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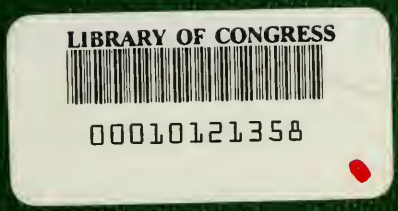

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HISTORY

OF THE

EIGHTY-THIRD

REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

BY A. M. JUDSON,

CAPTAIN OF COMPANY "E."

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE GALLANT DEAD OF THE

EIGHTY-THIRD,

WHO HAVE FALLEN IN BATTLE, OR DIED OF WOUNDS AND DISEASE

IN BEHALF OF THE GREAT PRINCIPLES OF

HUMAN FREEDOM,

AND IN DEFENCE OF THE

AMERICAN UNION,

THIS HISTORY IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED BY ONE OF THEIR

SURVIVING COMPANIONS IN ARMS,

THE AUTHOR.

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PROLOGUE.

When I first conceived the idea of writing the History of the Eighty-Third, I was at a loss what style of composition to adopt; well knowing that when a man appears before the public in the character of a historian, he should endeavor to please his readers by a proper dignity of style, as well as by a scrupulous adherence to truth in his narrative. With this grand project in view, I began to cast about for a suitable model; and the first person I hit upon was Gibbon, the immortal author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which I had left off reading at the four hundred and twenty-fifth page, Fourth Volume, when the war broke out, and which I have never returned to since. With Gibbon in my eye, I sat down to pen a pompous opening: but after floundering about for a whole hour, making as many flourishes as a country writing-master, and conceiving a thousand splendid ideas without giving birth to a single one of them, I all at once came to, and said to myself, *What's the use? I am not writing the Decline and Fall of the American Empire, and hope never to have that opportunity. Nor am I writing the history of the Rebellion, nor the history of the Army, nor even of a corps, division, or brigade; but simply the history of a single regiment—a history which will be read only in a small portion of this great country, and by the survivors only of that regiment and their immediate friends and relatives. All they care for is the simple truth, and I can give it to them in plain language and in my own style.* In one moment after coming to this sensible conclusion, I plumed my wings for a fresh effort, and, with that buoyancy which he alone feels who dips his pen in the inkstand of his own heart, I rushed into my history.

I suppose it is not strictly Gibbonian to offer apologies for defects which no author believes that he possesses, or which, if he did believe it, he would show more sense by correcting at once; and even if it was Gibbonian I should not follow the example. Nor can it be strictly in accordance with the style of that author to excuse himself for not having written what nobody expected him to write. But inasmuch as politics form a prominent feature in all speeches, lectures, literary articles and reviews, sermons and histories, at the present day, I respectfully beg leave to inform my readers that, for the sake of novelty, I have departed from the prevailing custom, and that this, therefore, is not a political history. Nor is it an essay on the Art of War, after the fashion of Jomini, who, taking the campaigns of Napoleon as the bases of his observations, shows wherein Napoleon might have been whipped by his enemies if Napoleon had not whipped them. With long-winded criticisms upon the characters of certain military commanders, or upon the mistakes and failures of the war, I have nothing to do. If I had I should reserve them for a separate work: as did Julius Cæsar, who first wrote a plain narrative of the events connected with his campaign in Gaul, and afterwards wrote a book on the mistakes of that successful campaign. The history survived, but the criticism perished: and it is barely possible that had he combined the two, the one would have dragged the other down, and both would have gone out of existence together. Taking admonition, therefore, from this example I have endeavored to confine myself to facts: and when I state that the soldiers of McClellan's army had confidence in his management, that they had a strong attachment for him, and became enthusiastic in his presence, I state merely the facts of history, not my opinion of McClellan. But inasmuch as he failed to make the campaign against Richmond "short, sharp, and decisive," as he had half promised, it would be impossible for me to argue that this confidence was misplaced without raising an issue of opinion, and opinions are not the facts of history.

If I were writing this book for the whole world to gaze upon, I should stand greatly in fear of the critics; for I am not an author by profession, and, if I know myself, I never shall be. Literary critics being out of the question then, there are two classes of verbal critics, whom alone I have any occasion to fear. The first consists of those members of the regiment who may take offence because I have not bestowed sufficient attention upon their claims to immortality, which seeming neglect, I can assure them, is without design or malice aforethought on my part. As a general rule, I prefer not to give my opinion of a man until he is dead; for then I can abuse him without fear of a licking, or praise him without incurring the charge of toadyism. If, therefore, any one of the surviving members of the Eighty-Third thinks himself aggrieved in this respect, all I have to say is that he should have died sooner. To be frank there are so many men of that regiment, of whose soldierly qualities I have a high opinion, that I have sometimes been uncharitable enough to wish that they had departed this life upon some glorious field of battle, just for the sake of giving me an opportunity of speaking my mind concerning them. This thing of praising a man while he is still living is a very risky business; for he may do well for a while and then turn out badly in the end. But if he dies, and dies while his fame is upon him, you can safely bestow upon him his just share of praise; for he cannot then come back to spoil the good report which he has left behind him.

The second class consists of those men who are generally found "all cut to pieces," a mile to the rear in time of battle, and who generally know what took place at the front better than those who remained at the post of duty and saw the whole affair. I am pleased

to be able to say that, of all the men who came from Northwestern Pennsylvania, there were very few belonging to the Eighty-Third of this character. I can only ask these individuals, if there be any, to deal as leniently with me as possible, and not to open their thunders until the first edition shall have been exhausted: otherwise they might so damage the sale of the book as to involve both myself and others in a heavy pecuniary loss.

When we sit down to write the history of a man, who has distinguished himself, we always betray a remarkable anxiety to trace his pedigree to a royal or noble ancestry, if an European; if an American, to a Revolutionary parentage, in order to show that if he has any fighting qualities he derived them from some other source besides himself; although his warlike ancestor may have been nothing more than an army teamster. Now, to derive a man's fighting qualities from somebody else besides himself, may or may not be a desirable thing; but acting on the principle that every great endowment is inherited, I have thought it appropriate to commence this work with a history of McLane's Three Months', or, as it was more commonly called, Erie Regiment; for I consider that it was the paternal ancestor of the Eighty-Third, and that what fighting qualities the Eighty-Third may have shown were all derived from that regiment, who, for lack of a common enemy used to fight almost every day among themselves. About one-third of the officers, and about one-fourth of the men of the Eighty-Third, including its first Colonel and Lieut. Colonel, were members of that organization; and these are quite enough to establish its claims to a legitimate paternity. The Eighty-Third had also two younger brothers by the same father, to wit, the Hundred-and-Eleventh and the Hundred-and-Forty-Fifth: for the Major of the Three Months' regiment was the Colonel and originator of the first, and the Colonel and Lt. Colonel of the latter graduated, also, at that primal institution which won its renown upon the peaceful shores of the Alleghany. To trace the pedigree still closer the Hundred-and-Forty-Fifth was both the brother and the son of the Eighty-Third, for its Colonel was also a member of the Eighty-Third. At all events, the relationship of the three regiments is close enough for them to dwell together in unity, and not to get quarreling hereafter, like heirs at law, over the liberal patrimony of glory which the people have awarded to them all.

As to the military history of the members of regiment, which will be found at the end of the volume, and which I consider by far the most important part of it, a few words of explanation are necessary. If there are any mistakes in the spelling of the names, or in the dates of enlistment, discharge, or death; or if the name of any member has been omitted, the party so aggrieved must lay the blame at the doors of those who have had charge of the company records, and not at mine. Especially must the blame be laid upon those who had the making up of the Muster-Out Rolls at Harrisburg; for these were the only guides I had in making out that record. But I apprehend that very few errors will be found; and it would be an unusually correct account indeed, that contained no errors in a list of nearly two thousand names. The history of those who are credited as wounded or taken prisoners, I obtained from other sources, not from those Rolls; and a very interesting time I have had of it. They are as perfect in that respect as it is possible for any one person to make them; and if any wounded hero has been left standing out in the cold, who is to blame but himself? For did I not cause notices to be published in nearly every paper in Northwestern Pennsylvania, calling upon every man who had been wounded, to send in his name? From the very few that responded to those calls, I concluded that but very few of them cared anything about the glory of having been punctured in battle. But the day will come when they will say, "I would not take a hundred dollars for my wound!" And the day is coming, too, when others will say, "I would give a hundred dollars for that wound!" The list will be found to contain the names of all those only who had been enrolled up to the 7th of September, 1864, when the remaining members of the regiment whose time had expired, were mustered out of service. I have grouped them all under the same heads under which they were accounted for on the Muster-Out Rolls; as these alone give a correct status of the regiment as it then existed. The military history of each member has, however, been continued, under the same head, down to the present time, as far as it could be ascertained. So that the summary of officers, of men deceased, discharged, and so forth, will not be found to give a correct statement of the regiment as it now stands, but as it stood at the time of mustering out, the object having been to give the sum total of all the men who have at various periods belonged to the regiment.

I have said that this list contains the names of all the men who were enrolled up to September 1864. I beg leave to correct the expression. There is one class whose names I have not mentioned, and that is the deserters. Out of some two hundred and twenty-two deserters only about fifty belonged to the original volunteers. The rest were substitutes, bounty jumpers from Philadelphia, who enlisted mostly under fictitious names and whose history, therefore it is unnecessary to publish.* I have taken occasion elsewhere to except that portion of the substitutes and drafted men who still remain with the regiment, from any implied censure by being unfortunate enough to have been associated with those professional deserters. In many respects a man who goes as a paid substitute for another, and does it in good faith, is as good as a volunteer; for he volunteers to go for a man who is afraid to go himself. Undoubtedly more credit attaches to a man who, obeying his patriotic impulses, goes forth at once, without the expectation or care of a reward, to defend his country when it is in danger. But the paid substitute who remains true to his duty, should be exempted from all obloquy on account of his hire, and should receive his just share of praise for having helped to fight the war to a successful close.

Over the great mistake of the fifty volunteers who deserted the ranks of the Eighty-Third, I choose to draw the veil of charity; and the veil of charity, in this instance, shall be the veil of oblivion. Many of them have friends and

*It is probable that a number of names are yet to be found, in the rolls at the end of the volume, of men who are deserters but were not so accounted for on the Muster-Out Rolls. I shall endeavor to hunt them all up and expel them from the Roll of Honor before it goes to press.

relatives in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and I do not wish to make them a standing reproach to their families by publishing their history in connection with the true men of the regiment But better had it been for them had they fallen in battle and been numbered among the glorious dead of the Eighty-Third: for now shall their memories perish and go down to oblivion, while a future generation shall rear obelisks and monuments to the memories of those fallen heroes, and shall inscribe their names upon them in characters that shall last for ages. But I would not willingly deprive them of all merit whatever. They have, at least, the credit of having volunteered, like the rest, from patriotic motives; but they became weak in the knees and their valor, like that of Bob Acres, oozed out at the palms of their hands, and under the impulses of this weakness they took a step which has consigned them to oblivion. Some of them had done good service and had been wounded in battle; and had they remained true to their duty their names would have been inscribed upon the roll of honor which this little book will carry to the hearth-stone of every family of Northwestern Pennsylvania. The time is not yet come when the true character of the services and sufferings of the men of Eighty-Third can be justly realized. But in a few years more, when time shall have softened down the stern facts of to-day into the real romance of the past, and poetry shall have thrown her glorious tints over the adventures, the marches, the battles and triumphs of the Eighty-Third; when a new generation, unaccustomed to the din and clangor of arms, shall have arisen to ponder over the deeds of these heroes of Thirty Battle Fields: THEN WILL BE THE TIME! And when that time comes, proud —proud shall be the man who, knowing that he has done his duty, can say, "I HAVE BEEN A SOLDIER OF THE EIGHTY-THIRD!"

CHAPTER I.

McLane's Erie Regiment. Its organization at Camp Wayne. Departure for Pittsburgh. Our Arrival. Camp Wilkins and Camp Wright. Incidents. Our return to Erie.

In the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, in the month of April, and on the 12th day of the same, the traitors at Charleston, who had so long been plotting the overthrow of the government, opened their guns upon the garrison at Fort Sumpter, and in forty-eight hours the flag of our country was trailing in the dust and trodden beneath the feet of those parricides. No sooner had the roar of their cannon echoed among the hills of the North and along the shores of Lake Erie, and the President had issued his proclamation, calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, than that old war-horse of North-Western Pennsylvania, Capt. John W. McLane, issued his proclamation, calling upon the young men of the Lake country to rally to the support of our country and its flag. A few days before this, he had been summoned to Harrisburgh and offered the office of Commissary General by the Governor of Pennsylvania. This offer he declined, saying that a lame man could perform the duties of that office: he was well and would go to the field.

Having accepted, however, the commission of Colonel, with authority to raise and recruit a regiment for active service, he hastened back to Erie and immediately issued his call. This took place on the 21st of April. In four days from that time twelve hundred strong had poured down from the hills of Erie, Crawford and Warren, into the city of Erie, and on every side was seen the hurrying to and fro, and heard the busy note and preparation of war. Old Waterford, which has never to this day suffered the stain of a draft to fall upon her name, sent forward one hundred and forty strong, all armed, under the command of Capt. John A. Austin. Girard came down with one hundred and thirty-five under the command of Capt. D. W. Hutchinson. Union sent out a hundred men commanded by Capt. John Landsrath. Ferguson of Fairview and Whitney of Warren, each led into camp a splendid company. Eastern and Western Crawford were both represented by as fine a body of men as ever shouldered a musket, led on by Morgan and Dunn. The Wayne Guards of Erie, who had been organized and drilled by Captain, now Col. John W. McLane, were recruited to three full companies under the commands of Brown, Graham and Austin. To complete the list, the Reed Guards, under Capt. John Killpatrick, and a German Company under Capt. Frank Wagner marched into camp: and when the host, twelve hundred strong, were all assembled, Col. McLane telegraphed to Governor Curtin, for permission to lead on the whole number. He was ordered to accept only ten companies of eighty men each; and, greatly to their disappointment, four hundred eager men were obliged to return to their homes because the Governor could not accept of their services. Among these who returned were the companies of Ferguson and Whitney. The remaining companies were lettered and commanded as follows:

Co. A. (Wayne Guards,)	Capt.	Thos A. Austin,
" B. " "	"	Hiram L. Brown,
" C. " "	"	John Graham,
" D. (Conneautville Rifles,)	"	Jas. L. Dunn,
" E. (LeBœuff Guards,)	"	John A. Austin,
" F. (Titusville ")	"	C. B. Morgan,
" G. (Girard ")	"	D W. Hutchinson
" H. (Parson ")	"	John Landsrath
" I. (German Rifles,)	"	Frank Wagner,
" K. (Reed Guards,)	"	John Killpatrick.

A spot of ground for a camp was soon selected in the eastern part of the town and called Camp Wayne, in honor of the hero of that name. As many tents as could be procured were provided for the convenience of the men. Sheds were erected for cook houses, and the farmers from the surrounding country came pouring in with their wagons loaded with provisions for the newly-fledged soldiers, a free and generous offering to their country's gallant defenders. Here we learned our rudiments in the rugged and arduous duties of a soldier's life. Here we took our first lessons in the school of the company, held our first dress parades, learned to live upon hard fare and to lie upon the cold ground.

Our patriotic women, in the meantime, were not idle. It was determined that the regiment should be uniformed in some shape before leaving for the scene of action. The needle and the sewing machine were kept busy night and day, and before the day of our departure, nearly all the companies were clad in a handsome uniform, consisting of a blue jacket and pants and a shirt of yellow flannel. This suit was a sort of compromise between the Zouave and the regular uniform, and, though not durable, it was one of the most singular and picturesque that we have seen during the war.

As we have before stated, McLane had already been commissioned Colonel by the Governor of Pennsylvania. But as he did not wish to command a regiment without a full and free expression of its members, a vote was taken for that purpose, on the 27th, which resulted in his unanimous election. At the same time Benjamin Grant was elected Lieut. Colonel without opposition, and Matthias Schlaudecker Major. Lieut. Strong Vincent, who afterwards played such a glorious part in the history of the Eighty-Third, and of the Third Brigade, was designated by Col. McLane as the Adjutant of the regiment.*

*For a full list of Field and Staff see Muster Rolls.

On the 28th we were informally mustered in by Lieut. Col. Grant, and on the next day, in the midst of a drenching rain, headed by our band,* we marched up State street to the depot where we took the cars for Pittsburgh amidst the roar of artillery, the waving of handkerchiefs and the tears and prayers of our friends for a safe return.

On arriving at Pittsburgh, early the next morning, we breakfasted at several of the hotels along the banks of the river, and were then marched through several of the principal streets, our band playing and our banners flying, in all the pride, the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. This was the first regiment that had yet entered that city, and the novelty of the scene, together with our picturesque uniform and the music of our band attracted crowds of lookers-on who followed us in admiration to our place of rendezvous. We were marched up Penn street to the Fair Ground, which was now to be turned into a barracks for the uses of war, and, on reaching it, each company was at once assigned by Col. McLane to its quarters in sheds that had been used as stalls for horses and cattle. Every man set to work vigorously, and in a short time, with the aid of hammer and nails and a bountiful supply of straw, we converted those cattle pens into tolerably comfortable quarters. In a few days the people of Pittsburgh and the country round about, began to come in, bringing with them loads of provisions, blankets, stockings, underclothes and, in short, everything that was calculated to add to the comfort and gratification of the regiment. For these kindnesses a strong feeling of friendship grew up in the breasts of the men of the regiment; and they never wished for anything so heartily as that the enemy should attack the city, even if for no other purpose than to give them the opportunity of proving their gratitude to the people by showing them how well they would defend it.

Camp Wilkins was made the rendezvous for all volunteers from the western part of Pennsylvania, and Colonel McLane was appointed commander of the camp. As independent companies came in, they were assigned to their different quarters, and as fast as these were filled up new quarters were erected for the reception of others. A commissary department was established, cook houses were built or appropriated from the buildings belonging to the ground, cooks detailed for each company and the whole camp regularly provided with meals three times a day. Orders were issued regulating the hours of mounting guard and of company and regimental drill, and something like order and military discipline soon established. Company drill was held in the morning and regimental drill in the afternoon. During the latter exercises, especially on Saturday afternoons, thousands of people flocked from the city and surrounding country to witness our evolutions. Battalion drill always wound up with a dress parade; and as ours was the only uniformed and organized regiment in camp, and was attended by a band, we always had the pleasure of attracting the greatest crowd. During these exercises the most observed of all observers were the Colonel, the Adjutant and the Drum Major.

We remained at Camp Wilkins about six weeks and by that time the enclosure had become so crowded as to make it impracticable to remain there any longer. A new camp had, in the meantime, been laid out twelve miles further up the Allegheny, at a station on the railroad called Hulton. Here comfortable and commodious quarters were erected in an orchard, on the side of a pleasant hill which sloped gradually down to the river's edge. On the opposite shores high ranges of mountains reared their rocky summits into the air, and at eventide threw a cool and refreshing shade over the waters flowing calmly at their base. Here, at sunset, were the men accustomed to bathe their limbs and sport away the hours, after having undergone the duties of the day beneath the scorching suns of the summer solstice. Here, along the shores of this picturesque and romantic river, were we accustomed to ramble and think upon our future career of glory, little realizing the perils and hardships we should have to undergo in after years, in the duties of the arduous profession we had chosen. Often since, in the midst of our perilous campaigns in the wilds of Virginia, have we cast back a longing, lingering glance, in imagination, to the peaceful scenes around Camp Wright, and wished from the depth of our hearts that we could be transferred to those tranquil and happy solicitudes once more.

In about two weeks, after removing to Camp Wright, the regiment was supplied with muskets and we now commenced drilling in the manual of arms. This seemed to infuse new life into the spirits of the men; for soldiers are nothing without arms. They could now appear at battalion drill and on dress parade to some advantage. A system of target firing was commenced, but it never amounted to much as we were never well supplied with ammunition. It was principally in the manual and in the evolutions that Colonel McLane strove to perfect us. Our new parade ground was in a large hayfield, down near the shores of the river and nearly half a mile from camp. Here, together with the other regiments which had been organized since coming to Camp Wright, did we go every afternoon, and, after two hours of battalion drill, hold our evening dress parades. Among all the commanders on that field the voice of Colonel McLane could be heard first and foremost; and I still seem to hear the deep, powerful commands of our gallant old chieftain, as they echoed and re-echoed among the hills on the other side of the river until they died away in the distance.

We had, two or three times, since coming out, received marching orders, and, on each occasion, had packed up and got everything in readiness for a movement in the direction of the enemy. But these orders were generally countermanded within the next twenty-four hours. Two months had passed away, and we had not yet been fully armed and equipped. It began to grow apparent to every one that we were never destined to see any active service, and this began to have a slightly damaging effect upon the discipline of the men. They had come out to fight, not to play the summer soldier, and they now began to grow discontented and to criticise freely the partiality of the Governor for not giving them a chance to meet their enemies upon the gory field of battle. In fact, they presented that rare spectacle, so seldom witnessed now-a-days, of a regiment spoiling for a fight. They had yet received no pay, although they had been two months in the field and had never yet been mustered into the service of the United States; and this helped to

*Mehl's Band.

swell the flames of their discontent. In short, the complaints of some of the more clamorous grew so high that Col. McLane found it necessary at last to come down on their calculations with a moist blanket. Having ordered the regiment out on battalion drill one hot morning in July, he formed it in hollow square, and taking his stand on the inside, delivered a short, energetic speech in which he gave them to understand that *he* intended to command the regiment; and, as for himself, if the State of Pennsylvania was too poor to pay him, he would make a free and voluntary gift of his services to her. So saying, he reduced square and deployed column and then put us through about three hours of the most animated and perspiring drill that we have ever had, before or since. The speech and the drill produced the desired effect, for at the end of the three hours the starch had been so completely taken out of the malcontents that not a word of complaint was ever heard from one of them afterwards.

There was one other circumstance took place about this time which aided also in restoring the regiment to its normal state of mind. Some genius, of a romantic and inventive turn, was taking his evening ramble along the classic shores of the Allegheny, in quest of the beauties of nature, when his eye fell upon a clam-shell which laid imbedded beneath the crystal tide, glittering in all the glory of its pearly incandescence. The happy thought struck him that from that material he might construct a ring to adorn the lily-white finger of his fair one at home. Accordingly he set to work with file, jack-knife, bayonet and sandstone, and in the course of twenty-four hours, had constructed such a jewel (if I may be allowed to use the term) as had never before encircled the fair finger of even majesty itself. The news of this great discovery spread like wild-fire from man to man, from company to company, and from regiment to regiment, until the whole camp had become filled with emulation to excel the discoverer who had so boldly launched out into the vast ocean of art and invention. There was a simultaneous rush for the river, and the clams, God bless them! were so completely and effectually scooped up that there never has been a respectable crop since. Then, for the space of three weeks, nothing was to be heard in that camp of Mars but the concentrated buzz of files, saws, bayonets and sandstones, which, as it arose upon the stillness of the evening air, sounded like the spindles of forty New England factories all joined in one grand universal chorus of industry. They stole away from drill, they stole away from roll-call, they stole away from dress parade; and when detailed for guard they were either too sick for duty, or they carried their darling clam-shells along with them, and stood upon their posts, with fixed bayonets and inverted muskets, their feet upon their beloved pearls, and making the air hideous with squeaking as the remorseless bayonet plowed, twisted and crunched its way through their very vitals. In a word, Camp Wright had become transformed into one great, universal Ring Factory. Everything else,—their imaginary grievances, the anticipated joy of battle, the return home to be crowned with the laurels of victory,—all seemed to have been forgotten. Even pay day, which always brings more men into line than a battle, had become a myth, a mere shadowy reminiscence of the past. In vain did you attempt, after the fatigues of the day, to catch one grateful moment of balmy sleep, tired Nature's sweet restorer: for the buzzings and the gratings of those everlasting workers still rung upon the ear till nine, ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock at night. And it was often away up in the wee small hours ere the sounds, one by one, would begin to die away, like the tones of an Eolian harp whose harmony becomes mute only when the playful winds have become hushed to rest. As usual with the speculative genius of the Yankee nation, the manufacture of rings soon became a matter of traffic, and the camp became also a grand bazaar for their sale and purchase. The greater the demand the greater the manufacture. It is said that the Carthagenians gathered eighty bushels of rings from the fingers of the slaughtered Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ: but had the Carthagenians of the South attacked and made one half the slaughter upon our camp, they would have gathered, in proportion to the numbers engaged, even more rings than they.

Here, in this peaceful and happy valley,—yes, happier even than the happy valley of Rasselas—we whiled away the most tranquil period of our soldier life, subject to none of those dread alarms which we were destined afterwards to encounter. Comparatively speaking, we made but little proficiency in the art of war; yet, as the whole nation was at the time wholly inexperienced in the duties pertaining to the occupation of a soldier, what we gained in the three months service was of great benefit to us when we came to organize and drill the men of the Eighty-Third. If we did not acquire that thorough system of discipline which the Eighty-Third afterwards acquired when they had become soldiers in earnest, it was no fault of our commander, but was owing to the unsettled and uncertain position in which the regiment was placed. As a regiment they would, beyond all doubt, have fought bravely; being all active and vigorous young men who were the very first to volunteer; for when the public safety is in danger, those are the best men who stand not upon the order of going, but go at once to its defence. Most of them again entered the service, some in the Eighty-Third, some in the One Hundred and Eleventh, some in the One Hundred and Forty-Fifth, and in various other regiments, both infantry and cavalry. I believe, in fact, that every branch of the service, both land and naval, has since been represented by the members of this regiment.

The period of our term of service had now drawn to a close. Paymaster Veech came around and paid the regiment for one month and seventeen days. In a day or two afterwards, we took our departure for Erie, and arrived there on Saturday night, the day before the battle of Bull Run. Although we had seen no active service and had not returned covered with the laurels of war, yet the people of Erie received us with all the honors that are usually awarded to the heroes of a hundred battle-fields.

CHAPTER II.

Colonel McLane issues another call for volunteers. Organization of the Eighty-Third at Camp McLane. Departure for and arrival at Washington. Encamped on Meridian Hill. Crossing of Long Bridge and arrival at Hall's Hill. Our dicipline. A grand camp festival. In winter quarters.

