at least an attempt to aid it

in its life-struggle. The result justified his persistency. He was in every battle from the time he enlisted until he was discharged. At the battle of Gainesville, he was slightly wounded in the breast. He was, in November, 1862, promoted to Orderly Sergeant “for bravery and strict attention to business.” In February, 1863, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, “for good behavior and bravery,” with rank from November eleventh, 1862. In May, 1863, he was commissioned First Lieutenant. At the sanguinary battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July first, 1863, Lieutenant Davis was wounded in the hand, in consequence of which he was dis-

charged November ninth, 1863. He had in the meantime visited home and returned to the hospital at Philadelphia, with the intention to return to the Regiment; but the surgeon declared him unfit for duty, and refused to permit him to return. Having done what he could for his country, he returned and went into business at Marathon, Cortland county, N. Y., where he now resides.

The following extract, from the ———, published while he was in the service, shows the estimation in which he was held at home:—

#### HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

We learn that Lucius Davis, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, has been commended by Brigadier-General Doubleday, for conduct in battle, which is highly creditable and worthy of emulation. Mr. Davis enlisted as a private, and has been a true soldier, standing by the Regiment in all its difficult marches, and distinguishing himself by coolness and bravery in all its battles. At the second battle of Bull Run, Doubleday's Brigade being in the extreme front, one of our batteries opened upon them, through mistake, a terrific fire of shot and shell, doing them great injury. General Doubleday himself rode forward and called for some one to go forward and inform them of their fatal error. Although it seemed like walking into the jaws of death to approach the thundering cannon, Mr. Davis gallantly offered his services. He delivered his orders and returned unharmed. For this brave act he was forthwith promoted to the highest non-commissioned office in his company; and for his conduct at the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg, he has received a commission as Second Lieutenant, a well-merited reward for truly distinguished services.

## LIEUTENANT BARNARD PIENIS



Was a native of Cherry Valley, N. Y. At an early age he became a printer, which trade he pursued until his enlistment, in 1861, at which time he was at work in the office of the CHERRY VALLEY GAZETTE. He was unmarried, possessed of a social nature, and was always the champion of any one who received ill-treatment. He was a member of the Union Guards, and entered the Seventy-sixth Regiment with the three Cherry Valley Companies, as Sergeant of Company H. For many months he filled the office of Order-

ly Sergeant of his company, and was subsequently promoted to Lieutenant. When off duty, he was one of the "boys;" when on duty, he was strictly officer-like. This gave him a warm place in the affections of the men, and commanded the respect of his superiors.

At the battle of the Weldon Railroad, August nineteenth, 1864, Lieutenant Piensis was shot through the body and killed, (see page 308), as he was jumping over a breastwork to secure a rebel flag left by the enemy just driven out by the

Seventy-sixth. His remains were buried beneath an oak near where he fell—an oak that, like many others, marks the last resting-place of one of Freedom's noblest defenders.

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## LIEUTENANT WILLIAM STRINGHAM



Was born in Scott, Cortland county, N. Y., March twenty-sixth, 1841. His father, Jacob D. Stringham, served in the war of 1812. His grandfather was a Major of militia in the war of 1812, and his great grandfather was a Captain in the Revolutionary war, and was in the battle of Fort Montgomery. Jacob D. Stringham and Commodore Stringham are cousins. Lieut. Stringham was enrolled in Company D, September fourteenth, 1861, on the muster of which he was made Fourth Sergeant. When enlisted he was a

farmer. Lieutenant Stringham participated in the following battles:—Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

On the first day of January, 1864, he enlisted as a veteran volunteer. March sixteenth, 1864, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. In March and April, 1864, he visited home on a thirty day furlough. Returning to the army, he went into the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May fifth, 1864, and was killed. His body was never recovered, and he lies undistinguishable in the great mass of heroes who, on that closely contested field, offered themselves as sacrifices on the altar of country.

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## LIEUTENANT THERON C. GUERNSEY

Was born in Groton, Tompkins county, N. Y., January second, 1844. His parents were Amasa C. and Loretta M. Guernsey. His grandfather, Joseph Guernsey, was in the war of 1812. Lieutenant Guernsey enlisted as Sixth Corporal in Company D, at its organization, and was promoted to First Lieutenant, with rank from August twenty-first, 1864; but at the battle of Peeble's Farm, October first, 1864, he was taken prisoner, before being assigned to any company or mustering



on his commission. He was in the following battles :—First and Second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad and Hatcher's Run. He was wounded in the wrist at Laurel Hill, Va., May tenth, 1864. After being taken prisoner, he was confined in rebel prison pens at Pemberton, Richmond and Salisbury, and was paroled February twenty-eighth, 1865. At the battle of the Weldon Railroad, Lieutenant Guernsey (then Sergeant) commanded his Co., (D) the Cap-

tain and Second Lieutenant having been wounded at the Wilderness, and the First Lieutenant having been killed. On returning to his Regiment, he was discharged as a supernumerary, rendered such by the consolidation with the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Regiment. His present post-office address is Marathon, N. Y.

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### CAPTAIN NORMAN G. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE subject of this sketch imbibed from birth the true spirit of the age in which he lived, for, though youth inspired the highest enjoyment of legitimate pleasures, manhood brought the grave responsibility of willingness to defend principle and good order, even at the cost of life. He was born at Auburn, Cayuga county, N. Y., March twentieth, 1836. His parents were Caleb Bartholomew and Loraine Wheeler Gaston, both of whose ancestors were of English extraction. His paternal grandsire, Jesse Bartholomew, was a soldier in our American army, in the two English wars of 1776 and 1812; and also his maternal grandsire, James Gaston, in the latter only. The early life of this lamented officer, though attended with few incidents of marked significance, was still fraught with characteristics which, developed, constituted him a devoted, fearless soldier, a strict disciplinarian as an officer, and a charitable superior. At the residence of his father, at Etna, Tompkins county, N. Y., he enjoyed a liberal English education, adopting the occupation of a moulder and machinist. September twenty-sixth, 1860, he married Miss Mary L. Houtz, of the above place, which union gave him no children. Generous, but just, in the scale of humanity, the impending war found him with no tie too precious to be laid upon the altar of his bleeding country. Highly energetic and intensely muscular, of little more than medium height, and excellent proportions, without an excess of flesh, his erect, manly form, dark eye, dark brown hair, and light complexion, with an easy carriage and ever-buoyant air, placed him early among the most active and gallant officers of our patriotic



army. Enlisting November eighth, 1861, as a private in the Seventy-sixth Regiment, at Cortland, N. Y., he passed speedily through every grade of promotion, for meritorious conduct, to the flattering position which he honored, and in which he fell. He fought, unharmed, the several battles at Rappahannock Station, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg successively. The distinguishing events in the military life of Captain B. occurred at the

battle near Gainesville, at Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. At the hard-fought, but unsuccessful, contest, near Gainesville, in August, 1862, when the enemy massed their columns upon the worn-out Corps of McDowell, Colonel Wainwright bearing the colors upon his own horse, as a means of keeping his Regiment together, and rallying his men, observing the coolness, but determination, with which Captain B., then invested with a slight command, but acting without a commission, executed his orders, personally commended his firmness, warmly assuring him, that his example should not pass unrewarded. In accordance therewith, a commission as Second Lieutenant was granted him, bearing even date with that eventful day. When, in December, 1862, Burnside precipitated his powerful army upon Fredericksburg, Lieutenant B. was detached from immediate field duty, and placed in command of a posse of convalescents sent forward from the different camps around Washington, who arrived too late to be armed for the conflict, and was assigned to hospital service with them. In supplying the vacancies occasioned by this unfortunate fight, Colonel W., impressed with the activity and efficiency of Lieutenant B. in that service, deemed it unjust not to promote him equally with those other worthy officers and privates who were engaged in duties more dangerous, but not more difficult or important. He, therefore, caused his rank to be raised to that of First Lieutenant from that date.

Again, just at the climax of the war, the three days' fight at Gettysburg, July, 1863, which hurled back the invading rebel army and saved the trembling nation, Lieutenant B. won those laurels which secured the immediate personal commendation of the commanding officer of his Regiment, and purchased for him a Captain's commission. In a moment of imminent danger, when their fearfully decimated numbers caused them to waver slightly from position, Lieutenant B., then in command of his company, seized the national colors, sprang upon the earthwork defenses and rallied his hard-pressed men. His commanding officer forthwith obtained a Captain's commission for him, as a reward for his bravery and success. His fatal change of fortune, however, was reserved to the battle of the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864, when, having received a severe shot through the

right arm at a moment of so serious reverse to our troops, that but slight attention could be given to his dangerous condition, he died from excessive loss of blood; passing from the carnage of war to an immortal rest, "with armor on," just as one imbued with true manliness could wish to die, battling for the triumph of his cause. Brigade-Surgeon G. W. Metcalfe, after giving a detailed account of his death, says:—

The Captain was universally beloved and respected by his fellow officers, and his death is painfully felt by them all. No truer patriot or braver man ever lived, than N. G. Bartholomew. He was particularly distinguished in time of battle, for cool judgment, and, at the proper moment, brilliant, dashing courage."

Temporarily buried by his comrades near the scene of his death, his remains were removed in the autumn of 1865, to the place of their final interment, October twenty-second, with military honors, in the cemetery of his native place, overlooked alike by the home of his youth, and that of his well-beloved wife.

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### CAPTAIN IRA C. POTTER.



THE subject of this sketch was born July twenty-seventh, 1836, at Carlton, Orleans county, N. Y. His parents were Vernon and Noa Round Potter. His great grandfather on his mother's side, Bartram Round, was an officer in the Revolutionary war. His grandfather, George Round, was in the war of 1812. His great uncle, Chester Carver, was killed in the war of 1812. Captain Potter's occupation when he enlisted, was that of a carpenter. He enlisted in Company A, September twenty-fifth, 1861, and was mustered as Second Sergeant Oc-

tober fourth, 1861. April seventh, 1863, he was promoted to First Sergeant by Colonel Wainwright. July first, 1863, he was promoted to Sergeant-Major, by Major Cook, then commanding the Regiment. July thirty-first, 1863, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, with rank from February twenty-second, 1863. February seventeenth, 1864, to First Lieutenant, with rank from November ninth, 1863, and September sixteenth, 1864, to Captain, with rank from May fifth, 1864, the date of Captain Bartholomew's death. Captain Potter was Acting Adjutant of the Regiment from July thirty-first to about October first, 1863. He participated in the following battles:—Both Fredericksburgs, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, Coal Harbor, North Anna, Tolopotomoy, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Peeble's Farm, Hatch-

er's Run. Though participating in so many battles, and manfully doing his whole duty, Captain Potter was never seriously wounded. At the battle of Gettysburg, he was slightly wounded in the hip, but was enabled to keep with the Regiment, by his knapsack being carried on the wagons. At Laurel Hill he was slightly wounded by a ball grazing his neck. He was discharged with his company (E), November eighteenth, 1864, but two other men belonging to the company at the time, out of two hundred and sixty who had been members of it. At the battle of the Wilderness, Captain Potter gained great credit by the bold and skillful manner in which he handled our skirmishers. On the sixth of May, his Regiment was on the extreme right of the Corps, and very much exposed. General Rice ordered a portion to be thrown out as skirmishers. Captain Byram commanding the Regiment, directed the two companies on the right, E and H, of about twenty men each, to deploy as skirmishers, and advance some fifty or sixty rods to the crest of a hill, Captain Potter being the ranking officer in the two companies, assumed command. The country was densely covered with low pines and occasional openings. After advancing a short distance, heavy firing was heard. Then, through an opening, the contending armies became visible as they surged to and fro in the contest. Our troops were evidently being driven back, and were finally routed. Our skirmishers now commenced falling back toward the main line; but on reaching an elevation, discovered that the enemy in the distance, had very much advanced their line, and were endeavoring to unite their lines in rear of the skirmishers, and thus capture them. The position was a perilous one. The horrors of Southern prison pens stared them in the face. At this juncture the Captain says:—

I immediately assembled our men and prepared to make the best of our almost helpless situation. As we faced to the rear we could see the enemy's two lines of battle on our right and left rapidly advancing, now almost unopposed, momentarily nearing each other, and the open space through which we must escape, or not at all, rapidly closing up. We had about concluded to go to Richmond, and were speculating as to whether Libby or Belle Isle would be our stopping place; but concluded to see neither until absolutely obliged to. We picked up fifteen or twenty men, several non-commissioned officers, one lieutenant, (rebels) and started to the Federal lines. Our prisoners were a squad in charge of the Lieutenant, who were in the rear picking up stragglers from their lines. One was a Sergeant-Major who had been sent by the General on our left to the General on our right, directing him to cover the open space, which order he had delivered, and was returning to his command, when he was intercepted by us. This order was being carried out as fast as possible, when we discovered our perilous situation. The Sergeant-Major said to me after we got into our lines, that he was sure we were in a trap, as he knew the contents of the dispatch he had delivered, and that it was at that time being promptly obeyed. Immediately on taking the prisoners, we compelled them to break their guns against the trees, thus preventing their 'pitching in' to us, should their number increase too much. With our prisoners, and a few Union men who had been captured and sent to the rear, we started with the determination to run the gauntlet of these two lines of battle and get into our lines, as soon as possible. My men had orders, which they would certainly have obeyed, to shoot the first and all the prisoners who should show any sign of resistance or disobedience to orders. As we came through we could easily have thrown a stone to either line of the enemy, but the bushes aided us in our escape.

Such cool courage and strategical ability might have been profitably emulated farther up the scale of promotion. Captain Potter's present address is Utica, New York.

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## LIEUTENANT JOHN H. BALLARD,

SON of Hon. Horatio Ballard, was born in Cortland, N. Y. His ancestors were among the first settlers of the Tiohgnioiga Valley. Lieutenant Ballard was pos-



sessed of fine natural abilities, to which had been added the polish of a liberal education. In September, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company E, Seventy-sixth Regiment. In November following he was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and subsequently to First Lieutenant. He went with the Regiment as far as Fredericksburg, Va., where, in August, 1862, in consequence of a severe indisposition, he was forced to resign. In October, 1862, he was appointed to a clerkship in the office of

the Secretary of State, which position he held until June, 1863, when he again entered the army as First Lieutenant of Company B, in the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regiment N. Y. V. He was at Folly Island in the fall and winter of 1863-4. On the twenty-second of February, 1864, the Regiment was ordered to Florida. Lieutenant Ballard served with the Regiment there until the close of June following, when he was obliged to resign in consequence of continued ill health. He reached home on the fourth of July, 1864, with the fatal disease fastened upon him, and lingered until the twenty-third of November, 1864, when he died. In the quiet Rural Cemetery, which overlooks his beautiful native village, he sleeps the sleep of death. His friends may well mourn his early death; but let them be assured that death never comes too soon, if it finds us in the line of duty, and that life is not given in vain which is given for country.

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### CAPTAIN JOHN H. BARNARD

Was born in Lee, Oneida county, N. Y. His parents were Joel and Sarah Starr Barnard. His grandfather, David Starr, was a Captain in the Revolutionary war. The Captain received an academical education at the Cortland Academy, where he was an earnest student three years. In July, 1855, he joined the Oneida Conference, and entered upon the sacred duties of the christian ministry, in which profession he was engaged when he joined the army. He recruited Company F, and was elected its Captain. Shortly after leaving Cortland, he was called back to attend his beloved wife in her last illness, and no sooner had he performed the last sad duty to her, than he found his way to his company, then stationed at the forts north of Washington. He remained with his company, participating in the battles of Rappahannock Station, Sulphur Springs, Gainesville and Bull Run. At





the latter battle he was conspicuous for his bravery. Most of the officers had fallen. The troops were demoralized by the retreat of the forces on the left, yet Captains Barnard and Young, by their personal courage and efforts, did much to preserve the line of the Seventy-sixth. When forced to retreat, the Captain was so exhausted as to be unable to walk. Seeing this, Colonel Wainwright, with characteristic kindness, dismounted and placed the Captain on his horse, and thus alternately riding and walking, they reached a German

battery within the main line, where they slept on the same blanket upon the ground the remainder of the night. Colonel Wainwright spoke in high terms of the conduct of Captain Barnard on this occasion. He continued with his company on the march through Washington, D. C., until about ten miles in Maryland, when, his health failing, he was ordered by the Colonel to return to Washington, where he resigned on account of physical disability, September sixteenth, 1862, having been just one year in the service. Much has been said about the demoralizing influence of the army; but Captain Barnard was one, at least, who maintained his integrity unsullied. He preaches at present, at Vernon, N. Y.