Col. McLane had expressed his intention, even before returning home, of going immediately to work and raising a three years' regiment for the service. The news of the disastrous battle of Bull Run alarmed and aroused the nation and the warlike spirits of the people were again on fire. The Colonel at once telegraphed to Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, for authority to raise another regiment for active service, and on the 24th of July he received the order. He at once sent handbills throughout the northwestern counties of Pennsylvania, calling for a thousand active and able-bodied men, and the officers and soldiers of the old regiment forthwith commenced recruiting. The Fair Ground, a few miles from Erie, was selected for a camp of rendezvous, and called Camp McLane. Nearly three hundred of the old regiment re-enlisted for the new one. Volunteers did not respond so readily as they did at the first call, but, nevertheless, in five weeks nearly a thousand men from the counties of Erie, Crawford, Warren, Venango and Mercer had assembled in camp. On the 8th of September the last company was mustered in: and on the same day the whole regiment was drawn up in line, and, together with Col. McLane and Major Strong Vincent, was formally mustered into the service of the United States by Capt. Bell of the Regular Army. From this to the day of our departure the time was busily spent in drilling and recruiting the regiment up to its maximum number. On the 16th we left for Washington, amidst a large crowd of people who cheered us as the train slowly moved away.*

On the evening of the 20th we arrived at Washington, and, after having partaken of refreshments at the Soldiers' Rest, we marched to Meridian Hill. Major Vincent had gone on to Washington before us and provided tents and blankets for our reception; and here, beneath the clear rays of a midnight moon, with the great dome of the Capitol looming up grandly in the distance, we spread our tents upon the ground and made our first bivouack upon the soil of Maryland.

We lay at Meridian Hill a week, and during that time the men were uniformed and were armed with the old Harper's Ferry muskets. These were exchanged for the new Springfield muskets, a few weeks after arriving at Hall's Hill. An election was also held for field officers, and Major Strong Vincent was elected Lieut. Colonel, and Dr. Louis Naghel, of Indiana, Major. Our regular exercises in company drill were kept up, as they had been at Camp McLane; and on the 1st of October, after dark, we crossed over the Long Bridge to Arlington Heights, and, on this cool, frosty night, we bivouacked for the first time upon the sacred soil of Virginia. We staid here a day or two and then moved to Hall's Hill where we were brigaded and joined to Gen. Fitz-John Porter's Division.

Porter's Division was at that time being organized. The First Brigade, under Gen. Martindale, was encamped on Hall's Hill proper, about half a mile to our front. The Second Brigade, under Gen. Morell, was encamped at Miner's Hill, two miles beyond, and the Third Brigade, under the command of Brig. Gen. Daniel Butterfield, was encamped on Hall's farm. The following comprises a list of the Brigades and Regiments, together with the names of their commanders, which at that time belonged to Porter's Division:

FIRST BRIGADE.—GEN. MARTINDALE.

Second Maine, Col. Roberts.
Eighteenth Mass., Col. Barnes.
Twenty-Second Mass., Col. Gove.
Twenty-Fifth, N. Y., Col. Kerrigan.

SECOND BRIGADE,—GEN. MORELL.

Fourth Mich., Col. Woodbury.
Fourteenth N. Y., Col. McQuade.
Sixty-Second Penna., Col. Sam Black.
Ninth Mass., Col. Cass.

THIRD BRIGADE,—GEN. BUTTERFIELD.

Seventeenth N. Y., Col. Lansing.
Sixteenth Mich., Col. Stockton.
Forty-Fourth N. Y., Col. Stryker.
Eighty-Third Penna., Col. McLane.

Besides these regiments of infantry there were three batteries of artillery—Griffin's, Martin's and Weedin's, and the cavalry regiment of Colonel Averill. The whole numbered about sixteen thousand strong. It may be proper here to add, that at that time the whole army was organized by divisions of three brigades each, with their complement of batteries and regiments of cavalry; and that these divisions were encamped in the order of battle, in front of the defenses of Washington, on a line extending from Chain Bridge on the right to below Alexandria on the left. McCall's Division of Pennsylvania Reserves were encamped further up on the Maryland side of the Potomac, while Hooker's Division occupied the same side of the river a few miles below Alexandria. The organization of the Army into Corps of three divisions each was ordered by

*Mell's Band also accompanied the regiment, having been made up of new men, and enlisted, like the soldiers, for three years. They were all mustered out by General Orders in August, 1862.

the President, during the early part of March 1862, about the time that we were marching upon Manassas; but it was not practically effected until the next May or June.

The Third Brigade was encamped as I have stated, on Hall's Farm, half a mile to the rear of the First Brigade. The Seventeenth occupied the right, the Sixteenth the left, the Forty-Fourth the right centre and the Eighty-Third the left centre of the brigade. On a hill, between the Seventeenth and Forty-Fourth, were the head quarters of Generals Porter, Martindale and Butterfield. The camp of each regi ment was laid out, in regular military style, into company streets and the tents pitched in line. For a better explanation of the companies composing the regiment, with their letters, commanders and places of enlistment, the following list is given in the order of seniority, with their respective dates of muster:

Co. A.	(Titusville,)	Capt.	Morgan,	Aug.	21st,	1861.
" B.	(Meadville,)	"	Morris,	"	25th,	"
" E.	(Waterford,)	"	Campbell,	"	26th,	"
" D.	(Edinboro,)	"	Woodward,	"	26th,	"
" I.	(Erie,)	"	Brown,	"	27th,	"
" F.	(Meadville,)	"	McCoy,	Sept.	3d,	"
" H.	(Conneautville,)	"	Carpenter,	"	6th,	"
" G.	(Tionesta,)	"	Knox,	"	6th,	"
" C.	(Erie,)	"	Graham,	"	8th,	"
" K.	(Erie,)	"	Austin,	"	8th,	"

No one of these companies was recruited wholly at the places to which they are credited in the above list. Company H. was composed largely of men from Girard, and the Erie companies were made up of members from different portions of the several counties. But as the military history of each man will be given at the end of the volume, it is unnecessary to make any further explanations upon this point.

We now commenced the work of soldiering in good earnest. At Camp Wright we had never been mustered into the service of the United States, had never been brigaded nor subjected to those arbitrary regulations which must necessarily prevail in a regularly organized army. Butterfield was a strict disciplinarian and an excellent tactician in the evolutions of the line. Orders were issued regulating the hours of reveille, tattoo, the roll and all intermediate calls and we were compelled to most rigidly observe them. Company and regimental drills were held every day and brigade drills three times a week. The soldiers were carefully instructed in the manual of arms and in the exercises of the bayonet. Guard mounting was conducted with a precision and conformity to army regulations which we had never before known. The men were instructed in all the duties of sentinels, to patrol their beats to salute their superior officers, to turn out at the approach of a general officer, and to preserve and demand the countersign at night. Weekly and monthly inspections of arms, accoutrements, and clothing were made, and the men required to keep them clean and in good order. A system of target firing was established, in which the best shots were noted and publicly acknowledged in general orders read before the regiment. Regular details for picket were made, and the men soon became proficient in all the requirements of outpost duty. In our brigade drills we were practiced in all the evolutions of the line, in the firings and in numerous sham battles. Frequent reviews were held, in which our proficiency in marching and in soldierly bearing was noticed and frequently commended. Alarms of the approach the enemy were occasionally given, on the strength of which we were ordered to supply ourselves with three days' cooked rations and to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice; all for the purpose of practicing us in the school of the soldier. The officers were required to apply themselves to the study of the book of tactics, and were daily questioned and examined in the same until they had become well versed in the manual of arms and in all the movements of company, battalion, and brigade drill. Occasionally they were removed to the headquarters of Gen. Butterfield, and their skill put to to the test in guessing distances, in order to perfect them in the art of calculating the probable range of shot from a given point. Court martials were established, before which offenders against the military law were promptly tried and punished as an example against all future breaches of good order and military discipline. Under these strict but salutary regulations all those symptoms of insubordination and inattention to duty, so common among soldiers without discipline, were effectually squelched, even before they had time to appear upon the surface; and the good habits and soldierly bearing of the men soon became conspicuous and remarked. On dress parade they presented a splendid appearance. It was on one of these occasions that Gen. McClellan, on passing along the lines with his staff, rode up to Col. McLane and said, "Colonel, I congratulate you on having one of the very best regiments in the army!"

In fact the Eighty-Third became so noted for their proficiency and strict attendance upon drill as to become the subject of a commendatory order from Gen. Butterfield. "The General commanding," said the order, "feels called upon to congratulate and commend the Eighty-Third for the very general spirit of attention to duty that seems to pervade the regiment. Their attention to drill is especially recommended as a worthy example to the rest of the brigade." The order went on to state that the average percentage of their attendance at all drills, parades, and roll-calls, amounted to seventy-two, while the highest percentage of any other regiment of the brigade did not amount to over fifty-eight.

For this proficiency in drill and attention to duties generally it was determined by Gen. Porter that the regiment should be presented with an entire outfit of one of the new uniforms which had been imported from France. This outfit was the most complete that had ever been worn by an American soldier; and although most of them proved, upon trial, to be too small for the men, and by no means productive of their personal comfort, yet they were at once picturesque and attractive in appearance. The uniform was that of the *Chasseur de Vincennes*, consisting of a shako, two jaunty, tasteful suits, dress and fatigue, with cloak, two pairs of shoes, two pairs of white gloves, two night-caps, gaiters, *sac le petite*, containing five brushes for various purposes, needle case, with combs, thread, spool, cloak pin, and various other conveniences. Each officer was supplied with a small tent and each soldier with a fragment of one styled *tents d'abri*, susceptible of being instantly spliced to those of his companions by buttoning. For the purpose of giving the reader a better idea of the completeness of this outfit, I give below a list of all the articles that were issued to the men:

Large Council Tent, with Tables and fixtures,...	1
Common Tents, for men and officers	110
Circular Tables, " " " "	220
Ambulance, or Hospital Tent, with Tables, &c.	3
Men's small Tents, for special duty	1,000
Officers' Tents, " " "	40
Company Tents	10
Mallets, for driving Tent Pins	250
Picks	250
Hatchets	100
Shovels	225
Dress Coats	1,000
Fatigue Coats	1,000
Pantaloons	1,000
Cloaks, or Mantles, with Hoods	1,000
Shirts	3,000
Drawers	2,000
Dress Caps (Shakos) of Leather	1,000
Plumes for ditto	1,000
Fatigue Caps	1,000
Shoes, pairs	2,000
Leather Gaiters, pairs	1,000
Linen Gaiters	2,000
Leggings, pairs	1,000
Epaulets	1,000
Nightcaps	2,000
Neckties	2,000
Handkerchiefs	2,000
White Cotton Gloves, pairs	2,000
Suspenders, pairs	1,000
Woolen Blankets	1,000
Knapsacks, hair tanned leather	1,000
Haversacks	1,000
Large Tin Water Canteens (Bidons)	100
Small Canteens	1,000
Straps for "	1,000
Large Tin Mess Kettles	100
Tin Soup Bowls, with lids	1,000
Tin Cups	1,000
Cartridge Boxes	1,0 0
Sword Belts	1,0 0
Tin Saucepans	100
Chevrons, gold and silver embroidered for non commissioned officers	150
Pack Saddles	35
Cacolets for ditto	100
Mule Litters	2
Camp Stools	150
Medicine Chest filled with medicines	1
Surgical Chest, filled with instruments	1
Ambulance Knapsacks, containing knives, saws, bandages, lints, &c., for surgical operations	2
Bugles	22
Mule Bridles	35
Sacs du Petit, or Small Sacks containing Shoe Brushes	1,000
Clothes, ditto	1,000
Hair ditto	1,000
Button ditto	1,000
Brushes for cleaning guns	1,000
Small Oil Cans	1,000
Tin Boxes, for Polishing Powders, &c	1,0 0
Dusters for the Clothes	1,000

Besides 1,000 needle books, each containing one pair scissors, thimble, three colors thread, spool for the thread, saddlers' awl, needles, combs, &c.

Towards the latter part of December we began to ornament and beautify our camp, and to make preparations for a grand camp festival to be held on New Year's Eve. The company streets and the avenue leading to the Colonel's quarters were all carefully turnpiked, and the companies marched backward and forward over them in order to smooth and pack them down. Sidewalks were laid out in front of the company quarters and adorned with small pines and cedars. Magnificent arches of evergreen were erected at the entrances of the streets, and everything done to render the camp at once attractive and agreeable. Just at that time we had enjoyed an uninterrupted season of warm, dry weather for a number of days, and, at night, as the moon shone down resplendently upon our camp, it brought to mind some of those enchanting scenes of which we read in Spenser's Faerie Queen. The headquarters of the regiment were also tastefully decorated with an enclosure and with arches and gateways of evergreens; and as we walked the streets of our little city at night bathed, as it were, in the soft rays of the moon, it awoke poetic visions of peace and happiness rather than of war and bloodshed. On the night of the Festival, when brightly illuminated, the effect was beyond description. "The camp," said the correspondent of a Washington paper "presented an appearance the most unique and fascinating imaginable, giving the effect at a little distance, of a fairy glen, rather than the stern and almost forbidding aspect of an ordinary military encampment. Chinese lanterns, of various graceful forms, in color a predominant mingling of red, white, and blue, with the stars of our nationality proudly shining, suspended among the groves and festooned gateways of evergreen, brilliantly illuminated the camp, which was jocund with the holiday mirth of a regiment holding an unaccustomed jubilee!"

"But the grand display was found inside of a huge tent, T shaped—one wing a dancing hall, floored and carpeted with canvass; the other with a table set and loaded with delicacies. It is difficult to do justice to this scene of enchantment. The whole tent was profusely decorated with branches and sprigs of cedar. Chandeliers of bayonets, forming sockets for as many candles, each circle apparently hoops of different sizes captured from some lady's dress and handsomely wound with tissue paper, were unapproachable in their effect. The beautiful flags of the Eighty-Third and the Forty-Fourth were joined in loving embrace, with the other flags of the brigade to enhance the display. The tout ensemble of the whole affair was military and magnificent. At the supper were accommodated nearly two hundred guests, with provisions enough for five hundred.

"The band which furnished music for the dance was that of the Forty-Fourth New York. The music was superb, as all will believe who know the band. There is a feeling of unusual cordiality existing between these two regiments, and an insult to either would be instantly taken up by the other as if done to itself."

Such was the scene of enchantment presented on the night of our New Year's Festival. The weather was then warm and pleasant, the skies were clear and balmy, and the moon shone down brilliantly. But lo! what a scene of havoc was presented a few days after. Storms of rain, sleet, and snow, and tornadoes of wind passed over our little "Fairy Glen," and down came our magnificent arches, our festooned gateways and rows of shade trees, and the streets were deluged with water and mud. The winter had now, for the first time, fairly set in. The camp looked all the more dreary and forbidding for having once looked so attractive and enchanting. For weeks the snows covered the face of the earth. Drills were suspended, and the only comfort the soldiers could find was in hugging the firesides within their tents, smoking their pipes, and playing at their favorite games of euchre, cribbage, and old sledge.

CHAPTER III.

The approach of Spring. The Army in motion towards Manassas. Arrival at Fairfax Court House. Evacuation of Manassas. Return to Alexandria. Embarkation and Voyage down the Potomac. Arrival in Hampton Roads. The landing at Hampton village. In camp.

Winter at last broke away and Spring opened upon us. The time was now approaching when we would be called upon to put in practice the precepts we had learned, and to test the efficiency of the discipline we had received. We had completed the period of our probation, and were now to be received into full communion in the church militant and baptized in the blood of our enemies; aye, and in our own too. The long-expected and long-talked of movement of the Army of the Potomac, was about to commence. On the night of the 9th of March we received orders to be in readiness to move on the coming morrow. All was bustle and preparation in camp. All superfluous trumpery, trunks and baggage, all unnecessary clothing, including the French uniform, had been previously packed up, sent to Georgetown, and stowed away in government warehouses. Three days' rations were now to be cooked and stowed away in our haversacks. There was but little repose during the remainder of that night. On the morning of the 10th, at an early hour, the reveille was sounded. A hasty breakfast was prepared and eaten; and ere the morning had worn away the vast folds of the "McClellan anaconda" began to uncoil themselves and move slowly along in the direction of Manassas. The whole army moved at the same time and upon different roads. Towards sundown we arrived at Fairfax Court House and halted. We had been there but a short time when the intelligence spread throughout the army that the enemy had evacuated the strongholds of Centreville and Manassas, and fallen back upon Gordonsville. To us it was a victory, and it had been gained without a blow. In consequence of this news the army was drawn up to receive Gen. McClellan on his return from the front; and as he rode along the lines, loud and repeated cheers burst forth from the Union hosts, indicating their joy at this their first triumph as well as their confidence in the strategy of their young commander. We then marched back with music playing, drums beating, and colors flying, to our camping ground, and pitched our tents for the night.

We remained at Fairfax until the 15th. In the meantime preparations were made for transporting the army down the Potomac to Fortress Monroe; for it seems to have been McClellan's original intention to operate against Richmond by way of the Peninsula, and to make some point on either the York or the James River his base of operations. During this interval we examined the rebel fortifications around Fairfax, Centreville, and Manassas. As Fairfax was but an advance post, the works were not of so formidable a character but that they might have been carried by a well directed assault, even with a respectable force behind them. The works at Manassas were more numerous and much stronger, but not half so strong as we had expected to find them. But the most formidable of all were those at Centreville, seven miles beyond Fairfax Court House. Here along the brow of the hill over which that dingy little village straggled, was drawn a strong line of breastworks, two rows deep in some places, the interior line reveted, stretching away several miles towards the North, and flanked at intervals by heavily bastioned forts, compactly built, and seemingly impregnable to an assault. Two forts commanded the approach over the Fairfax road, and an assaulting column would have been compelled to charge up this long open hill under a furious cross fire of grape, cannister, and musketry. Centreville and Manassas may be said to have been the centre of their general line of defences, stretching from Ball's Bluff on the Potomac, north of Washington, to the Occoquan emptying into the Potomac, on the south side of it. At Leesburg, where their left wing rested, they had built numerous strong forts commanding the approaches from Washington, and it was with this wing of their army that occurred the affair at Ball's Bluff on the twenty-first of October 1861; while their attempted blockade of the Potomac, during the same year, was made under cover of their forces stationed in the vicinity of the Occoquan. It will thus be seen that the rebel forces in front of Washington, described a quarter circle from one bend of the river to the other, comprising a chain of communications and defences at least fifty miles in length and closing all advances into Virginia by any other except an equally appointed or superior force.

Whilst we had sate during the winter at Hall's Hill, shivering in our tents of cloth, expecting every week to move upon Manassas, the more wise rebels had erected commodious and comfortable log houses and snugly quartered themselves within them, without any intention whatever of engaging in that popular delusion of the day, a winter campaign in Northern Virginia. These log encampments extended from Centreville to Manassas, where the main body of their army lay; and, judging from the number we saw remaining, I should estimate their strength in those vicinities to have been not much inferior in numbers to our own.

On the morning of the fifteenth, in the midst of a drenching rain, we marched back towards Alexandria for the purpose of taking transports down the Potomac. We halted about dark, and went into the camp which had been

occupied during the winter by the Irish Brigade. This was our first march and bivouac in the rain, and, at that early period of our experience in the profession of arms, the trial was a severe one. The tents, which had been left standing, were filled with all the refuse swept down by the scavenger rain from the hills above. No wood was to be had, except the few fagots which had been gleaned up here and there in the dark; and we were compelled to cook our suppers, dry our soused garments, and make our beds in the midst of great green filthy sloshes of water. The next day we moved further on and pitched our tents on the side of a hill, near Alexandria. Here we remained until the twenty-second, awaiting transports. On the morning of that day the Eighty-Third embarked on board of the Sea Shore and one other steamer, and, on the afternoon of the next day, anchored in Hampton Roads, under the frowning battlements of Fortress Monroe. On the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, we landed at the deserted village of Hampton, marched a mile into the country and encamped for the night.

The next morning we moved out to Newmarket Bridge, on the Yorktown road, where the brigade went into camp. It pleased the brigade or division authorities, for some purpose that was to us inscrutable, unless it was for the purpose of concealment, to locate this camp in a swamp. While there we had the pleasure of being drowned out, once or twice, by heavy showers of rain. We dwelt in this sylvan abode about a week, when we were called upon to undertake an enterprise of pith and daring, a full account of which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Reconnoisance to Big Bethel. Terrible charge of the Eighty-third, in which nobody got hurt.

It was on a bright, beautiful morning in the latter part of the month of March, that we started, with one days' ratious in our haversacks, towards Big Bethel. It was not known exactly for what purpose we were going, but as fighting is the business of a soldier's life, it was supposed that fighting was the object. In those dense forests and impenetrable swamps before us, all was an unknown region; and it appeared afterwards that it was also unknown to our commanding Generals. We knew that a force of the enemy under Magruder were entrenched at Yorktown, some twenty-five miles distant, and it was reasonable to suppose that he had outposts far in advance of his main force. Big Bethel was one of these outposts. There they had thrown up earthworks the year before, commanding the Yorktown road, and there had occurred that ill-omened battle which exalted the bravery of the rebels so much in their own eyes. It transpired afterwards that this expedition of ours was part of a general reconnoissance made by several detachments of the army, by order of General McClellan, for the purpose of ascertaining the position and whereabouts of the enemy, preparatory to a general advance up the Peninsula. Our brigade was under arms early in the morning and, at about eight o'clock, we started off with colors flying. After marching a few miles we were halted in the road, brought to a front and ordered to load. This began to look like a fight. After a short rest we again pushed forward. Flankers were thrown out and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise on either side. Expectations of a sharp fight and hopes of a brilliant victory ran high in the regiment. We were told that we must plant the banner of the Eighty-Third upon the court-house of Big Bethel; and there was some discussion arose among several aspirants after military fame, to know who should have that distinguished honor. To plant the colors of a victorious army upon the ramparts of a surrendered fortress, upon the State House of a fallen capital, or upon the Court House of a captured county seat, properly and distinctly belongs to the color bearer; but on this occasion there were emulative spirits enough in the regiment to wrest this honor from the color bearer and reap all the glory of the deed themselves. On our march but few houses or inhabitants were to be seen. The ruins of a number of dwellings said to have been burned by order of Magruder, remained, but the inhabitants were gone. From our camp to Big Bethel the distance was nearly twelve miles; and as the sun approached the meridian the weather became intensely hot. About noon we debouched into the open fields in the neighborhood of Big Bethel, where the enemy were supposed to lay entrenched ready to open a murderous fire upon our advancing columns. Suddenly we received orders to form line of battle. The Sixteenth Michigan and Seventeenth New York, which were in the advance, were already seen drawn up in line marching to the front, and this quickened our apprehensions that an awful conflict was at hand. The Eighty-Third were ordered to form line on the left of these two regiments, and the Forty-Fourth on the left of us. In order to get into position we had to march by the flank into a thick body of woods, full of swamps and underbrush. Into the woods we went pell mell, on a double quick, o'er bush, o'er brier, o'er bog, o'er brake, where having changed front forward on first company, we swiftly formed in the ranks of war. All was now bustle and excitement in the Eighty-Third. The field officers of the regiment hurried to and fro, with revolvers in their hands, hurrying forward both officers and men. Having at last formed line of battle we told the men that the eyes of the world were upon them and exhorted them to do their whole duty in this their first battle, and not to disappoint the high expectations that had been formed of them at home. Then, with sabres drawn and bayonets fixed, with our hearts in our throats and with the King of Terrors staring us in the face, we commended ourselves to the God of Battles and rushed forward. We cleared the woods—we gained the opening—the line of terrible breastworks burst upon our sight—when with a yell and a double quick we charged across the plain, and on arriving at the works, found not a single rebel behind them.

Some affirm that while we were getting into line for a charge, musket firing was heard at the front, and it was supposed that the troops on the right of the brigade were engaged with the enemy. The fact seems to have been that there was a small detachment of cavalry stationed there, who fired a few shots and then fled at our approach. There were several small works thrown up for batteries, and a line of rifle pits which commanded the road, but they were not manned. Our color bearer, Sergeant McKinley, then went forward and planted the banner of the Eighty-Third upon the captured works. We found in the woods, to the rear of the rear of the works, a number of shelters constructed of boughs, which were fired and consumed. No Court House, however, nor any other house was to be seen, and what was called Big Bethel was nothing more than an old wooden church of that name.

Thus ended the first battle of the Eighty-Third, in which nobody got hurt, except such as were badly scratched among the briers while forming for the charge. We rested upon the battle ground for half an hour and then continued our reconnoisance towards the left

in the direction of the Warwick road. Captain Brown's men were thrown out as skirmishers on the right flank of the column, and were compelled to march most of the way through a swamp. Beyond this swamp, further to the front, the rebels had thrown up other works and had stationed a picket line connecting with the one at Big Bethel. Merwin and Laport, two members of Company I, advanced clear across this swamp and through the woods for a considerable distance beyond, to the works, and came upon a rebel officer calling in his pickets. Merwin cocked his gun to fire, but Laport checked him, saying that they would capture him as soon as he rode up to a house which was but a few yards distant from them. The people at the house, however, sounded the alarm, and the next thing they saw of the rebel officer he was putting spurs to his horse and galloping away in the opposite direction. One of the men fired but missed his mark, and this was the only shot fired by any of the regiment during the day. The brigade continued its reconnoisance for two or three miles to the left and having met with no enemy, halted an hour for lunch, and then started back for their old camp in the Slough of Despond.

CHAPTER V.

The march to Yorktown. Seige and evacuation of the place. Incidents of the seige.

On the 2d of April General McClellan arrived at Fortress Monroe, and on the morning of the 4th, six divisions of the army, all that had then arrived, took up the line of march for Yorktown: Gen. Keyes, with three divisions, taking the road next to the James River, and the rest of the army, including our division, with Gen. McClellan in person, taking the direct road to Big Bethel. The enemy's videttes, who had returned there after our reconnoisance, fled at our approach, as we learned from the negroes on the way. These people, who swarmed out in various places along the road, volunteered all the information they were able to give, and answered our questions with all that native urbanity in which the great African nation stands pre-eminent. To our inquiries as to the strength of the enemy at Yorktown they replied, "Dey has a right smart chance of men, but, Lawd, sir, no sich piles of men as dis!" Their information was not of a character to be implicitly relied upon. But it was doubtless true that Magruder had not been yet reinforced by the main body of Johnson's army. During the first day's march the weather was pleasant and the roads were good, and the only thing that occurred, worthy of note, was a slight skirmish with a small force who occupied some strong works at Howard's Mill, about six miles this side of Yorktown. They were soon shelled out and we encamped there for the night. The next morning we began our march in the rain, and though we had but six miles to go, it proved to be one of the most difficult marches we ever made. A few hours rain had completely soaked the low, swampy soil of the Peninsula, and the artillery wagons had worked it into a perfect mire. When we arrived within three miles of Yorktown, heavy cannonading commenced; and, shortly after, word came to hurry forward as General McClellan wished us to go into action without delay. We quickened our pace, and, on arriving on the ground, found our troops engaged in a heavy artillery fight with the fort surrounding Yorktown, with sharp musketry between the skirmishers. On a large, open plain to the left, heavy bodies of our troops were marshalling in battle array, and everything indicated that a battle was about to take place.

The rebel position at Yorktown was an admirable one for defending the approaches to Richmond by way of the Peninsula. Opposite the town was Gloucester Point, a small cape extending so far into York river as to reduce the channel to a very narrow breadth, perhaps less than a quarter of a mile in width. Around the town was drawn a strong bastioned fort, in some places thirty feet high from the bottom of the ditch, in no place less than twenty, and mounted with over seventy guns, the most of them of a very heavy caliber. Thus, Yorktown might be said to have been the only walled town in the United States. In front of the fort was an open plain a mile in width, and the cannon mounted in the fort were so pointed as to sweep the plain in every direction. Several large pieces pointed down the river; and between the fort and the batteries on Gloucester Point the river was effectually closed against the passage of either transports or armed vessels. From the fort there extended a strong line of works across the Peninsula to Warwick River, a distance of about seven miles. The Warwick emptied into the James, and its shores were marshy and covered with heavy and impenetrable forests. These long lines of works brought the army to a stand; and after a few days of reconnoitering, to find a weak point, and an unsuccessful attempt at Lee's Mill to force the passage of the Warwick and turn their right, the project of carrying the works by assault was abandoned. Accordingly the army sat down before Yorktown for the purpose of reducing the place by the more tedious but safer operations of a siege.

To our division, which lay on the extreme right of the army and immediately in front of Yorktown, was assigned the duty of conducting the siege against their principal works. A place of encampment was selected about two miles from the town, the camps laid out and the siege commenced. Between us and the enemy there was a heavy body of woods, much cut up by gullies and ravines, and out of one of these gullies ran Wormley's Creek and emptied into York River; or, to speak more properly, Wormley's Creek was a bayou putting in from the river and rose and fell with the tide. These woods effectually screened a portion of our camps and concealed all our operations from the enemy. For the first few nights, about dark, heavy details of men, usually by regiments, armed with picks and spades, moved to the front and worked till daylight in the trenches; and when the trenches became large enough to conceal and protect the men, the work was kept up night and day. On the night the trenches were opened, a strong line of videttes was thrown out several rods ahead so as to warn us of any approach of the enemy; for the work was begun along the edge of the woods, directly in front of their lines and within hearing of their pickets. At first, rifle pits, three feet deep and three feet wide, were dug, and these were every night widened and deep-

ened until they became covered ways in which were constructed regular batteries with embrazures for heavy ordnance. As soon as the enemy discovered that we were at work in the trenches, they opened on us from the fort, and night and day threw mortar shells, many of them with such precision that they fell among the men and occasionally did some damage. On these occasions, especially at night, men were stationed so as to watch the flash of their guns, and the instant they saw it they gave the word "down!" and down they all went behind the works while the shells whistled harmlessly over them. A few men belonging to the division were killed and wounded in this manner, but none belonging to the Eighty-Third. Two men, however, of Company E, were badly injured one day by the limbs of a tree which had been torn off by a shell, and under which they were lying while on picket duty.

Before the trenches had been opened and the siege fairly commenced, we had done picket duty along the edge of these woods facing the enemy's works. The rebel pickets had, before our coming, dug numerous rifle-pits, large enough to hold one or two men each, and from them they kept up a constant firing upon our men whenever they appeared in sight. The rebels were so effectually concealed within these pits, and kept our men so closely under cover of the woods, that we could not successfully reconnoitre their positions, and it was always difficult to tell the exact direction from which their firing came. Bullets frequently flew over and among us without being preceded by the report of the rifle. Various plans were tried to draw them from their hiding places, but they were generally unsuccessful. Among the troops who acted the most prominent part in this picket warfare were Berdan's Sharpshooters. These men, some of whom had rifles of a long range, frequently kept, at the distance of nearly a mile, the rebel gunners quiet under protection of the parapets of the fort.

Among the works built were fourteen powerful batteries, mounting from six to sixteen or more guns. Several of these batteries were built in the woods and the work was generally begun under cover of darkness. On several occasions we descended into the trenches, the rain pouring down and the night so pitchy dark that we could not distinguish each other at the distance of two feet apart. Some of these works were constructed for thirteen inch mortars, and others for thirty-two pounder Rodman guns and heavy rifled ordnance. Battery number one, on the beach of the river mounted several one hundred and two hundred pounder rifled Parrotts. Between this battery and the heavy guns of the enemy's fort, over two miles distant, the most magnificent artillery duels frequently took place. When our two hundred pounders opened the earth shook as if in the convulsions of an earthquake for a mile around, and their ponderous projectiles could be heard screaming through the air for several minutes until they plunged with a terrible explosion into the enemy's works. On the first night of the opening of the trenches this battery played upon the enemy's fort so as to keep them busy while we were at work. In the midst of the darkness and stillness of the night, the effect was what might have been called sublime. At first a flash like that of vapor lightning, suddenly illuminating the skies, would be seen; then, as you stood eagerly listening to catch the report, counting one, two, three, five—ten—fifteen—twenty, and even thirty—the deep, heavy roar broke upon your ears, echoing and re-echoing for miles up and down the vast forests of the Peninsula; and then came rushing along the tremendous projectile, with a whizzing sound resembling that of a meteor; and, bursting in mid air, the fragments would fly off in every direction, whirling and convolving with a sound conforming to their size—some like the distant buzz of a threshing machine, and some not unlike the shrill whistle of a steam engine. At other times the shells would fail to burst, and we could hear their heavy "thug" into the fort, although a mile distant, that reminded one of something like the concussion of two planets coming together.

The amount of labor performed by our troops in constructing these batteries and in making all the requisite preparations for the grand bombardment, is incredible. Bridges were built across Wormley's Creek, the banks of the ravines were cut down, and over them roads made for the easy and rapid passage of troops. On the 3d of May the works were nearly completed and everything nearly in readiness for the grand opening. About midnight the enemy opened upon us with "mortar, paixhan, and petard," and for two hours kept up a heavy, rapid, and continuous cannonading. As we lay in our tents their shells came whistling and bursting over and scattering their fragments around us. One fragment passed through the tent of a drummer in the Eighty-Third, and smashed through his drum, which stood between him and his sleeping comrade. By a strange Providence no one of the regiment was injured, although hundreds were thrown into our very midst. The roar of their cannon was heard over fifty miles, and we could hear the reverberation of each successive explosion for a long time as it gradually died away in the distance, like the successive waves of the sea beating upon the shore. By degrees the firing at last died away, and all again became as quiet as if a world had been burst into atoms by a succession of earthquakes, and then gone out of existence. In the morning the pickets discovered that there was no enemy in the fortifications; and cautiously moving up towards their works, found them deserted and alone. The rebels had given us their parting salute and started at midnight in full retreat for Richmond.

CHAPTER VI.

Up the York River to West Point. A Night Reconnoisance up the Pamunkey. Terrific Charge of the Eighty-Third, and their capture of a Congoan Metropolis.

It was a subject of considerable regret among the men of our division that, after all the labor they had expended in anticipation of a grand bombardment, they were to be disappointed in the end; although I am free to adm t that, when men have lain for weeks in daily expectation of a bloody battle, to wake up on some fine morning and find the enemy gone, is productive of a sort of tranquillity of mind that is anything but disagreeable. When danger confronts us our anxiety to meet it is generally moderated by our fears; but after it has passed away, without an encounter, we are often filled with feelings of the keenest disappointment.

As soon as it was ascertained that the enemy had retreated, a portion of the army followed up, and coming upon their rear at Williamsburg, a bloody engagement resulting in the success of our arms, took place. Several divisions including our own, remained behind for the purpose of taking transports up the York River to West Point; and during that time, we were twice called out in the night, and once in the rain, to march to the support of our men. On the afternoon of the 8th we went aboard of the steam transports lying at Yorktown; and, on the morning of the 9th, we came to anchor opposite West Point, and immediately commenced landing the troops in pontoon boats on the right bank of the Pamunky. It was late in the afternoon before the Third Brigade completed its landing; but as soon as we were all ashore we moved about a mile back from the river and pitched our camp.

It was upon this ground that Sedgwick's division, which had preceded us, repulsed an attack of the enemy's advance and drove them back into the woods towards Richmond. Had the enemy succeeded in driving Sedgwick, they might have retarded, if not entirely checked, the landing of Porter's, as well as the divisions of Richardson and Franklin which followed.

West Point is the terminus of the Richmond and York River Railroad, and comprises that tongue of land which is formed by the junction of the Pamunky and Mattapony rivers. Here was a good wharf and steamboat landing; and while the rebels were at Yorktown this was one of their principal channels of supply and communication with Richmond.

Here we remained a week, and the only adventure we had during that time was a reconnoisance up the Pamunky, on the night of the 10th, by a portion of the Eighty-Third, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Vincent. The precise object of this expedition we never fully comprehen led; but we were given to understand that it was to capture some guerrillas, or night marauders, who had lately been in the habit of coming down the York River Railroad and plundering some plantations on the Pamunky. As soon as it was dark five companies were put on board of a small steamer, to be transported across the river to West Point. While on the way Colonel Vincent assembled the officers together in the cabin and made known to them his plan of operations. On landing a contraband guide previously engaged for the purpose, was found secreted under a building, awaiting our arrival. In a few moments we were noiselessly moving forward on the road leading up the river. The road was in fine order, the night was clear and the moon shone down brilliantly. All was silence and nothing was to be heard, above the suppressed whisperings of the men, but the shrill melancholy song of the whippoorwill, which always accompanied us in our marches along the forests and morasses of the Peninsula. We passed no habitations of men: it was all plantation, whose broad acres stretched away, without any visible boundary, in the distance, its perspective resembling, in the soft rays of the moon, the vast illimitable waste of the ocean. After a march of five or six miles we arrived at the objective point, and were ordered to halt.

This celebrated spot of earth, which is destined to become famous in history as the scene of one of the most desperate and bloodless encounters of the Eighty-Third, was known, or might have been known, if I had been properly informed, as the plantation of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, who was at that time an absentee, roaming about somewhere in that very dubious region of country known as the Southern Confederacy. I choose to be thus exact in name and locality in order that the future student of history may linger in delightful concemplation around this classic spot and say within himself: "Here is the scene of the prowess of the immortal Eighty-Third! Here was fought one of the most desperate and bloodless combats ever related in the annals of warfare!"

If anything were wanting to complete the geographical description of our new theatre of operations, I might add that this plantation apparently consisted of a thousand acres, more or less, as do most of the plantations in that country where the territories are all in the hands of a few wealthy landed proprietors; that it laid upon the banks of the Pamunky, some five or six miles above West Point, with the York River Railroad running through it; that it was, so to speak, a dominion within itself, comprising a population of over one hundred souls, of African descent, whose little metropolis of Doric mansions reposed upon the romantic shores of the river in all the simplicity of that severe and primitive style of architecture.

Having, by these preliminary descriptions, prepared the mind of the reader for a better understanding of the events that are to follow, let us now go back to the Eighty-Third, whose

warlike hosts were eagerly awaiting the order to be marshalled in battle array. Everything being in readiness for the movement, two companies deployed as skirmishers and boldly advanced to the attack. The remaining companies, having formed line of battle, advanced to the support of the skirmishers; keeping, however, at a proper distance to the rear so as to avoid being subjected to an enfilading fire from the enemy's artillery. The skirmishers gained the rise of ground which stood betwixt the attacking column and the enemy. In a moment more they disappeared beyond it and rapidly approached the doomed African city, whose peaceful inhabitants, locked in the arms of sleep, little dreamed of the storm of war that was about to burst over their heads. Suddenly the deep, heavy baying of their watch dogs those faithful guardians of Southern homes, (and of their negroes, too) burst forth from every kennel on the plantation. Alarmed by their sentinels, the dogs, whose howls, their watch, the people rushed to their doors; and, on beholding a gang of desperadoes advancing upon them, the cold steel of their weapons glittering in the bright beams of the moon, they broke and fled in precipitation to the banks of the river. I presume that the most trying situation in which a man can be placed is to suddenly find a gang of murderers on one side of him and a precipice on the other. The shores of the river at this point were high and precipitous, and the river itself wide and deep. The moment our men saw those dusky forms flitting hither and thither, in panic and affright, they knew that the enemy was routed, horse, foot and dragoon; and, with that enthusiasm with which we always pursue a flying foe, they charged forward, with a yell and a double quick, in order to secure the prize of victory which now seemed within their grasp.

Here the Muse of History begs leave to come down, for a few moments in order to take breath and to plume her wings for a more majestic flight. It was the custom of Homer to rest both his muse and his reader, at times, by introducing the gods assembled in council and holding boisterous dialogues upon the affairs of mortal men; and I remember that on one occasion he refreshes us with the sublime spectacle of all the gods rushing down the sides of Olympus at once, each one armed after his own fashion, to take part in the mighty contest that was about to ensue. First and foremost of all came June, the termagant, carrying a long pole with which she intended to stir up the nations and set them together by the ears. Next came Mars, the soldier, armed with a sword and buckler, who, like a true patriot and hero, always goes forth to meet the enemy and to fight out the squabbles which politicians and termagant women have raised about him. Last of all came earth-shaking Neptune, the great pacificator and cooler of heated passions, who comes down upon the whole concern with a wet blanket. He, too, was armed; but he was armed with a paddle, the full scope and meaning of which was that he intended to row them all up Salt River together. But I intend to use no such clap-trap machinery as this in my descriptions.

It was also customary with that prince of poets, when on the eve of describing a great battle, to invoke the aid of the Muses, as if human genius were too weak, unaided and alone, for such a mighty undertaking. In like manner do I feel compelled to call upon those same young ladies for a little help. Descend, therefore, ye Pierian train, and assis: But first, O Muse, declare what now took place upon the winding shores of the tobacco producing Pamunky.

The negroes, half dead with fright, broke for the river and our men after them. Then, as huge rocks, from high Olympus or from Pelions craggy summit torn, which, gathering force at each successive bound, whirl, leap, and chase each other down the mountain's side: so down the banks of the Pamunky, tobacco-growing stream rushed assailant and assailed, pursuer and pursued, soldier and nigger, all rolling and tumbling together in a heap. And when they had fairly reached the bottom they all sprang to their feet again and made ready for another chase. But our men, with repeated demands to halt and surrender, again dashed forward, seized the enemy by the throats and claimed them as prisoners of war. Nor was it until they had came to this hand to hand encounter and secured the prize of victory, and the sooty countenances of the affrighted foe had begun to gleam upon the disordered visions of our men, even as the towers of Ilion gleamed by moonlight upon the rapt visions of the Grecian hosts, that the truth broke upon them: whereupon the combat ceased, and both victor and vanquished came back together.

It may be here asked why our men did not fire upon the retreating enemy, as is usual in such cases, when they refuse to halt and surrender. To this I would reply that, when an enemy is once routed and put to flight, it is the part of humanity, not to shoot them down like so many wild beasts, but to secure their capture; and, by thus saving their lives, to obtain from them much valuable information, and to extend to them, in return, the privilege of taking the oath of allegiance. Moreover, to capture the enemy were our orders; and, in adhering strictly to these orders, the men of the Eighty-Third showed their obedience to the commands of their superior officers and their excellent displine as soldiers. Had they commenced firing they might have alarmed the neighboring kingdoms, or plantations, and so defeated the object of the expedition. As it was they achieved a success, and success is the criterion by which we must always judge of the merits of the plan of every great undertaking.

After the smoke of battle had passed away and order had been re-established along the lines and a good understanding had been effected between the victorious and vanquished parties, we sat down in the streets of the metropolis and passed an hour in a highly intellectual and instructive conversation with some of the principal inhabitants. We were especially careful to impress the fact upon their minds that, although the fortunes of war had placed them in our power and that they were now a conquered and tributary people, far would it be from us to impose upon them any humiliations that were calculated to wound the feelings of a chivalorous and highly sensitive people. Much less should we oppress them by quartering armed troops in their midst, or by levying contributions upon their subsistence, or imposing upon them grievous and burdensome taxes. Nay, in the flower and quintessence of our magnanimity, we would so far renounce the rights of conquerers as to withdraw our forces from their territories, restore the city to its freedom and its citizens to their ancient privileges and immunities. This magnani-

mous condescension, towards a fallen and prostrate foe, so wrought upon the gratitude of that great people that they proceeded at once to spread before us the choicest and most delicate viands; and accordingly they served up to us a repast consisting of hog-meat, hoe-cake and buttermilk: and, as it was the custom of war in those days to accept of nothing without giving ample remuneration therefor, we loaded their pockets with silver,—all, who sat down to the repast, having made a voluntary condonation of one quarter of a dollar apiece.

During the progress of this sumptuous feast we entered into various and learned disquisitions in relation to their form of government, the customs, habits, and dispositions of their governors, and elicited from them much valuable information regarding the geography and topography of the country. We ascertained that the governor of these territories was then absent (as it might be reasonably supposed he would be); that, at the time of the arrival of the Yankees in these parts, he, having business of an important nature to transact in a neighboring State, had departed without leaving his city properly garrisoned and defended; that in his absence, a viceroy, known in the Congo an vernacular as an *overseer*, had lorded it over them; and that very recently he, too, having business of an urgent nature in some neighboring State, had left without maturing the necessary preparations with which to withstand an assault or repel an invasion.

But in no department of human knowledge did they display such surprising accuracy as in the ideas they had previously formed of the physiological conformation and habits of the detested race of Yankees. This accuracy was owing chiefly to the fact that their knowledge was traditional, not historical, and had been handed down orally by their good old governors. Hence, it was more reliable than if delivered to them by lying historians, who write for pay, and are seldom to be trusted. From a certain reservedness of manner, which we attributed to a generous delicacy of feeling, we were unable to elicit a full and impartial explanation of the ideas they had previously entertained of us. But if I might venture to judge, from several inuendoes casually dropped during the interview, of the purport of these oral traditions, I should say that their notions of the Yankees were that they were a race of monsters, compounded of cyclops, Bengal tiger and gorilla, and that they sought no other employment but to cut the throat of every nigger that fell in their way.

Exceedingly rejoiced, therefore, were they to find that their previous notions had been so erroneous; as men must needs rejoice who, expecting their throats to be cut, meet with nothing but kindness at the hands of their supposed assassins. A perceptible change in their feelings towards us began to manifest itself; which seeming condescension on the part of that magnanimous people greatly delighted us. Nay, they went so far as to express their want of confidence in the administrations of their former governors, and to signify their willingness to transfer their allegiance to the government of the United States, and to hereafter join their political fortunes with ours; which additional condescension on the part of that excellent people also greatly delighted us. Their ancient and traditional veneration for their former governors, it was evident, had sustained a heavy shock. They even began to indulge in language indicating that they cared less for the safety and future welfare of their good old governor than they did for their own. In a word, with that remarkable philosophy which always enables one race to bear up under the misfortunes of another, who have enslaved them, they gave us to understand that they did not care a fig what had become of him, and that they were ready at any moment to abandon him and his fortunes and to unite their destinies, henceforth and forever, with the brutal and detested race of Yankees.

Let us now return to the Eighty-Third. I suppose the reader will imagine that, all the while this colloquy was going on, the two hostile armies were drawn up in battle array, after the manner of some of those armies in Homer, where the contending heroes advance to the front and centre, and there hold such loud and boisterous dialogue that the gods themselves often gathered together, upon a pile of clouds, and looked down in wonder and admiration upon the spectacle. But no such thing. To come down to plain English, the fact is, that, while a few of us were having a private chat with the negroes about their old *mawster*, and were assuring them that we had no intention whatever of cutting their throats, and were putting them through a course of lectures generally, upon the beauties of the free labor system, and so forth, the balance of the regiment had gone to roost in a large stack of straw near by; and when we returned our ears were saluted with the loud reverberating snores of our drowsy warriors. Videttes had been stationed at the front and every precaution taken to secure themselves against a surprise; for, it must be remembered, we had not yet encountered the real enemy in quest of whom we had come. But it is needless to say that no enemy made his appearance, and no surprise was attempted. We slept till about an hour before daylight when, the object of our expedition being at an end, we started back towards camp. The same moon was still shining in the heavens, but lower down in the horizon; the same silence of the night prevailed, and the same song of the whippoorwill kept time to the heavy tramp of our men as we retraced the road back to West Point. Day had dawned before we reached the landing. In a few moments the same little steamer which had brought us over the river, steamed up to the wharf and, in half an hour more we were again in our old camp.

In summing up the gains and losses of a campaign, it is customary among military commanders to give a full and succinct detail of all the captures of men and material, as this is the principal evidence of success. Know, then, that the sum total of the captures of this campaign, was one old cow, lank, lean, and lop-jawed, and apparently in the last stages of consumption or starvation. This capture having been adjudged contrary to the rules of war in those days, she was ordered to be restored to her lawful owner. With that promptness with which such orders are executed in the army, the old heifer instead of being returned was run off to another regiment, and from that regiment to another, and so on until she was lost sight of; and the next thing I saw of her, she was standing by the roadside, on the march to the Chickahominy, with a hungry soldier sitting by her, going through the illusiory process of milking, and extracting about as much nourishment as if he had been attempting to milk the four corners of a dry towel.

CHAPTER VII.

March to the Chickahominy. The Battle of Hanover Court House. Rise in the Chickahominy. Attempt to bridge and cross the river.

By the 12th of May, the four divisions that came up the York River had landed, while the rest of the army, which came up the Peninsula had arrived and established communication on our left. On the 13th we broke camp, and at night we reached Cumberland, a landing some twenty miles by road further up the Pamunky. Here we were reviewed by Secretary Seward. From there we moved to White House, still further up the river, which was destined to become our base of supplies, and there we found a great portion of the army massed. Here we remained for several days, when we again took up the line of march and several days after arrived at Cold Harbor on the Chickahominy.

It was somewhere about this time that the Fifth Corps, composed of the divisions of Gen Porter and Gen. Sykes was organized. Porter's division was denominated the First Division, and Sykes' regulars the Second. A short time before the battle of Mechanicsville, McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves were detached from McDowell's corps and sent to ours. The whole was placed under the command of Gen. Porter, and the First Division under command of Gen. Morell. We remained at Cold Harbor some two or three days and then removed our camp to the Gaines Farm. Here we pitched our tents apparently for a long stay, doing picket duty along the shores of the Chickahominy and performing the usual routine of camp duties; when on the night of the 26th, Col. McLane called the commandants of companies together and informed them that an important movement was on foot, and ordered them to have their companies in readiness to move at daylight the next morning.

Before day-break it commenced raining, and and at four o'clock we were out in line in readiness for the march. On moving out of camp and striking into the Mechanicsville road, we found the whole of the division on the move, horse, foot, and artillery. The rain continued to pour down without cessation, but nevertheless the troops went forward. After a fatiguing march of about eighteen miles through rain and mud and ponds of water, we came within a few miles of Hanover Court House at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and before we had arrived fairly on the field, the cannonading commenced between our artillery and that of the enemy.

We were hurried rapidly forward and having halted for a moment in an open field, to dispose of our blankets and other articles of encumbrance, we again pushed ahead under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries. Several regiments of the enemy who were supporting these batteries, fell back as we advanced and took shelter in a body of woods in our front, where their movements were concealed from our observation. Having chased them through a portion of the woods we halted a few minutes under orders from the commanding general, and again pressed forward; the whole brigade (except the Forty-Fourth which had been temporarily assigned to Martindale's brigade) advancing in line of battle. Passing through a ravine filled with bushes, we captured a few prisoners who were lying concealed in the thicket. In the meantime the enemy had disappeared from our front, and one piece of their artillery had been abandoned and left standing on the field. We passed by this piece, our right flank almost touching it, but having no time to spend in capturing deserted ordnance, we moved on. The Seventeenth New York shortly after came up and, with a yell of triumph captured the gun, and bore it off as a trophy; for which deed of valor the Colonel commanding that regiment received his full share of praise in the celebrated report of Gen. McClellan.

We soon changed the direction of our pursuit and moved off towards the left, between two bodies of woods; the one on our left being the one in which the rebel infantry had disappeared. It seemed that our brigade was destined to chase something, but we could not see what it was, and have never yet ascertained. We kept moving towards the Court House, which we could see on a rise of ground two miles distant; but no enemy appeared, other than a few horsemen, who kept in sight merely for the purpose of watching our movements. We pressed forward, however, in the eagerness of pursuit, dashed across the South Anna, considerably swollen by the late rains, and, having gained the brow of the hill, halted a few moments in the open field to the rear of a country inn.

We had not been here five minutes when we heard sharp and rapid musketry from the very spot where the engagement had commenced. In pursuing the various detachments of the enemy, our division had become divided, and the main force of the enemy, which had kept concealed in the woods, taking advantage of the opportunity, attacked Martindale's brigade which, together with the Forty-Fourth, stood their ground for nearly an hour. It was over two miles from where we then were to the scene of action. We were immediately ordered forward, and moving along the track of the Virginia Central for the distance of a mile, we diverged to the right and marched up through a wheatfield, in the direction of the woods where the engagement seemed to be the heaviest. On reaching the top of a hill the brigade formed

line of battle, and with a yell and a double quick, charged into the woods in our front. To march in line of battle through these woods, filled with ravines and rivulets, whose marshy banks were covered with thick undergrowth of bushes, was an extremely difficult undertaking. But Colonel McLane went ahead and encouraged the men to follow him, "Now is the time," said he, "to prove yourselves soldiers!" The woods were three quarters of a mile in depth; and all the while we were marching through it, the heavy firing in front continued; and, as we approached the opening where the battle was raging, the crash of small arms and the roar of artillery became nearer, clearer, deadlier. As every fresh regiment came up to the support of our troops, we could hear them pouring whole broadsides at once into the ranks of the enemy, till finally the firing slackened; and, at the very moment we debouched from the woods, it entirely ceased.

We found the Forty-Fourth drawn up in line at right angles to the line of battle in which we then stood; for it must be remembered that the order of battle had been completely reversed, and what, in the first part of the day, constituted the right flank of our forces, was now their left, and what had been the left flank of the enemy was now their right. In the first attack we had driven them towards the North, and they had stolen around in the woods and come upon our troops from the opposite direction. Their left, during the second fight, was resting in the woods through which we had marched to the support of Martindale, and the advance of our brigade had turned their left and they were compelled to fall back and retire from the field.

In a few moments we were again ordered forward in pursuit. The rebels had retreated about a mile down the Ashland Road, our artillery playing on them all the while; and, having filed into the fields on either side of the road, they again formed line of battle, laid down in the grass and awaited our approach. Our brigade pushed rapidly on, and, having formed line across the railroad, marched towards the enemy in that order. When we had approached within three hundred yards of their line, they suddenly sprang up and opened a severe and well directed fire upon us. Instantly Colonel McLane gave the command, "down." The men fell upon their faces and for fifteen or twenty minutes a constant shower of bullets screamed and whistled over us. As soon as their firing had ceased we were ordered to "up!" when our men sprang to their feet and returned the fire. The musketry continued a few minutes when the command was given to cease firing. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, we looked towards the front, and saw the rebels in full retreat again down the Ashland Road. This was the third encounter in which they had met our troops upon that day and been driven every time. A section of artillery then wheeled into position, and gave the rebels a parting salute, with a few shells directed into the midst of their retreating columns.