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## CAPTAIN JAMES L. GODDARD

WAS born in Greenfield, Franklin county, Mass., in 1832. His parents, Levi and Alice Davis Goddard, removed to Truxton, Cortland county, N. Y., in 1842. His father died two years after, leaving six children in limited circumstances. They were obliged to rely upon their own exertions for a livelihood, and at the age of fourteen, the subject of this sketch commenced to learn the wagon-maker's trade. Possessing a roving disposition, at the age of twenty he resolved on a sea voyage, and immediately started for Boston, where he shipped upon a sperm whaler for two years. The vessel cruised around the Bermudas and Western Islands, and meeting with no success, returned to Boston in eight months. After a voyage to Liverpool, and working at his trade in Dumfries, Scotland, about two months, Captain Goddard returned to Truxton, where he remained two years. This proved too quiet for him, and he again started for the sea. He shipped at New Bedford, for three years, in an Arctic Ocean whaler. Leaving New Bedford in the fall, he arrived at Honolulu in the spring. Proceeding thence to the Arctic



they cruised until fall, suffering indescribably, and obtaining no oil. They then returned to the Sandwich Islands, anchoring in the harbor of Helo. He here left the ship and took another that was to cruise on the coast of Lower California. The Captain threatening one day to return Goddard and four companions to the ship they had left, they resolved to escape. Locking the officers in the cabin one night, the five, with two others, started in an open boat for the shore, twenty-five miles distant. They forgot, in their haste,

to take water, and while exploring the country for it, the others were captured, but Goddard escaped. After working for an Englishman about two months, at Cape St. Lucas, he started for Mazatlan, Mexico. Here he was pressed aboard a Mexican man-of-war, but was soon after discharged, through the influence of the American Consul. From there he went to Valparaiso, South America, and from thence to Concepcion, where he resided about a year. While here, in the winter of 1861, hearing of the troubles in the United States, he started for home, intending to ship on board a man-of-war at New York. Visiting his home in Truxton, he learned that the Seventy-sixth was being organized at Cortland. He enlisted as a private in Captain Lansing's company (G), but on the election of officers was made Second Lieutenant. He was promoted to First Lieutenant February twenty-second, 1862, and to Captain, and assigned to Company F, July eleventh, 1862. He was subsequently brevetted Major by Governor Fenton. He was in all the battles with the Regiment, except the Wilderness, which was fought while he was home on a leave of absence. Returning on the twelfth of May, he assumed command of the Regiment, which position he held until the third of June, 1864, when he was wounded and came home. He was honorably discharged August eighteenth, 1864, on account of his wound. During his service he was several times wounded, the last time by a piece of shell, which cut his face open, and came very near proving fatal. Soon after his discharge he was married to Miss Fannie Twentyman, and has now settled down to a farmer's life in Truxton.

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### LIEUTENANT WILLIAM WALLACE GREEN.

THE subject of this notice was born at Mixville, Allegany county, N. Y., August fifteenth, 1843. His father, Benjamin T. Green was brought up a merchant, and removed to Jersey City in 1856, the better to accommodate himself to his



business in New York, which he wished his son to follow. The boy was sent, for a time, to the Pennington Seminary, N. J., and when the rebellion burst upon the astonished country, his father had but just placed him to business in New York. But from the firing upon Fort Sumter, dry goods, accounts and trade marks had no further attractions for him. Commerce was tame when glory was to be won. He at once embraced every opportunity for military drill, which he seemed to master with an intuition that marked

him a natural soldier; and when the crushing news of the Bull Run disaster of 1861 shook the public heart, young Green would no longer delay. He was of revolutionary blood, and although scarcely eighteen years of age, he comprehended the greatness of the cause at stake. The country was in danger, and manhood and muscle were wanted. As no other way seemed to open, he was about to enlist as a private in one of the volunteer organizations of Jersey City, when he heard the welcome call of his uncle, Colonel Nelson W. Green, for volunteers, at Cortland, N. Y., who was then organizing the Seventy-sixth Regiment. Among the very first of the many other mere boys who appeared at Camp Campbell, was the youthful subject of this sketch. His kindness, and the compactness of his character, and his peculiar reticence, at once gave him position among his comrades. He took the drill in spirit and in detail as if by instinct, and when the permanent organization was made, he was elected, without opposition, Second Lieutenant of Company F, upon his own merits. From first to last, the drill and discipline of Company F were mainly due to him; and it is conceded that he opened the skirmish drill in the Regiment, and that his company excelled in this important branch of the tactics. It is to the credit of Lieutenant Green that the noble men of Company F were attached to him with no common devotion. The company was recruited mostly from Dryden, Tompkins county. They were from the farms, and stores, and workshops—superior, representative men, few of whom wanted ability to command, and many afterwards won commissions. Such were the men of Company F, and of such had Lieutenant Green won the confidence and command. The survivors of this magnificent Regiment still speak of Lieutenant Green with enthusiasm; but his young frame, unused to hardships, was unequal to the unusual strain and exposure of a military campaign. At Cortland, at Albany, at Riker's Island, at Meridian Hill, he had never been excused from duty, and he was never absent. But at Fort Totten, where the headquarters of the Regiment was located in the spring of 1862, he was suddenly stricken down with pneumonia, a fearful disease, then prevalent in camp. By careful manage-

ment, his father was able to get him home, and although a vigorous constitution at length partially prevailed over the first attack, he did not recover. Once after many months, his enthusiasm to join his comrades overruled the remonstrance of his physician and friends, and he made his way as far as Washington, to rejoin his company, then in front of Fredericksburg. But he was speedily sent home by the surgeon, with the crushing assurance that he was permanently disabled. Still determined, he clung to the forlorn hope of restoration in time to go to battle, until he was finally admonished by the increasing weakness and final failure of his lungs, that he must surrender.

After eighteen months' service, just upon the threshold of a cherished career, when ambition, and patriotism, and loyalty alike called him to the front, he was honorably discharged November twenty-fifth, 1863, with a broken constitution and dissatisfied in spirit; having unwillingly missed that opportunity from the perils of which true genius and patriotism will pray his country may be spared on her account; but which, having come, he will on his own account, not willingly let pass unimproved.

Lieutenant Green has not fully recovered from the effects of this unfortunate disability.

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## LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. MYERS,



Son of John F. and Maria Myers, was born at Cortland, Cortland county, N. Y., December twenty-fifth, 1840. He received an academical education at the Cortlandville academy, and at the age of sixteen, commenced to learn the carpenter's trade of his father. The firing upon Fort Sumter, and the assault upon the Massachusetts men in Baltimore aroused his young spirit, and he determined to enter Company H, Twenty-third Regiment New York volunteers, raised in Cortland in the early summer of 1861; but from this he was

dissuaded by his friends. When the attempt was made to raise the Seventy-sixth he immediately joined with his companions. He enlisted as private, and at the organization of the company, was made Corporal. He was soon after promoted to Sergeant, and filled successively the different non-commissioned offices of his company, and Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, and was finally commissioned as

Lieutenant, with fair prospects of promotion, had he not been captured and detained from duty in Southern prisons. He participated in the battles of Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, First and Second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. In the latter battle, May fifth, 1864, he was captured in the skirmish line, with his entire company (F) and two other companies of the Seventy-sixth, (see pages 284 to 289). The first day of our Lieutenant's captivity was extremely sultry; but he was, with about thirty officers and seven hundred men, marched twenty-five miles, suffering severely from fatigue and heat. At two o'clock on the morning of the seventh, they were huddled into box cars, and started for Gordonsville. After being penned in a filthy wood house over night they were started for Lynchburg. Traveling through Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Columbia, &c., the party finally arrived at Macon, Ga. Here they remained, enduring all that humanity is capable of, until July thirtieth, when about six hundred, including Lieutenant Myers, were placed in box cars and forwarded, they knew not where, but, as it eventually proved, to Savannah. Here they were placed in a high brick enclosure, which almost entirely shut out the coveted sea-breezes. Many attempts were made at escape, most of which proved unsuccessful. At one time, the ditch was completed, except opening the outer end, when, unfortunately, a cow grazing stepped upon the grass immediately above the tunnel, and falling in, revealed the plot. They remained here until September fifteenth, when they were conveyed in cattle cars over a most dangerous road, to Charleston, to be placed under fire of our guns, then bearing upon that hot-bed of secession. For two weeks the loyal shells came altogether too close for comfort, but they were the least source of the annoyances of this prison life. The grounds were filthy beyond description—literally covered with vermin; the rations were poor, and, to add to the miseries of the men, the yellow fever broke out, threatening to sweep away the entire force of loyal prisoners. Lieutenant Call, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, was severely attacked with this terrible scourge, and for one day and night Lieutenant Myers watched over him with the vigilance and anxiety of a brother. Call was then removed to the hospital, as every one believed, to die, but, fortunately, to survive—the second one out of about fifty who were attacked. Starvation now stared these heroes in the face. The rebels finally proposed a means of escape from starvation, which, if readily accepted, reflected no dishonor upon the imprisoned and famished patriots. It was proposed to give five hundred dollars in confederate notes for every order drawn by a prisoner upon a Northerner for one hundred dollars in gold. No wonder that each prisoner readily recalled a Northern banker who held his gold! Any quantity of drafts were given. With the avails they bought fresh beef at four dollars and a half per pound; pork, eight dollars; butter, fourteen dollars; beans, a dollar and a half per pint, and they were thus kept from starvation. None of these drafts were ever known to be paid.

On the fifth of October, the prisoners were conveyed to Columbia, S. C. Thus were they relieved of that constant fear of a pestilence second to none in fatality,

which had surrounded them at Charleston. October seventeenth they were marched about two miles, and placed in a stockade in an open field, without covering of any kind with which to shelter them from the inclement storms of the season. The wood and water were outside the stockade, and the guard were instructed to accompany the squads of prisoners, as, at stated times, they were permitted to bring in these necessaries. This was afterwards changed, and a guard placed around a piece of woods about forty rods distant, and the officers were allowed one and a half hours each day in which to procure wood, when the guard would come in, driving the prisoners before them. When it is understood that the fifteen hundred prisoners were allowed but six axes, it will readily be seen that their supply of wood was very scanty. For one hundred and thirty-three days, no meat or grease of any kind was furnished this camp! One day a wild two year old hog chanced to cross the line. In an instant the whole fifteen hundred prisoners were after him with clubs, knives, and such other weapons as they possessed, and he was in the frying pans before his muscles ceased to tremble. A New Hampshire prisoner thus made him immortal:—

The black hog was seen when running through camp;  
 Each man forgetting starvation and cramp.  
 Grunts of the hog and its running were vain;  
 Never 'il he be on that camp ground again.

Starvation staring the prisoners in the face, they resolved upon desperate measures to effect an escape. Lieutenant Myers several times made the attempt, but failed. Finally, on Christmas afternoon, with Captain B. B. Porter, of the Tenth New York Cavalry, he approached a green guard, and insisted that they had orders to go a short distance beyond the guard upon some pretext. In the language of the Lieutenant:—"In short we lied him into a disobedience of orders, and, strange to say, gained our point." They had with them two sweet potatoes, and two small pieces of corn bread—about enough for a piece-meal for a child. This would not have relieved present hunger, but they kept it choicely for future use. From four to nine P. M. they lay upon the cold ground, not daring to stir lest they should be taken back to camp. From nine until eleven o'clock they were looking for the road. That night they gained ten miles, flanking Lexington, though traveling more than twenty miles to accomplish it. Before daylight they found a swamp which furnished a retreat through the day. Traveling under such circumstances, through an enemy's country, where every point was new, was extremely precarious. The second night, emboldened by hunger, Captain Porter resolved to visit a negro cabin, the only dwelling-places of loyalty at the South. He succeeded in reaching the cabin without detection, but as he was turning the corner he came upon a huge watch dog, which came at him with great ferocity. He beat a hasty retreat, with the dog in uncomfortable proximity as he scaled fence after fence. As our two heroes lay trembling in the corner of the fence, they learned with satisfaction, that the white inmates of the "big house" were charging their "colored brethren" with nightly meetings of "niggers" from adjoining plantations, instead of escaped Union officers.

Night after night did our heroes travel the strange Southern roads, usually in single file, from five to ten rods apart, one reconnoitering ahead, and the other

watching approaches from the rear, sleeping during the day as well as they could in cold, dismal swamps, one keeping watch while the other caught snatches of sleep, without blankets, and scantily clothed, with only remnants of shoes upon their feet. Their sufferings were intense. General Sherman had marched through Augusta, and was now several days in advance of our fugitives, and on the opposite side of the river. They, therefore turned their steps in the direction of the Union army. Ignorant of the country, they were compelled frequently to apply to their only friends, the blacks, who never refused to aid them with gifts of provisions, and valuable information. Night after night did they apply to the humble shanty for the necessary food and information, and never did they apply in vain. History will ever fall short of doing full justice to one element of our success—that race which continually, in the very heart of the “confederacy,” contributed in so eminent a degree to the success of our arms.

At length, after perilous night marches, encountering hounds, swimming rivers, wading swamps, and eluding rebel sentinels, they arrived in sight of Grahamsville, S. C., which, they were informed, was in possession of our forces. The night was dark, but they could see troops about their fires, cooking their evening meals, though they could not tell whether Union or rebel. They at length resolved to ascertain their political status, but too late found they were rebels. Summoning that courage only given by despair, they marched straight through the rebel camp in safety! One rebel, happening to jostle Captain Porter, begged his pardon, which was readily granted! After leaving the rebel camp they proceeded to a negro shanty, where they were well fed, when the negro took them in charge and started for the Union lines, but ten miles distant. After proceeding five miles, the negro, giving them full and minute directions, left them. They found every point as he had described it, and at length arrived at the place where he said the Union pickets were, but found the post deserted. He had told them in case they did not find them here, to go to another point where the road converged, and here they would surely find the pickets. Buoyed with hope, Lieutenant Myers having but a portion of one shoe upon his foot, they hurried forward to the point where the friendly pickets were to be found, and their long weary days and perilous night marches were to end. Seeing two horses hitched near a fire, around which stood two pickets with blankets bearing the welcome “U. S.” and caps of loyal fashion, they had no doubt that they had at last reached the place of safety. Marching rapidly up to the pickets, they were accosted:—

“Halt! Who comes there?”

“Friends, without arms.” Thank God, we are safe! thought our heroes, as they remarked:—

“You are Yankee sentinels?”

“Not by a d—d sight!” was the unwelcome rejoinder.

The story was a short one. After all their hair-breadth escapes and endurance they had fallen in with the outer rebel picket, and were again prisoners. No pen can describe their feelings of despair at that moment. Entreaty and expostulation were alike in vain, and though they touched the sympathies, they could not

overcome the sense of duty of their captors. The next morning they were sent to headquarters, and were soon on the road to Charleston. The railroad was rough and dangerous, yet on flew the cars at a fearful rate. As they came in sight of Pocotaligo Bridge, the hearts of the patriots were cheered at the sight of our camp stretched out over the plain, with its "Flag of Our Union" flying from numerous headquarters; but the pleasing sensation was sadly changed as our forces opened their batteries upon the rebel train, and the shot and shell came in all too close proximity to the friends for whom they were not intended. Arrived at Charleston, our Lieutenant was soon after paroled, and the war closing about that time, he returned to his home in Cortland, where he now resides.

## LIEUTENANT HENRY CLIFF.



THE subject of this sketch was born at Gedney, Lincoln county, England, December fourth, 1827. He enlisted in the English army February fifteenth, 1846, and was discharged June eleventh, 1846. The following is a copy of his discharge from the English army:—

### 56th REGIMENT OF FOOT.

These are to certify that 2706 Henry Cliff, private, born in the parish of Gedney, in or near the town of Long Sutton, in the county of Lincoln, was enlisted at Bury for the aforesaid Corps, on the fifteenth of February, 1846, at the age of 17 2-12 years. That he has served in the army for under age. That he is discharged in consequence of paying the regulated sum of twenty pounds.

Dated at Bury, Lancashire, June 8, 1846.

WM. H. EDEN, Lieut.-Col., Commanding Officer Horse Guards,

Discharge of 2706 Private Henry Cliff confirmed.  
CHARACTER, GOOD.

11th of June, 1846.  
W. COCHRAN, A. A. G.

He enlisted in Company F, Seventy-sixth Regiment, as a private, September eighteenth, 1861, at Dryden N. Y., but was promoted to Sergeant at the organization of the Regiment. He was promoted to First Sergeant December eighth, 1862, and to First Lieutenant July third, 1863. At the battle of Gainesville he had a very narrow escape, a ball passing through his gun-stock, coat sleeve and cap-box. At the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July first, 1863, he fell in the hottest of the fight, severely wounded in the left leg. (See page 244). He lay upon the battle-field unable to stir, with nothing to eat or drink, for fifty-two hours, until the rebels retreated, when he was removed to a hospital and his limb amputated.



He was in the following battles:—Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Sulphur Springs, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. He was honorably discharged at Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, November twenty-fifth, 1863. The following certificate shows the light in which he was considered by the officers of the Regiment:—

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, N. Y. V., January 25, 1864.

I hereby certify that Sergeant Henry Cliff, late of Company F, Seventy-sixth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, has served honestly and faithfully in said Company until the first day of July, 1863, when he was severely wounded in the action at Gettysburg, Pa., having been at his post during every march, skirmish or battle in which the Regiment has been engaged up to the first of July, above mentioned, excepting a few days after the battle of Bull Run, August thirtieth, 1862, when he was sick. He was recommended to the rank of Second Lieutenant on the eighteenth of January, 1863, by Colonel William P. Wainwright, then in command of the Regiment, and afterward by Major John E. Cook, about the first of October, 1863, for promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant.

JOHN E. COOK, Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Regiment.

This paper was presented to President Lincoln, who, in his own hand, endorsed:—

I am induced to believe that Sergeant Cliff's case is a very meritorious one, and I shall be glad if such place as he seeks in the Invalid Corps can be given him. A. LINCOLN.  
April 25th, 1864.