It was now nearly dark. Our troops were fatigued by the hard day's work. The enemy had been repulsed and driven before us, and we now marched back to the place where we had left our blankets, and bivoucked for the night. Here we were joined by the Companies of Captains Brown and Knox, which had been detached in the early part of the engagement, as skirmishers. They had skirmished the woods thoroughly and had captured over a hundred prisoners.

From the prisoners we learned that the rebel forces here amounted to about ten thousand men, under the command of Gen. Branch, and that they were then on their way from Gordonsville to Richmond.

This was the first battle in which the Eighty-Third had been engaged. At Yorktown they had frequently been under the heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, but had never yet come into the close encounter of a musketry fight. It was as Gen. Butterfield said their "baptismal fire," and most gallantly did they behave under it. They walked up to receive the deadly fire of the enemy with all the coolness of the heroes of fifty battles. "They behaved," said the General, "on each and every occasion like veterans."

In this engagement we had eight men wounded and none killed. One, however, died shortly after from the effects of his wounds. Two were reported to be missing. The Forty-Fourth which had encountered harder fighting, lost much more heavily.

On the morning of the next day, we moved up into a clover field, over which we had fought the day before and pitched our tents. The men, whose rations had given out, and whose supplies had not yet arrived, were permitted to go out foraging, and they came came back loaded with pigs, turkeys and fowls, together with several demijohns of good liquor captured from the cellars of the fleeing inhabitants. We remained there till the 29th, when we returned to our old camp at Gaines' Mill.

One of the results of this affair was the large number of contrabands that followed us back to camp. They ramained in the Regiment a long time afterwards, and participated in all its marches, fatigues and in not a few of its dangers. Many since have enlisted in the army and have done their share in the work of overthrowing the rebellion and striking off the shackles from their long enslaved race.

We did not leave Hanover on our return until three o'clock in the afternoon, and did not reach camp until two o'clock the next morning. The march to Hanover had been severe and fatiguing and many had fallen out on the way. But as it was performed rapidly it had less of that irksomeness which always attends slow and difficult marching. The return, which occupied eleven hours, although it was only a distance of eighteen miles, was one of the most trying that we have ever undergone. The artillery and wagon trains got frequently stuck in the mire, often occasioning an hour's delay; and profiting by these delays the weary soldiers, exhausted as much in patience as in body, sat down to rest and fell asleep in the woods and by the roadside, and many of them did not come up till the next day.

On the 30th heavy firing was heard in the direction of Richmond, and we soon after received orders to fall in, stack arms, and hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. As tired as the men were, they obeyed the order with alacrity, but the order to move did not come. On that evening happened one of those terrific storms of thunder, lightning and rain so peculiar to the "sunny South." One man in the Forty-Fourth was killed and two others severely stunned by the shock. The rained poured down in a perfect deluge for over an hour. The roads ran in torrents. The

streams were all swollen, and the Chickahominy became so high as to overflow its banks and inundate the shores for some distance around. The rebels knowing that we had not yet bridged the river so as to enable us to throw heavy bodies of troops from one bank to the other with celerity determined to take advantage of the occasion, and by throwing large masses upon the left flank of the army, crush it and drive it back upon the right. And in accordance with this design, upon the first and second of June, followed the battle of Fair Oaks.

On the night of the 31st, at about ten o'clock, we had orders to pack up all but the tents, and be ready to move; but after most of the men had packed their blankets, we were ordered to fall in with only blankets, haversacks, and canteens. At eleven we moved past Gaines' House down to the bank of the river, where we loaded and stacked arms and remained during the night. The whole division was apparently on the move. The engineers commenced throwing a bridge across the Chickahominy and we sat down to await its completion, fully expecting to cross over that night. On that day the first battle at Fair Oaks was fought within our hearing, and we were to take part in the struggle which was to be renewed on the next day. But the heavy rains that fell on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth had raised the stream so high that it baffled all the exertions of the Engineers. Every hour it grew higher and wider; growing in width faster than the bridge grew in length. The Chickahominy is, perhaps, the wors stream of its size on the continent for the pur pose of easy and rapid bridging. During a grea part of its course, its black Stygian waves dra slowly along through an almost impassable mo rass, from half a mile to a mile in width, and it miry bottom presents little or no foundation fo a bridge. The night was cool and chilly, accom panied by a slight drizzling rain, and, as n fires could be used, we passed a dreary nigh upon the ground. The next morning the figh was renewed, but we were not yet over. W heard every shot and every volley that wa fired, every yell of our men as they charge the enemy, and the cheers of victory that follow ed; and had our corps been thrown across, it i possible that the enemy might have been route and pursued to the walls of Richmond. Bu the river had baffled the skill of our engineers the battle had been won by our troops and w had nothing to do but to return to camp.

From this time to the 21st of July our tim was spent in picketing along the river, i drilling, fatigue and other ordinary camp dutie On that day we removed about a mile and half further east and pitched a new camp. W had laid out our camp with considerable tast had turnpiked the streets and adorned the with shade trees and were making all the pr parations for a protracted stay, when on th evening of the 25th the air became filled wit rumors, and we received orders to pack up a our baggage and send the wagons across th the river to be parked at the headquarters Gen. McClellan.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Battle of Gaines' Mill. Death of Col. McLane and Major Naghel. Our Retreat across the Chickahominy.

The men of the Eighty-Third having passed through the baptismal fires of Yorktown and Hanover Court House were now about to undergo an ordeal compared with which Yorktown and Hanover were mere skirmishes. And perhaps there was never before, for the numbers engaged, a more severe and desperate conflict than the memorable battle of Gaines' Mill. A Confederate narrative called it the "bloodiest contest that had been witnessed during the campaign; and men who had gone through Williamsburg, Manassas, and the Seven Pines, declared that they had never seen war before." Although the battle resulted disastrously to our arms, yet the gallant behavior of the Eighty-Third upon that day has covered them with glory; for never, in my opinion, did men fight with more obstinacy and acquit themselves with more honor. And I wish also to bear testimony to the gallant conduct of two other regiments of the Third Brigade upon that occasion, the Forty-Fourth New York and the Sixteenth Michigan. Out of all the regiments of Porter's corps, these three were the last to leave the field. And although they fought alone and against hope, they fought until darkness, and the enemy in overwhelming numbers had closed around them.

On the afternoon of the 26th, we broke camp and moved on through the woods, in which the battle was afterwards fought, some four or five miles in the direction of Cold Harbor. Various were the conjectures as to our destination; for at that time the plans of the enemy, though known perhaps to the Commanding Generals, were not yet known to the rank and file. After the battle of Fair Oaks, at which Gen. Johnson was severely wounded, the command of the rebel army had been assumed by Gen. Lee. For weeks during the period of our inactivity, they had been concentrating their forces, and bringing forward their fresh levies to the defence of Richmond, and Lee was soon about to make a display of his combinations and his superior numbers against us. Jackson had been brought down from the Valley, and was already at Hanover Court House. Lee's plan was to transfer the main body of his army to the left bank of the Chickahominy, and attack our forces in front, while Jackson with thirty thousand men, was to hurl his legions upon our flank and rear. Their object was to crush the right wing of our army, break up our base of supplies at the White House, and thus force us to fall back and seek another base upon the James or at a greater distance from Richmond. The attacking force numbered about sixty thousand men, while Porter's corps, which were destined almost alone to sustain the shock of these assaulting columns, numbered twenty-seven thousand men all told.

The reader will understand that the position of our army bef re Richmond was something like the shape of a letter V, occupying both banks of the Chickahominy. The left rested a little beyond Fair Oaks, some four or five miles from the rebel Capital, the lines extending thence in a northeasterly direction down to the river at Gaines' (which position may be called the heel of the letter), and then running northwest up the left bank of the river to the vicinity of Mechanisville. Porter's entire corps occupied the left bank and constituted the right wing of the army.

The First Division, under Gen. Morell (to which we belonged), lay at Gaines' Mill. Sykes' Second Division of regulars lay on the Mechanicsville Road, about two miles further up the river, and McCall's Third Division of Pennsylvania Reserves about two miles beyond the regulars, and a little this side of Mechanicsville, along the banks of a small marshy creek, called the Beaver Dam, which flowed into the Chickahominy. The reserves had fortified their position with a line of earthworks and abbattis, and held themselves in readiness to repel the attack of the enemy. The First and Second Brigades of our division had been sent forward to protect their right flank, but in the engagement which followed they did not have an opportunity of participating. About 12 o'clock, the enemy having crossed over at Meadow's Bridge, had driven in their skirmishers and advanced against the troops posted behind the earthworks. They were received with such a galling fire, from both infantry and artillery, that they fell back in disorder. Again they rallied, and again they were repulsed. The reserves had been gloriously successful. Then commenced a fierce and continuous artillery combat, which kept the heavens lighted up with its constant flashes, and filled our ears like the roar of distant thunder, until 9 o'clock at night.

Whilst the First and Second were hastening forward to the support of the Reserves, the Third Brigade, as I have before stated, marched out toward Cold Harbor for the purpose, as we now discovered, of supporting the cavalry in their reconnoisance, and of protecting our flank and rear in that quarter. On arriving at an old tavern by the wayside, we found Rush's Lancers, who had encountered a large force of the enemy's cavalry a few miles beyond, and had been driven back. Each regiment of the brigade was immediately sent out in various directions into the woods, and marched and countermarched through them so as to induce the enemy to believe that we had a large force. But no enemy made his appearance in our immediate front, and, after remaining an hour, we marched back to the camp we had formerly

occupied near Gaines' House, there to await further orders. We had remained there scarcely an hour when we were again in motion on the road toward Mechanicsville. It was now nearly sundown. The enemy had been successfully repulsed at Beaver Dam Run. Our support was not required, and we halted at the headquarters of Gen. Porter, about two miles this side, and bivouacked for the night.

We laid down for rest, but not for sleep; for all the indications were that to-morrow's dawn would usher in the most terrible struggle that we had yet seen, and the roar of artillery in our front, lighting up the firmament with its succession of vivid flashes, even until after the hour of nine, gave token of the awful storm that was approaching. But the storm was destined to fall upon us in another place, and in a position of our own selection. In order to save our vast train and enable it to cross the river in time, it was necessary to make a determined stand at some point with our whole corps. To make that stand at Mechanicsville, would have left our flank and rear too much exposed, and would not have enabled us to cover the bridges over the Chickahominy, or to escape across them in case of a defeat. Orders were therefore given to fall back to Gaines' Mill, select a good position, and await the approach of the enemy.

Long before daylight the Reserves and the troops of the First and Second Brigades of our division had commenced falling back toward Gaines' Mill, along the road near which we were bivouacked, and before daylight we, too, were aroused from our broken slumbers, without having time to take even a hasty breakfast. We marched back by another road, through Gaines' farm, to the woods in front of the Adams house, where we had broken camp the day before.

The ground on which the battle was fought, was rolling, being considerably broken up into ravines and hollows. Some of it was open country and some of it was heavily timbered. The woods in which our line of battle was formed, extended from the slope of the high ground terminating in the flats, from one-half to three quarters of a mile from the river, to Gaines' Mill and were about a mile in length. The stream on which the mill stood emptied into the Chickahominy, flowing a little over half way between these woods and Gaines' house. At a point below the mill a small rivulet branched off, and, running along the skirts of these woods, again emptied into the stream It was on the bank of this rivulet, in a hollow in the edge of the woods, that the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth New York formed line of battle. On the right of us was posted the brigade of Gen. Martindale, and on the right of Martindale the brigade of Gen. Griffin. The First division thus formed the left of the whole line, and the Third Brigade the left of the First division. On the right of our division Sykes' regulars were drawn up, the whole line forming the arc of a circle; and the troops were so disposed that two regiments of each brigade were posted in rear of the first line as supports. The Sixteenth Michigan and the Twelfth New York, (the latter of which had joined us at Hampton in March,) were drawn up as the supports of our brigade, on the rise of ground about seventy-five yards to our rear. Behind this second line, McCall's division was formed, thus making three lines of battle. On our left was a body of cavalry, and also a number of pieces of artillery, so posted as to sweep the river flats, should the enemy make a demonstration upon our flank in that direction. A battery of siege guns was also in position upon the heights, on the opposite side of the river, which would pour an enfilading fire upon the enemy as they advanced across the fields. Between each brigade and division batteries were placed so as to open a cross fire on the enemy approaching from the front. The right of the line was also guarded by a body of cavalry. The whole corps having thus got into position, and made every preparation for the attack laid down to rest and awaited the approach of the attacking columns.

In a few moments Col. McLane, conceiving that our naturally strong position might be made impregnable by throwing up breast works of logs, brush and timber, gave orders for its execution, and immediately the men fell to work with axes, felling trees and cutting them into logs, and in less than half an hour we had such a line of works erected as not only would save the lives of our own men, but enable them to repulse any number that might come against us. The Forty-Fourth N. Y. also threw up works at the same time. Whether breastworks were erected or by the troops on our right, I never knew; but if they had taken the precaution to do so it is probable that they would have made a more successful resistance. It was at this time that Gen. Butterfield sent down word to Col. McLane that he wanted him to hold the position. "Tell Gen. Butterfield he need'nt have sent me any such orders," replied McLane: "I intend to hold it."

The morning was now well nigh gone and the hot sun was approaching the meridian. The enemy had taken time to reconnoitre, and get his troops into position, and had made his advance with great caution, feeling his way at every step. Having formed a line in a belt of woods near Gaines' house, they advanced at charged bayonets and with a yell, upon one of our old camps, (containing a few sick and wounded soldiers) whose capture they announced with a shout of triumph. This success so elated them that they pressed forward, expecting to reap another golden harvest in the capture perhaps, of Porter's corps.

We were first made sensible of their approach by showers of bursting shells, which they poured into the woods where we lay, evidently with the intention of drawing the fire of our batteries and ascertaining their strength and position. Under cover of this fire they advanced in solid column, with their skirmishers deployed several hundred yards in front. It now became evident that the principal attack was going to be made along the lines of our brigade; for, if they could succeed in crushing us, our left flank would be turned, and the whole corps forced back toward the Pamunky and cut off from the rest of the army. We had thrown out skirmishers in the early part of the day, those of the Eighty-Third consisting of company A, under command of Capt. Sigler and Lieut. D. P. Jones. Our skirmishers kept those of the enemy at bay until three o'clock in the afternoon, when, being exhausted with heat and a good deal fatigued, and their ammunition expended, they were relieved by Company B, under the command of Captain Morris. Captain Morris had not been at the front more than five minutes, before he was severely wounded and carried to the rear. The enemy now began to press forward, advancing all the

while under the heavy fire of our siege guns across the river. In a few minutes our skirmishers were driven in. Our men, having previously thrown off their knapsacks and piled them up in the rear of the line, so as to give them the full use of their limbs, sprang to their muskets and took their places behind the works. Two men from each company were posted as sharp shooters, a few yards in advance of the breastworks, with orders to pick off the enemy's skirmishers the moment they made their appearance on the brow of the hill in our front.

The enemy came on, but was not yet in sight. At this eventful moment of expectation, an ominous silence reigned along our entire line, as is apt to be the case on such occasions, when life and death, victory and defeat, are poised in the balance of fate. Col. McLane, standing near the centre of the regiment, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading beech, told the men that they must hold this position to the last. Inspired by the courage of their leader, they resolved never to be driven from it, and right well did they keep their resolution. We had received orders to await till the enemy came in full sight, and then to give them a single and well directed volley along the whole line at once. At last they appeared on the brow of the hill, with their banners flying, pressing forward like brave and devoted men into the very jaws of destruction; when suddenly, as if from the throats of ten thousand engines of death, there burst from both front and rear line, and from the batteries above, a living sheet of fire, and an overwhelming tempest of iron and lead. Under the shock of this tempest the solid columns of the enemy quivered like a reed shaken in the wind. Huge gaps were made in their ranks, but like brave men they endeavored to close them up and press forward to the charge. Their color bearer fell at the first volley, but some other daring fellow seized the flag and rearing it triumphantly above the smoke of battle, fell pierced by a score of bullets. Again and again was it caught up and the attempt made to rally their men to the charge until five successive color bearers were shot down beneath it. The enemy, torn, mangled and bleeding, could sustain the tempest no longer, and at last fell back and retreated in confusion over the very ground where they had advanced with confident expectations of victory. And from along our lines there arose one of those long shouts of triumph, as are to be heard only on the field of battle. It was at this moment that General Butterfield came along the lines, with hat off and sword in hand, encouraging the men and commending them for their gallant behavior. Halting amidst the men of the Eighty-Third, he exclaimed, "Boys, if they come upon you again, I want you to give it to them! *you are just the boys that can do it!*" This was answered by another shout, and the men again prepared themselves for another onset of the enemy.

Having at last rallied their flying and demoralized troops, their officers again urged them on to a second charge. But they had no sooner come in sight than they were again received with such a volley as sent them reeling a second time to the rear. Again did they rally for a third and final effort against our line, and again were they driven back. They never appeared again over the brow of that fatal hill.*

During the intervals between these several repulses and attacks of the enemy, our men had leaped over the breastworks, and following up the flying enemy, captured several prisoners. Others came in of their own will. Among the number was a strange looking character, a citizen, who said he was a Northern man by birth, and had seized the opportunity, during this movement to escape from Richmond and pass through the rebel lines into ours. For fear that he might prove to be a spy, he was sent under guard to the rear. During the disaster which followed, the guards had enough to do to save themselves, and the prisoners were all necessarily suffered to escape.

Let us now for a few moments leave the Eighty-Third, reposing upon the well earned laurels of a thrice gained victory, and pass along further up the lines, and see how the tide of battle rolled in that quarter. The enemy, failing to force our front and to turn our left flank, now directed their efforts against our right and centre; and had the troops resisted their attacks as heroically as did the Third Brigade, we should have won the day, and should not have been forced to chronicle one of the worst disasters that has befallen our arms.

The story is briefly told. The enemy had pressed the entire line during the day in order to find its weakest point, and had been repulsed at every attack. He had been driven from the extreme left and from the extreme right, and he now massed his columns and hurled them against the centre, immediately to the left of which the brigades of Gen. Griffin and Gen. Martindale were posted. Martindale's brigade not being so well protected by works, and being overpowered by numbers, gave way. This left the right of our brigade exposed to the next attack of the enemy. But as a heavy body of woods intervened, we were not aware of the retreat on our right, and even if we had been we should have stood our ground until we had been ordered to leave the field.

The painful truth had, however, some time before began to break upon our minds that all was not going well on the right. The first notice served upon us was an enfilading fire from the enemy's artillery, which began to pour upon us, from the direction of our own troops. One shot came hissing and whirling into our midst, killing one man and severely wounded another. A hundred more, less fatal, followed, making the woods hideous with the roar of their constant explosions. We were growing almost certain that the tide of battle was against us on the right. Had our men maintained their lines unbroken, the enemy could never have wheeled his artillery into position, within a few yards of them, and began to pour such an enfilading fire upon the left. But still no news came, and the density of the woods, and the distance, prevented our witnessing the conflict. Where was our Commanding General? Why, if our right had been driven back and a general rout commenced, why had orders not been sent us to withdraw, before the four regiments of our brigade should be compelled to

* According to a rebel narrative, the troops opposed to our Division on this occasion were the Brigades of Wilcox, Featherstone and Pryor, belonging to Longstreet's Corps. As Wilcox occupied the extreme right of the rebel line, his troops were probably the ones that attacked our Brigade and were three times driven back, as above related.

withstand the assault of the whole rebel army.† Come weal, come woe, we were determined to stand our ground and fight to the last before we would retreat without an order or retire ingloriously from the field.

Our suspicions were soon confirmed, by proof too strong to admit of further doubt, that Martindale's Brigade, on our immediate right, had given way before the pressure of the enemy's assault. This was observed by the men on the right of the regiment. Our right flank was now exposed and the rebels were coming down upon us. Lieut. White had been the first to go and notify Col. McLane of the approaching dangers, several minutes before, and at this moment the Adjutant, who was posted on the right and saw the enemy coming, ran down to Col. McLane at the centre, and informed him that Martindale's Brigade had given way and that our flank was in danger of immediate attack McLane, having unbounded confidence in these troops, refused to believe the report, saying that the Sixty-Second would never give way; and while this conversation was going on, the right of the regiment was being thrown into confusion by the rebels who were advancing upon it. The truth was no longer to be resisted. We had been left to fight the battle alone, and we resolved to fight it out. We must change front at once and meet the enemy face to face, before a well directed volley should shiver our ranks into pieces. In a moment the regiment was faced about, and at a double quick formed line of battle, perpendicular to our first line; what was our rear rank now making our front rank and facing to the north.

There was something at this stage of the battle, in the hearts and resolutions of the men of the Eighty-Third, that approached the sublime. Without a commanding general, without a regiment to support them, the rest of the army worsted and driven from the field, and the enemy closing by thousands around them, you shall imagine them like so many lions brought to bay, crouching back and stiffening up their sinews for a desperate spring at the throats of their assailants.

The line had scarcely formed before the enemy were upon us and the firing commenced. In fact, they had approached so near that they had opened upon us before we were fairly in position. But not a man left the ranks, not a man quailed at the post of his duty. The rebels had advanced without order, and some of them came within thirty feet of our line and, taking shelter behind the trees, poured a destructive fire into our ranks. In a moment more we had hurled a shower of bullets into their advancing columns, and given them a bloody check. They had intended to charge upon us and drive us out of the woods. Now the conflict became almost hand to hand, and the crash of musketry was absolutely appalling. But the legions of the enemy could not drive the Eighty-Third an inch from its position. In our first three encounters we had lost but few men, but now they began to fall thick and fast around us. The officers, exposed equally with the men to this murderous fire, encouraged them never to yield an inch, and the men vied with each other in their strife for the palm of heroism. One brave boy of sixteen, who was knocked down by a crushing wound in the head, was seen to grasp his musket and attempt repeatedly to rise, as if determined to fight while the ebb of life lasted. A bullet piercing the breast of Col. McLane, prostrated him upon the ground, and in a few moments our gallant Chieftain had died a warrior's death. A moment more Major Naghel fell, stricken with the fragment of a shell, and gave up the ghost; Lieut. Col. Vincent, having been removed the day before, prostrated with a violent fever, the command devolved upon Capt. Campbell. In a few moments more, the enemy, unable longer to withstand the terrible fire of our men, with his columns routed, shattered and bleeding, had retreated from the field; and in fifteen minutes from the time the battle commenced, not a rebel was to be seen in our front. For the fourth time had the Eighty-Third repulsed and driven the enemy from the field, and, like true heroes, whose spirits soared higher as dangers pressed around them, they girded up their loins and prepared themselves for a fifth and final encounter.

As I have before said, we had formed for this desperate struggle in haste; for the rebels were close upon us before we were fully aware of their successes upon the right. In fact the officers were busy forming the ranks when they received the first volley of the enemy's fire; and, as no orders could be heard above the rattle of the musketry, each man became his own officer and fought on his own score. Both during and after firing, the ranks had become disordered, and, apprehending that an attack would soon be made from another direction, Capt. Campbell at once marched the regiment by the right flank to the open field, and formed the ranks again in solid line of battle. This was the third time we had formed during the day. Our first had faced to the west and we had driven them from that front like chaff before the wind. Our second had faced to the north, and we had swept them from before us there. Our third was formed facing to the east. We had fought all around the bush. We were now in the open country. We could see the foe ere he should be upon us. That was all we wanted, a fair fight and an open field, and a chance to see where and what we were to strike. We had not long to wait before the opportunity was given us.

The Sixteenth Michigan, now under command of Major Welch, had formed on the prolongation of our line, with an interval of a hundred and fifty yards between the two regiments. Major Von Vegesack, a German officer of General Butterfield's staff, came galloping up and, as the representative of the commanding General, was about to assume the responsibility of directing our movements. He knew the dangers surrounding us, and ordered a retreat. He directed Capt. Campbell to go to the Sixteenth and the commander to follow the Eighty-Third. As Campbell approached the Sixteenth, Major Welch ran out and in the blaze of enthusiasm shouted, "Campbell, haven't we done splendid?" The men of the Sixteenth responded to the sentiment with three rousing cheers. At that moment two regiments of the enemy appeared in our front, coming up over the rise of ground, and marching in columns by division. Their main force was behind the hill, in the woods in their rear, and out of sight. No sooner had they discovered us than they deployed into line, one regiment facing the Eighty-Third and the other the Sixteenth. It

† It is said that Gen. Butterfield sent an aid or an orderly to notify the regiments to withdraw, and that he was killed on the way.

was then that there arose in the ranks of the Eighty-Third, one of those moments of doubt and uncertainty which often perplex the best soldiers, in the hour of battle. They did not know who the opposing forces were. They were too far off to distinguish them by their uniforms and banners, and they had come from the direction in which our troops at one time were supposed to have been posted. In this perplexity they hesitated to fire for fear of firing upon our own men. The same doubt seized both officers and men. They suspected, yet doubted, that it was the enemy. At that moment Von Vegesack, giving a white handkerchief to Lieut. White, directed him to go out under a flag of truce and ascertain who they were.

Placing the handkerchief on the point of his sword and holding it in the air, White started out boldly upon his perilous undertaking. He had advanced but half way between the two armies when he was met by the Colonel and Adjutant of the regiment, who asked him if he had come to surrender.

"Who are you?" said White in return.

"The Eleventh South Carolina," was the reply.

"The Eighty-Third Pennsylvania never surrenders to South Carolinians," retorted White defiantly.

"Then what do you want?" said the rebel commander.

"I have come to demand that you surrender unconditionally to the forces of the United States."

Such an extraordinary demand at once put an end to the conference; for had the rebel forces been made up of old men and cripples, women and children, they would never have surrendered to such a handful of men, supported as they were by thousands and flushed with the triumph of victory. Nothing remained now but for the parties to return to their commands and open the ball at once. Under pledge from the rebel Colonel that they would not fire until he had returned, White commenced running towards the Eighty-Third. The rebel officers ran back to their lines, and being nearer reached them first. White had scarcely made half the way, when he heard the click of a thousand muskets in his rear, and on looking around and seeing that they were getting ready to fire, instantly threw himself upon the ground. In a moment more a storm of leaden hail whistled over him. In another moment a more furious storm whistled over him from the opposite direction; for it was the custom of the Eighty-Third to return a blow the instant it was received. Capt. Campbell, observing, too, the motions of the enemy, had ordered the men to lie down and commence firing. The action now became hot, fierce and determined. Our men, nerved by the same resolution which had four times driven the enemy before them, fought with desperation. Von Vegesack, seeing the rebel hordes gathering in the distance, again ordered the Eighty-Third to retreat. The orders fell upon them like so much idle wind: for now the men, with the stain of blood upon their garments, and snuffing the sulphurous smoke of battle, were fast becoming inflamed with the ferocity of tigers. Seeing White prostrate upon the ground, and supposing him shot down with the flag of truce still waving upon his sword, the victim of rebel treachery, and moved by the sympathy of companions-in-arms, some of them advanced to the front, shouting, "They have killed White; let's charge! damn 'em, boys, let's charge them!" Remaining flat upon the ground, the leaden hail hurtling over or plowing up the earth around him during a greater portion of the fight, White seized the idea, while the field was covered with smoke, of making his way back to the regiment; and crawling, partly upon his hands and knees, and partly upon his belly, he at last, after much exertion, gained the ranks in safety, where he appeared to the surprised vision of the men as one who had just arisen from the dead.

The enemy in our front had received a check but not a repulse, and his fire now began gradually to slacken. Meanwhile the Sixteenth, which had been heavily engaged with the regiment in their front, their ranks decimated by the struggle of the day, began to waver, and fall back pursued by the enemy. This left our right exposed to the attack of the regiment which were pressing the Sixteenth. We should then have been surrounded on all sides, right flank, left flank, front and rear. Seeing the danger, Capt. Campbell ordered the regiment to fall back into the woods, take position again behind their old line of defences, and prepare for another attack. They fell back in good order, and on reaching the works found the Forty-Fourth still holding their position, under command of Lt. Col. Rice. "Can we hold them from behind the defences?" inquired Campbell of Col. Rice. "I think we can," replied the latter. The Eighty-Third were formed behind the works, but facing now in the direction opposite to our line of battle in the morning. Scarcely had they taken position when the woods began to swarm with the enemy pressing upon flank, front and rear, firing as they advanced.

"What is to be done?" said Campbell to Rice. "Skedaddle is the word!" was the reply. It was now no longer a matter of courage or of duty to attempt to withstand the numbers that were closing upon us. It was downright rashness. Three gallant regiments, the Eighty-Third, the Forty-Fourth, and the Sixteenth, had held at bay the rebel army for nearly two hours after the whole corps had left the field. They fought to the last moment, and to the last ditch, and had covered themselves with glory. They had won the crown of heroism, and it was now no dishonor to save themselves by flight. The men saw, too, the dangers thickening around them, but not one of them stirred a foot from the ranks, until the order to retreat had been given.

That order was now given, and the men began to scatter and save themselves in the best way they could. To have led them in column across the open flats of the Chickahominy, nearly a mile in width, would have been a more orderly but a more dangerous experiment. It would have exposed the ranks to an enfilading and destructive fire from the enemy's batteries. Accordingly they broke, each man for himself, in the direction of the river. Now was witnessed a scene, the like of which I hope never to look upon again. The sun had gone down amid the lurid smoke of battle, and darkness was fast settling upon the field where lay our brave boys stretched in death, or writhing in agony, with mangled limbs and bleeding wounds. Here and there were seen the fugitives running towards the river, but scarcely seeming to know where to find a bridge, over

which to escape, some wounded in the head, some in the arms, some in the body, and some limping along with ghastly wounds in the legs and still clinging to their muskets The enemy's artillery seeing the rout, wheeled two batteries of twelve pieces into position on the open field and poured a raking cross-fire along the plain. The fragments of bursting shells fell in every direction around. But thanks to our having scattered in retreat, they did but little execution. Many of the men struck into the swamps where the woods were nearest, and far above the bridge, in order to escape the cannonading and, becoming lost and bewildered in the frightful morasses, were shot down or taken prisoners the next day. The greater number ran towards the bridge and, on arriving there, found the planks torn up, and the bridge partly destroyed. It was said that Martindale's brigade, had passed over it before us, and supposing themselves to be the rear of the corps, had torn up the planks in order to prevent the pursuit of the enemy. Some rushed across the sleepers, some jumped into the stream attempting to swim or wade. The rebels observed this and directed their fire upon the bridge. The fragments of their shells killed some, and wounded others, and their bodies fell into the stream, and floated down the current. At last having gained the other shore, Capt. Campbell got together, and reformed the remains of the glorious Eighty-Third. Darkness had closed upon the scene, but for half an hour afterwards, the heavens were illuminated by the flashes of the enemy's artillery, and the solitudes of the Chickahominy reverberated with their echoes. One by one their guns at last grew silent; and as the regiment marched to the rear, the sullen roar of their cannon died away in the distance, and, save the groans of the wounded, silence again reigned over the bloody field of Gaines' Mill.

Thus ended one of the most bloody and disastrous battles in which the Eighty-Third have been engaged. Out of five hundred and fifty men, with which they went into the action, two hundred and sixty-five were killed, wounded and taken prisoners. But be it remembered to their honor, scarcely a man was taken who was not so disabled by wounds as to prevent him from making his escape.

In connection with this event it may not be out of place to make mention of those officers who bore a prominent part in the battle and who are now no more—Col. McLane, Major Naghel and Lieut. White.

Col. McLane was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on the 24th of August, 1820, and was in his forty-first year at the time of his death. He came to Erie county in 1829, and afterwards raised and drilled a company well known as the Wayne Grays. When the Mexican war broke out he raised a company at Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he resided temporarily, joined the First Indiana Volunteers and served during the war. The regiment saw but little active service, and was mostly engagd in doing garrison duty at Matamoras and Monterey. He afterwards organized and drilled the Wayne Guards at Erie, and was captain of that company at the commencement of the rebellion. His subsequent history has been recorded in the preceeding pages of this book. He had been a soldier at heart from his youth up, and the moment an opportunity offered to gratify his long cherished ambition, he went to the field, and remained at the post of duty until he fell and died the death of a patriot and a hero.

Col. McLane was buried by the rebels on the battle-field, near the spot where he fell. For nearly three years his remains slumbered undisturbed. In May, 1865, while the army was on the march from Richmond to Washington, Col. C. R Rogers, with a detachment of men from the Eighty-Third, went to the field of Gaines' Mill, disinterred his remains and sent them forward to his friends in Erie. The whole population turned out to honor them with an appropriate burial. On the 19th, amidst a vast concourse of people, they were consigned to their final resting place in the Cemetery at that place, with all the honors of war and with all the respect and reverence of a sorrowing multitude who claimed him as their own. It was meet and becoming that the bones of the hero should repose where he had been the first to unfurl the flag of his country to the breeze, and where his big, manly voice was first heard calling on the young men of Northwestern Pennsylvania to rally around him in its defence. He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking; but his influence will be felt for ages to come, and the martial enthusiasm, which he was the first to awaken in the hearts of the young men of that county will kindle, as with the touch of fire from Heaven, whenever duty calls them again to the defence of their country and its flag. The tomb of McLane is silent and its portals are closed to all save the hand of Time; but these portals will open and his spirit will again stalk abroad over the land, whenever a traitor dares to trample upon the laws of our country, or a foreign foe dares to pollute its soil with his tread.

Major Louis Naghel was a native of Pennsylvania, and had formerly lived at Erie, but at the time of his joining the Eighty-Third, was a citizen of Indiana. He had been an old friend of the Colonel, and a member of the old Wayne Grays, and at his request he had been designated by the officers of the Eighty-Third as Major, and having been accordingly commissioned, joined the regiment at Hall's Hill. He was a man of a clever and kind disposition, and an officer who had never flinched from his duty, nor quailed in the hour of trial. He had too much, however, of the milk of human kindness for either a stern disciplinarian or a rugged soldier.

Lieut. Plympton A. White was a native of Erie county, and at the commencement of the war was a student at law at Erie. He enlisted in McLane's three months' regiment as a private, and as soon as that regiment was mustered out of the service, he again enlisted in Company D, of the Eighty-Third, and was elected and commissioned Second Lieutenant. After Gaines' Mill he took part in the battles of Malvern Hill, Bull Run, and Fredericksburg, at the first of which he received a wound in the hand. While at Stoneman's Station he was transferred to the Signal Corps, and on the 17th of June, 1863, while on duty at the Point of Rocks, on the Potomac, he was taken prisoner and carried to Richmond. He was one of the number who dug a tunnel and effected their escape from Libby Prison on the 9th of February, 1864. He succeeded in getting some twenty miles from Richmond, but on the fourth day he was discovered by a farmer who, with the aid of negroes and bloodhounds, ran him down, re-captured and carried him back to Libby Prison. On returning he was confined

in a dark, damp cell for five days as a punishment for his temerity in attempting to escape. On the 7th of May he was sent to Macon, Ga., and having being a few weeks after taken sick, was removed to a hospital at Charleston, where he died on the 13th of September, 1864. Lieut. White was a young man of decided bravery, and of a very original turn of mind. His originality, in fact, was of such a positive stamp that five minutes conversation with him would satisfy any one that he never could have borrowed a single idea from any other person.

CHAPTER IX.

The Retreat to the James River. Supporting the Batteries at Turkey Bend. The Battle of Malvern Hill. In Camp at Harrison's Landing. Expedition to the south side of the James. Commencement of the march down the Peninsula.

The Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth, having been re-formed on the other side of the Chickahominy, as we have before stated, were marched by their respective commanders into the fortifications occupied by Gen. Smith's division, on a hill which overlooked the field of Gaines' Mill and from which the siege guns had played upon the enemy when they advanced to the first attack. Having made this disposition, Col. Rice and Capt. Campbell went down to Gen. Smith's headquarters for the purpose of procuring rations for the men; for it must be remembered that the Eighty-Third had not only thrown aside their knapsacks, but also most of their haversacks at Gaines' Mill, in order to allow them perfect freedom of action during the impending battle; and having been driven from the field before they could recover them, the men were now without anything to eat or to shelter them from the inclemencies of the weather. They were referred to Gen. Smith's quartermaster who occupied a tent adjoining that of the General, and thither they went. While conversing with the quartermaster, they overheard Gen. Smith say he was glad that two regiments had come to his division, as he expected to take the front the next morning. The two commanders, not thinking it desirable to again put their regiments in the front, after such an engagement as they had experienced on that day, immediately started out on foot with the intention of finding the brigade, division or corps commander, whom they had not seen for several hours previous to the termination of the fight at Gaines' Mill. Unable, however, to find any trace of their whereabouts, they endeavored to make their way to the headquarters of Gen. McClellan. At midnight they found where the headquarters of Gen. McClellan had been that morning, which was about five miles to the rear of where the two regiments then lay. On arriving there they found that McClellan's headquarters had been removed further to the rear during the day, and that nothing but the telegraph office belonging to the headquarters remained. They endeavored to have the operator telegraph home that they were safe, but he refused on the ground that it was reserved entirely for government purposes. Discouraged in their attempts to find any of the commanding Generals, they sat down to write letters home, and while writing General Butterfield and General McClellan entered the tent. "Where is McLane?" asked Butterfield. Campbell replied that he had been killed in the action at Gaines' Mill. "Where is Naghel?" "Killed also." "Who is in command of the regiment?" Campbell replied that he was now in command and remarked that this had been a severe day on the Eighty-Third. "Yes," said Butterfield, "you have covered yourselves with glory!" Rice and Campbell then told Butterfield of the condition of their regiments, and that they were about to be placed in the front in the morning. The General promised that they should be relieved and sent to join the brigade in the morning, which promise was performed.

Let us now go back to the two regiments. The Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth, having gone into the trenches, along Gen. Smith's line, remained there about an hour, when they were relieved by some of his troops, who had just came in, and then they went back to an open field where they bivouacked for the night. In the morning before daylight a firing commenced in the front, and the Adjutant came running down the line, calling upon the men to fall in, as the enemy were about to make an attack. The men were out of ammunition, but having in a few minutes been supplied, they were again prepared to be led wherever their presence should be required. The attacking party were soon driven back and order restored. The men again laid down and remained till daylight, when they arose and cooked a scanty breakfast. Just then an Aid came from Gen. Porter's headquarters, with orders to move, when they marched away and in a few hours joined the rest of the brigade at General McClellan's headquarters.

After they had been there a couple of hours, an affair happened which created quite a panic among the troops. Some regiments, whose pieces were still loaded, went into the woods and discharged them by volleys. This created an alarm in camp, and the troops all flew to arms, formed line of battle and got in readiness to repel an attack of the enemy. Soon, however, the cause of alarm was explained. They again stacked arms, laid down to rest, and remained there till the afternoon of that day.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the two regiments were ordered down to protect a ford on the Chickahominy, about two miles distant. On arriving there they were ordered to march to Savage Station. They halted in a corn-field, a little beyond the station, and bivouacked for the night. During the whole night a heavy rain fell, and the men had to lie in the mud, only a few having blankets or tents to shelter them from the pitiless pelting of the storm. The next morning, as they were making preparations to pitch a camp, expecting to remain,

orders came to take up the line of march towards White Oak Swamp. It must be remembered that as yet the troops had no idea that the army was on the retreat, and were encouraged in the delusion that they were making a strategic movement by the left flank, towards Richmond. They marched that day till two o'clock in the afternoon, and, having halted in a piece of woods in White Oak Swamp, threw out skirmishers about a mile to the front, for the purpose of reconnoitering. The skirmishers returned with the intelligence that no enemy was to be seen in that direction. There they remained until sundown, and as they were making preparations to bivouac, orders came to move forward. They marched up a road thickly wooded on both sides, apparently on a reconnoisance. From the uncertainty which governed their movements, it seemed that the guide had mistaken his way; for they were halted frequently, and once they halted, about-faced, marched to the rear and took a new road. While going along this road, sharp picket firing was heard in their front, in the direction of Richmond. This was at twelve o'clock at night. They were again halted, and just as the order was given to fall in again, and move forward, the alarm was given that the rebel cavalry were upon them. In a moment more the clattering of hoofs was heard and for a while the greatest confusion prevailed. The men rushed into the woods, right and left, or seized their guns and got ready for an attack of the invisible enemy. Some fired off their pieces into the air, and some stood at a charge bayonet. The night was intensely dark, and no one could distinguish any object before him. The troops soon discovered, however, that the alarm was occasioned by a couple of mules which had broken loose from their moorings, and, the night being dark and still, the clattering of their hoofs had sounded like a number of troopers galloping along the road. After the alarm was over the men began to look in the dark for their things, each accusing the other of being panic-stricken and running for the woods. But amidst all the confusion which attended this alarm, it is to be remembered to their credit that none of them threw away their arms.

The troops then continued their march on the road leading to Richmond, and finally halted at a point which they were told was three and a half miles from the city. While they were resting, General Porter went out with an orderly to reconnoitre and came upon the enemy's pickets. He was immediately challenged, but he escaped by turning his horse into the woods Being absent longer than was expected, Gen Butterfield sent out an aid in search of him. Being challenged by the same pickets, the aid wheeled his horse in an instant and rode back to Butterfield's headquarters. It was then supposed that Porter had been captured. In a short time, however, he came in and gave orders to about face and return upon the same road over which they had come. When daylight came they halted near the same place from which they had started, worn out and fatigued by the hard night's march. The men laid down to rest, but had not lain there half an hour when Gen. Butterfield rode through the Brigade and gave orders to fall in immediately. The troops hurriedly fell in, and took up the line of march towards the James River and halted at Turkey Bend at eleven o'clock in the morning, in sight of the gunboats. The weather being very hot and the men having no tents, they were ordered to build bowers from the pine trees which grew in abundance, and to make themselves comfortable, as it was supposed they were to rest for a day or two in that place.

It seemed as if the whole army were about to mass and go into camp on the flats at that place, when the order came for the troops to fall in and take position on a hill between City Point and Richmond. Why City Point was named, it was hard to conjecture, as it was on the opposite side of the James, several miles distant. This was on the afternoon of Monday the 30th. The men fell in with alacrity. Aids flew in every direction, and it was supposed from all appearances, that something grand was about to take place. The regiments were formed with their brigades, and the bands were posted at the head of each regiment, and ordered to play the most spirit-stirring airs. When they had all been formed, General McClellan rode along the lines. As he came in front of each brigade, cheer after cheer went up, showing the enthusiasm and invincible courage of that whole army. The troops then retraced their steps over the same road they had come, for the distance of a mile, when they filed to the right and ascended a hill, then filed to the left, moving along the brow of the hill. While the brigade was marching leisurely along, the enemy's artillery all at once opened heavily upon them, apparently from the road they had just left. Instantly General Griffin, commanding the First Brigade, and an experienced artillery officer, rode along and ordered his old battery into position to repel the attack of the invisible foe. Our brigade was immediately put in line to support the battery. Every preparation was rapidly made for a battle. Signals were made to the gunboats to open fire, and soon their tremendous shells were seen careering through the air in the direction of the enemy's batteries. This was the advance of the rebel army. In half an hour they were driven from their position and compelled to fall back upon their main body. This was what is called the battle of Turkey Bend and was chiefly an artillery duel. After the fight was over General Griffin, who had been placed in command of the picket line, rode up and asked for the Eighty-Third. The regiment was then moved out and posted as pickets on the left of the line on which the battle of Malvern Hill was fought on the next day.

The battle of Malvern Hill was one of the severest in which the Eighty-Third have been engaged. They displayed great bravery on the occasion, but it partook more of the nature of that dogged obstinacy, which was to be expected from men who had encountered nothing but hardships and dangers for the last five nights and days. There was but little of that chivalrous and glorious enthusiasm which they exhibited at Gaines' Mill. The battle itself was more barren of events and less protracted, so far as the Eighty-Third was concerned. And yet, as they were much exposed, they lost heavily as will hereafter be seen.

At daylight, on the morning of the 1st of July the Eighty-Third was relieved from picket duty, by the Fourth Michigan, and scarcely had that regiment been posted, when heavy skirmishing with the enemy's pickets commenced along the line. Having marched a short distance to the rear, the Eighty-Third

halted, cooked a hasty and scanty breakfast, and were then ordered to advance into a piece of woods. About that time the battle opened with heavy artillery on both sides. The position the regiment then occupied was on the right centre. They remained there about an hour and were again ordered to advance. About this time it was discovered that the enemy was massing his troops on our left. The regiment was then moved toward the left, in column of divisions, where they were ordered to lie down. In another moment a solid shot came bounding over the hill and struck a horse immediately in front of the first division. Glancing off it flew harmlessly over, and this little incident saved perhaps a number of our men from being killed and wounded.

Here the whole brigade lay under a heavy artillery fire, from four in the afternoon until about six, when an officer came riding from the front in great haste, and called on Gen. Butterfield for a regiment. A battery in the front were about to be attacked and were without the proper support. The Eighty-Third were at once detailed for this service and started for the front on a double quick. On arriving there they advanced, in line of battle, a hundred paces in front of the battery, just in time to save it from capture. The artillerymen had already limbered up and got ready to start to the rear. A murderous fire was at that instant opened on both sides. Here the Eighty-Third suffered severely, but having repulsed the assault, the battery again unlimbered and opened with grape and cannister. As the enemy had massed his troops for the charge, the fire of the artillery made huge gaps in his advancing columns. In a few moments the Forty-Fourth came up and formed on our left. The other regiments of the brigade formed on our flank and rear. The battle now raged with ceaseless fury for the space of two hours. Our men, though exposed to a galling fire, never flinched from their position. They loaded and fired so fast that every cartridge was expended, and their guns became so heated as to unfit them for use. Throwing them aside they seized the muskets of their fallen comrades, and supplied themselves with amunition from their cartridge boxes. Some of them fired over a hundred rounds apiece. The enemy repeatedly massed in the woods and advanced to the charge, but every time they came showers of leaden hail and iron swept away and melted down their ranks. Three hundred cannon had been arrayed against them. At one time the results of the battle seemed doubtful. The artillerymen, having expended their amunition, cut the trace chains from their horses, crammed them into the throats of the cannon, and sent them whistling and sweeping through the ranks of their assailants. It was now nearly dark. The roar of cannon and crash of musketry had been incessant for over two hours. The enemy could withstand such havoc no longer. His lines gave way and he retreated in confusion to the woods, and was there met by a thousand ponderous and destructive shells from the gunboats. Our men poured a galling fire into them as they retreated. At that moment Sergeant William Wittich, of the Eighty-Third, seeing one of the enemies' battle flags still remaining upon the field, dashed out and brought back the flag to our own lines For this act of heroism he was promoted to a lieutenantcy by order of Gen. Porter. Magruder's corps had been baffled, cut to pieces and driven back, routed and demoralized. At dark the musketry died away, but for an hour afterwards the battle raged between the artillery of both armies. In this battle we lost about one hundred and forty-four, killed and wounded, besides the missing. Corporal Ames, the color bearer, was killed by a bullet which, at the same time, pierced and splintered the flag staff. The colors fell and he fell upon them. They were picked up by Alexander Rogers, of Co. F., who waved them over his head, and then advanced to the front of the regiment and called upon the men to follow him and charge upon the enemy. He bore the old flag gloriously through a dozen bloody fields, and was finally killed in the first day's battle in the Wilderness on the fifth of May, 1864.

A little after dark the Third Brigade was relieved by the Irish Brigade and as they were marching to the rear, Gen. Porter rode up and asked Capt. Campbell what regiment that was. "It is all that is left of the Eighty-Third," was the reply.* "I am proud of the Eighty-Third," said the General, and with that directed the Captain to take the men back to a place well protected and let them lie down for rest. The regiment then moved into a piece of wood which they had occupied in the morning; but finding it unfit now for bivouacking, they commenced moving further on, when an aid overtook them and ordered them back into the woods. Shortly after, Porter came up and told the Captain commanding that he did not want him to go too far to the rear: "for," added he, "we must either hold this ground, or to-morrow we will be in Richmond." He meant, they would be there as prisoners of war if they failed to hold the position. On making known that the woods were unfit for camping purposes, he ordered the regiment into an open field on the the other side of the road. They marched in, stacked arms and laid down to rest. They had not been there long before a shower of bullets came whistling over them. They were then moved further to the rear, where they bivouacked and the firing in front soon ceased.

In about half an hour orders came to send out two men from each company to bring in the wounded. After the detail had returned, they again bivouacked, as they supposed for the night. But there was no rest for the weary. The troops were soon aroused from their slumbers and ordered to fall in. Supposing a night attack was to be made they fell in with alacrity. But they were happily deceived when they saw the column heading towards the rear. They were now on the march towards Harrison's Landing. At daylight it commenced raining. On they plodded their weary way, through the mud knee deep, with the windows of the whole heavens opened upon them, and arrived at the landing at eleven o'clock in the morning. There they halted, overcome with sheer exhaustion, these heroic men, the last sad remnants of six days of hunger, fatigue and battle, by night and by day; without blankets, without shelter tents, without rations, sank down in the mud, amidst the rain, and fell asleep. But after a while large camp fires were built and the men warmed their drenched and shivering limbs by their cheerful blazes. Rations were soon issued bountifully, each

*Our loss at this battle was about forty killed and one hundred and ten wounded. A number afterwards died of their wounds. The whole regiment stacked between eighty and ninety muskets on arriving at Harrison's Landing.

man helping himself. Hot coffee, that grand panacea for all the ills that affect the Yankee soldier, soon filled the air with its delicious aroma. The rain, to their great delight, ceased to fall, and that night they laid down and enjoyed the first undisturbed hour of slumber and repose which they had seen during the terrible seven days before Richmond.

The next morning they arose, refreshed by their nights' rest, and prepared their breakfasts. The terrible seven days were over, but the hour of alarms had not yet passed away. Whilst they were eating, a battery suddenly opened upon them from the front. The whole camp was thrown into a state of excitement. The men were immediately ordered to fall in. Their guns were rusty with the rain and mud, and clogged up by reason of long use without cleaning, and their ammunition was all gone. They were marched, however, to the front, and drawn up in line of battle. Ammunition was here distributed among them. They at once commenced cleaning and putting their pieces in order, and getting ready for the expected fight. Our cavalry, on going out, discovered a section of the enemy's artillery, captured it, together with the gunners, and the firing ceased. On being asked where their army was, they replied that they did not know. When asked what they were doing there, they replied that they wanted to know where the * * * * Yankees were. As soon as this affair was over the brigade was moved into a piece of woods near by. There they were ordered to prepare a camp, and in the course of the day they were served with a few tents. The next day was the fourth of July, and they were ordered to prepare for a review. They were marched to a large open field where the army was drawn up by brigades to receive its commander-in-chief, Gen. McClellan. But the General, having received important information from Gen. Smith, had gone out where fortifications were being erected and the review did not take place. This was a great disappointment to the men, as they had intended to present Sergeant Wittich, and the flag he he had taken, to Gen. McClellan. But the next best thing that could be done, took place. The whole of the first division of Porter's corps, passed Sergeant Wittich in review, and as each regiment passed, they gave three rousing cheers for the "brave little Sergeant and his flag." After this display was over the troops marched back to their camps.

On the evening of July 4th an election was held for field officers, as two vacancies had been created by the deaths of Col. McLane and Major Naghel. Lieut. Colonel Strong Vincent was elected Colonel, Capt. H. S. Campbell, Lieut Colonel, and Adjutant Wm. H. Lamont, Major. They were accordingly commissioned as such to date from the 27th of June, the day of the battle of Gaines' Mill.

There was now no enemy in their front. The army needed rest, and they soon subsided into the usual routine of camp duties, drilling, picketing and standing guard. This state of quietude lasted till about the first of August, when an affair happened that threw the camp into some commotion, and was the cause of sending the Third Brigade on a reconnoitering expedition to the south side of the James.

On the night of the 1st, about midnight, the camp was suddenly assailed by a heavy artillery fire from Coggin's Point, on the other side of the river. A number of shells were thrown, killing and wounding several men and horses belonging to other regiments, but fortunately injuring no one belonging to the Eighty-Third. The shells went over our camp and fell principally among the cavalry in our rear. The firing, however, mostly threatened our fleet of transports in the river. One of our batteries soon opened upon them, and with the aid of a gunboat silenced and drove them from their position. The next day the position was occupied by a detachment of our troops. On the third day, our brigade crossed over, and that night the Eighty-Third occupied a position, as pickets, about half a mile from the river. During the night an alarm was created by some cavalry videttes in front of the picket line, who were driven in after firing their carbines at the enemy in the dark. The enemy did not follow, however, and quiet was again restored along the lines.

The next day the brigade rested. On the fifth they went into the woods and commenced slashing the timber, in anticipation of an attack from the enemy. The timber stood upon the farm of Edmund Ruffin, who was said to have fired the first gun at Fort Sumpter. Late in the afternoon information came that a small force of the enemy had collected at a church about four miles out. The brigade hastily fell in and marched in that direction. On arriving there they found that the rebels had disappeared, and they again returned to camp.