He was never mustered upon his commission, having been discharged before its receipt. He now resides at Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y.

## CAPTAIN AARON SAGER



WAS born November twenty-fifth, 1833, in Guilderland, Albany county, N. Y. His ancestors were among the early Dutch settlers along the Hudson. About 1836 his father, Jacob Sager, moved with his family to the city of Albany, where the Captain spent his boyhood. His educational advantages were confined to district schools. At the age of thirteen he entered the office of the ALBANY SPECTATOR, as an apprentice, but failing health soon compelled him to abandon this occupation. His father,

about this time, moved to Syracuse. At the age of seventeen the Captain commenced the study of medicine in the office of Drs. Hoyt and Mercer, where he pursued his studies nearly five years. He then changed his residence to Cortland

village, where, after a short engagement as salesman, he, with a limited capital, opened a drug store of his own. The spirit of the rebellion about this time developing into actual war, he determined to abandon the pestle and mortar, and take up the sword in behalf of his imperiled country. He was among the first to aid in the organization of the Seventy-sixth Regiment. He was mustered in as First Lieutenant of Company G, September sixteenth, 1861. Upon the resignation of Captain Lansing, at Washington, D. C., the fore part of 1862, he was promoted to Captain. He remained in command of his company while at Fredericksburg, and on Pope's retreat, participating in the battles of Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Sulphur Springs and Gainesville. In the latter battle, while cheering his men forward against greatly superior numbers, he fell wounded in two places. One ball entered near the ankle joint, where it still remains. The other passed entirely through his body. He was so severely wounded that word several times reached his anxious friends that he was dead, as, through long, weary days, he lay writhing in pain, much of the time in a state of wild delirium. He finally partially recovered, and was, in 1863, discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability. As a soldier, Captain Sager was considered a "duty man." He was ever cheerful—on the march and in the bivouac, enlivening and cheering the humblest soldier as well as the officer, with his pleasing stories and amusing jests. While sharing even the last hard tack with the humblest private, with no appearance of authority, he was ever ready to enforce discipline did the occasion require it, fearlessly and impartially. Had he not been thus early "expended in the service," there is no limit to the position he might have reached in the Regiment. He deems, however, his wounds, and the blasting of his ambition at the very threshold of his experience as a warrior, nothing in view of the mighty results which his efforts aided to accomplish.

He is now the proprietor of a drug store in Cortland village, N. Y.

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## CAPTAIN J. CHURCH HATCH

WAS born in Groton, Tompkins county, N. Y., May eleventh, 1834. His grandfather on his father's side served in the Revolutionary war, and three of his father's brothers in the war of 1812. The only brother of Captain Hatch enlisted in the Second Illinois Cavalry in 1861, was captured at Fort Donelson in the spring of 1862, and died of starvation and rebel cruelty, at Macon, Georgia, September first, 1862. The Captain was married in 1855, to Miss Stilson, of Dryden. His occupation, previous to his enlistment, was farming. He enlisted as a private in Company C, October twelfth, 1861, but was appointed Sergeant on the twenty-fifth of the same month, and promoted to Second Lieutenant October sixteenth, 1862, and to First Lieutenant February seventh, 1863. He was in com-



mand of his company from November eleventh, 1862, and was recommended for promotion to a Captaincy June twenty-fifth, 1863, by Major A. J. Grover, commanding the Regiment, and repeatedly during the fall and winter by both Major Young and Lieutenant-Colonel Cook, but Captain Hatch is a true, out-spoken patriot, and the people of the State of New York in the dark days of 1862, placed in the executive chair that bitter partizan, Horatio Seymour, and owing to a letter sent by some of the PRETENDED democratic

FRIENDS of the Captain to "Governor SAYMOUR," signed by one H. M. Ball, of McLean, he was induced to "spare the feelings of the great democratic party of McLean, and withhold his commission." Thus to please this noble band of "PAT-RIOTS," the commission was withheld until January twenty-sixth, 1864, the Lieutenant manfully doing his duty at the front, wondering why his recommendation was not heeded, and all unmindful of the treachery at home, which thus insidiously and cowardly deprived him of his deserved promotion. He was engaged in all the battles and skirmishes in which the Regiment participated from the fifth of September, 1862, to the twentieth of October, 1864, except Mine Run. He was in the following battles and skirmishes:—South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, (or Jericho Ford), Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Grove. At the Weldon Railroad he captured the battle-flag of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina Regiment, nearly losing his life. The flag was left in a cornfield twenty or twenty-five rods in front of the breastworks. He was bringing in the flag, with fifteen or twenty rebels, when he imprudently raised the color and was mistaken for a rebel. The Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, on the right of the Seventy-sixth, prepared to open fire, which was prevented by one of the Seventy-sixth calling out that it was Captain Hatch with prisoners. He was, for this brave act, mentioned in the report of the Brigade commander, (see page 309). He was discharged by reason of expiration of time, October twentieth, 1864, and returned to his farm in McLean, N. Y.

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## LIEUTENANT JOHN FISHER

WAS born at Willett, Cortland county, N. Y., March third, 1832. He received a common school education, attending for a time the Cortlandville academy. When



he entered the service, he was engaged in farming. With his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Van Slyck he attempted to raise a company, but the unexpected march of the Regiment to Albany, disappointed their hopes, and their men were distributed among other companies, and the subject of this sketch was made Sergeant-Major of the Regiment. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company I January seventeenth, 1862, and to First Lieutenant of Company G, in July, 1862. At the battle of Gettysburg, July first, 1863,

he fell severely wounded, the ball passing through his arm and into his body, from which it was afterwards extracted. While in the service he was engaged, with the Regiment, in the following battles:—Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. At the battle of Bull Run he was taken prisoner, paroled and sent to Annapolis, and did not return until after the battle of Antietam. He resigned October twenty-ninth, 1863, on account of his wound, which still very much affects his strength and ability to labor. There were others who made more pretensions, but there were few truer soldiers than Lieutenant Fisher. He has returned to his occupation of farming, at Whitney's Point, Broome county, N. Y.

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### CAPTAIN WARREN EARLE EVANS,

SON of Clinton and Mary Duel Evans, was born in Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y., April thirtieth, 1843. In 1844, his parents moved to the town of Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., where his father was engaged in the mercantile business until shortly before his death, in 1854. At the breaking out of the rebellion, Captain Evans was attending school at Savana, Steuben county. He resolved to enlist in the first company formed in his town, but was dissuaded by the entreaties of his widowed mother. Another company was soon after formed, in which he enlisted, but it never went to war, and was disbanded for want of the requisite number of men. Being on a visit to his friends in Dryden, where efforts were being made to recruit for the Seventy-sixth Regiment, he enlisted in Captain Barnard's company (F). When the Regiment left Albany, he was left in the hospital sick with typhoid pneumonia, but rejoined the Regiment at Washington, D. C., about a



month after. When the Regiment left Washington for Fredericksburg, he was deemed unfit for duty by the surgeon, and was left to assist in caring for the sick, of which our Regiment had a large number. When the troops advanced on Culpepper, in August, 1862, he accompanied the sick to the hospital at Alexandria, and then took the cars for Culpepper. Arriving there in advance of the Regiment, he was put into the hospital to care for the wounded of Cedar Mountain. He was kept at this employment of hospital steward,

until the troops arrived at Alexandria. He then attempted to rejoin his Regiment, but it was on the march into Maryland, and he only reached it in time for the battle of South Mountain. Here the Color-Sergeant, Charles E. Stamp, (see page 153), was killed, when the colors were taken by Evans and carried through that battle and the succeeding one at Antietam. He was appointed Sergeant November twenty-eighth, 1862, by Colonel Wainwright, for bravery and meritorious services at Antietam. He also carried the colors at Fredericksburg, and until the "mud march," when he was relieved and returned to his company. He acted as First Sergeant of his company from the battle of Gettysburg until February, 1864, when he re-enlisted as a veteran. He received a commission as Second Lieutenant in March, 1864, and was assigned to Company H, which company he commanded until November, 1864, when he was placed in command of the Regiment, which position he filled until December fifteenth, 1864. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in October, 1864. He was in all the battles from September fourteenth, 1862, to the Hicksford Raid in December, 1864. On the night of June first, 1864, while lying in line of battle, he received a gunshot wound in the head, and went back to the hospital, but returned and took command of his company, June fourth. At the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May fifth, 1864, Company H was nearly surrounded, but cut its way through the line, capturing a rebel lieutenant and six men. The night before his discharge, he received a commission as Captain, but was never mustered upon it. Since his discharge he has vindicated that other "Union," and is now settled at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y.

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## LIEUTENANT RALPH W. CARRIER,

Son of Harley and Lavinia S. Carrier, was born in Hamilton, Madison county, N. Y., in 1829. He received a common school education, and is a harness maker.



He enlisted in the State militia in 1847, and arose to the position of Major, which commission he resigned in 1866. In the summer of 1861, Major-General S. S. Burnside, commanding a Division of militia, tendered his Division for active service, on ten days' notice. Colonel J. B. Wheeler, commanding the Forty-third Regiment, tendered the subject of this sketch an Adjutant's commission. This was accepted. But waiting until November with no prospect of the Regiment seeing active service, Lieutenant Carrier,

with M. B. Cleaveland, a Methodist minister, attempted to raise a company for the Thirty-ninth Regiment, then recruiting in Cherry Valley. They had enlisted but about thirty men, when they were ordered to join the Regiment, as it had been ordered to Albany. At the consolidation at Albany, Carrier was made First Sergeant of Company H. He was mustered into service January first, 1862. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant in his company, February first, 1862. He remained with his company through all its experiences from Albany to Fredericksburg, and thence to Culpepper, and through the disheartening disasters of Pope's retreat, participating in the battles of Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville and Bull Run. In the latter battle, after retreating and advancing twice, and while on the third retreat, he received a gunshot wound in the left hip, from which the ball has never yet been extracted. He was taken to Washington and Baltimore, where he was examined by the medical board, and discharged January thirtieth, 1864. He resides at Sherburne, Chenango county, New York.

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### LIEUTENANT MARTIN EDGCOMB

Was born in Groton, Tompkins county, N. Y., in 1836. His grandsires were both in the Revolutionary war. When the war broke out, Lieutenant Edgcomb was engaged with his brother Isaac in the harness business, in Cortland. He, however, left his business and enlisted in Company A, as Sergeant, under his minister, Captain Grover. He was promoted to First Sergeant, and on the first of December, 1864, to Second Lieutenant, and in January, 1865, to First Lieutenant and assigned to Company H, which company he commanded about five months. He was with his Regiment to the battle of Second Bull Run, at which



he was taken prisoner. Paroled upon the field, he was sent with other paroled prisoners to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and did not return to the Regiment until after the battle of Gettysburg. Soon after the battle he joined his Regiment and remained with it and the different Regiments with which it was consolidated, until the close of the war by the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. After rejoining his Regiment, he participated in every battle in which his Regiment was

engaged—a long, glorious career. In January, 1864, he re-enlisted as a veteran, and served successively in the Seventy-sixth, One Hundred and Forty-seventh, and was transferred to the Ninety-first New York Volunteers, but there being no vacancy of his grade, he was mustered out as supernumerary, near Washington, D. C., on the return of the homeward-bound army, July second, 1865. Lieutenant Edgecomb was engaged, with his company, in the following battles and skirmishes:—Rappahannock Station, Warrenton Springs, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Laurel Hill, North Anna, Coal Harbor, Tolopotomoy Creek, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Peeble's Farm, First and Second Hatcher's Run, Hicksford Raid, Five Forks, Appomattox Court House. He went into the war from principle, and though conspicuous in all the above battles, escaped unharmed. His post-office address is Cortland village, Cortland county, N. Y.

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## LIEUTENANT RICHARD WILLIAMS

JOINED the Seventy-sixth Regiment with the "Otsego branch," and in the consolidation was reduced from First to Second Lieutenant of Captain Cook's company, (I). He had previously served in the Seventy-first New York, and was present at the first battle of Bull Run. On receiving his discharge, he came to Otsego and commenced recruiting for that Regiment. He remained with his company, faithfully doing his duty, until the second Bull Run battle, when in the midst of the fight he was shot through the body, and lay all night in the lines of the enemy. As he fell he begged his comrades to carry him off, but the retreat was so precipitous that they were unable to do so. The next morning, when found, he was unconscious. Poor fellow! He could not return the friendly and

sympathetic grasp of his companions, as they leaned over his fallen body. He died the next day, August thirty-first, 1862, and was buried near Centreville, Va. (See pages 134 and 135).

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### CAPTAIN EDWIN J. SWAN,



SON of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. Swan, was born at Cherry Valley, N. Y. He was a member of the "Union Guards," and enlisted into the service as a private in Company H, at the age of eighteen. Being well educated, he was soon sought out and made clerk at headquarters, and was soon after appointed mounted orderly. He was appointed Sergeant of his company about the time it left for the front. He was pronounced unfit for service when the Regiment left Fredericksburg for Cedar Mountain, and was sent to

the hospital at Alexandria. When he heard the guns at Second Bull Run, he attempted to procure leave of the surgeon to join his Regiment. Failing in this, he left the hospital and marched in search of his Regiment, some ten or fifteen miles distant. On arriving at the army, he learned that the Regiment had gone on towards Washington. Turning his weary steps toward Washington, on the third day he reached the Seventy-sixth, to find half his comrades killed or wounded, and among the latter his father. He remained with his company, which he commanded at South Mountain and Antietam. These battles so wore upon him that he was forced to again enter the hospital, where for weeks his recovery was considered doubtful. His youth and good constitution, however, prevailed, and he again joined the Regiment. In the winter of 1862-3 he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and in September, 1863, to Captain and was assigned to Company K. He commanded this company until the battle of the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864, when the whole company, with two others, was captured by the rebels on the skirmish line, (see pages 284 to 289). Captain Swan was sent to Macon, Ga. After several months in that prison pen, he was sent to Savannah and thence to Charleston, S. C., and placed under the fire of the Union batteries. Here he was kept until the fall of Charleston became a fixed fact, when he was sent to Columbia. The approach of Sherman's army, making this place insecure, the prisoners were loaded into freight and cattle cars, and hurried off toward

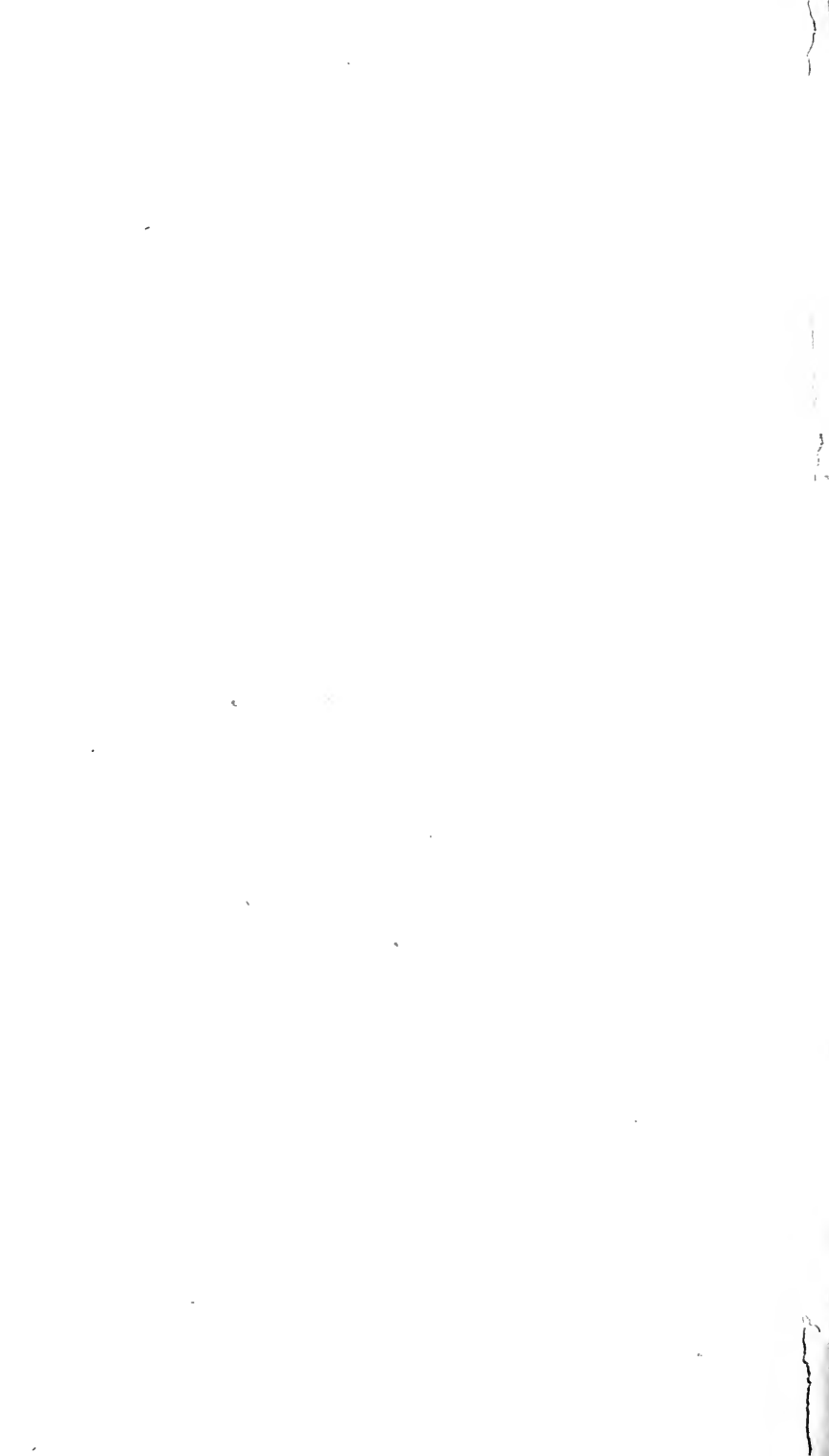


Charlottesville, N. C. When about seventy miles on their journey, Captain Swan, with two others, managed to cut a hole through the bottom of the car, and drop through to the ground, where, in breathless suspense, they lay for half an hour, until the train started on. The night was dark and so intensely cold that the drizzling rain froze upon them as it fell. Clothed in the remnants of the uniforms they wore nine months before, when captured, the refugees suffered beyond description. They had heard that Sherman was approaching, and supposed that if they could hold out a few days longer, he would arrive with his army; but at the end of five days of fasting and freezing, they learned to their utter dismay, that Sherman had taken another route, and was receding instead of approaching. Nothing could now be done, but to attempt a march to the Union lines. They therefore, started for Tennessee. After two months of intense suffering, they succeeded in crossing the Blue Ridge, and reached Nashville, Tennessee, after a journey of nearly five hundred miles. Weak, footsore and weary, these three had traveled this whole distance through a strange country, traveling nights, resting days, frequently one of the company unable to walk, except by the aid of the others; one night advancing; the next day learning they had advanced in the wrong direction, and the next night retracing their steps; subsisting upon raw corn, and such other provisions as they could obtain; fed all along their journey by the blacks, the only class loyal to "Massa Lincoln's Gov'ment;" continually in suspense and dread of recapture, their condition was indeed pitiable. The Captain has never yet recovered from the sufferings and privations of that year of imprisonment and escape. It was a rare occurrence for so young a private to arise to the rank of Captain in so brief a time.