The brigade staid there five days, and during that time they feasted upon the turkeys, chickens, pigs and sheep, belonging to the farm of Ruffin and others. I suspect that some indiscriminate and unwarrantable plundering was done, which did not meet the approval of the commanding General. Some of our literary vandals helped themselves rather freely to the books belonging to Ruffin's library. Some of these books were to be seen in the regiment long afterwards. On the sixth the brigade recrossed the river, and returned to their camps at Harrison's Landing. On the eleventh they were paid off. They remained there until the night of the fourteenth, when our corps, which took the advance, broke camp and commenced its march down the Peninsula.

CHAPTER X.

March down the Peninsula. Arrival at Newport News. Up the Potomac to Acquia Creek. Up the Rappahannock. March to Manassas. The Battle of Bull Run. In Camp at Hall's Hill. At Arlington Heights.

The campaign before Richmond had proved a failure. For nearly six weeks the army had lain within five miles of the rebel capital and accomplished nothing. They were now over twenty-five miles from there; and after the losses of the Seven Days were in no condition to make another advance. In the meantime the rebel authorities, being relieved from the pressure in their front, had sent Stonewall Jackson with a heavy force up the valley, and Washington and Maryland were again threatened. It became necessary, therefore, to withdraw the army from the Peninsula in order to repel the hordes which were now swarming up towards the Rappahannock and up the valley of the Shenandoah. Gen. Pope had been placed in command of the forces in front of Washington; and he was already on the march towards the Rapidan, for the purpose of unmasking the enemy's movements and checking their advance, until sufficient reinforcements from the Army of the Potomac could come to his assistance. After leaving the Peninsula the army was no longer under the command of Gen. McClellan; he having been assigned to the command of the defences of Washington, and the various corps commanders having been ordered to report to Gen. Pope. And this is the way in which it came to pass that Gen. Pope bossed the job at Bull Run. Having stated this much, in explanation of our withdrawal from Harrison's Landing, I propose now to take our readers by the hand and ask them to accompany us on our march down the Peninsula, and in our various wanderings along the shores of the Rappahannock, until we reach their final denouement on the ill-fated and bloody field of Bull Run.

The army marched all that night and the next day, and, on the night of the 15th, they crossed the Chickahominy on a pontoon bridge and bivouacked about a mile beyond. On the 16th they passed through Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, with bands playing and colors flying. Having halted a little while at noon, just beyond the town, they again moved forward on the Yorktown road, and at night laid down to rest in the old camp which they had left over three months before. But what a contrast did the Eighty-Third of now present with the Eighty-Third of then! They left that camp with over six hundred muskets. They returned to it with about eighty. The whole regiment scarcely filled one of the old company streets.

The next evening they reached Hampton, having performed a march of over sixty miles in three days and one night, under a burning sun and through clouds of choking dust. The next morning they were joined by Lieut. Colonel Campbell, who had been wounded at Malvern Hill, and had just returned from home with forty or fifty new recruits, mostly from Waterford. From there they marched to Newport News, where transports were awaiting them. During the day they embarked for Acquia Creek, where they arrived on the morning of the 19th.

On reaching Acquia, they took the cars for Falmouth. It was understood that Porter had been ordered to report to Gen. Burnside, who was then in command of that post. It is probable that he was directed by him to report to Gen. Pope; and accordingly on the evening of the next day the Fifth Corps started towards Kelly's Ford, in quest of that General. They continued a very rapid and fatiguing march nearly all that night. About three o'clock in the morning they halted by the roadside and remained till daylight. After a short march they halted for the rest of the day. The next morning they started on a reconnoisance towards the Rappahanock, and, after a march of three miles, no enemy appearing in their front, they returned to the same camp. On the twenty-second they marched to Kelly's Ford, where they remained till about noon of the next day. The teams having been sent back to Falmouth in the morning, for rations and forage, the troops were ordered to Bealton, whither they proceeded at once, without awaiting the return of the wagons. On arriving at Bealton they were ordered to proceed to Warrenton Junction. During the march heavy firing was heard to the front, which proved to be an engagement between Gen. Hooker and Stonewall Jackson in the neighborhood of Bristoe Station. That night they bivouacked near Warrenton Station, and the next morning they passed over the battle field and encamped between Bristoe and Manassas Junction.

It is unnecessary to go into a detailed narative of all the marches and counter-marches, the grand detours and magnificent circumbendibuses performed by the Fifth Corps between that time and the 31st, during the whole of which it was evident that we were trying, like Japhet in search of his father, to find somebody; but whether it was Lee, or Jackson, or the holy father (Pope) himself, I am not prepared to say. It is enough to say that, while we were zig-zagging and cavorting about, Stonewall was making his way down through Thoroughfare Gap for the purpose of rolling up

our right flank, while Lee was pressing our front from the direction of the Rappahannock. On the morning of the 29th we found ourselves drawn up in line of battle, at a place called Groveton, in support of our batteries. While lying there the enemy opened upon us. Our artillery replied briskly and, after a spirited duel of three quarters of an hour, succeeded in silencing their guns. At this time the Fifth Corps was lying on the left of Sigel who was already engaged with Stonewall Jackson.

Early in the day we might have swung around upon Stonewall's right flank and put him to rout. But the golden opportunity was suffered to be lost. While we were diverting ourselves by a desultory artillery fire, the enemy under Longstreet began to pour along, in full view, to the support of Jackson. Our men lay upon their arms all this while, looking upon the clouds of dust raised by the enemy's column, catching sights of their men as they passed an opening in our front, and wondering why Porter did not attack. Why did he not hurl the whole corps at once upon the foe, before he could have time to halt and form line to repel the attack? Our artillery shelled them as they passed and there the matter ended. Our brigade remained in that position till nearly sundown; they were then marched a mile to the rear where they halted till dark. From here they were again moved to the front and ordered to lie upon their arms. At the same time details were made to go on picket at four o'clock in the morning. Before that hour, however, they were ordered to march, as they were informed, to Centreville. But when they had passed a little beyond Manassas Junction, they left the Centreville road and turned in towards Bull Run heights. It was said that Gen. Morell, commanding the First Division, and Gen. Griffin, commanding the First Brigade, failed to receive the countermand, to march to Bull Run and, consequently, did not take part in the battle which followed. This will explain why Gen. Butterfield assumed command of that portion of the division which was in the fight. This whole affair was in entire keeping with the rest of the splendid management which seemed to bless our arms on that unlucky field.

On the morning of the 31st, the Second and Third Brigades (the Third commanded on this occasion by Col. Weeks of the 12th New York) were marched into a cornfield apparently for the purpose of forming line of battle. There the troops were halted and directed to cook their coffee and prepare their breakfast. Coffee or food for breakfast they did not have; but the corn being in good condition for roasting the men fell to it, gathered the ears, built fires, and commenced roasting them. The smoke of the fires attracted the enemy's attention and they soon opened a brisk cannonade. This caused an order to be given to put out the fires, and our almost famished men were compelled to go without their roast corn; their haversacks were empty and most of them had nothing to eat.

At nine o'clock the brigade was moved, by columns closed in mass, into a piece of woods at the front, on the right centre of the general line of battle; for by this time Pope had succeeded in massing the army and making dispositions for a general engagement. Here they remained, under a heavy artillery fire, until one o'clock in the afternoon. Lively skirmishing was also going on between the picket lines of the two armies. Before the battle commenced, Gen. Butterfield called the commanding officers of the Third Brigade around him and gave them instructions for their conduct. His orders to Col. Campbell were to support the Forty-Fourth when the charge was made, and if the Forty-Fourth faltered, never to let the Eighty-Third give way. The enemy were well posted on the hills in our front and, having selected their own position, they compelled our troops to be the attacking party. The order was now given to advance and charge upon the enemy. The brigade passed through the woods and over a rail fence, into an open field, in columns by division, and then deployed and formed line of battle en echelon. This movement they executed in splendid order, in face of the enemy and amidst the roar of artillery and the crashing of musketry which were directed upon them. Col. Campbell, standing in front of the line, now gave the command to double-quick. The men of the Eighty-Third dashed forward with a yell. The enemy's batteries vomited forth showers of grape and canister into their faces as they approached. But still they faltered not, nor did the lines waver. Whilst they were pressing forward, Col. Campbell was wounded by a minnie ball in the leg and fell. The regiment passed over him and he was taken to the rear. The command then fell upon Major Lamont, who also received a wound shortly after and fell into the hands of the enemy. In spite of the terrible opposition they met with, the Eighty-Third charged forward until the other regiments of the brigade halted and commenced firing. They then halted and commenced firing also. The understanding was that the division of troops on our right were to clear the railroad cut of rebel infantry, while our division was to advance and charge the batteries on the left of it; but their part of the programme the troops on our right failed to fulfill. The consequence was that, in addition to the artillery fire in their front, our men were now exposed to a galling flank fire from the rebel infantry in the railroad cut. They fought on, however, without any expectation of success, losing fearfully at every discharge of the enemy's guns. About that time it was reported that a regiment of rebel infantry was about to turn the right flank of the brigade; and, on looking around, they were discovered, in full view, coming down upon us. They had already gained a line parallel with the brigade, and in a few moments more would have taken us upon flank and rear. Capt. Graham, of the Eighty-Third, now looked around for a superior officer. Not finding one, he met Capt. Riviere, of the Forty-Fourth, whose attention he directed to the movement of the enemy. Riviere immediately went to Col. Rice with the news Seeing the danger, Rice at once ordered the Forty-Fourth to fall back. As no time was to be lost, Capt. Graham, who had now taken command, ordered the Eighty-Third to about face and retreat also. At the same time the whole brigade went back, pell mell, together, and without a commander, Col. Weeks having been severely wounded in the early part of the engagement. The rebels kept up a heavy fire upon them as they retired, and it is probable that as many men were lost in the retreat as in the advance. They reached the woods, however, before the rebels succeeded in accomplishing their flank movement. As they passed through a line of our troops lying there, a regi-

ment arose and poured a volley upon the rebel flankers which drove them back in confusion. The brigade was soon re-formed in an open field to the rear of the woods, and, as their ammunition was found to be exhausted, they waited there to receive a fresh supply.

In this field were any quantity of troops who had taken no part in the action. Our men had been there but a little while when a great commotion was observed on the hill to the left, on the top of which was a house used as a hospital for our wounded. A heavy cannonading had been opened on this spot by the rebel batteries. Our troops who were lying there, becoming panic stricken, began to give way and run down the hill towards our brigade; and, as the firing and the enemy followed them, the men of our regiment were again in as much danger as they had been at any time during the day. The pursuit of the enemy, however, in that quarter was soon checked. The Brigade was then ordered to fall back to a field, beyond a line of Cavalry, who had been stationed there to prevent stragglers from going to the rear. Here they were halted and drawn up in line and the commandants of regiments ordered to report to Gen. Butterfield. Capt. Graham reported on the part of the Eighty-Third. The General directed him to turn out all stragglers from other regiments who had gotten into his ranks. It was found that a number had done so in order to pass the cavalry line and get to the rear. The General then told him to keep the men in good spirits and to remember the discipline they had received at Hall's Hill. The Captain had scarcely returned to the regiment, when Gen. Morell, who had arrived on the ground, rode up in company with Gen. Butterfield, and again the commandants of regiments were ordered to the front and centre. Gen. Butterfield, in behalf of Gen. Morell, then told the officers that they were to march to Centreville, where an abundance of rations would be issued to the men who had been without several days; that they must keep the men in good spirits, as Gen. Franklin was there with his corps, and that there they would rest and hold themselves in readiness for any emergency that might happen the next day. They were then sent back to their commands to take up the line of march. It was already sundown, and they marched most of the distance in the dark. The whole army fell back at the same time. They had suffered a defeat and were on the retreat; but no stampede or confusion took place, as was the case at the first battle of Bull Run. The artillery took the main road and the infantry the fields, and the retreat was conducted with perfect coolness and in good order. On reaching Bull Run Creek they were obliged to ford it, as the bridge was blocked up by artillery. The stream was deep and took the men up to their waists, but they pressed through without minding it. They reached Centreville about midnight, and before they laid down to rest they were supplied with rations which Gen. Butterfield had borrowed from the Second Division. Worn out with fatigue and from want of rest, the weary men prepared their supper, but that supper consisted of coffee and hard tack alone.

This was a disastrous day for the Eighty-Third. They lost twenty killed and between fifty and sixty wounded,—half the number with which they went into battle. Only seventy-one stacked arms that night at Centreville. Among the killed were Lieut. Wittich, who had distinguished himself at Malvern by the capture of a rebel flag, and Lieut. Herrington, of Company G. The young recruits, who had been but ten days with the regiment, did splendidly. When on the march to Bull Run, it was frequently remarked by the old men that they would run as soon as they got into action. But on the contrary no veteran troops ever behaved better. The most of them refused to lie down or seek protection during the battle, but stood bolt upright and fought to the last. Our men, during the campaign, had done a great deal of hard marching, both by night and by day, and had suffered much from want of rations. Some of them, who fell into the hands of the enemy, gave a dollar for a single hard tack. In a few instances five dollars were given for a single meal, and a very scant and indifferent one at that. The skin of a hog was greedily seized upon, roasted and devoured by our half famished boys. They had no shelter and no blankets and were compelled to lie upon the ground, both the wounded and the well, amidst drenching rains. The most of these men were paroled by the rebels a few days afterwards; and such as were able to march went to Camp Parole, at Annapolis, after having walked thirty miles in one day to reach Washington.

The Eighty-Third remained at Centreville until the 2d of September. On that day they went to Hall's Hill, by way of Chain Bridge, and encamped on the old ground. From there they went to Alexandria, where they remained till the ninth. They then moved to near Fort Corcoran, on Arlington Heights, and on the 12th took up the line of march for Antietam.

CHAPTER XI.

The Campaign in Maryland. Battle of Antietam; The Battle of Shepherdstown Ferry. Picketing on the Potomac. The march to Fredericksburg. Gen. Burnside in command of the army.

After the battle of Bull Run our forces had fallen back to the defences of Washington, and McClellan had again been put in command of the army. In a few days the rebels disappeared from our front, and the authorities soon learned that they were on their way to Maryland. The other corps of the army, which went in advance of Porter's, were soon on their trail. On the 12th of September the Fifth Corps passed through Washington and took the road leading through Rockville to Frederick. The weather was very warm and pleasant, and the roads were in good condition. On the night of 14th we reached the Monocacy, two miles from Frederick, and encamped upon its banks. During the march we had heard heavy firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry. On the 15th we passed through Frederick, that loyal city, where we were greeted by thousands of flags displayed from the windows of the houses, and by the good words and smiles of encouragement from the citizens. The rebels had left it the day before, and were now making their way back to the Potomac by way of South Mountain and Sharpsburgh, at which place it was Lee's intention to mass his forces and, in the magniloquent language of the South, "deliver battle." On the same day, too, was fought the battle of South Mountain, which we saw from afar, and which, in connection with the magnificent scenery where it took place, formed one of the most beautiful scenes that we had yet witnessed in the grand panorama of the war. We moved on up the Boonesboro road, passing over South Mountain, and encamped that night at Middletown. On the evening of the 16th we passed through Keedysville, a few miles from Sharpsburgh, where we found the army massing and making preparations for a general battle. We bivouacked that night near the field, and the next morning we moved forward and took our position at the centre, on the east of the Antietam Creek.

As the infantry belonging to the Fifth Corps did not take an active part in this engagement, it is unnecessary to attempt any further description of it than to say, that the position it held during the day was a most important one, and one from which it could not have well been spared to operate in any other part of the field. The artillery, however, belonging to the corps, did great execution; for, being advantageously posted on a hill in our front, they kept up a constant and heavy fire upon the enemy and contributed very materially to the success of the day. The corps consisted, at that time, of but two divisions, the First and Second. These divisions had been weakened and reduced by heavy losses at Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill and Bull Run, and probably did not, at the time, number over eight thousand muskets. The stories that were published, of twenty thousand men lying in reserve during the engagement, were without foundation. The Fifth Corps only numbered twenty-seven thousand on the morning of the battle of Gaines' Mill, when it had three divisions. After sustaining the whole shock of that day; after having sustained the heaviest part of the fighting at Malvern Hill, and a fair share of the fighting at Bull Run, besides the loss of the whole division of Pennsylvania Reserves by transfer to another corps, it is not reasonable to suppose that they had twenty thousand men left for active service at Antietam. Many of these men were even without arms, and, of the Eighty-Third, at least fifty men had none. In fact, the whole army had been badly damaged by the *fiasco* at Bull Run, and the bravery with which they fought upon this day, only showed that they were always superior to the rebel army in a fair, stand up fight, as well as it proved their confidence at that time in the General who commanded them.

The heavy fighting was all done upon the right and left, and it was there that the heaviest part of the army was concentrated. There was no continuous line of battle, with lines of reserves as usual, in the rear. The remains of the Fifth Corps merely picketed, as it were, in the centre; and had it been withdrawn to the right or to the left, it would have given the enemy an opportunity to break through, divide the army and capture all our trains, besides inflicting upon us a disastrous defeat. At one time Gen. Burnside was hard pressed upon the left and sent to Gen. McClellan for reinforcements. But by sending the Fifth Corps, or any considerable portion of it, he would have exposed the whole centre to an attack of the enemy without an adequate force to oppose him. The enemy may not have discovered the error, and may have, in the special order of Providence, been destined to a defeat at all events. But military men will agree that to divide an army in order to attack a concentrated enemy is the most fatal error of which any commander could be guilty.

Towards evening the report came that Hooker was driving the enemy on the right, and shortly afterwards our brigade and another were moved towards the right to reinforce, as we supposed, our troops in that quarter. Having gone about three-quarters of a mile we halted. While remaining there, McClellan came riding by, and from the concern upon

his countenance, we judged that all was not going well on the right. But news soon came again that the tide of battle had set in our favor. The emergency had passed, and we were ordered back into our old position at the centre. That night we lay upon our arms. When morning came we moved to the left and took a position in the rear of Burnside. There was no fighting on the 18th, except some skirmishing between the picket lines of the two armies. We lay upon our arms that night again, and during the night the rebels completed their retreat across the Potomac. On the 19th we moved forward through Sharpsburgh and halted for the night near Shepherdstown Ferry, where the main body of the rebel army had crossed.

The river at that point was low and easily forded. The banks on either side were high. On the Virginia side they were almost perpendicular, rendering it extremely difficult to cross in the face of an opposing force. At the water's edge stood the walls of an old stone mill, known as Boteler's mill. A few rods above it was the dam which, at that season of the year, was scarcely covered with water. On this side, close to the river, ran the canal which the rebels had tapped and emptied on their crossing into Maryland. About a mile above the mill stands the village of Shepherdstown, from which the ferry takes its name. In their retreat, the rebels had placed some artillery on the opposite shores of the ferry, under cover of which the rear of their army had crossed over. On the night of the 19th the First and Second Brigades crossed over, captured several of their guns and drove the enemy back some distance from the river.

On the morning of the 20th our whole division and a portion of the Second Division made an attempt to cross over and drive the enemy from their position. On the bluffs were placed several batteries, under cover of which our troops commenced crossing. The Second Division and the First and Second Brigades had passed over, formed line of battle and commenced scrambling up the bluffs. The Third Brigade was following close after. The head of the Eighty-Third had scarcely got half way across, when we were ordered back to take a position in the canal. At that moment the firing commenced. The One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania had gained the heights and were marching boldly to the front, when the enemy rose up out of their ambush and gave them a volley which soon checked their advance. They had a heavy force concealed in the woods, about a quarter of a mile back, and they now began to swarm out in such numbers, and to open such a rapid firing, that our men were compelled to give way and retreat in confusion to the river. The One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, which was the most exposed, suffered the most severely. The rebels endeavored to follow up their advantage and advanced in close pursuit; but at that moment our batteries opened and gave them a decided check. A large number, however, taking advantage of the ravine, succeeded in crawling up to the edge of the bluff; and, having concealed themselves behind the rocks and trees, fired upon our men as they were escaping across the river. Some attempted to cross over on the dam but the greater portion rushed through the stream in crowds. Strange to say, but comparatively few were killed or wounded in the crossing. It is probable, however, that the heavy fire of our artillery, and the rapid firing of our brigade, from their sheltered position in the canal, prevented the enemy from approaching the edge of the bluff in any force and from pouring a destructive fire upon our retreating columns. The rebel narrative of this affair was, as usual, exaggerated. They made such terrible slaughter that the river for miles was literally crimsoned with Yankee blood, and choked up with bodies of the Yankee slain.

Our position in the canal would have been a very desirable one had it not been for the blundering fire of a Dutch Battery on the bluff in our rear. All that remarkable brilliancy of intellect, that wonderful clearness of perception and solidity of judgment which must invariably be the concomitants of your genuine *Lager Bier* drinkers, manifested themselves in every shot they fired. Our position was about half way between theirs and the bluffs on the opposite shore. It seemed impossible for them to give the proper length of string to their fuses, or range to their shells, and the consequence was they exploded the half of them the moment they left the cannon's mouth and sent them whirling and leaping into our rear. Strange to say not a man was injured. But as a fire from both front and rear was not a very desirable thing, an officer from the Seventeenth went back and insisted on their drying up. To this request they acceded with a "yaw!" and went to smoking their pipes. Being relieved from any further terror in our rear, we now had a chance to turn our attention to the enemy in our front.

During the whole day sharp-shooting was kept up across the river, but neither one side nor the other did any execution, beyond inflicting a slight wound upon some one who ventured to expose himself too rashly. A number of men, who had not ventured to re-cross, had taken refuge in the arches of an old structure near the mill. The rebels did not dare to come out of their cover to fire upon them, neither durst the men attempt to come over to us, and they were consequently obliged to remain there all day, huddled together like a lot of sheep in the shambles. Some amusing incidents of sharp-shooting occurred in which the artillery —not the Dutch battery—took part. Several rebel sharp-shooters were observed to crawl under the archway of the mill and keep up an annoying fire upon some of our men whose position was exposed. Our artillerists levelled a rifled Parrott gun upon the hole, and, after a few unsuccessful shots succeeded in exploding a couple of shells in the very spot. No more annoyance was experienced from that quarter.

The firing between our brigade and the rebels was kept up most of the night. Shortly after dark pickets were stationed upon the tow-path and ordered to lie down so as not to form too conspicuous a mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters. Before daylight they withdrew their skirmishers, and on the next day we were relieved by another brigade. We continued to picket the river in front of Shepardstown for two weeks afterwards, but during this time nothing of importance occurred and we saw no rebels worth mentioning. We then moved to a field near the Iron Works, at the mouth of Antietam Creek, where we pitched a camp. Here we remained picketing the river until the 30th of October. During this time Col. Vincent, who had been absent sick since the battle of Gaines' Mill, rejoined the regiment.

From the time of leaving Washington it had been commanded by Capt. Woodward, and the brigade had been commanded by Colonel Stockton, of the Sixteenth Michigan.

Ah, those halcyon days which we passed on the romantic shores of the Potomac! For nearly six weeks did we lie, in perfect repose, in the bosom of that delightful valley, the mountains of the Blue Ridge towering up before us on the one hand, and the waters of the blue Potomac flowing quietly along between its rock-bound shores, on the other. There amidst its sequestered glens, beneath the shade of the wide-spreading beech, were the scarred veterans of the Eighty-Third accustomed to stretch their brawny limbs, while not a foe was to be seen, not an alarm heard to disturb the harmony of the scene. Here they lived upon the fat of the land. After the trials and sufferings of the terrible seven days before Richmond and the six weeks of sweltering beneath the rays of a worse than tropical sun at Harrison's Landing; after the disaster at Bull Run, and the excitements and fatigues of the campaign in Maryland, all occurring within a period of two and a half months, this proved a season of grateful and beneficial rest. During that time they regained their accustomed spirits and strength, received their supplies of clothing and equipments and were again ready for another season of active service. Whether we should have been following up the enemy during this long period of repose, is a question which I shall not undertake to decide, and I should not do it here even if I were so disposed.

On the 30th we broke camp, and after a pleasant march amidst the mountain and river scenery of that picturesque region, we bivouacked about two miles from Harper's Ferry. The next day we crossed at the Ferry and, having wound around the base of Loudon Heights, continued the march down Loudon Valley. Of all the marches we ever made, none were so pleasant and so romantic as this. This is, perhaps, one of the most charming valleys in the world. On either side ranges of mountains, but a few miles apart, reared their lofty brows into the skies, giving this valley the appearance of a little world within itself. The first night we halted about four miles below Harper's Ferry and encamped at the base of one of the mountain ridges. Along the crest of the hills glimmered, at intervals, the signal fires of the army; and when the moon rose up over the mountain's brow, she threw her silver beams down upon thousands of little white glittering tents that dotted the valley for miles around. Almost the whole of that glorious night we laid listening to the songs of the mocking bird and the doleful cry of the whippoorwill and contemplating the lights and shades of this magnificent scenery by moonlight. It is not often, nor long at a time, that soldiers can enjoy such scenes of repose and contemplation; for they are as evanescent as the shadows which pass over him and, like lover's dreams by night are "too flattering sweet to be substantial."

We continued our march very leisurely down this valley. The enemy, meanwhile, was moving up the Shenandoah, on the other side of the Blue Ridge, and we kept pace with him, seizing and holding all the gaps as we went. On the 2d of November we heard firing at the front and pushed on, making a heavier march that day than usual. Just before dark we reached Snicker's Gap and found that the Second Corps had had a sharp engagement with the rebels who attempted to come through, and that they had driven them back and were holding possession of the gap. That night we encamped under the walls of a village which rejoiced in the euphonious name of Snickersville. I do not know why it is, but I was always more or less powerfully affected by high-sounding and euphonious names; and I trust my readers will pardon me for descending from the Gibbonian dignity of the history to inform them, that I was seized with such a passion for the name of Snicker that could I have found a gentle shepherdess of that name, I should have married her on the spot.

From Snickersville we moved towards White Plains, passing through Middleburg where, in eight months afterwards, the Third Brigade made such a glorious record under the command of Col. Vincent. We arrived at Warrenton on the 9th and while there Gen. McClellan received his order relieving him from the command of the army. At that time McClellan was the idol of the army, for he was its creator and preserver, and it is not to be denied that this intelligence fell upon it not without producing a slight shock. Nay, there was considerable swearing indulged in, and threats of marching on Washington, should McClellan but take the lead. But this effervescence soon subsided. The feelings which newly pledged soldiers experience at the removal of their favorite general are very much like those which an ardent young man experiences when he finds himself compelled to give up the idol of his affections. He dreads the pain of separation and dies a thousand deaths at the bare reflection; but, when the thing is once over, he consoles himself with the idea that there are as good fish in the sea as there are out of it, and that, after all, he may find another and perhaps a better one in the end.