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## LIEUTENANT JOB NORWOOD

JOINED Company E at its organization, at Cortland, and was made Seventh Corporal. He remained with his company, and on the first day of January, 1863, was promoted to Orderly Sergeant. He re-enlisted on the first of January, 1864, and March sixteenth, 1864, was promoted to Second Lieutenant and transferred to Company K. At the battle of the Wilderness, May fifth, 1864, he was taken prisoner with his company, on the skirmish line, (see pages 284 to 289). He remained a prisoner until March first, 1865, when he was exchanged, and was discharged on the fourteenth day of March, 1865. He was in all the principal battles and skirmishes in which the Regiment participated, and was ever ready to do his duty. His present residence is Slaterville, Tompkins county, N. Y.



# ROLLS OF FIELD, STAFF & COMPANIES.

## ORIGINAL FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel NELSON W. GREEN,	- - - - -	See page 345
Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN D. SHAUL,	- - - - -	" 350
Major CHARLES E. LIVINGSTON,	- - - - -	" 132-3
Surgeon JUDSON C. NELSON,	- - - - -	" 360
Assistant-Surgeon GEORGE W. METCALFE,	- - - - -	" 362
Chaplain H. S. RICHARDSON,	- - - - -	" 363
Adjutant H. F. ROBINSON,	- - - - -	" 363
Quartermaster A. P. SMITH,	Resigned May 12th, 1862.	
Quartermaster-Sergeant A. J. JARVIS,	Promoted to Captain and honorably discharged in 1865. A faithful officer.	
Commissary-Sergeant WILLIAM STORRS,	Discharged in spring of 1862.	

## COMPANY A.

- ANDREW J. GROVER, Captain. See page 351.  
CHARLES H. GEORGE, First Lieutenant. Resigned in 1862.  
HERSCHEL W. PIERCE, Second Lieutenant. See page 369.  
SAMUEL M. BYRAM, First Sergeant. See page 382.  
IRA C. POTTER, Second Sergeant. See page 390.  
MARTIN EDGCOMB, Third Sergeant. See page 406.  
THOMAS H. MCCLINTHEN, Fourth Sergeant. Wounded in thigh at Galnesville August 28th, 1862; promoted to Commissary Sergeant May, 1863, and to Sergeant-Major April, 1864, and discharged on expiration of time.  
NORMAN G. HARMON, Fifth Sergeant. Promoted to First Sergeant, May 1862; to Lieutenant December 25th, 1862; wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; commissioned as Captain August 6th, 1863. Resigned.  
MARVIN M. MYNARD, First Corporal. Wounded at Galnesville August 28th, 1862; discharged for disability June 4th, 1863, and died at home in 1863.  
DAVID T. WILLIAMS, Second Corporal. Detached and served in ambulance corps and as forage master, and as wagon master in artillery brigade of Fifth Corps.  
LEANDER C. DURKEE, Third Corporal. Discharged for disability.  
WILLIAM H. MYERS, Fourth Corporal. See page 396.  
POLEMUS W. CHAFEY, Fifth Corporal. Discharged for disability September 29th, 1862.  
JACOB S. KNAPP, Sixth Corporal. Discharged for disability February 6th, 1864.  
MOSES M. WHITNEY, Seventh Corporal. See page 378.  
OLIVER H. TOPPING, Eighth Corporal. Discharged for disability, September 1st, 1862.  
ROBERT SOUTHWORTH, Musician. Discharged for disability, July 14th, 1862.

CHARLES O. WOOD, Musician. Promoted to Drum-Major June 23d, 1863; transferred to Invalid Corps, discharged for disability and died.  
 GEORGE Z. PULLING, Wagoner. Discharged for disability January 29th, 1863.

PRIVATES.

ALEXANDER, IRVING M. Discharged for disability January 21st, 1863.  
 ARNOLD, FRANK E. Discharged at expiration of term in 1864.  
 ARNOLD, DAVID W. Discharged for disability October 3d, 1863.  
 AUSTIN, CALEB R. Discharged for disability January 15th, 1862.  
 ALEXANDER, LA GRANGE. Discharged for disability January 13th, 1863.  
 ABBEY, THOMAS J. Wounded at Gainesville. Discharged for disability.  
 ALLEN, GEORGE A. Discharged April 7th, 1863.  
 BISHOP, WATTS L. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; discharged for disability.  
 BEERS, DAVID C. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and Gettysburg July 1st, 1863. Transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps November 15th, 1863.  
 BURNHAM, EUGENE A. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 1st, 1863.  
 BEACH, HECTOR S. Wounded at Gainesville; discharged for disability January 9th, 1863.  
 BENNETT, ISAAC J. Discharged May 20th, 1862.  
 BROWN, ALONZO D. Severely wounded at Gainesville, and discharged.  
 BLOOMER, WILLIAM H. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864; discharged with regiment at expiration of term; (since died).  
 BEACH, THEODORE. Discharged July 6th, 1862.  
 BYINGTON, MARVIN. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 COLE, DELOS. Discharged for disability September 26th, 1862.  
 CROSS, WILLIAM E. Wounded at Warrenton Springs; died in hospital.  
 CARPENTER, DANIEL W. Wounded at Bull Run August 30th, 1862; re-enlisted February 28th, 1864; transferred to Marine Corps, August 5th, 1864.  
 CHURCH, NATHAN H.  
 CHURCH, ALVA B.  
 COWLIN, MATTHEW. Wounded at Gainesville; discharged on expiration of term.  
 COOK, CLARE. Wounded at Warrenton Springs; discharged March 21st, 1863, and died at Washington, D. C.  
 CONDON, WILLIAM.  
 CULVER, LYMAN. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15th, 1864, and discharged at expiration of term.  
 CARPENTER, BENJAMIN F. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 CAMPBELL, MARTIN P.  
 DECKER, WALTER D. Discharged for disability November 25th, 1862, and died soon after.  
 EARLE, WILLIE L. Transferred to 14th Veteran Reserve Corps July 1st, 1863, and discharged.  
 ELWOOD, WILSON M. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 EDWARDS, JAMES. Killed at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.  
 FOSTER, MILES R. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; discharged.  
 FOX, WILLIAM C. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 GILLETT, FRANK H. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 HAIGHT, LEANDER A. Discharged for disability May 20th, 1862.  
 HUTCHINGS, CHARLES W. Wounded before Petersburg, June 22d, 1864; discharged.  
 HALL, E. GEORGE. Discharged May 22d, 1862.  
 HENRY, JOHN B. Discharged for disability September 16th, 1862.  
 HUTCHINGS, OSCAR. Wounded at Bull Run; taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and died in Libby Prison November 19th, 1863.  
 HUTCHINGS, URIAH. Discharged October 22d, 1862.  
 HOYER, ARTHUR. Discharged for disability September 29th, 1862.  
 HILL, GEORGE B. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; promoted to Lieutenant December, 1864; remained to end of war. See page 329.  
 HUTCHINGS, RUFUS E. Wounded May 1st, 1863; transferred to Invalid Corps November, 1863; discharged on expiration of term, November 14th, 1864.  
 HALBERT, LEE. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 HIGGINS, SAMUEL. Discharged for disability March 12th, 1863.  
 HARRIS, ALONZO. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; discharged October 22d, 1862.  
 HILTON, ALBERT L. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; killed at the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.  
 HOGHTALING, JESSE. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and discharged for wound December 11th, 1862.  
 JOHNSON, EUGENE E. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 13th, 1864.  
 KEACH, GEORGE G. Discharged at expiration of term, October 11th, 1864.  
 LOOMIS, ALEXANDER.  
 MAYCUMBER, CHARLES M. Wounded at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; discharged October 8th, 1862.  
 MYNARD, NORMAN. Died at Fort Schuyler Hospital, N. Y., December 29th, 1862.  
 MARSH, RUTGAR B. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; wounded at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864; discharged for disability.  
 MOORE, GEORGE, JR. Promoted to Sergeant April 12th, 1864; discharged on expiration of term October 11th, 1864.  
 MARSH, SEYMOUR.  
 MOTT, DANIEL. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 MARBLE, FRANCIS.  
 OLIVER, ORLANDO. Discharged for disability February 14th, 1862.

- OWEN, HARRISON W. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- POTTER, WILLIAM B. Died at Meridian Hill, D. C., February 19th, 1862. See page 41.
- PRATT, FRANKLIN F. Promoted to Corporal December 11th, 1863; transferred to Marine Corps.
- POTTER, CHANCEY D. Discharged for disability September 23d, 1862.
- POTTER, WALDO. Wounded at Bull Run August 30th, 1862, and discharged December 3d, 1862. Re-enlisted in 2d Heavy Artillery; wounded April 8th, 1865, and died same day near Richmond.
- POTTER, JOHN F. Discharged for disability February 7th, 1863.
- PRATT, CHARLES F. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- PEASE, JOSEPH N. Discharged July 7th, 1862.
- PINDAR, JAMES L.
- PALMER, LEUELLS. Discharged November 8th, 1862.
- PINDAR, TRUMAN. Wounded August 19th, 1861, at Weldon Railroad.
- RIPLEY, HEMAN. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15th, 1864.
- ROUNSVELL, LORIN S. Taken prisoner at Antietam and did not return.
- SMITH, HERMAN D. Promoted to Corporal February 1, 1863; killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- SMITH, MELVIN O. Wounded at Warrenton Springs August 30th, 1862, and at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; discharged.
- STONE, STEPHEN N. Discharged at Albany February 24, 1862.
- SEEBER, JOHN W. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and died of wounds August 30th, 1863.
- SMITH, SELAH. Discharged at expiration of term.
- STAMP, CHARLES E. Promoted to color-bearer September, 1862; killed at South Mountain September 11th, 1862. See page 133.
- TAYLOR, JAMES C.
- TOPPING, MILES.
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM H. Discharged for disability February 23d, 1863.
- WATROUS, MORRIS E. Discharged February 11th, 1863.

## COMPANY B.

- OSCAR C. FOX, Captain. See page 370.
- CHAUNCEY D. CRANDALL, First Lieutenant. See page 373.
- W. STUART WALCOTT, Second Lieutenant. See page 374.
- BURLINGTON BUTTON, First Sergeant. Promoted to First Lieutenant December 13th, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged.
- A. LYMAN CARTER, Second Sergeant. See page 376.
- SAMUEL L. BLACKMAN, Third Sergeant. Discharged for disability 1863.
- RALPH C. SWAN, Fourth Sergeant. Discharged for disability 1862.
- HENRY L. TAYLOR, Fifth Sergeant. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- CHARLES V. FULLER, First Corporal. Promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged at expiration of term, 1864.
- HENRY H. TURNER, Second Corporal. Discharged for disability and died soon after.
- AMOS B. MINEY, Third Corporal. Discharged for disability; drafted into same company; taken prisoner and died in Florence, S. C., October, 1864.
- GEORGE H. WEEKS, Fourth Corporal. Died in the summer of 1862.
- JOSEPH McLEAN, Fifth Corporal. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and transferred to Invalid Corps.
- JOSEPH L. COTTON, Sixth Corporal. Promoted to First Sergeant; wounded at Bull Run August 30th, 1862; at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and Hatcher's Run February 6th, 1865; discharged at close of the war, June 30th, 1865, having re-enlisted.
- HIRAM G. WARNER, Seventh Corporal. Promoted to First Sergeant; wounded and taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864; discharged at expiration of term.
- ALBERT J. WILDMAN, Eighth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville, Gettysburg, Petersburg and Hatcher's Run; re-enlisted February 28th, 1864, and discharged at the close of war, July 17th, 1865.
- STEPHEN BENNETT, JR., Musician.
- GEORGE W. CROSS, Musician. Discharged at expiration of term.
- HARVEY YATES, Wagoner. Died in service in 1862.

## PRIVATES.

- ADAMS, WILLIAM.
- ALLEN, CHESTER H. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- ARNOLD, ALLEN. Detained in February, 1862, to gunboat, and killed at explosion of the "Mound City."
- BURNHAM, ELBRIDGE R. Died of typhoid pneumonia in spring of 1862.
- BLACKMAN, THERON. Discharged at expiration of term.
- BIDDLEBOUGH, THEODORE. Discharged at expiration of term.
- BUSH, CHARLES. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; taken prisoner and died at Andersonville September, 1864.
- BIRDLEBOUGH, JOSEPH R. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- BURCH, JAMES W. Wounded at Gettysburg.
- COON EZRA.
- CROZIER, WILLIAM J. Wounded at Gainesville and the Wilderness, and taken prisoner; discharged February, 1865.

- CHANDLER, LUCIEN. Died at Camp Doubleday, D. C., of typhoid pneumonia, in spring of 1862.
- CROZIER, JOHN. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and discharged for wound.
- CRUMB, REUBEN. Discharged for disability in spring of 1862.
- COTTON, JAMES L. Killed at South Mountain September 14th, 1862.
- COTTON, HORACE. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864; discharged at expiration of term.
- CAHILL, WILLIAM. See page 374.
- DEBAR, THEODORE. Wounded near Petersburg June 18th, 1864; discharged at expiration of term.
- ELLSWORTH, DAVID J. Discharged for disability April 13th, 1862, and died of such disability.
- EATON, BENJAMIN F. Wounded at Gettysburg, and discharged at expiration of term.
- FOX, DANIEL. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.
- FINCH, HENRY. Died at Fredericksburg July, 1862.
- FOLLETT, WARREN H. Died at Fairfax, Va., 1862.
- FOX, LEWIS B. Wounded at Gettysburg; taken prisoner at the Wilderness; discharged March, 1865.
- FULLER, WILLIAM K. Wounded at South Mountain; promoted to Sergeant January 14th, 1863; re-enlisted, came home on furlough, and died January 4th, 1865.
- FULLER, EVERETT. Wounded at Bull Run and Gettysburg; taken prisoner, and died at Andersonville November 1864.
- FULLER, BURDETT. Discharged for disability April 20th, 1861.
- FULLER, EUGENE E. Discharged for disability 1862.
- FULLER, MORELL. Discharged at expiration of term.
- FRINK, JEROME. Wounded at Gettysburg; taken prisoner at the Wilderness, and died in prison at Florence.
- HYDE, CHARLES A. Killed at Gettysburg July 1, 1863.
- HARVEY, ALBERT.
- HAYNES, NICHOLAS. Discharged 1862.
- JOHNSON, ANSON M. N. Was a waiter, but took a gun and went into the fight, and was killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- JRSTICE, HENRY. Discharged at expiration of term.
- JONES, EDGAR W. Died of disease after battle of Bull Run.
- LYONS, FAYETTE.
- LASON, GEORGE W. Wounded at Gettysburg; re-enlisted; taken prisoner at the Wilderness.
- LOWELL, LEVI F. Re-enlisted and remained to the end of the war.
- MCLEAN, PETER. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- MESSINGER, MOSES. Wounded at South Mountain; discharged for disability, and re-enlisted in another regiment.
- MARBLE, HORATIO G. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- MILLER, GEORGE B. Wounded at Bull Run; taken prisoner at the Wilderness; discharged with the regiment.
- MARTIN, THOMAS. See pages 367-8.
- MOON, REUBEN H. Discharged at Albany for non-consent of parents.
- MORGAN, MILO. Captured at Andersonville and died at Andersonville August, 1861.
- PAROE, JUDSON E. Wounded at Bull Run, and discharged for wound.
- PETERSON DEFORREST. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- PHELPS, JOHN H. Discharged.
- PARSELOW, JOHN B. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- PHILLIPS, JAMES A. Discharged for disability.
- PENDER, THEODORE G. Captured at Wilderness and died at Andersonville.
- PECK, ELI E. Wounded at Gainesville, (see page 125); discharged for wound.
- PEMBER, LEWIS P. Discharged for disability.
- RUDDOCK, NATHAN S. Wounded at Antietam; discharged at expiration of term.
- ROCKWELL, HENRY G. Discharged at expiration of term.
- ROSS, HUGH. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- ROE, GEORGE W. Discharged at expiration of term.
- SCRANTON, HIRAM D. Died at Aquia Creek December 8th, 1862.
- SUTTON, HENRY C. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- SWAN, PALMER. Died at home on furlough in 1863.
- SHARP, THOMAS H. Taken prisoner and enlisted into the regular army.
- SKINNER, LUTHER. Died at Alexandria in 1862.
- SALISBURY, DAVID. Died at Mount Pleasant Hospital in 1862.
- SMITH, NEWTON D. Discharged.
- SPERRY, MILES. Wounded at Gainesville; taken prisoner at the Wilderness, and discharged.
- SERGEANT, ARNOLD S. Discharged for disability October 18th, 1863.
- SAWYER, ISAAC N. Transferred to Invalid Corps.
- STEWART, JAMES W. Discharged for disability.
- SPAULDING, JAMES M. Wounded.
- THORNTON, GEORGE E. Wounded on picket at Fredericksburg, December 15th, 1862, and at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- WELLS, BENSON W. Lost an arm at Bull Run August 29th, 1862, and discharged in consequence October 8th, 1862.
- WHITE, ISAAC. Discharged for disability February 27th, 1862.