It was on the 10th, I think, that Gen. McClellan took leave of the army. In the morning word was sent to the officers belonging to the Fifth Corps that such as felt disposed could go and take leave of the General at Gen. Porter's head quarters. Nearly all were in attendance. After awaiting his arrival for some time, during which the subject of his removal was pretty freely discussed, the General, accompanied by Gen. Burnside and several other officers, rode up; and, after alighting, he made a short speech, which he closed by saying that, whatever might be his position in future life, he never could regard himself otherwise than as belonging to the Army of the Potomac. He then commenced shaking hands and bidding adieu to each and all of the assembled officers. In the afternoon the Second and Fifth Corps were drawn up by the road side and the General's farewell address was read to every company. Shortly afterwards, he rode along, accompanied by his staff, on his way to the cars; and the moment he appeared the air was rent by long, loud and enthusiastic cheering. Gen. Porter, who had also been relieved from his command, left shortly after.

We lay at Warrenton a week or ten days, and during that time Gen. Burnside reorganized the army into three grand divisions, two corps composing a division. Hooker's and Porter's corps composed the centre grand divi-

sion, the whole under the command of Gen. Hooker. Gen. Butterfield succeeded to the command of the Fifth corps. As soon as all the arrangements were completed for following up the campaign, the whole army was put in motion. After a pleasant march we reached the Acquia Creek Railroad on the morning of the 26th of November, at a point three miles north of Fredericksburg, and pitched our camps near what was afterwards known as Stoneman's Station.

CHAPTER XII.

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

While we lay at Warrenton the army received its supplies by the Orange & Alexandria Railroad and the Warrenton branch. When we cut loose from that place and swung over to Fredericksburg, a new base was established at Aquia Creek, on the Potomac, about fifty miles below Washington. From this point the railroad ran through Fredericksburg to Richmond. The army encamped along the whole line of the road, from the Potomac to the Rappahannock. The rebels had destroyed the railroad bridge over the stream known as Potomac Creek; but it was speedily rebuilt by our army. Depots were established at several points, and the army received its supplies during the winter months without being compelled to haul them over muddy roads in wagons.

The Eighty-Third laid out its camp in a pleasant grove of pines close by the railroad. Our cavalry had preceded us in the movement on Fredericksburg, had crossed over the river, and, it is said, that had the pontoons been there in readiness when our infantry first came up, they could have carried the place with little difficulty. But while we were waiting for the pontoons, the rebel army gained the position, and, having strongly fortified it, lay in wait for the crossing of our troops.

Burnside was busily employed, in the meantime, in erecting works on the heights, on this side of the Rappahannock, and planting them with heavy artillery. The ground on the North Shore was higher than that on the South Shore, and in this respect we had the advantage of the rebels. We were to cross over under cover of these batteries. On the morning of the 12th of December we received orders to move. We marched within two miles of the river, and laid in the mud awaiting orders to advance. During this time our engineers were endeavoring to throw two bridges over the river. The rebel sharpshooters, posted in the deserted houses along the opposite banks, annoyed them so much that they were compelled at last to send over a small infantry force and dislodge them. Our artillery had previously attempted to shell them out, and a good deal of heavy cannonading, in consequence, had been going on for several days. At night all the arrangements were completed, and early next morning our troops commenced crossing over. That night our corps moved a little further towards the river, to a piece of woods and bivouacked. The night was keen and frosty, and when we awoke the next morning, our blankets were covered with hoar frost, apparently a quarter of an inch thick.

It was Sumner's corps, I believe, which first crossed over. He was to commence the attack on the enemy's left, while Franklin, who had crossed over several miles below, was to attack his right. The heights around Fredericksburg were admirably suited to the purpose of defence. They formed a sort of semi-circle around the city, the centre being about a mile distant and gradually sloping towards the river, giving their artillery a splendid chance to play upon an assaulting column. They had built forts and long lines of breastworks along the crest of the hill, had entrenched themselves behind stone walls, and taken every possible advantage of the ground. It was, in fact, the most complete slaughter pen into which a gallant army had ever been led. Behind these formidable works they posted themselves, and laid, in perfect security, awaiting the hour of our ill-fated attack.

As soon as our hard tack and coffee had been disposed of, we were ordered to fall in and be in readiness to move at any moment. The rattling of musketry had already commenced. The batteries on both sides kept up a heavy cannonading for a while, but soon the combatants had approached so near together that the artillery firing became impracticable and ceased. From early in the morning till three in the afternoon, we stood upon the heights and saw the battle raging below us. The whole of the great amphitheatre, where the two armies, like gladiators, were engaged in a death struggle, was one dense cloud arising from the smoke of battle. After the artillery had ceased nothing was to be heard but the constant rattle and crash of musketry; and there is always something more terrible in the crashing of musketry on the battle field than in the roar of the heaviest artillery. Occasionally the firing would die away, and for the space of half a minute, not a shot was to be heard. At such moments we would hug the delusive phantom of hope that the carnage was at an end; for every soldier in the ranks foresaw that nothing but disaster and defeat was to follow. In another moment with ten fold more fury than ever, the rapid flashes of living flame could be seen, followed by that dreadful crash, as if the demon of war was devouring and craunching the bones of a thousand victims at a time between his iron teeth. At three o'clock we moved down the hill to near the upper pontoon bridge, again halted, stacked arms and remained for half an hour. The reports of the wounded men, who streamed past us, and the lengthened faces of officers who had been over the river, gave no indications that success was smiling upon our arms. The most cheerful news was that we were holding our ground! which, considering that we had crossed over for the purpose of carrying the

heights, presented a very flattering prospect, indeed. About four, we were again ordered forward in haste. We rapidly crossed the pontoon, scrambled up the banks, and started off on a double-quick up the main street of the city. On arriving near the upper end, we filed in to the left and in a few moments had formed line in the rear of some buildings. Here we laid down upon our arms and sought what protection we could. The rebel artillery saw the movement and immediately opened on us from several batteries on the heights. For an hour the fragments of their shells fell thickly around us and wounded several of our men. Here it was that Colonel Vincent first began to give indiciations of that bravery for which he afterwards became distinguished. With sword in hand he stood erect in full view of the enemy's artillery, and though the shot fell fast on all sides, he never wavered nor once changed his position. It was not rashness that inspired him, but a high and chivalrous sense of duty. The sun had already gone down and we had not yet been ordered forward. Twilight had begun to settle down upon the lurid field of carnage, and still we remained. Our men had charged again and again, but the eagle of victory had not yet perched upon their banners. There was no hope whatever that it would. All that could be done was for them to rush into that slaughter pen and be hurled back broken, bleeding and dismayed. But it was imperative that the men who had opposed their breasts to that wall of fire should be relieved, and we were accordingly ordered to charge forward.

In an instant we were up and in line. The enemy saw us, and again let fly with redoubled fury the contents of their batteries upon us Col. Vincent gave the command "forward Eighty-Third!" and went ahead, sword in hand. We attempted to march straight to the front, in regular line of battle, but the buildings and fences opposed such insurmountable obstacles that we had to double up and march by the flank till we had cleared them. This threw us into some confusion. We gained the open ground, however, and in a few moments were again in line pressing forward to the charge. This we did in face of a murderous artillery fire. Down, into the railroad cut, we went tumbling, and, then clambering up the other side, we again rushed forward. In the confusion which reigned, and from the difficulty in hearing orders, the ranks became again thrown into some disorder; but by a great effort on the part of the officers, the line was again restored. On we went, over the bodies of the slain, for a quarter of a mile, when we reached the brow of a hill a few hundred yards from the enemy's lines, and there halted. The position we had gained exposed us to an enfilading flank fire from the rebel batteries on our left. We had not been there but a few minutes before they opened, and for nearly an hour we laid close upon the ground and gazed upon their fiery messengers of death screaming over us. Fortunately it was now dark and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us with any accuracy. The Eighty-Third had also commenced firing the moment they gained the hill, but as they could see no enemy, orders were given to save their ammunition and cease firing.

In this action the Eighty-Third lost but some six or seven killed and about thirty wounded. All our losses took place from the time we first formed line in the outskirts of the city up to this moment. None were lost afterwards. Shortly after we had ceased firing, the cries of the wounded in front began to assail our ears. They had lain upon the field all day, and now their agonizing cries for help broke mournfully upon the stillness of the night. Parties were soon sent out after them, and they were all removed during the night. In a few minutes more a New Jersey regiment, which had gone into the charge a little while before us and which had pressed further to the front, came in and gave us the information that we had been firing into their rear. Up to that time we had supposed there was nothing but rebels in our front.

Shortly after this there took place what seemed to us a remarkable movement in our rear. As we were lying there in the dark, we heard all of a sudden a perfect uproar coming up from a multitude of voices in that direction. Such apparent confusion of tongues, such wrangling among men and officers, such a multiplicity of orders for dressing up and moving forward, and such enquiries among lost men for their companies, were never heard before in any organization outside of pandemonium. We waited their approach with breathless attention and with not a little concern; for we knew not whether they were our own troops or whether they were the enemy who had succeeded in getting into our rear and were making the bold attempt to surround us. We had observed, on going in, that we formed the left of the line, that we had no supports on our left, and that in the position we then held, the enemy's line ran around even to our rear. It is but truth to say that this mysterious movement began to create no little alarm in our ranks. Soon the dark line of mortality hove in sight, and the next danger to be feared was that, if they were our friends, they might mistake us for the enemy and commence firing into our rear. In a moment more the rebels opened upon them, throwing their shells directly over our heads; and while we lay absorbed in witnessing this grand display of pyrotechnics and in watching the movements of the dark hosts below, they passed away, and we never knew who they were, what they came for or where they went even unto this day.

We laid the rest of that night upon our arms and attempted to sleep, for we expected the battle would be renewed early the next day. The line of the Eighty-Third ran in the direction of North and South, but as this would have subjected us when morning came, to an enfilading fire from the enemy's batteries, we shifted our position, a little before daylight, around to the North side of the hill. This new position kept us under cover of the brow of the hill and afforded us a good shelter from the fire of both their artillery and infantry. The next day was Sunday, and, either out of mutual respect for the day, or because the rebels had determined to act only on the defensive, and Burnside had concluded it was best to act on the offensive no longer, neither side renewed the engagement. Both laid upon their arms, however, watching each other and keeping up a desultory skirmishing and, at intervals, a cannonading along the lines. Further to our right, where the men were more exposed, the skirmishing was brisk and a number were killed and wounded. The men of the Eighty-Third laid the whole day in recumbent posture, in the mud and amidst the dead, for their own protection; for, the moment a head appeared above the brow of the hill, a

dozen bullets came whizzing after it. Slight breast-works, such as they could dig with their bayonets, with the aid of the ruins of a fence that had been trampled down in the battle of the day before, were thrown up and this also afforded them a partial protection from the enemy's sharpshooters.

Even in this unpleasant position there was occasion for considerable merriment among the soldiers. Whether in camp or in line of battle, the men are constantly going to the rear for some purpose or other. Every point of egress to the rear, on this occasion, was exposed except one, a little hollow running out towards the railroad cut. The heads of our men in passing through this hollow were barely visible to the rebels, and they took advantage of it for some time before they were discovered. The rebel skirmishers held possession of a brick house several hundred yards to the front, and in the upper story of this house a number now posted themselves and indulged in the recreation of shooting at the boys as they passed through this hollow to the rear. Our men, who were accustomed to be shot at and missed, dreaded running this gauntlet but little more than school boys dread to run the gauntlet of as many snow balls. But the ludicrous operation of passing the fiery ordeal never failed to be accompanied by an uproar of laughter from the rest of the regiment.

The rebels tried hard to send a few shells among us during the day, but did not succeed in doing any damage. Their shots generally struck the brow of the hill and ricochetted off to the rear and exploded without effect. They could get no direct range upon us.

In the afternoon we discovered a squad of rebels moving around cautiously to our left, through a narrow strip of woods some sixty or eighty rods distant. Their object was to get where they could see us and pour in a fire upon our left flank. As soon as our men discovered their object they threw up a small traverse at the left of our line and, taking shelter behind it, kept up a skirmish with them for nearly the rest of the day. The rebels concealed themselves behind the trees and fences and annoyed us considerably, but they were finally driven off.

At ten o'clock that night, having been relieved by other troops, we returned to the main street of the city and bivouacked on the pavements. The men had lain for thirty hours upon the field, without their coffee or cooked rations and even without water, and they needed food and rest. But we got neither food nor rest that night. Twice, before morning, we were aroused from our beds and ordered to fall in, in expectation of an attack from the enemy. The pickets had become alarmed, as usual, and had commenced firing so rapidly that it began to sound like a regular engagement. When morning came, we arose, cooked our coffee and ate our breakfast in the streets. The city was full of troops. The regimental commanders were required to keep their men well in hand and to be ready for any emergency. There was some cannonading and musketry firing during the day out in front. The position on our old line was held by the same troops who had relieved us the night before. The town was apparently deserted by the citizens and all the stores and private houses were locked up and the shutters closed. There were said to be, however, several hundred of the inhabitants still left, but they were not visible. The soldiers found their way into the houses, rummaging and ransacking them out of mere curiosity. Orders had been issued the day before to prevent all pillaging; but to strictly enforce such an order during the progress of an engagement is impossible. Some of the Eighty-Third went somewhere, got flour and commenced cooking pancakes on the streets. Hundreds of soldiers were doing the same thing in the kitchens of the private dwellings. Everybody got something, and almost every one attempted to bring away something, and would have probably succeeded if he could have carried it, or if it had not been taken away from him by the guard stationed at the bridges. I saw several literary vandals pile up a large trunk full of books with which they intended to solace themselves during the leisure hours of winter quarters; but being in lack of transportation they were obliged to leave them. The day was spent in curiosity-hunting by some, and in a sort of jollification by others till towards evening, when Colonel Vincent took command of the brigade and Capt. McCoy the command of the regiment. We then moved up street and bivouacked in the garden of a fine old residence belonging to the editor of the Fredericksburg News, who, with his family, had previously left the city.

About twelve o'clock that night we received orders to turn out and fall in. Where are we going? seemed to be the general enquiry. During the day we had heard certain vague rumors that our corps was going back over the river, but we had not suspected that the whole army was preparing for a general retreat. Some of the men, while lying in bivouac, had seen regiment after regiment pass by and turn down the street that led to the upper bridge. They had found, too, that these regiments belonged to other corps. We now began to think that the whole army was going back, and we flattered ourselves that our turn, too, had come. What, then, was our disappointment on finding that, instead of heading for the river, we were heading again for the front! To the front we did go and relieved the troops that had relieved us the night before. Ugh! but wasn't it dismal out there this time? I presume it is not acting the part of a soldier to confess, even at this distance of time, to any feelings of horror on this occasion. But so gloomy were the associations connected with that slaughter-pen that I think I can safely say, that every soldier in the army was more than anxious to get out of it as soon as he could. We took up our old position and threw out pickets a few yards to the front. The picket men seemed to go to their posts reluctantly. It was not fear that ruled them. It was the first symptoms of that process of demoralization by which the best troops are ruined in consequence of the bad management of their commanding generals. All was as silent and sepulchral as the grave, as we again laid down upon our arms, within a few yards of the enemy's lines. Not a shot was exchanged. Not a word above a whisper was spoken. The men seemed to be lying in mute suspense, as if awaiting for the break of the day of doom. All the commands, all the instructions to be followed in case of an attack were given in low, suppressed tones and then conveyed in whispers from one man to another. The clear, cold moon shone down, darkened occasionally by flying clouds; but its bright beams had no cheer nor comfort in them. It was now three o'clock in the morning. All had been quiet up to this time, when suddenly three musket shots, fol-

lowing each other in succession, were heard towards our right rear, and the bullets came whizzing along and passed to our extreme left. Heaven preserve us! thought we; is it possible the enemy is getting into our rear and means to attack us in the dead of night? Not another shot was heard; and, in less than half an hour, we received orders to abandon the position. This movement had to be executed with the greatest caution and secrecy. The moon was still shining brightly. We were but a few rods from the enemy's lines, his batteries were so planted as to enfilade the road we had to take, and—should he discover us! We arose and got into line without uttering a word above a whisper. A driving south wind had sprung up and huge banks of clouds began to move along the skies. Providence had favored us. For a few moments we watched the progress of that cloud, half dreading lest a sudden change of wind should drive it in another direction. Every eye was upon it, and every heart was beating like a muffled drum, half prophetic that this might prove our funeral march rather than our successful retreat. One corner of the cloud had driven past the moon and, for a moment, it seemed as if the whole would sweep clear; when, all at once, as if by a sudden breath of the Ruler of the Winds, its huge base swung around and in a moment more darkness had settled down upon the face of the earth. Seizing the opportunity Colonel Vincent, in a suppressed tone, gave the word of command, to the foremost regiment, to forward. Without awaiting the order, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth followed at a rapid pace along the railroad cut towards the deserted city. The clattering of tin cups and of coffee pots broke in ominous tones upon the stillness of the night, and called forth, from the lips of the more cautious men, execrations not loud but deep. But the wind came from the direction of the enemy and the sound of these tinkling cymbals broke not open their ears. On entering the city we halted in one of the outer streets and formed line of battle. The whole truth now broke upon us; our division was to cover the retreat of the army across the Rappahannock. Pickets were again thrown out to the front. All was still silent along our deserted lines. Soon a shot was heard, and then another, and then still another, as if, suspecting that a gap had been made in nature, the enemy were endeavoring to call forth a response to their salutation. Then was heard the deep, heavy baying of a bloodhound, as if he, too, had been set upon our tracks. Nearer and nearer, though cautiously and slowly, approached the monster; and it seemed as if every moment would bring after him the whole pack of human bloodhounds let loose from the Southern kennel. Men were sent throughout the city, entering the buildings and sheds, arousing the sleepy stragglers and urging them across the river. The driving wind soon brought up a rain, and there we stood to our arms for two hours, amidst darkness and the pitiless peltings of the storm. At last the long-looked for and joyful hour of our relief came. The army were all over except our division, and only a few minutes before daylight we were ordered also to cross the river. We passed up the main street at a hurried pace and then over the pontoons; and, as the day dawned upon us, we struck the north shore of the Rappahannock. Though the men were worn out with watching and fasting and were seemingly indifferent to the changes of fortune; yet it was easy to see that a gleam of satisfaction lighted up their weather-beaten countenances. And, as for myself, I am free to confess that the moment I touched the earth I drew a long, strong and soul-reviving breath, and, from the bottom of my heart, thanked God that I had lived to get out of that infernal slaughter pen, and was once more safely landed on the other side of Jordan.

CHAPTER XIII.

Return to Camp. Getting ready for winter quarters. Reconissance to Richard's Ford. Burnside's Katabasis; or the Mud March. General Hooker in command. Winter quarters at last. Return of Spring. The Battle of Chancellorsville. Col. Vincent in command of the brigade. Guarding the Fords along the Rappahannock. The enemy discovered to be moving towards the Potomac. March to Aldie. The Battle of Middleburg. Crossing the Potomac. Arrival at Frederick. General Meade in command of the army.

With many a weary step and many a groan, up the high hills, leading back from the shores of the Rappahannock, we heaved ourselves like huge, round stones; and, on reaching their summit, we turned and cast a farewell glance upon that place of skulls, where so many of our companions in arms lay stretched in the gory embrace of death. The rain had ceased to fall. We had but four miles to go, but the mud was deep and the marching difficult. And yet, compared with the horrors of that dark and dismal field of carnage, our way was as a path strewn with flowers, and the cool breezes that swept over the hills from the North were more fragrant than the gales that blew from the spicy groves of Araby the Blest. On arriving at our camp we found the cabins filled with water; but in a few days the quarters were got into a more comfortable shape. We soon began to make preparations for winter quarters, to build more substantial cabins, to turnpike and drain the company streets. Our principal duty was that of picketing some two or three miles to the rear, where the enemy never annoyed us, nor even made his appearance. The only episodes that happened during the winter were the reconnoissance made by our division up the river to Richard's Ford and Gen. Burnside's celebrated *Kat-a-ba-sis*, or Mud March. On the first of these occasions, the First and Second Brigades crossed at the Ford, drove off the rebel cavalry pickets and continued the reconnoissance for several miles beyond. The Third Brigade was held in reserve on this side of the river, where we lay vigorously supporting the other two brigades until their return; after which we all packed up and came back together.

As to that second and most important episode, the Great Katabasis—I beg pardon for adopting a word which I conceive to be the only one sufficiently dignified and suitable to an expedition of that kind. For, as the word Anabasis means an expedition into the up-country, or a *going up;* so, Katabasis means an expedition into the down-country, or a *going down.* And whether it is applied to an army going down to Richmond, or down into the bowels of the earth, the word is entirely appropriate in either case. It had been previously announced that it was Gen. Burnside's determination to keep moving toward Richmond, even if he moved but a mile a day; and on this occasion I could not help observing how wonderfully true to the text the programme of such a march was carried out. The first day we went just a mile according to some, and a mile and a half according to others. Be this as it may, it was well that we went no further; for in one day's march we got stuck so deep in the mud that it took us two days to get out of it.

Gen. Burnside, having been shortly after relieved at his own request, Gen. Hooker was put in command of the army. From the Mud March, which took place about the 21st of January, 1863, until the 27th of April following, the army enjoyed a season of uninterrupted rest and quiet. They settled down into winter quarters at once, (which they had not fully done before) well knowing that this would be the last of the on-to-Richmond movement that winter. Hooker talked a good deal about moving but did not mean it. He fed the men well and gave them plenty of time for sporting, and by spring they came out robust, well-rested and ready for any enterprise that he might ask of them.

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"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come!" I cannot say that a soldier hails the approach of spring with the same ecstacy that your poet and lover of nature does, who regards it as the harbinger of gentle breezes, sighing groves, blushing flowers and evening rambles when he can wander forth to behold the tender kidlings cropping daises on the dewy green; for, to a soldier, it is nothing but the harbinger of broil and battle. But spring came upon us like a blushing maiden arrayed in a garland of evergreens and flowers; and, in connection with this event, I would beg leave to say that Gen. Butterfield having become chief of staff to Gen. Hooker, Gen. Meade was put in command of the Fifth Corps; that Gen. Griffin still retained command of the division; that Col. Stockton still retained command of the brigade, and that Col. Vincent still retained command of the gallant Eighty-Third.

On the 27th of April, the army commenced its annual movement towards Richmond, taking, this time, its route by way of Chancellorsville. The Sixth Corps remained behind, so as to make a dash over into Fredericksburg and carry the heights, the moment the rebel army should be drawn off by our demonstrations up the river. The main portion of the army were to cross at United States Ford, and the Fifth Corps marched beyond, to Kelly's Ford, which they crossed on the morning of the 29th. They crossed the Rapidan, at Ely's Ford, on the same day, the Third Brigade taking the advance of the corps and the Forty-Fourth taking the advance of the brigade. The men

plunged boldly into the cold, rapid river and, as the water took them up to the armpits, they were compelled to hold their cartridge boxes above their heads in the crossing. Having reached the opposite shore, which was high and commanding and an important position to be gained, they encamped for the night in line of battle, acting as a reserve to the cavalry who had gone in advance. The next day they reached Chancellorsville, distant about four miles from the ford, and were there joined by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps. They remained there till nearly dark, and then moved about half a mile and bivouacked for the night, in a dense body of woods.

On the morning of the 1st of May we fell in and were marched about eight miles, following the direction of the river towards United States Ford. While on the move we were suddenly halted, about faced and marched back in quick time to a point near our old position. We there formed line of battle to support the Regulars who were already engaged with the enemy. About dark we were ordered to take a position on the extreme left, so as to cover the United States Ford and enable the balance of the army to cross over. The woods through which we marched were on fire, the light of which and the rattling of our canteens gave the enemy notice of our movements and led them to open a brisk fire of musketry upon us. We pushed on, however, through the thick underbrush and over the ditches and fallen trees. Our orders were to follow the Seventeenth. In the confusion attending the march, three of the companies of that regiment had become separated from the rest and taken the wrong direction. By mistake the Eighty-Third followed these companies, and, after groping and feeling our way through the woods for two miles, we came to a very deep ravine. Here we found that the enemy were but a short distance from us. It was then that Col. Vincent began to discover that we were on the wrong track. Having thrown out skirmishers, on both flanks and front, he at once started off on a hunt of the headquarters of Gen. Griffin, in order to report the position he was in. Having found the General he was immediately ordered to bring his regiment to the Chancellorsville road and a guide was sent along for the purpose of directing him to it. The regiment reached the spot at about ten o'clock and then laid down for the rest of the night. What made this march particularly interesting was, that the most of it was performed on the double quick.

The next morning we joined the brigade and took position with the rest of the corps on the left of the line of battle. During the day we felled timber and threw up strong entrenchments. We remained there, without any fighting, until the morning of the 3d, when we were relieved by the Eleventh Corps and ordered to take a position on the right centre. At ten o'clock the night before, the Eleventh had sustained a heavy attack; and, on this morning, the Third Corps, which had taken the place of the Eleventh, repulsed another attack of the rebels under Stonewall Jackson, before they had got into position. The heaviest fighting at Chancellorville was on the night of the 2d and the morning of the 3d, and was sustained, on our part, principally by these two corps.

On arriving at our new position, skirmishers were thrown out to the front and these soon opened up a brisk fire with the skirmishers of the enemy. In the meantime picks and shovels were distributed among the men, who fell immediately to work and threw up strong breastworks. We remained all day in expectation of an attack; but the attack never came. Monday we were still in the same position. There was some cannonading on our immediate left during the day; and towards evening two brigades of our division went out on a reconnoissance to the front, encountered a strong skirmish line and drove it back. Our corps, however, engaged in no heavy fighting and the Eighty-Third lost only some four or five wounded during the entire operations.

Up to this time, with the exception of the successful attack of the enemy upon the Eleventh Corps, the army had met with no reverses that were calculated to produce any despondency. On the contrary, they were in the best of spirits and were confident, in case they were attacked, of a decided victory. What was our surpise, then, when we learned on Monday night that we were going back over the river! Before this our hearts were full of confidence; now we lost it. We began to think that we had hugged a delusive phantom to our breasts, that the confidence we had entertained was founded upon a real ignorance of our strength and position; and when confidence is once impaired by doubt, it rapidly degenerates into despondency and frequently ends in panic. For this latter feeling, however, there was no occasion, and there was none shown, for the enemy neither attacked nor followed us up on the retreat. But when soldiers become once possessed with the idea that they are to make a retrogade movement, or, in other words, to retreat from in front of an active and vigilant enemy, they become proverbially averse to any further fighting. It requires as much, if not more, courage to sustain one during a retreat of this nature than it does to sustain one in a charge upon the enemy's breastworks. In the one he has all the stimulus of preparation and the excitement of battle to support him; in the other, all the discouraging consequences of despondency and acknowledged defeat.