## COMPANY C.

- GILMAN D. CRUICKSHANK, Captain. Honorably discharged.  
 ELLIS R. WEAVER, First Lieutenant. Honorably discharged.  
 MOSES P. MARSH, Second Lieutenant. See page 377.  
 HENRY H. HOWE, First Sergeant. Discharged for disability March, 1863.  
 TYLER CARMER, Second Sergeant. Discharged for disability March, 1863.  
 JAMES C. HATCH, Third Sergeant. See page 403.  
 ROBERT G. DAVIDSON, Fourth Sergeant. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; promoted to First Sergeant February 1st, 1864, and to Sergeant-Major February 5th, 1865.  
 EDWIN FISH, Fifth Sergeant. Discharged for disability May, 1863.  
 HENRY A. SNOW, First Corporal. Wounded June 3d, 1864, and died June 15th, 1864, at Alexandria.  
 CARLOS BALDWIN, Second Corporal. See page 379.  
 GEORGE N. SHAW, Third Corporal. Transferred to Invalid Corps.  
 BYRON C. HOWELL, Fourth Corporal. Discharged for disability April 18th, 1862.  
 HENRY KNEELLES, Fifth Corporal. Died in 1864.  
 HALLET MAIN, Sixth Corporal. Died of disease after Fredericksburg battle.  
 WILLIAM A. STEUBS, Seventh Corporal. Transferred to Invalid Corps.  
 CHARLES HOWARD, Eighth Corporal. Promoted to Second Sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg; killed at Wilderness May 9th, 1864.  
 MILO LEWIS, Musician. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 HENRY R. BULMAN, Musician. Discharged May, 1862.  
 ASHER WILCOX, JR., Wagoner. Discharged in 1862.

## PRIVATES.

- AUSTIN, BENJAMIN H. Discharged in 1862.  
 APGAR, JOHN G. Transferred to Invalid Corps in 1863, and discharged at expiration of term.  
 AVERY, AMOS. Discharged early in 1862.  
 APGAR, MELVILLE B. Discharged December, 1862.  
 ANDREWS, JOHN F. Discharged at expiration of term November 8th, 1864.  
 BALDWIN, NEWTON. Re-enlisted; taken prisoner at the Wilderness; discharged.  
 BARTHOLOMEW, N. G. See page 388.  
 BENNIE, MARCUS B. Promoted to Second Sergeant; discharged January, 1863.  
 BRADLY, DANIEL. Promoted to Corporal, and killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 BACON, GILBERT G.  
 CHAPIN, JOHN F. Discharged.  
 CASTERLINE, WILLIAM.  
 CRAMER, MICHAEL. Discharged.  
 CASE, DORSEY D. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 DRAPER, EGBERT. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 DABOLL, JOHN. Discharged in 1862.  
 DAVIS, LUCIUS. See page 385.  
 DIMON, DANIEL. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 EVAN, SHADRACK E. Discharged in 1862.  
 EDGCOMB, ALBERT. Discharged in 1862.  
 FERGUSON, WILLIAM H.  
 FULKERSON, HENRY S. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 FRANCIS, CHARLES. Wounded at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862; re-enlisted and discharged at the close of war by General Order 158.  
 FREES, HENRY J. Promoted to Corporal and discharged at expiration of term.  
 GREENFIELD, LUTHER. Discharged for disability April, 1862.  
 GRISWOLD, DANIEL P. Promoted to Corporal; lost a leg at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged.  
 HOWELL, TAPPAN. Wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862, and died of wound September 28th, 1862.  
 HOWELL, HANNIBAL. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 HEATH, ANSON.  
 HIGGINS, EUGENE. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 HUGHES, CHARLES. Wounded at Bull Run and Gettysburg, and discharged.  
 HARVEY, CHARLES R. Died at Fredericksburg, July, 1862.  
 HOLMES, JOHN F. Transferred to 93d N. Y. V. at Albany in 1862.  
 HICKS, AMOS A. Discharged at Culpepper in April, 1861.  
 LAMBERSON, JOHN A.  
 LUTHER, MELVILLE A. Wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862, and discharged.  
 LOWE, HARLAN P. Discharged.  
 LARABEE, NELSON B.  
 MORGAN, RODNEY S. Enlisted into the cavalry in December, 1862.  
 MCGREGOR, DANIEL. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, (see page 122), and died soon.  
 MOSIER, WILLIAM A. Wounded at Laurel Hill May 10th, 1864; discharged at expiration of term.  
 MONFORT, HENRY J. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 MCALLISTER, WATTSFORD. Discharged for disability.  
 MAIN, HIRAM C. Discharged in 1862.  
 MILLER, ALBERT W. Transferred to Invalid Corps.  
 McVEAN, ROBERT.  
 NOBTON, WILLIAM D. Died of measles in Cortland, December 1861.

- NEWTON, BURDETTE. Discharged for disability in the spring of 1863.
- ORMSBY, EDGAR. Promoted to corporal; wounded at Laurel Hill May, 1864, and discharged at expiration of term.
- PATTERSON, EDWARD M. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- PATTERSON, EDWARD L. Wounded at South Mountain; discharged at expiration of term.
- PATTERSON, GEORGE F. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- PECK, STILES. Taken prisoner at Poplar Grove Church December, 1864, and died in Andersonville prison.
- POST, GEORGE M. Discharged at expiration of term.
- PRATT, GEORGE F.
- PUTERBAUGH, ISAAC. Discharged for disability September 14th, 1862.
- PEAK, WILLIAM. Discharged at expiration of term.
- RYAN, HENRY. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; discharged at expiration of term.
- RULISON, CHARLES H.
- SMITH, HORACE H. Discharged for disability; drafted into same company.
- SATTERLY, AML. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; re-enlisted, and discharged at close of war, by General Order 158.
- STOUT, GEORGE W. Wounded at Bull Run August 30th, 1862, and died in 1863.
- STONE, EDWARD. Discharged at expiration of term.
- TAYLOR BENJAMIN. Discharged at expiration of term.
- TEETER, CICERO. Discharged for disability.
- TEETER, LEVERNE E. Promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Weldon Railroad August 22d, 1864, and discharged at expiration of term.
- TUCKER, WILLIAM H. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- TEETER, EDWARD H. Discharged for disability.
- TOPPING, MARTIN.
- THOMPSON, GEORGE R. Killed at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862.
- WRIGHT, ORLAN. Discharged at expiration of term.
- WOODMANCY, NATHAN. Discharged for disability in 1862.
- WOOD, WILLIAM A. Wounded at Bull Run September 30th, 1862, and died of wound.
- WOOD, JOHN L. Wounded at Gainesville September 28th, 1862, (see page 122).
- WHITE, JOHN A. Died at Alexandria August, 1862.
- WEAVER, HENRY D. Promoted to Corporal and killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- WYCKOFF, ALVIN. Wounded at Bull Run August 30th, 1862, and at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged at expiration of term.
- WEBBER, SAMUEL S.
- STILLSON, HENRY C. Discharged at expiration of term.

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## COMPANY D.

- CHARLES L. WATROUS, Captain. See page 381.
- EDWARD D. VAN SLYCK, First Lieutenant. See pages 383-4.
- GEORGE I. FOSTER, Second Lieutenant. Resigned in fall of 1862. Unable to procure biography.
- UBERTO A. BURNHAM, First Sergeant. See page 367.
- BENJAMIN F. WATROUS, Second Sergeant. Served out his time, and discharged May, 1865.
- MILTON D. ALLEN, Third Sergeant. Discharged in fall of 1862.
- WILLIAM STRINGHAM, Fourth Sergeant. See page 387.
- GEORGE W. ARNOLD, Fifth Sergeant. Discharged at expiration of term October 24th, 1864.
- LAVOISURE STEBBINS, First Corporal. Wounded at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862, and Petersburg June 22d, 1864; commissioned Second Lieutenant company I April 20th, 1864, and discharged at expiration of term.
- GEORGE M. GUERNSEY, Second Corporal. Died at Fredericksburg August 2d, 1862.
- LYMAN C. GALPIN, Third Corporal. Discharged from the Invalid Corps at expiration of term.
- WILLIAM H. TARBELL, Fourth Corporal. See page 384.
- SAMUEL D. SQUIRES, Fifth Corporal. Died at Fredericksburg August 10th, 1862.
- THERON C. GUERNSEY, Sixth Corporal. See page 387.
- BENJAMIN F. MURRAY, Seventh Corporal. Sent on detached duty on Mississippi Squadron February, 1862.
- JAY WEBSTER, Eighth Corporal. Wounded at Chantilly, and discharged October 22d, 1862; joined 96th Regiment N. Y. V., and promoted to First Lieutenant, and died at City Point, August, 1864. (See pages 58 and 140).
- HENRY B. SWEATLAND, Musician.
- GEORGE O. BOWEN, Musician. Transferred to Brigade Band January 23d, 1865; re-enlisted; discharged at close of war by General Order 158.
- CHARLES S. SPENCER, Wagoner. Discharged in May 1862.

### PRIVATEs.

- BURDICK, IRA W. Discharged in the fall of 1862.
- BENSCOTEN, EDWIN S.
- BROWN, WILLIAM H. Wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862, and discharged about November, 1862.



- BENNETT, WILLIAM. Discharged October 22d, 1862.
- BARTON, JAMES G.
- BARTON, HARVEY C. Discharged at expiration of term in 1864.
- BOYCE, LYMAN. Discharged for disability.
- BRACE, FRANCIS. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.
- BUNNELL, ALONZO. Discharged at Frederick City, Md., February, 1863.
- CUTLER, GEORGE D. Discharged at expiration of term.
- COLVIN, THOMAS H. Shot through the head and killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- CINNAMON, JAMES. Promoted to Color-Sergeant for bravery, in May, 1864. Discharged at expiration of term, November 12th, 1864. Re-enlisted in Hancock's Veteran Corps.
- CARR, DANIEL. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and died at Annapolis, Md., in September following.
- CARR, ELIJAH.
- CARSON, JAMES R. Discharged in September, 1862.
- CLARK, JAMES B. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864. Promoted to Corporal and discharged at expiration of term by General Order No. 158.
- CHURCHILL, MORTIMER. Discharged in December, 1862.
- CHIDESTER, WILLIAM. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and afterward discharged.
- CULVEY, LLOYD D. Re-enlisted. Taken prisoner at Wilderness May 5th, 1864, and missing from that time.
- DAVENPORT, ORVILLE. Discharged October 22d, 1862.
- EVANS, JOHN J. Wounded in leg at Gettysburg July 1, 1863, and in hand at Hatcher's Run February 6, 1865; promoted to Corporal December, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; discharged at end of war, July 1865.
- FABER, JACOB. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863. Did not return.
- FISHER, EUGENE. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864, and promoted to Corporal August, 1864. Discharged at the close of war, July 3d, 1865, by General Order 158.
- GRACE, DORMAN.
- GRIMES, JOSEPH. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- GOODELL, DAVID.
- GOOLICK, FREDERICK A. Discharged by Secretary of War.
- HARDING, JAMES. Discharged in 1862.
- HULL, NORMAN A.
- HERRON, WILLIAM.
- HAWLEY, GEORGE W. Wounded in leg at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; promoted to Corporal; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; killed May 6th, 1864, carrying flag at the Wilderness. (See p. 290.)
- HOLDEN, HABEN. Discharged October, 1862.
- HOPKINS, LYMAN. Promoted to Corporal December, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; discharged at close of war, by General Order 158.
- ISAACS, JOHN J. Discharged February, 1863; joined the 185th N. Y. V., and made Second Lieutenant.
- JAMES, JOHN L. In all battles to Antietam; then detailed to Division Headquarters; in fight near Petersburg; discharged at expiration of term, October, 1864.
- JAMES, EDWARD. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gainesville; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; killed at Wilderness May 5th, 1864.
- KNAPP, HENRY Z. Discharged January 11th, 1863.
- KELLOGG, LEANDER M. Discharged at expiration of term, October, 1864.
- LULL, JAMES. Wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862; enlisted into the regular army in December, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg.
- MINER, OSCAR P. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 1st, 1864, and discharged April 18th, 1864, for disability.
- MAXON GEORGE D.
- MERRITT, WILLARD S. Wounded in thigh at Coal Harbor; also at Petersburg and Weldon Railroad; taken prisoner at Poplar Grove Church; discharged May 25th, 1865.
- MILES, JOSEPH. Wounded in shoulder at Gainesville, and died in consequence.
- MANTANYE, WILLIAM J. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; re-enlisted February 9th, 1864; detailed to Brigade Headquarters October 8th, 1864; discharged at close of war, by General Order No. 158.
- NORTON, PARMENTIS A. Promoted to Corporal April, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; promoted to Sergeant April, 1864; wounded at Laurel Hill May 8th, 1864; lost an arm at Weldon Railroad August 21st, 1864. Discharged.
- NORTHRUP, MARTIN V. B. Discharged in January, 1863.
- NEWBEY, FLOYD.
- PIKE, GARRET S. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; killed at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.
- PEARKINS, HENRY.
- PECKHAM, LAWTON. Died March 1862.
- REAGAN, PATRICK. Taken prisoner at Bull Run August 29th, 1862. Discharged.
- ROBERTSON, WM. W. Died at Fort Massachusetts April 4th, 1862.
- RYAN, WILLIAM. Shot in neck at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; discharged.
- ROUNDY, CHARLES W. Discharged at expiration of term, October 1864.
- SANFORD, LA FAYETTE. Discharged at Albany January, 1862.
- SMITH ALBERT F. Discharged October 27th, 1862; re-enlisted December 23d, 1863; promoted to Corporal April, 1864; wounded at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged July 24th, 1865.
- SMITH, WILLIAM N. Promoted to Corporal June, 1862, and to Sergeant April, 1864; wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; discharged at close of war, July 3d, 1865, by General Order 158.

- SMITH, D. WEBSTER. Promoted to Corporal October, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; killed at Petersburg June 21st, 1864. (See page 316).
- STUART, JAMES. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; re-enlisted January, 1864; discharged at the close of war July 3d, 1865, by General Order 158.
- SPENCER, JOHN E. Discharged at expiration of term in 1864.
- SPENCER, SAMUEL G. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and died of wound soon after.
- SPENCER, JAMES B.
- SWEET, WILLIAM M. Wounded in hip at Bull Run August 30th, 1862, and taken prisoner; discharged at expiration of term, October 4th, 1864.
- SEWARD, ARTHUR R. Promoted to Corporal October 1st, 1863; taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864; discharged May, 1865.
- STALTER, BARTHOLOMEW. Discharged at Fort Sloeum, D. C., May, 1862.
- STUART, DAVID.
- STUART, HORACE G. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- TARBELL, SIMON. Wounded in arm at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864; discharged in spring of 1865.
- TITTLE, JAMES C. Re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; promoted to Corporal April 1864; killed at Wilderness May 6th, 1864.
- VERBEAU, FRANCIS E. Wounded at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; died of wound in hospital September, 1862.
- VAN WORMER, DAVID.
- VOSBURG, MARION. Discharged at Fort Slocum, D. C., April, 1862.
- WATROUS, GEORGE E. Wounded in leg at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; wounded at Laurel Hill May 8th, 1864; discharged at close of war, July 3d, 1865, by General Order 158.
- WILSON, JOHN. Promoted to Corporal December, 1862, and to Sergeant April, 1864; discharged at expiration of term, October, 1864.
- WILCOX, FREDERICK W. Died in Winter of 1861-2.
- WATSON, WILLIAM R.
- WATSON, WILLIAM W.
- WEDGE, ORLANDO. Taken prisoner at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; severely wounded in the leg at the Wilderness May 6th, 1864; discharged after close of war in 1865.
- WILBUR, THOMAS. Promoted to Corporal December, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; discharged at close of war, July 3d, 1865, by General Order 158.
- WEDGE, OSCAR. Discharged for disability in fall of 1862.
- WEDGE, ALONZO. Discharged April, 1862.
- WAY, HARVEY D. Wounded at Gainesville; discharged in fall of 1862.
- FISHER, JOHN. See page 403.

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## COMPANY E.\*

- WILLIAM H. POWELL, Captain. Resigned March 28th, 1863. No biography.
- JOHN H. BALLARD, First Lieutenant. See page 391.
- SANFORD M. POWELL, Second Lieutenant. Resigned February 14th, 1863. No biography.
- GIDEON PRENTICE, First Sergeant. Wounded. Discharged for disability December 8th, 1862.
- JAMES BRAYMAN, Second Sergeant.
- DANIEL M. PERRY, Third Sergeant. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and discharged.
- THOMAS B. HEWITT, Fourth Sergeant.
- JAMES WRIGHT, Fifth Sergeant.
- JULIUS W. BRAGG, First Corporal.
- GEORGE B. WITLER, Second Corporal.
- CORTLAND G. YOUNG, Third Corporal. Deserted in 1862; enlisted in 22d N. Y. Cavalry in January, 1864; taken prisoner June, 1864; died at Andersonville September 14th, 1864; buried in grave No. 8733.
- PALMER Z. RICE, Fourth Corporal.
- ORLANDO W. HUTCHINSON, Fifth Corporal. Died in hospital April 21st, 1862.
- CHARLES KENTON, Sixth Corporal.
- JOB NORWOOD, Seventh Corporal. See page 409.
- ELI A. BERRY, Eighth Corporal. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; exchanged December 28th, 1863; discharged October 4th, 1864, at expiration of term.
- GEORGE W. NORTHRUP, Musician. Discharged for disability.
- FRANKLIN BLISS, Musician.
- JAMES B. PALMESTON, Wagoner. Wounded June 18th, 1864, and died of wound June 24th, 1864.

### PRIVATEs.

- ALLEN, NELSON A. D.
- BOYCE, ALLEN. Discharged for disability May 20th, 1862.

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\*Very many of the men of this Company are unaccounted for, because the rolls are not accessible, and the officers have failed to respond to letters of inquiry. Much of the information has been derived from Lieutenant Job Norwood.

- BOYCE, JACOB. Discharged for disability November 29th, 1862.  
 BARROWS, EREN E.  
 BEIBER, PHILLIP.  
 BRAZEE, FRANKLIN.  
 BURTON, OREN W.  
 BAKEMAN, GEORGE H.  
 BUSH, JAMES B. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 COX, EDWIN J.  
 CHAPMAN, HIRAM. Discharged April 20th, 1862.  
 COLLINS, BARTHLOMEW.  
 CHEENEY, BENJAMIN F.  
 CHAFFEE, CALVIN.  
 CORL, FRANKLIN B.  
 CHAFFEE, JOHN C. Discharged April 20th, 1862.  
 CRAPO, ELIAKIM. Died at Culpepper for part of 1864.  
 COMSTOCK, ADOLPHUS A. Promoted to First Sergeant March 16th, 1864; killed June 3d, 1864.  
 (See page 392.)  
 CRANDALL, HENRY.  
 CHURCH, CHRIS. Taken prisoner on Weldon Railroad in 1861; paroled at Salisbury, N. C., February, 1865.  
 CORNFORD, WILLIAM H.  
 DEMARAVILLE, JAMES S. Discharged for disability November 26th, 1862.  
 DUGGAN, JAMES.  
 DURKEE, ABJAH.  
 DORAN, SILAS.  
 DODGE, C. B. Substitute for George Love. Taken prisoner at Wilderness May 5th, 1864; died at Addersonville.  
 FOSTER, AMOS. Discharged.  
 FINCH, MARCELLUS.  
 GOWAR, THOMAS B.  
 GIBSON, OSCAR. Taken prisoner July 1st, 1863, at Gettysburg, and died on Belle Isle, Va.  
 HAMILTON, JAMES W.  
 HYDE, PETER B.  
 HYDE, ROBERT H.  
 HAVILAND, EDGAR D. Promoted to Sergeant January 1st, 1863; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; killed at the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.  
 HARRIS, GEORGE J. Killed at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862.  
 HAMMOND, IRA.  
 HOUGHTALING, EMMET.  
 HOWARD, BRAZILLA.  
 HAMILTON, CHARLES F.  
 HOUGHTALING, MILTON S. Died at Aquia Creek, December 16th, 1862.  
 HOLBROOK, WARREN. Killed near Petersburg June 22d, 1864.  
 HUNGBERD, JAMES E.  
 IVES, SAMUEL H.  
 JOHNSON, WARREN W.  
 KELLOGG, VALDA L. Discharged at expiration of term, October 4th, 1864.  
 KENYON, HENRY P. Wounded July 1st, 1863, at Gettysburg; transferred to Invalid Corps December 31st, 1863; discharged at expiration of term, November 28th, 1864.  
 KELLEY, EDWARD. Lost leg at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862, and died of wound. (See p. 136).  
 KIMBALL, GEORGE D.  
 LAWRENCE, LUCAS F. Killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 7th, 1864.  
 LUSE, WILLIAM J.  
 MADISON, ORLANDO. Discharged at expiration of term, October 8th, 1864.  
 MORTON, SQUIRE. Killed at Spottsylvania May 12th, 1864.  
 MORENS, WILLIAM.  
 MIX, JOEL. Died on the road to Cedar Mountain, August, 1862.  
 MARSH, WASHINGTON.  
 MOORE, GEORGE W. Died in hospital.  
 MORSE, LEWIS M.  
 MCINTYRE, HENSSSLAER. Died in hospital, D. C., March 31st, 1862.  
 NORTHRUP, GEORGE L. Promoted to Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; discharged December 11th, 1863.  
 OLNEY, MARION. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 OWEN, ABNER W.  
 ORTON, JAMES. Discharged for disability November 27th, 1862.  
 STEDWELL, GEORGE. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 SHOULTS, SEYMOUR.  
 SEWARD, ALONZO.  
 SATTERLEE, LYMAN J. Discharged at expiration of term, October 4th, 1864.  
 STEELE, SYLVESTER.  
 TARBOX, WORDEN M.  
 TOTMAN, CALVIN. Discharged for disability. (See pages 52-3).  
 TRIM, WILLIAM. Deserted and joined another regiment.  
 TROWBRIDGE, DUANE.  
 TALBOT, JOSEPHUS.

WEBB, LEWIS B.  
 WRIGHT, WILLIAM H. Re-enlisted January, 1864; discharged at close of war July 15th, 1865.  
 WILSON, HENRY. Discharged for disability, June 14th, 1862.  
 WOOD, WALTER. Promoted to Sergeant June 25th, 1863; killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 YOUNG, THOMAS J. Discharged March, 1862.  
 YOUNG, DAVID.  
 ZEH, HOLMES. Discharged in 1863.  
 SPITZER, RICHARD B.

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## COMPANY F.

JOHN H. BARNAUD, Captain. See page 392.  
 ELIAS A. MEAD, First Lieutenant. Wounded at Antietam September 17th, 1862, and discharged. Unable to procure his biography.  
 WILLIAM W. GREEN, Second Lieutenant. See page 391.  
 DELOS V. CALDWELL, First Sergeant. Discharged for disability November 22d, 1862.  
 LAWRENCE M. BANKER, Second Sergeant. Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862. (See p. 123).  
 HENRY CLIFF, Third Sergeant. See page 400.  
 HUBERT CARPENTER, Fourth Sergeant. See page 363.  
 ORRIN H. ELLIS, Fifth Sergeant. Died at Fort Totten in spring of 1862.  
 RALPH E. TUCKER, First Corporal. Promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.  
 JAMES H. YOUNG, Second Corporal. Wounded.  
 MARION WILCOX, Third Corporal. Discharged at Washington in 1862.  
 CLINTON D. BOUTON, Fourth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and discharged.  
 LEWIS SWEET, Fifth Corporal. Discharged for disability July 9th, 1863.  
 JOHN D. TRIPP, Sixth Corporal. Discharged for disability April 5th, 1862; was afterwards one year and three months Medical Cadet in U. S. A.  
 OSMER HILL, Seventh Corporal. Discharged for disability August 12th, 1862.  
 ALONZO B. WAGONER, Eighth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and at the Wilderness May 6th, 1864; discharged September 6th, 1864.  
 MILTON B. HART, Musician.  
 JOHN DART, Musician.  
 BOWNE YATES, Wagoner. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, and discharged for disability.

### PRIVATEs.

BARTON, WILLIAM H. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; died at New York February 18th, 1863.  
 BANKER, ISAAC W. Wounded at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; discharged for disability February 7th, 1863. (See page 122).  
 BRADY, SIMON S. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862.  
 BROOKS, IRA S. Discharged at Washington, D. C., in 1862.  
 BENTON, WILLIAM. Discharged for disability.  
 CARD, CHESTER P. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.  
 CADOGAN, WALTER.  
 COYLE, LORENZO.  
 CARD, JAMES J. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862, and at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862. (See page 122).  
 COMPTON, SILAS. Discharged.  
 DEWEY, ALFRED.  
 DODGE, WILLIAM E. Died of measles, in 1861.  
 DICKINSON, ORVILLE. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 DRAPER, RICHARD. Discharged in 1862.  
 DUNBAR, DANIEL. Died at Fort Massachusetts April, 1862.  
 EDWARDS, PATTERSON E. Discharged 1862.  
 EVANS, EARLE. See page 404.  
 FITTS, CHARLES. Discharged in 1862.  
 GEE, WILLIAM R. Discharged in 1862.  
 GLOVER, CHARLES. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864; discharged in 1865.  
 GIFFORD, ALLEN F. Discharged in 1863.  
 HINES, JAMES G. Discharged at Fort Totten in spring of 1862.  
 HOY, MARTIN. Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged.  
 HYDE, CHARLES G. Discharged at Washington, December 1st, 1862.  
 HAVILAND, MYRON W.  
 HULBERT, EDWIN R.  
 HEMT, GEORGE A. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.  
 HYDE, NORMAN B. Discharged at Washington September, 1862.  
 HENRY, LEVI S. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864, and sent to Andersouville prison.  
 HAWKS, WILLIAM H.  
 HOLMES, CLARK.

- HOFFMAN, THOMAS H. Wounded through knees at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and died from wounds. (See page 410.)
- HOLDEN, BENJAMIN F. Promoted to Corporal and killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- JOHNSON, JAMES. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and killed at Spottsylvania May 12th, 1864.
- JONES, LEANDER T. Died at New York, October 2d, 1862.
- JUDSON, LESLIE. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and discharged.
- LASON, GEORGE L. Discharged for disability November 1862.
- LASON, HENRY P. Lost arm at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; discharged October 9th, 1862.
- LINDSAY, JOHN. Died at Fredericksburg June 27th, 1862.
- LEWIS, EDGAR S.
- McFALL, HENRY. Killed at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862. (See page 420.)
- McFALL, LYMAN.
- MCKONE, PAUL K. Discharged. (See page 54.)
- McGREGOR, DEWELL C. Wounded twice at Gainesville August 29th, 1862; Promoted to Sergeant January 20th, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 16th, 1863; re-enlisted May 7th, 1864, in Veteran Reserve Corps.
- MASTON, BRIDGON. Discharged at Washington in 1862.
- MILLER, FRANKLIN. Killed at Bull Run August 29th, 1862.
- MATTESON, GEORGE W. Promoted to Corporal in 1862; wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862, taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.
- MATTISON, DAVID. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness, and died at Andersonville prison.
- MORSE, ADOLPHUS. Died at Fort Jefferson, Florida. (See page 274.)
- MORSE, HIRAM. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864, and died at Andersonville prison.
- MCCORMICK, THOMAS.
- MANN, EUGENE.
- MONTGOMERY, DANIEL R. Promoted to Sergeant November 28th, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- NORWOOD, WESLEY. Discharged for disability, and died at home in Harford.
- PORTER, JOHN W. Wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862; taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.
- PANGBORN, SAMUEL. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- PELHAM, BENJAMIN. Discharged in 1862.
- PETERS, GEORGE. Promoted to Corporal July, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; discharged at expiration of term October 24th, 1864.
- PERSONS, WILLIAM H. Transferred to Marine Corps February, 1862, and killed on the gunboat "Mound City."
- PIERCE, BENTON.
- PECK, EGBERT. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and discharged for disability.
- REMSEY, JOB B.
- REMMELY, ALBERT. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- RINDGE, SEPTI. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged.
- RANDALL, ABNER B. Taken prisoner at Wilderness May 5th, 1864, and died at Andersonville prison September 30th, 1864.
- SNOOK, DAVID L.
- SCHERMERBORN, HENRY C.
- SMITH, GEORGE W. Lost a leg at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, and discharged May 20th, 1864.
- SHELDON, EUGENE. Died at Meridian Hill, D. C., March, 1862.
- SHAPLEY, GEORGE W. Wounded in leg at Second Bull Run August 30th, 1862; discharged January 19th, 1863.
- TANNER, DANIEL. Discharged for disability September 7th, 1862.
- UNDERWOOD, GEORGE W. Discharged for disability in 1863.
- VANDEPOOLE, JOHN. Wounded at Bull Run August 30th, 1862.
- VANDEPOOLE, SIMON.
- WAGONER, GARRET L.
- WEILER, GEORGE F. Promoted to Sergeant; wounded at South Mountain September 14th, 1862; killed at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862.
- WALKER, WILLIAM V.
- WOOD, FRANCIS. Killed at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862.
- WOODIN, ALEXANDER E. Discharged for disability.
- WARREN, ELON G. Taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864, and died at Andersonville.

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 COMPANY G.

- WILLIAM LANSING, Captain. Resigned in February, 1862, at Meridian Hill.
- AARON SAGER, First Lieutenant. See page 401.
- JAMES L. GODDARD, Second Lieutenant. See page 333.

THOMAS SIMMS, First Sergeant. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, and mustered out on certificate of disability.  
 ABRAM H. SAGER, Second Sergeant. Discharged for disability at Washington.  
 FREEMAN SCHERMERHORN, Third Sergeant.  
 RODNEY L. MORSE, Fourth Sergeant.  
 JOHN W. ROE, JR., Fifth Sergeant.  
 SAMUEL E. SANDEES, First Corporal. Promoted to Second Lieutenant; wounded at Gettysburg.  
 HENRY W. MANN, Second Corporal.  
 HOMER D. CALL, Third Corporal. Wounded at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862; promoted to Second Lieutenant April 13th, 1863, and to First Lieutenant March 1864; taken prisoner at the Wilderness, and had Yellow Fever at Charleston, S. C. Mustered out on expiration of term, February 4th, 1865.  
 WILLIAM McLEAN, Fourth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862, and discharged in consequence.  
 LEVI BULLMAN, Fifth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville and died of wound.  
 ELLIS Z. SMITH, Sixth Corporal. Discharged at Fort Slocum in spring of 1862.  
 NAPOLEON B. NELSON, Seventh Corporal. Died at Fort Massachusetts April, 1862.  
 AMASA WILLIAMS, Eighth Corporal.  
 CHAUNCEY SEAMANS, Musician.  
 EDWARD B. GOODELL, Musician. Discharged for disability June 27th, 1863.  
 ISRAEL RECKARD, Wagoner. Discharged for disability May, 1862. A most faithful man.

## PRIVATES.

ALLEN, SEYMOUR R.  
 ALLEN, ALFRED.  
 AUSTIN, GARDNER.  
 ACKLEY, DEWITT C. Injured by a wagon in Philadelphia; discharged in December, 1862.  
 APPLEBEE, DARIUS W. Discharged for disability.  
 BURLINGHAM, TRUMAN.  
 BREWER, EDGAR. Discharged for disability March, 1862.  
 BACON, GEORGE H. Killed at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862.  
 BRIGGS, WILLIAM F. Wounded in thigh at Gainesville August 28th, 1862. Discharged December 8th, 1862.  
 BARNES, JOHN. Lost an arm at Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862, and discharged.  
 BOUTON, JAMES. Discharged.  
 COWLEN, JAMES. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863; transferred to Invalid Corps and discharged at expiration of term.  
 CUSHING, EUGENE. Discharged from small pox hospital.  
 CORNUÉ, JOHN.  
 COOK, CHARLES WESLEY. Wounded at Petersburg June 18th, 1864, and discharged by General Order 116.  
 CUMMINGS, WILLIAM H. Re-enlisted February, 1864, and discharged at close of war.  
 CORWIN, POLYDOR B., Jr. Wounded at South Mountain Sept. 14, 1862, and subsequently discharged.  
 CULVER, GEORGE M. Died on the march from Fredericksburg to Culpepper.  
 CRAWFORD CHARLES H.  
 DODGE, ARTEMAS. Killed at South Mountain September 14th, 1862.  
 DURE, JOHN.  
 EARL, WILLIAM H. At the battle of Gainesville, since which, not known.  
 ELLIOTT, WILLIAM. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 GALPIN, WILLIAM H. Wounded at Gettysburg; promoted to Corporal, then to Sergeant, and killed at Petersburg June 18th, 1864.  
 GAFF, JOHN THOMAS. Died at Fort Slocum in Spring of 1862.  
 GAY, FRANKLIN L. Killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 GALVIN, MICHAEL. Killed at the Wilderness May 5th, 1864.  
 HICKEY, JAMES E.  
 HOLLENBECK, ALBERT. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; wounded at Laurel Hill May 8th, 1864, and at Petersburg, October, 1864; discharged at expiration of term, October 22d, 1864.  
 HILLS, CHARLES. At Second Fredericksburg, since which, not known.  
 HILLS, SAMUEL. Killed at Bull Run August 29th, 1862.  
 HILLS, RALPH WM. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 HOLMES, HENRY. In battle First and Second Fredericksburg; since which, not known.  
 HAGGERTY, TIMOTHY.  
 JEFFREY, CHARLES J. Discharged.  
 JEFFERS, CHARLES W.  
 KIBBE, ALMON W. Discharged for disability.  
 LOMEREAUX, ANDREW. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 LATHROP, WARREN S.  
 MERRICK, CHAPIN W. Taken prisoner at Gainesville; promoted to Corporal, and killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 McLEAN, DANIEL. Promoted to Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; promoted to Sergeant May 20th, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania; discharged September 20th, 1864.  
 MURRAY, OSCAR. Discharged at expiration of term.  
 MILLER, WILLIAM. Promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.  
 MATTHEWS, DAVID R.

- NOBLES, CHARLES L.** Took leave after the battles of Gainesville and Bull Run.
- OLIN, ALBERT M.** Killed at Gainesville August 28th, 1862. (See page 122).
- OSWOLD, HIRONOMOUS.** Wounded at South Mountain September 10th, 1862, and discharged at expiration of term.
- O'KEEFE, DAVID.** Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 1st, 1863, and discharged.
- PERRY, EDWIN M.**
- PENDER, LYMAN B.**
- PARKER, SYLVANUS F.** Detached on hospital duty.
- POOLER, LAFAYETTE.** Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- POOLER, WILLIAM F.** Wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- POOLER, HENRY D.** In battles of Gainesville, Bull Run, First and Second Fredericksburg; since which no known.
- RANKIN, WILLIAM H.** Missing at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.
- REED, MELVIN.** In battles of Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain and Second Fredericksburg; since which not known.
- RICE, WILLIAM.**
- RANDALL, EDWIN N.**
- SEACORD, JOHN.** In battles of Gainesville, Bull Run, and South Mountain; since which not known.
- SMITH, REEFS.** Died at Fort Stearn, D. C., in spring of 1862.
- SCHERMERBORN, SEYMOUR E.** Died at Albany in winter of 1861-2.
- STEELE, GEORGE W.** Promoted to sergeant and First Lieutenant; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; discharged at expiration of term.
- SPENCER, BERTRAND.** Died on sick leave.
- SMITH, CYRUS.** Discharged from a hospital.
- SEEBER, JOHN L.** Promoted to Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.
- STONE, DEWITT C.**
- SEAMANS, HENRY C.**
- SEACORD, WILLIAM B.**
- WEST, DANIEL.** Not known since battle of First Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862.
- WOOD, JOHN B. C.**
- WATTLES, LEMUEL.** Discharged.
- WATTLES, WILLIAM.** Discharged.
- WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN.**
- WRIGHT, JAMES B.**
- PAYSON, WILLIAM.**

## COMPANY II.\*

- AMOS L. SWAN, Captain.** See pages 257-8.
- M. B. CLEVELAND, First Lieutenant.** Resigned March 1st, 1862.
- ROBERT STORY, Second Lieutenant.** See pages 371-2.
- RALPH W. CARRIER, First Sergeant.** See page 105.
- BARNEY PHENIX, Second Sergeant.** See page 386.
- GEORGE LOOMIS, Third Sergeant.** Discharged for disability soon after the battle of Bull Run.
- JAMES GEORGE, Fourth Sergeant.** A good soldier; wounded in leg at Gainesville; re-enlisted, taken prisoner at Wilderness, and remained at Andersonville till exchange; discharged in April, 1865.
- SAMUEL L'EBLAN, Fifth Sergeant.** Wounded at South Mountain, and discharged from the effects of it.
- WILLIAM HOYT, First Corporal.** A good soldier; re-enlisted and served till close of war.
- JESSE HOWE, Second Corporal.** A good soldier for every duty but fighting; re-enlisted; wounded at the Wilderness, and transferred to Reserve Corps.
- ALLEN W. THOMPSON, Third Corporal.** Discharged for disability in May, 1862.
- PERRY OAKS, Fourth Corporal.** An excellent soldier and man; killed in battle at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862.
- JACOB J. REESE, Fifth Corporal.** A good soldier, always at his post; wounded at Gainesville; re-enlisted, and wounded in the other hand; promoted to Lieutenant, and honorably discharged in spring of 1865.
- JOHN RUSSELL, Sixth Corporal.** A good soldier; re-enlisted and killed at Coal Harbor June, 1864.
- BRAYTON CAMPBELL, Seventh Corporal.** Wounded at Gainesville in right hand, and discharged, 1864.
- OTHELLO VAN VALKENBURG, Eighth Corporal.** Deserted while on furlough in December, 1862.

\*The record of this Company was made by its gallant Captain. Some of the harsher truths concerning deserters and "heats," have been omitted for the sake of uniformity. It would have been much better had the officers all given their men their true character, after the manner of Captain Swan.

WILLIAM A. WARNER, Musician. A good boy; re-enlisted and served faithfully to the end of the war.

#### PRIVATEs.

ALLEN WINSLOW. See pages 260, 261, 262.

BUSH, JOSEPH. Served his three years of time as teamster and discharged.

BILLINGS, CHARLES H. Served his three years and honorably discharged.

BAKER, ERVING. One of the bravest and best of soldiers; promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Gettysburg in leg and foot and in other leg at Coal Harbor, and honorably discharged. (See pages 212, 213.)

BRONSON, JAY. A faithful soldier; detailed with Ambulance Corps; wounded in right arm at Weldon Railroad; re-enlisted and served till end of war.

BELKNAP, LEWIS H. A shirk; re-enlisted and discharged at end of war.

BOLSTER, EDWARD. A "dead beat;" re-enlisted, got sick and put in Invalid Corps.

BARTLETT, JEROME. Discharged for disability in summer of 1862.

BARTWORTH, GEORGE. A good soldier; killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.

BARCOCK, FRANK. Died in hospital spring of 1863.

BLACKMAN, LEWIS. A good soldier; wounded at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863.

BISHOP, MARVIN P. A good soldier; re-enlisted and killed in front of Petersburg while out as skitisher.

BROWN, WILLIAM H. Re-enlisted; promoted to Sergeant; wounded in leg at Gettysburg. A faithful soldier.

CLARK, WILLIAM. One of the best boys in the Company; always at his post; went through to the end of the war.

CLARK, CHARLES L. Served his three years, mostly as teamster, and honorably discharged.

CRONSE, GEORGE F. Deserted before the Company left Cherry Valley.

CONKEY, LANSON F. Served three years and honorably discharged.

CHANDLER CHARLES. Discharged for disability April, 1862.

COLE, JASPER C. Deserted from Fort Massachusetts.

CLARK, JOHN A. Died at Fredericksburg in July, 1862.

DAWSON, JOHN. A faithful and trusty soldier; killed at Gettysburg.

DECKER, JOSEPH H. Deserted before the Company left Cherry Valley.

DINGMAN, CHARLES R. Wounded in hand at Gainesville and discharged.

DAVIS, CHARLES. A good soldier; re-enlisted and served to end of war.

DUTCHER, JAMES H. A poor concern; badly scared at Gainesville; played sick; got discharged; re-enlisted; shot his leg to get off, but died from the wound.

EMBRIDGE, AMBROSE. A good soldier; re-enlisted and served to end of the war.

FONDA, LORENZO. Always on hand; re-enlisted; badly wounded in body at Coal Harbor, but stuck through the war.

FERN, JOHN S. A faithful teamster and wagon-master; discharged for disability in winter of 1862-3.

FINNEGAN, JOHN. Always ready for mischief and usually for duty; re-enlisted and served to end of the war.

FENTON, THOMAS. A "poor stick;" discharged for pretended disability in fall of 1862.

FOLAND, ALFRED. A No. 1 soldier; made Sergeant; re-enlisted and went through to the end of the war.

FOX, B. J. D. A first-class soldier; made Sergeant; killed at the Wilderness May 5, 1864.

GRIGGS, JOHN R. Taken prisoner at second Bull Run; exchanged and deserted from Camp Parole, Annapolis.

GROSS, ALBERT. A No. 1 soldier; in all battles, if possible; re-enlisted and served to end of war.

GREENWOOD, JOHN. A faithful fellow; re-enlisted and served to end of war.

GREEN, BYRON. A good and faithful soldier; killed at Gainesville.

HOWE, HENRY S. Discharged for disability in summer of 1862.

HOWE, SOLOMON. The banner soldier of the Company; in every battle the Regiment was in; slightly wounded five or six times, but never left his Company; re-enlisted; served till end of war.

HUDSON, JOHN B. A good soldier; served three years and honorably discharged.

HICKET, JOHN. A rough little fellow, but a good soldier; wounded at Gettysburg; re-enlisted and served till end of war.

HOLLICK, AUGUST. A poor shirk; discharged in 1863 for disability—sham.

HERRICK, HENRY. Discharged in 1862 for disability, (caused by drink.)

HOAG, CHARLES. Served three years, mostly in hospital.

HEWELL, WILLIAM. Taken prisoner at second Bull Run; deserted from Parole Camp, Columbus, O., and never returned.

HARRINGS, JOHN. Served his time, but much of it in hospital.

HOUSTON, JAMES A. Full of pluck and fight; lost finger at South Mountain; re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.

LANING, THOMAS A. Died in hospital at Washington June, 1862.

LAKE, HENRY. A good soldier; in many battles; twice a prisoner; discharged in July, 1865.

LEWIS, JOHN. Deserted from Fort Massachusetts April, 1862.

MARSHALL, ANTHONY. One of the best soldiers of the Regiment; in every battle; always ready for duty; re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.

MUDGE, DAVID W. Taken prisoner at second Bull Run and deserted from Parole Camp, Columbus, O., and never returned.

MCCOY, MARTIN. Deserted before Company left Cherry Valley.

MICKEL, HARRISON. Served three years well and honorably discharged.

MILLS, JOHN. A faithful soldier; discharged for disability in 1863, after the battle of Antietam.

MAHANY, WALTER. A rough fellow, but one of the best of soldiers; re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.



- MERRY, JAMES.** Deserted from Fort Massachusetts 1862.
- MILLER, WILLIAM H.** Wounded at Gainesville and put into Invalid Corps, and discharged for disability in 1863.
- MURPHY, CHARLES.** Deserted before Company left Cherry Valley.
- NEWELL, JOHN F.** Discharged for disability in 1861, from Invalid Corps.
- NEWKIRK, WILLIAM.** A good young soldier; learned to write good hand after enlisting; re-enlisted and served to end of war.
- NEWKIRK, JOHN.** Discharged for disability in April, 1862.
- OVSEY, FREDERICK.** A poor shirk; discharged for sham disability 1862.
- O'BRIEN, IRAM.** Killed at the Wilderness; a good, though simple soldier.
- OAKS, RUSSELL.** Discharged in 1862 for disability, and re-enlisted for one year in 1864 for a large bounty.
- PICKET, ROBERT.** Deserted from Fort Massachusetts and never returned.
- POLARD, JAMES H.** Deserted before Company left Cherry Valley.
- ROBICK, JOHN.** Killed at Gettysburg; a good soldier.
- STEPHENS, JOHN.** No. 1 soldier; saved colors at Gettysburg and made color Sergeant for it; re-enlisted and served to end of war.
- STANTON, JAY CADY.** Killed at Gainesville; a good soldier.
- SCHERMERHORN, FRANCIS.** Deserted on furlough in 1862.
- SNOW, GEORGE.** No. 1 soldier; wounded in thigh at Gainesville, and finally discharged in consequence.
- SMITH, WILLIAM A.** Discharged for disability in 1863.
- SALISBURY, W. C.** Discharged for disability June 23d, 1862.
- SWAN, EDWIN J.** (see page 408.)
- VAN VALKENBURG, JOHN.** Deserted May, 1862, and not returned.
- VAN BUREN, JOHN.** A good and brave young soldier; badly wounded in three places at Gettysburg; re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.
- WINTERS, WILLIAM H.** Discharged for disability in summer of 1862.
- WATERS, EDWIN.** Spent most of his time as "hospital beat."
- WAIT, WILLIAM N.** A good soldier; wounded in thigh at Gettysburg; re-enlisted and served faithfully to end of war, much of the time as Corporal.
- ZEH, IRAM.** Deserted forepart of 1862.
- LYNCH, GEORGE.** A good soldier; transferred to Regulars, and afterward killed in battle.
- YOTTMAN, ABRAM.** Discharged for disability June 23d, 1863.
- MAICHER, JOHN.** A good soldier; badly wounded at Gettysburg and transferred to Invalid Corps.

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## COMPANY I.\*

- JOHN E. COOK,** Captain. (See pages 356 and 357.)
- HIRAM A. BLODGETT,** First Lieutenant; discharged. Appointed Adj't of Regiment Jan. 2, 1863.
- RICHARD WILLIAMS,** Second Lieutenant. (See page 407.)
- JOHN M. WATERMAN,** First Sergeant. (See pages 382 and 383.)
- PETER S. CLARK,** Second Sergeant. Promoted to First Sergeant May 17th, 1862; to Second Lieutenant July 11th, 1862.
- WILLIAM J. LITTLE,** Third Sergeant. Appointed Brigade Commissary Sergeant by General Doubleday June 1st, 1862; killed near Petersburg, Va., June 21th, 1864.
- LYMAN WARNER,** Fourth Sergeant.
- LEWIS RIFENBURG,** Fifth Sergeant. Promoted to Sergeant October 23d, 1861; discharged April 22d, 1863.
- HIRAM LAWYER,** First Corporal. Appointed Sergeant September 1st, 1863; killed near Petersburg June 18th, 1864.
- WELLER PITTS,** Second Corporal. Discharged for disability April 21th, 1862.
- WILLIAM A. BISHOP,** Third Corporal. Deserted from hospital June 1862.
- JOHN U. SLATER,** Fourth Corporal. Taken prisoner at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; rejoined Company December 21st, 1862. Killed at Laurel Hill May 12th, 1864.
- HEZEKIAH SMITH,** Fifth Corporal. Died in hospital at Sharpsburg, Md., November 3d, 1862 of fever.
- SILAS SMITH,** Sixth Corporal. Appointed Sergeant July 1st, 1862; appointed First Sergeant and then Second Lieutenant and transferred to Company G.
- HENRY SPERBERG,** Seventh Corporal. Reduced to ranks December 24th, 1862; deserted January 20th and brought back January 30th, 1863; discharged on expiration of term, December 1st, 1864.
- CHARLES H. GURNESEY,** Eighth Corporal. Died at Washington, D. C., June 8th, 1862, of fever.
- OLIVER B. BATES,** Musician. Died at Baltimore January 23d, 1863.
- CLARK COONS,** Wagoner. Re-enlisted February 24th, 1864.

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\*The record of this Company is taken from the Company Book in the possession of Lieutenant Lavoisire Stebbins, of Homer, N. Y.

## PRIVATES.

- ADAMS, ALVAH. Deserted from hospital, in New York, in February, 1862.
- ALGER, CHARLES. Discharged December 1st, 1864, on expiration of term.
- BARTHOLOMEW, CHARLES. Discharged December 1st, 1864, on expiration of term.
- BARTON, DARIUS C. Appointed Corporal November 1st, 1862, and Sergeant September 11th, 1863; killed May 5th, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.
- BARRINGER, WILLIAM L. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps in April, 1863.
- BECKER, EDWARD H. Discharged for disability March 25th, 1862.
- BICE, HENRY. Deserted from Fort Massachusetts, D. C., May 21st, 1862.
- BICE, JOHN J. Appointed Sergeant May 17th, 1862; Corporal May 25th, 1863.
- BOVE, EDWIN A. Discharged at Washington August 26th, 1862.
- BOOM, WILLIAM H. H. Discharged.
- BORST, MARTIN. Deserted May 16th, 1862.
- BORST, JOSEPH L. Deserted at Albany January 17th, 1862.
- BOUCH, CHRISTOPHER. Deserted on the march into Maryland September 8th, 1862.
- BRAYMAN, CHARLES. Died at Washington, of typhoid fever, May 30th, 1862; buried near "Soldiers' Home," D. C.
- BREEZE, ABRAM. Deserted May 14th, 1862.
- CATER, JOHN D. Re-enlisted March 30th, 1863, at Culpeper, Va.; missing in action October 10th, 1864.
- CHAMPENOY, HARRISON. Died at Home, (Berne, N. Y.,) March 8th, 1862.
- CLARK, EDWARD A. Discharged for disability, April 23d, 1862.
- COONS, JAMES E. Deserted on furlough, from Albany, February, 1862.
- COONS, JOHN W. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, and transferred to Company G.
- DIMOND, JOHN. Discharged at expiration of term, December 1st, 1864.
- DUEL, DAVID H. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; discharged November, 1862.
- DUTCHEE, TARTELLAS. Deserted January 21st, 1863.
- ECKERSON, JOHN. Discharged at expiration of term, December 1st, 1864.
- EDWARDS, MADISON. Deserted at Albany, in February, 1862.
- EFNER, ERASTUS I. Wounded, taken prisoner and paroled at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; promoted to Corporal August 1st, 1862, and to Sergeant; killed at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.
- ELLIS, RASSELAS. Discharged January 8th, 1863, at Washington.
- FIELD, SAMUEL L. Taken prisoner and paroled at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; deserted January 20th, 1864.
- GETTER, JEROME. Elected Second Lieutenant January 7th, 1862, and thrown out in consolidation of companies at Albany.
- HAMMOND, JAMES H. Appointed Corporal August 1st, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.
- HARVEY, JOHN J. Deserted at Cherry Valley, January 5th, 1862.
- HARVEY, MATTHIAS. Deserted at Cherry Valley, January 7th, 1862.
- HAYWARD, AARON. Appointed Corporal January 1st, 1863, and Sergeant May 5th, 1864; re-enlisted January 1st, 1864; took the colors, after the Color Bearer was shot down, and carried them with honor, always being at the front.
- HERRON, DANIEL. Deserted at Cherry Valley November 25th, 1861.
- HILLSLEY, JOHN J. Died at Fredericksburg, Va., August 9th, 1862, and buried there.
- KEYSER, ABRAM. Detailed as bass drummer; discharged December 1st, 1864.
- LAWYER, NELSON. Wounded May 12th, 1864, at Laurel Hill, Va.
- LAWYER, WILLIAM H. Taken prisoner at Fredericksburg December 16th, 1862, and paroled in January.
- LOCKWOOD, JEREMIAH. Died of typhoid fever at Falls Church Hospital August 17th, 1862.
- LYNES, DAVID. Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 1863.
- MATTISON, CHARLES S. Lost an arm, and discharged October 28th, 1863.
- MANN, GEORGE D. Deserted at Cherry Valley December 16th, 1863.
- MANN, THOMAS J. Discharged for disability January 24th, 1864.
- MANNING, ADAM. Deserted May 21st, 1862.
- MANSCHOEFFER, JACOB. Taken prisoner and paroled at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; rejoined company December 21st, 1862.
- MATTICE, JOSEPH H. Discharged for disability at Philadelphia, October 14th, 1862.
- MERRIHUE, LEANDER E. Discharged for disability March 5th, 1862.
- MOON, LEWIS. Deserted at Cherry Valley January 8th, 1862.
- NELSON, HOLMES H. Taken prisoner and paroled at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; discharged for disability January 8th, 1863.
- OLIVER, GIDEON. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; has never been heard from since.
- PARSLOE, JACOB. Died at Washington, October 3d, 1862, of wounds received at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- PARSLOE, WILLIAM H. For bravery was appointed Sergeant; discharged at expiration of term, December 1st, 1864.
- PICKINS, ALVIN. Deserted from Hospital at Cherry Valley in February, 1862.
- PIERCE, RALPH. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; rejoined Company February 20th, 1863; discharged at expiration of term, December 1st, 1864.
- PROPER, DANIEL M. Deserted January 19th, 1863.
- REDMOND, THOMAS. Appointed Corporal August 1st, 1862, and Sergeant of Company E September 5th, 1862; discharged afterwards. (See page 121).
- RULAND, AMOS. Appointed Corporal November 1st, 1862; deserted January 21st, 1863.
- SCRAMBLING, JOHN. Died at Hospital in Washington, D. C., May 25th, 1864, of gunshot wound.
- SECOE, LEVERITT. Discharged for disability July 10th, 1862.
- SHUFELT, ORISON. Died at Harwood Hospital, D. C., April 18th, 1864.

- SMITH, ANDREW E. Appointed Quartermaster at Cherry Valley, October 15th, 1861; rendered supernumerary by consolidation.
- SMITH, NELSON R. Taken prisoner and paroled at Gainesville, Aug. 28th, 1862; deserted from Parole Camp, Ohio, October 11th, 1862.
- STEVEN, ABRAHAM. Died May 12th, 1864, of wounds received in battle.
- SULLIVAN, JOHN. Died in New York, February 1st, 1862, of jaundice.
- SWEET, STEPHEN A. G. Deserted May 14th, 1862.
- TEATER, HENRY. Taken prisoner at Fredericksburg, December 16th, 1862; paroled in January, and not seen since.
- TOMPKINS, MOSES. Appointed Corporal September 1st, 1862; wounded May 5th, 1864; taken prisoner.
- TRAYER, CALVIN. Discharged from hospital at expiration of term of service.
- TYGERT, GEORGE W. Discharged at Cherry Valley, December 30th, 1861.
- VAN PATTEN, GEORGE. Died at Fredericksburg, July 2d, 1862, of fever.
- VAN VALKENBURG, ALEXANDER. Taken prisoner and paroled, at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; re-enlisted January 3d, 1864, at Culpepper.
- VAN VALKENBURG, BENJAMIN. Discharged at expiration of term, December 1st, 1861. (See pages 163 and 164.)
- VOSBURGH, ABRAHAM. Discharged.
- WAGGONER, HENRY. Deserted May 11th, 1862.
- WARNER, IRA. Discharged at expiration of term, December 1st, 1861.
- WARNER, JOHN. Died at Cherry Valley, January 4th, 1862, of measles.
- WEIDMAN, PAUL. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; supposed to have been discharged.
- WEIDMAN, RALPH. Enlisted in Second Cavalry, United States Army, 1863.
- WHEELER, JOHN R. Died near Washington, February 13th, 1862; buried at "Soldiers' Home."
- WRIGHT, CARPENTER N. Died December 15th, 1862, at Fairfax Court House, Va.
- WRIGHT, CHARLES H. Discharged for disability, July 7th, 1862.
- WRIGHT, FLETCHER. Discharged.
- YANSON, JOSEPH. Died from gunshot wound, at Gainesville, August 29th, 1862.

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 COMPANY K.\*

- JOHN W. YOUNG, Captain. (See pages 358, 359 and 360).
- CHARLES A. WATKINS, First Lieutenant. (See pages 355 and 356).
- CHAUNCEY M. GAYLORD, Second Lieutenant. Went to Washington, D. C., on sick leave, July 15th, 1862, and was there discharged for disability, September 12th, 1862.
- CALTERN B. SHAYS, First Sergeant. Captured May 5th, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.; sent to Andersonville; paroled in December, 1864, and honorably discharged, his term having expired.
- THOMAS F. WELDON, Second Sergeant. (See pages 379 and 380).
- WILLIAM V. HOPKINS, Third Sergeant. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863; sent to the hospital after battle of the Wilderness, and honorably discharged.
- HIRAM R. IVES, Fourth Sergeant. Discharged with the Regiment.
- JEFFERSON FERRY, Fifth Sergeant. Discharged for disability, February 8th, 1864.
- ANDRESS DUTCHER, First Corporal. Deserted May 13th, 1862.
- HENRY CRANE, Second Corporal. Captured at Bull Run, August 30th, 1862; paroled, and deserted from parole camp, Columbus, Ohio.
- SAMUEL B. THOMPSON, Third Corporal. Discharged for disability in July, 1862.
- JAMES L. CASLER, Fourth Corporal. Promoted to Second Lieutenant in January, 1864; captured at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, (see page 289); paroled March 1st, 1865; discharged March 14th, 1865; was in all the battles with the Regiment until captured.
- JAMES P. AVERELL, Fifth Corporal. Discharged for disability, May 16th, 1862.
- CHAUNCEY FERRY, Sixth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; discharged for disability, December 4th, 1862.
- WILLIS SNOW, Seventh Corporal. Discharged with the Regiment.
- WILLIAM G. VAN HORN, Eighth Corporal. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, and discharged in summer of 1865.
- HARRISON WHITNEY, Musician. Transferred to 14th New York Volunteers, then to 91st New York Volunteers, and mustered out with that Regiment.
- BENJAMIN A. FOOT, Musician. Promoted to Commissary Sergeant; transferred to 14th, then to 91st New York Volunteers, and with that Regiment mustered out.

## PRIVATES.

- ANTICE, SAMUEL S. Deserted May 13th, 1862.
- ALLEN, DANIEL. Discharged with the Regiment.
- BURTON, WARREN P. Discharged with the Regiment.
- BALDWIN, WILLIAM H. Captured at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864; paroled from Andersonville prison in December and honorably discharged.

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\*The Record of this Company was made up by its former Captain, Major John W. Young, to whom many thanks are due for his interest in this work.

- BALDWIN, CHARLES. Wounded at South Mountain, September 14th, 1862; sent to hospital and honorably discharged, for wound, February 13th, 1863.
- BROWN, ALBERT. Captured at Bull Run, August 30th, 1862; paroled and sent to parole camp, Columbus, Ohio; went home and did not return.
- BERTRAND, LEWIS. Wounded at South Mountain, September 14th, 1862; sent to the hospital and honorably discharged for the wound.
- BRAZEE, SAMUEL. Wounded in hand September 10th, 1862, and discharged on that account December 23d, 1862.
- BELLINGER, JOHN. Detailed February 16th, 1862, to gunboat service West, and subsequently discharged.
- BECKER, LEVI S. Discharged for disability, June 21st, 1862.
- COLE, JOSHUA. Discharged for disability, June 23d, 1863; came back under assumed name, as substitute, October, 1863; deserted a day or two after, and not since heard from.
- CRANE, HIRAM. Deserted May 20th, 1862.
- CRANDALL, BURTON. Deserted May 20th, 1862, and killed at home by a tree falling upon him while at work.
- CHAPMAN, ALFRED. In all the engagements with his Regiment until Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863, when supposed to have been killed.
- CHAPMAN, FRANCIS. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; paroled and sent to hospital; supposed to have been killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863. These two men were brothers, and leave a mother in England; no relatives in America.
- CHAPPEL, ELIJAH. Captured at Bull Run, August 29th, 1862, and paroled; captured at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, where he died.
- CRIPPEN, EZRA. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862, and died of wound the next day.
- CHAPIN, LORENZO. Discharged for disability October 24th, 1862.
- CHASE, WILLIAM H. Promoted to Regimental Quartermaster June 5th, 1862; returned to Company July 29th, 1862, by order of Colonel Wainwright; discharged for disability.
- DEVOE, CHARLES W. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862, and died next day of the wound.
- DEVOE, GEORGE W. Severely wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862; severely wounded at Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, and taken prisoner; sent to Andersonville, and there died of starvation in prison.
- DENN, JOHN. Died in 1861, while home on a furlough.
- DITCHER, HENRY C. Deserted while under charges, May 20th, 1862.
- DOTY, GEORGE W. Was sent to the hospital sick in summer of 1862; did not return to the Regiment.
- FOWLER, ADELBERT. Died at Patent Office Hospital, D. C., May 4th, 1862.
- GRANT, SETH H. Went home from Cherry Valley on sick leave, and died while at home.
- HUBBARD, WILLIAM H. S. Deserted January 20th, 1863; had previously been a good soldier, and been with the Regiment in all its actions.
- HENSTREET, NATHAN T. Sent to hospital sick and honorably discharged.
- HAMMELL, PETER M. Died while home on furlough.
- HANNAN, MICHAEL. Wounded at South Mountain, September 14th, 1862; discharged for wound; has cork leg; resides at Cooperstown, N. Y.
- HAGADORN, NELSON. Deserted before leaving the State.
- HOUSE, CHARLES. Transferred to 147th New York Volunteers, and to 91st New York Volunteers, with which he was discharged at close of war, July 18th, 1865.
- INGALLSBEE, SILAS. Went home from Albany, in January, 1862, by permission of Colonel Green, and did not return.
- INGALLS, GEORGE W. Deserted before leaving the State.
- JANES, ELIHU O. Deserted before leaving the State.
- JENKS, EZRA G. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 5th, 1864, and taken to Andersonville, where he died of starvation.
- MARCH, ENOCH D. Deserted before leaving the State.
- MARQUISEE BARNEY. Wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14th, 1862; discharged in consequence, November 22d, 1862.
- MCKEEVER, JOHN. Discharged for disability, July 18th, 1862.
- MCGARRITY, JAMES. Deserted near Purcellville, Va., November 2d, 1862.
- MCDANIELS, ALEXANDER. Went home from Albany on sick furlough in January, 1862, and died at Oakville, Otsego Co., June 25th, 1862.
- MAICOS, JOHN. Transferred to Company H.
- NORTON, JAMES. Discharged July 22d, 1862, by the Secretary of War, on account of age and size; afterwards joined the 24th Wisconsin Volunteers.
- OLDS, ROSWELD. Transferred to 3d New York Artillery January 17th, 1862.
- PATTERSON, ERASTUS. Deserted January 20th, 1863; had previously been a good soldier and in all the battles with the Regiment.
- PIXLEY, BENJAMIN. Deserted before leaving the State.
- PENDALL, CHARLES W. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862.
- PHELPS, JOSEPH. Wounded at Gainesville August 28th, 1862; transferred to the 147th New York Volunteers, from which he was honorably discharged.
- POWELL, WILLIAM E. Captured at Bull Run August 29th, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 1863.
- FARMER, WILLIAM H. Honorably discharged at expiration of term, October, 1864.
- PRESCOTT, ANTHONY. Killed at Bull Run, Va., August 29th, 1862.
- PETTIE, HARRISON. Discharged for disability December 19th, 1863, at New York.
- RIPLEY, WILLIAM H. (See pages 369 and 370).
- ROE, MORTON. Transferred to 147th New York Volunteers, with which he was discharged in 1865.

- STEPHENS, HENRY H. Would run as soon as he heard the report of the enemy's guns; dishonorably discharged for cowardice, October 20th, 1862, by sentence of Court Martial.
- SUTTES, ROBERT. Deserted before leaving the State.
- SMITH, CHARLES H. Severely wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, — four balls passed through his body and a shell tore open his hip; for several months all his food passed through his wounds; discharged in October, 1864, and resides at Decatur, Otsego Co.; wounds still open, July 1st, 1866.
- STRAIT, HARRISON. Discharged for disability December 6th, 1862, at Alexandria.
- SITTS, ELLIAH. Discharged for disability January 16th, 1863.
- SITTS, DELEVAN. Discharged for disability December 10th, 1862.
- SHIPMAN, BRUCE. Discharged with the Regiment in 1864.
- SMALL, EDWARD. Transferred to Battery M, 3d Artillery, and honorably discharged June 26th, 1865, at Richmond, Va.; was in twenty-eight engagements, commencing at Deep Creek, N. C., April 2d, 1862, and ending with marching into Richmond, April 3d, 1865.
- SHEPHERD, RICHARD. Killed at Bull Run, August 29th, 1862.
- SHAUL, ORLANDO. Died of fever, September 14th, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
- THAYER, JULIUS P. Discharged July 24th, 1862, because too small.
- VOORHEES, JOHN. Killed at Gainesville, Va., August 28th, 1862.
- WHITNEY, EDMUND H. Discharged for disability, at Albany, January 1st, 1862.
- WHITNEY, JAMES H. Discharged for disability, at Washington, March 1th, 1862.
- WHIPPLE, JOHN G. Deserted before leaving the State.
- WRIGHT, CHARLES H. Deserted before leaving the State.
- WINN, JOHN W. Wounded at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862.
- WRIGHT, EBENEZER. Wounded at South Mountain, September 11th, 1862, and died of his wound the next day; buried near the Church at that place.
- WATERMAN, WESTERN. Discharged for disability, May 17th, 1862.
- WOODCOCK, GEORGE A. Transferred to 117th New York Volunteers, with which he was discharged.
- WALBER, JOHN. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, from which he was honorably discharged in the summer of 1865; resides at Springfield, N. Y.
- WINSLOW, LESTER N. Killed at Gainesville, August 28th, 1862, by the side of his tent mate, John Voorhees, killed at the same time.
- WIRES, GILBERT. Deserted January 20th, 1863, and joined another Regiment.
- WAIT, ALBERT. Was enlisted away at Cherry Valley, November 28th, 1861, and joined the 78th New York Volunteers.
- WATERHOUSE, ORRIN. Died at Fredericksburg, Va., June 10th, 1862, and buried there.
- YAGER, JAMES. Promoted to Sergeant; captured at Wilderness, May 5th, 1861; taken to Andersonville; paroled December, 1864.
- YOUNG, NATHAN. Discharged for disability, at Pratt's Point, Va., March 22d, 1863; died on his way home, March 24th.
- YOUNG, EZRA. Deserted May 21st, 1862; afterwards joined the 121st New York Volunteers, and was captured in the summer of 1864; taken to Andersonville, paroled and honorably discharged.