We were ordered to be in readiness to fall back at a little after dark, but the movement of the infantry and artillery, which preceded us, was so slow that it was two o'clock in the morning before we got fairly started. The Fifth corps had passed to the rear over a road cut through the woods for that purpose, and the first division was ordered to cover the retreat. It now commenced raining. The division filed by brigades to the rear, each brigade forming, alternately, lines of battle as the others passed through it. Trees were felled across the road and a few slight traverses thrown up as a precautionary measure against any pursuit of the enemy. Our progress was slow and wearisome. Before we gained the open country, two miles from our position, it was daylight. On our part of the line of the retreat, the enemy did not attempt to follow. Lower down the river, towards the extreme left, he wheeled a few batteries into position and endeavored to annoy a portion of our troops while they were crossing; but our artillery replied from the opposite shore, and after an hour or two, silenced or drove them from the position. We crossed over on the pontoons, which were surging to and fro upon the waves of the swollen torrent, and clambered slowly up the narrow road leading from the ford into the open country. Having halted a few moments for a hasty cup of coffee, we again took up the line of march, and

late in the afternoon, again landed in our old quarters at Stoneman's Station. Such was the result of the battle of Chancellorsville. The only thing accomplished by it was the death of Stonewall Jackson, which, according to the confessions of the rebels themselves, was equivalent to a loss of fifty thousand men.

During the first part of May, the Twelfth and Seventeenth N. Y. regiments, whose term of service expired, returned home, leaving the brigade reduced to four regiments, the Eighty-Third, the Forty-Fourth, the Sixteenth Mich. and the Twentieth Maine. The Twentieth had joined us at Antietam. About the 20th of May, Col. Stockton having resigned or been detached, Col. Vincent assumed command of the brigade, in which he continued until he was mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. His capacity as a commander and his bearing as a soldier had already made a favorable impression upon the officers and men of the whole brigade, and a general feeling of satisfaction was manifested at this change. He soon proved himself to be the most popular brigade commander we had yet had; and, under his leadership, the famous old Light Brigade began to recover some of its former renown for discipline and soldierly conduct. The command of the Eighty-Third then devolved upon Capt. Woodward, who led it through all the campaigns, in which it took a part, from that time up to the Battle of the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864; with the exceptions, I believe, of Mine Run and Rappahannock Station.

On the 22d the brigade moved two miles to the rear, into a less crowded place, and pitched a new camp. The indications were that we would stay there for some time, and accordingly we went to work, turnpiking the streets, erecting bowers of pine and cedar, and making various other preparations for the cleanliness and comfort of the camps. While engaged in this truly rural occupation we were ordered to strike tents, move further up and go to guarding the fords on the Rappahannock. We reached the river after a short march, and Col. Vincent proceeded to assign each regiment of the brigade to its position. The Forty-Fourth was stationed at Bank's Ford; the Sixteenth at a milldam a little further up, the Twentieth at United States, and the Eighty-Third at Richard's, a few miles above United States Ford. At these two latter points batteries of artillery were also posted. Col. Vincent made his headquarters on a hill, near Benson's Mill, and not far from where the Sixteenth was stationed. The First and Second Brigades, which were posted still further up, picketed the river at different points between Richard's and Kelly's Fords.

After remaining a week here, the brigade was relieved by other troops and we again broke camp and moved to Kemper's Ford, a few miles further up, and again commenced picketing the river. Col. Vincent established his headquarters in the door-yard of the house of a Mrs. James, which was a nice grassy plot, shaded by great overbranching trees. The Eighty-Third was stationed about three quarters of a mile from the ford, near the house of Mrs. Kemper, or Mrs. Somebody, whose husband was absent at the time in the rebel army. Nothing occurred, during our stay here, worthy of mention. The rebels were posted, likewise, at every ford along the river, and they and our men had nothing to do but to while away the time as easily as they could, smoke the pipe of peace and look lazily across the river at each other. In the meantime our cavalry had been on the alert and had discovered that Lee was about to take the offensive, and that he was already on the march, by way of the Shenandoah Valley, towards Pennsylvania.

The whole army of the Potomac were now in motion, and, on the 13th of June, we broke camp at Kemper's Ford and began our march towards the north. That night we encamped at Morrisville. The next day we marched to Catlett's Station and, on the 15th, we reached Manassas Junction where we remained two days. Lee's exact object not being yet developed, it was necessary that we should move cautiously along the interior line of march, so as to cover Washington and, at the same time, closely watch his movement. Had we uncovered Washington too quickly, he might have taken the back track, rushed through the mountain gaps, swung around in our rear and endangered the safety of the Capital. It was necessary, also, that we should keep equal pace with the enemy, lest he should steal a march upon us and get into Pennsylvania, or to Baltimore, before the army could arrive there to thwart his purpose. He accordingly kept his cavalry, in large force, moving along the base of the Blue Ridge, watching our movements and trying to deceive us in regard to his own. On reaching Mannassas, our artillery was immediately put into position, ready for an attack; and the infantry so disposed as to form line of battle at a moment's notice. It seems that our cavalry had discovered the enemy's cavalry some miles to the front and, lest it might prove to be the advance of their infantry, these timely precautions were taken. They did not make their appearance, however, but kept on in their route, along the base of the mountains and in the direction of Loudon Valley and Harper's Ferry.

On the 17th we made a long march, through clouds of dust and beneath a scorching sun, and at sundown reached Gum Spring, some six or eight miles east from Aldie. On this march the men, sweating beneath the heat and burden of their knapsacks, fell out in crowds and could be seen lying along every little stream, where a drop of water could be found to quench their raging thirst, or a bush to shelter them from the rays of the burning sun. We laid at Gum Spring until the 19th and then moved to Aldie. On the morning of the 21st, before daylight, we were aroused from our slumbers and ordered to move towards Middleburg in support of the cavalry, which was expected to attack the rebel cavalry force on that day.

On the same day that we reached Gum Spring, the cavalry under Pleasanton had come upon the mounted legions of Hampton and Stewart at Aldie and, after a sharp engagement, had driven them back towards Middleburg. But it was found necessary to drive them still farther, in order to unmask the movements of their infantry; for the presumption was that, if they had any infantry on this side of the Blue Ridge, they would come up to the support of the cavalry in case they were driven back into the mountain passes. As the country through this portion of Virginia was very broken and hilly, abounding in stone fences admirably adapted for the purposes of defence, Gen. Pleasanton did not think the cavalry were alone equal to the undertaking; and accordingly he requested Gen. Meade to send a division of infantry to his support. The

First Division, then temporarily commanded by Gen. Barnes, was assigned to that important duty, and by Gen. Barnes the Third Brigade was designated as the one to form the most active support to Gen. Pleasanton in the coming engagement. At midnight, on the night of the 20th, Col. Vincent received orders to report to Gen. Pleasanton, at the Berkeley House just beyond Aldie, for instructions. Accompanied by a single staff officer he set out, in the dark and rain, for Pleasanton's head quarters. From him he learned, for the first time, the part his brigade was to take on the next day and, after some further consultation, he returned to camp. At three o'clock the brigade was in motion. The cavalry were already on the advance, and their skirmishers were then confronting the skirmishers of the enemy a little beyond Middletown. The plan of operation was that, while the cavalry corps, supported by the Third Brigade, should attack and drive the enemy in their front, the First and Second Brigades should remain at Middleburg and hold themselves in reserve. Gen. Buford's division of cavalry was to make a detour to the enemy's left and roll them up on that flank; but for some reason, perhaps because there was no necessity, this contemplated movement did not take place.

On reaching Middleburg, which took place at about six in the morning, we filed in to the left of the town and made a detour through the fields, so as to bring up on the right flank of the enemy, who was strongly posted just beyond the place. Here we took position on the left of Gen. Gregg's cavalry, on the Ashby's Gap road. The dismounted men of the enemy were in position on the south side of the road, behind a series of stone walls running at right angles with it. Their cavalry was posted in the fields. and a battery of six guns was placed near the road on the left. A belt of woods, some two hundred yards wide, masked their position.

Between seven and eight o'clock General Pleasanton sent orders to Col. Vincent to advance at least one regiment of infantry and dislodge the enemy's carbineers from one of the stone walls in front. The Sixteenth Michigan under Lieut. Col. Welch, was accordingly directed to press forward and carry out the order. At the same time Col. Vincent sent forward the Forty-Fourth, under Col. Rice, and the Twentieth Maine, (temporarily commanded by Lieutenant Col. Connor, of the Forty-Fourth,) with directions to press the enemy hard and pick off the gunners from his battery. The Eighty-Third, under Capt. Woodward, was directed to move rapidly through the woods, to our left, keeping his force concealed, and the instant he had passed the stone walls to emerge and take the enemy in flank and rear.

The movement was entirely successful. Finding their position turned, the enemy fled in confusion, and the Sixteenth advanced on the double quick, on the right, and compelled them to abandon one piece of artillery, a fine Blakely gun.

We now moved on together with the cavalry and drove them from this position to other stone walls in their rear, dislodging them at each attack, until we drove them across Comell's Run. Here they made a sharp resistance and opened an artillery fire from which we suffered. Our skirmishers soon forded the stream, again flanked their position and started them on the run. In this way we drove them about four miles, when, on the opposite side of Goose Creek, they again took up a position behind the stone walls and made another sharp resistance. The banks of the creek at this point were high, steep and thickly wooded. The Eighty-Third had been ordered to ford the stream and again fall upon their right flank; but, as the depth made it impracticable, they again clambered up the bluff and came out into the road just in time to take part in the glorious affray that followed. The enemy were posted behind two stone walls; one at the foot of the hill, a few rods beyond the bridge, and the other at the top and almost concealed by the tall growth of wheat through which it ran. The moment we came in sight both of these lines arose and poured a volley into our skirmishers. Now happened one of the liveliest and most exciting times we had ever yet experienced: when we were carried along, as it were, by the very tempest, whirlwind and, I might say, joy of battle into the midst of the enemy's ranks. At a bound the skirmishers of the Sixteenth, followed by those of the Eighty-Third, dashed over the bridge with a general yell, and shouting "Shoot them!" "Take them prisoners!" rushed up the hill, drove them from behind the walls and again put them to flight, taking a number of prisoners, both officers and men.

Altogether, our brigade was mainly instrumental in driving the enemy six miles from their original position; and we kept on, following them until we came in sight of Upperville, near Ashby's Gap. In doing this we had travelled (together with the morning's march and the detours made in turning the enemy's positions) nearly twenty miles; our men were too much fatigued to follow any further, and it was deemed advisable to halt and leave the pursuit to the cavalry. While resting there we witnessed several cavalry charges in which our men drove the rebels successively from one position to another; nor did they return until they had driven them clear through Ashby's Gap to the other side of the Blue Ridge.

The enemy's force, engaged on this occasion, consisted of two divisions of cavalry commanded by Jeb. Stewart and Wade Hampton, and were supported by powerful batteries of artillery. The cannonading was very heavy on both sides, but our artillery proved the most effective. The brigade was so skilfully handled that it lost but two killed and eighteen wounded. The Eighty-Third had only one man wounded and none killed. This was a very small loss for a running fight of over ten hours' duration. It was probable that Gen. Meade attributed it to the ability displayed by our brigade commander, when he said that he wished Vincent was a brigadier general and that he had him to command a division.

After remaining a while near Upperville in support of the batteries (to which duty the brigade had been assigned after halting for rest) we were relieved by the first brigade; after which we marched back two or three miles towards Middleburg and bivouacked on the farm of a Mr. Glasscock, at whose house Col. Vincent and his staff made their headquarters for the night. "Oh, dear," said Glassy, "I wish this thing was over with!" He then informed us that Stuart and Hampton had taken dinner at his house that day, and that during the cannonading he and his family had been compelled to take refuge in the cellar. He set before us a good supper and breakfast and appeared very anxious to receive greenbacks in payment. The next morning we moved on to

Middleburg, where we found all the division staff enjoying themselves at the house of Gen. Rogers, an old Virginia gentleman "all of the olden time." Making the best of a bad bargain, he had thrown open his house to General Barnes and his staff given them the use of his servants, and refused to receive anything in return. He was hail-fellow-well-met, social and agreeable; and when we afterwards got into Pennsylvania, whose homes we had come to protect, and saw the extortions practiced upon our soldiers by some of her citizens, we could not help drawing a strong contrast between the two classes of men.

That evening we returned to Aldie, where we remained until the 25th. During that time the regiment did picket duty near the Monroe House which was situated about two miles from the town. We found it to be a fine old Virginia mansion built of brick, with a high portico supported by pillars, and standing on an elevated spot of ground in the midst of a fine old park. The farm, which was in a somewhat neglected state of cultivation, contained several hundred acres of land. It was just such a place as one might suppose a President of the United States would choose to live in, after retiring from the turmoils of office to the shades of private life. It is now owned by Major Fairfax, who was at that time Inspector General on Longstreet's staff. The country round about Aldie abounded in names which were famous in history,—the Monroes, the Berkeleys, the Carters, the Mercers and others—and their family mansions were still to be seen. The family seat of the Mercers was surrounded by a fine park of great, old English oaks enclosed by a high brick wall, with a drawbridge after the old baronial style; but the Mercers had passed away, and their walls were broken down, and the gardens were overgrown and choked up with thorns and brambles.

On the night of the 24th it rained hard and on the next day, we took up our line of march towards the Potomac. On reaching Goose Creek we found the bridge gone and the stream swollen and rapid. Trees were felled across the creek and rails levied on from the neighboring fences. With these in their hands the men plunged into the torrent and constructed a bridge for the rest of the corps to cross over. We passed through Leesburg, waded the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry and continued the march for ten miles beyond. On the 26th we arrived within two miles of Frederick and halted for two days. While there intelligence came that Gen. Hooker had been removed and that Gen. Meade had been placed in command of the army. As Gen. Meade was already regarded as one of the best general officers in the army, this change of commanders was received with quiet but apparent satisfaction. The command of the Fifth Corps then devolved upon Gen. Sykes.

CHAPTER XIV.

The March to Gettysburg, and the Battles of the 2d and 3d of July. Death of General Strong Vincent.

It was now ascertained that the main body of Lee's army had crossed at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, and made their way into Pennsylvania. His whole army was in camp at Chambersburg the day after we reached Frederick, and the indications were that he was on his way to Baltimore. On the morning of the 28th we were again in motion. We made a detour towards the Northeast, so as to intercept him on his way between Chambersburg and that city. On the night of the 30th we encamped at Union about three miles from the Pennsylvania line. During the whole march the spirits of the men of the Eighty-Third had increased in confidence as they neared the boundaries of Pennsylvania, and when they found that they were about to enter the threshold of their native State and fight upon her soil, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The next morning when crossing the line, Col. Vincent sent back word to the Regiment that we were now on the soil of old Pennsylvania—to hang out the banner on the outward wall, and let our march be accompanied by the sound of the ear-piercing fife and spirit stirring drum. In a moment Sergeant Rogers had unfurled the flag of the Eighty-Third to the winds. The drum corps struck up our thrilling old national air of Yankee Doodle, and as the glorious old banner, shattered and rent by the shocks of a dozen battle fields, floated once more proudly upon the inspiring breezes of the old Keystone State, long and loud shouts of joy from ten thousand iron throats broke upon the morning air. The enthusiasm was contagious. In a few moments it had spread from regiment to regiment, and from brigade to brigade, until every banner was flying, every fife screaming, and every drum beating. For the first time had those peaceful vallies been awakened from their quiet slumbers by the heavy tramp of armed legions about to engage in a death grapple with the foe, who had invaded and desecrated their soil. We pressed forward rapidly for a fight was already going on at Gettysburg The enemy was concentrating, and it was necessary that the whole army should reinforce our advance corps without delay. Late in the afternoon we reached Hanover. Here we found that but a few hours before Kilpatrick had encountered the enemy's cavalry and driven them back in disorder. We halted but two hours and then pressed on; for here we received the intelligence that the First Corps had encountered a superior force of the enemy, with unfavorable results, and that Gen. Reynolds was killed. Night soon settled around us. Passing through the villages on the way, the women came out and sang the Star Spangled Banner and other national airs, and were cheered in return by the soldiers. At two o'clock that night we halted in the woods, three miles from Gettysburg, and after a scanty meal, laid down to rest. By daylight we were up again and on the march. Early in the morning we reached the field and found a line of battle supporting the artillery. Here we formed, too, in order of battle, and laid down to rest, and were held as reserves until the arrival of the Sixth Corps.

About ten o'clock the Sixth Corps came up, after a heavy march of thirty-six miles, and we then moved towards the centre. It is said that we were ordered to the left. I do not know what became of the Second and Third Divisions (the Regulars and the Pennsylvania Reserves), but the position which the First Division took was nearer the centre than the left of the line. We moved very leisurely towards the place, and on the way were once halted and drawn up by brigades in columns of division, on the banks of a stream where stood a mill. Remaining there awhile we moved forward by the flank over the stream and up a hill, and there, having formed again in columns by division, we again halted and laid down to rest. All this while skirmishing was going on at the front. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Third Brigade was detached from the division, and moved at a double quick for over a mile to the extreme left. There we found that the Third Corps were already engaged with the enemy, and that they were being hard pressed. The Third Division might have arrived before us, as we joined on their left after we had formed in line of battle. The first and second brigades must have followed soon after, as they took a position somewhere between the Third Corps and the Pennsylvania Reserves.

The position to which we marched, on the extreme left, was what was afterwards known as Little Round Top. It was an irregular rocky rise of ground, sloping down on two sides, (the front and rear) to low marshy ground, and might have been a hundred feet above its level. It consisted of a huge, solid rock, covered over with a thousand other loose boulders of every size and shape, and was most admirably adapted for a defensive position. Upon the top of the solid rock, the access to which was very steep and difficult, several of our batteries had been hauled and planted. On the left was Big Round Top, a high, rocky hill, covered with woods and overlooking Little Round Top. Between the two hills there was a small vale (not a ravine as it is commonly called,) about a hundred feet in width, and covered with trees, but rather open and underbrushed. This vale might now be appropriately named the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

On reaching the ground, Col. Vincent proceeded at once to post the brigade in line of battle. The regiments were ordered to take their places just as they had come in the order of march; the Forty-Fourth, under Col. Rice, on the right, the Twentieth, Col. Chamberlain, on the left, the Sixteenth, Lieut. Col. Welch, on the right centre, and the Eighty-Third, Capt. Woodward on the left centre. Seeing that the Sixteenth would thus intervene between the Forty-Fourth and Eighty-Third, Col. Rice rode up to Vincent and said, "Colonel, the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth have always fought side by side in every battle, and I wish that they may do the same to-day." Colonel Vincent immediately ordered Colonel Welch, of the Sixteenth to take his position on the right of the brigade, thus placing the Forty-Fourth on the immediate right of the Eighty-Third. This order was at once executed. The line now formed by the brigade was a quarter circle, lapping around the base of the hill and fronting Big Round Top and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The right of the Sixteenth was more exposed than the rest of the brigade and, as the event proved, they had a difficult position to maintain. Skirmishers were sent to the front—those of the Eighty-Third under command of Capt. D. P. Jones, and those of the Forty-Fourth under the command of Capt. Larrabee.

This was but the work of five minutes' time, and scarcely had the troops been put in line, when a loud, fierce, distant yell was heard, as if all pandemonium had broken loose and joined in the chorus of one grand, universal war-whoop. On looking to the left and front, we saw Hood's whole division, of Longstreet's corps, over a quarter of a mile off, charging in three lines on a double-quick, and, with bayonets fixed, coming down upon us. The enemy had had his eye upon this position, but he was too late. He was now determined to atone for the loss by driving us out of it. He saw that it was the extreme left of our line, and a strong position to attack, and could he, by an overwhelming force, dislodge us from it, he would have a splendid field of operations on the left flank and in the rear of our army. The moment the enemy had emerged from the woods and begun the charge, the batteries posted on Little Round Top opened upon them. We could see men, at every bursting of the shells, drop from the ranks. The moment, too, that Col. Vincent saw the enemy's force he fully comprehended the danger. We had less than eleven hundred men. We were about to sustain the shock of a whole division. Turning to Adj't. Gen. Clark, "Go," said he, "and tell Gen. Barnes to send me reinforcements at once: the enemy are coming against us with an overwhelming force." Dismounting from his horse, and sending him to the rear, he mounted a rock that he might overlook and direct the operations of the impending battle. On came the enemy, running and yelling like fiends, the artillery on Little Round Top making huge gaps in their ranks at every step. They soon neared our position, and our skirmishers were driven in, the enemy following closely in their rear. They at once attacked the whole line, but threw the weight of their force against the centre where lay the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth. In an instant a sheet of smoke and flame burst from our whole line, which made the enemy reel and stagger, and fall back in confusion. But soon rallying they advanced again to the assault. Taking position behind the rocks, they poured in a deadly fire upon our troops. Hundreds of them approached even within fifteen yards of our line, but they approached only to be shot down or hurled back covered with gaping wounds. It was a death grapple in which assailant and assailed seem resolved to win or fall in the struggle. The enemy had everything to gain if they carried the position; everything to lose if they failed, and they fought most desperately, and determinedly. Perhaps the whole history of the war does not present a more desperate or heroic struggle for the mastery than the little valley between those hills presented on that day. But the men of the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth stood as firm as the rocks by which they fought. The drummers had thrown aside their drums, seized the musket, and taken their place in the ranks. The color-bearer planted his color in the crevice of a rock, seized a musket, too, and fought like a hero. "For a whole hour," says Col. Rice, in his official report, "the enemy tried in vain to break the lines of the Forty-Fourth and Eighty-Third, charging again and again, within a few yards of those unflinching troops: but every charge was repulsed with terrible slaughter."

Despairing of success at this point, he next made a desperate attack upon the extreme right of the brigade. The Sixteenth, though a valiant regiment, not having the same protection and more exposed to their fire, became somewhat thrown into confusion, and a portion of them ran to the rear. At this moment the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, who had been sent as reinforcements, appeared on the brow of the hill and receiving a volley from the rebels, which killed their Colonel, O'Rourke, and a number of other officers, were also thrown into confusion. The danger was now pressing, and in a moment more the rebels would have broken through and perhaps have driven our troops from the ground and swung around upon the rear of the army. Seeing the danger Col. Vincent descended from the rock, and with the most superhuman exertions of himself and his officers, drove the men to the front, and again the onward surge of the rebel host was checked. But Col. Vincent's valor on this occasion cost him his life. He had become a prominent mark for the sharpshooters of the enemy, and he fell mortally wounded by a minnie bullet in the left groin. "This is the fourth or fifth time they have shot at me," said he, "and they have hit me at last." In a few moments he was laid upon a stretcher and carried to the rear.

The command of the brigade now devolved upon Col. Rice, of the Forty-Fourth. That officer passed at once along the line and notified the officers and men of his own regiment, that he was about to assume command of the brigade and that they must hold the position to the last. The command of the Forty-Fourth was then assumed by Lieut. Col. Conner.

The enemy having been repulsed on the right, the fury of his attack, in that quarter had partially subsided, although a brisk firing was still kept up, both there and along the whole line. His force had become scattered in the onset and had posted themselves behind trees and rocks without regard to order or line of battle. He had not yet discovered our extreme left, that portion of the line being partially concealed by the undergrowth of trees, by rocks and by the broken nature of the ground. After a good deal of exertion he got his troops

into line again and marched by the right flank through the little valley and suddenly halting, faced to the front and made a desperate charge upon the Twentieth Maine, the Eighty-Third and Forty Fourth giving them a volley as they passed. The Twentieth also gave them a volley as they approached, which staggered, but did not check the fury of their onset. This regiment had been firing rapidly during the fight and did not have their bayonets fixed; and such was the rapidity of the enemy's movements that they did not have time to fix bayonets before the assailants were upon them. But when the enemy fell upon this regiment they counted without their host. The Twentieth, undaunted and undismayed, in a twinkling clubbed their muskets, brained a number of their assailants on the spot, and drove the rest back into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Having again reformed they still kept pressing to the left and were now in rear of the brigade. This was one of the most critical periods during the whole engagement.

Col. Chamberlain had, during the early part of the battle, with commendable prudence, bent his left around at right angles to the rest of the line, so as to protect as much as possible, the rear of the brigade, should the enemy succeed in getting around too far to the left. They now opened a severe fire upon this left wing, and the bullets began to come into the rear of the Eighty-Third and the other regiments of the brigade. Capt. Woodward immediately sent Lieut. Gifford, the acting Adjutant, to Col. Chamberlain, to ascertain if the enemy were turning his left. In the meantime, fearing that in case the enemy continued to press back the left of the Twentieth, he would close up the only avenue of escape (a small space of ground between his line and the large rock in his rear), he ordered the centre of the Eighty-Third, which the reader will recollect was posted in shape of a quarter circle, to fall back some ten or fifteen paces. This movement straightened his line and brought him into a position where he could better command the passage, in case the enemy attempted to gain it. At the same time the regiment kept firing at the enemy in their front.

Gifford went through a storm of bullets with the greatest coolness and courage, and executed his commission to Col. Chamberlain. The Colonel sent back word that the enemy were pressing his left and had almost doubled it back upon the right, and wanted to know if he could send him a company. Woodward returned an answer that as his front was also hard pressed he could not spare a company, but that if Col. Chamberlain would move his right to the left he would move the Eighty-Third also and fill up the gap. Col. Chamberlain at once moved his regiment to the left, so that the Twentieth now occupied a line perpendicular to what it had at first, and protected fully the right flank of the brigade. This baffled the attempts of the enemy to turn our left, and in fifteen minutes their fires began to slacken. The favorable moment had now arrived, and Col. Chamberlain seized it ere it had passed. The Twentieth now became the assailants in turn. Their ranks had become so thinned by the battle that they had but a little more than a strong skirmish line with which to attack the faltering columns of the enemy. But yet Col. Chamberlain determined to make the attempt. At the word of command the Twentieth rushed down upon the rebel host with a yell, broke their lines, captured a number, and drove the rest from his front. As he was driving them, five regiments of the reserves, conducted by Lieut. Gifford, who had gone for reinforcements, came up under the command of Col. Fisher, and joined in the battle cry. This was taken up by the rest of the brigade, and the enemy seeing that we were reinforced, fell back in great disorder. The Twentieth continued the pursuit, their line swing around upon a moving pivot, like a great gate upon a post, until its left had swept down through the valley and up the sides of Big Round Top. The skirmishers of the Eighty-Third also dashed forward in the pursuit and captured seventy-four prisoners and about three hundred muskets. The whole brigade captured, in all, over five hundred prisoners, including two colonels and fifteen other commissioned officers, and over one thousand stand of arms.

While the Twentieth were driving the rebels over Round Top, an incident occurred not unworthy of notice. An officer and two men belonging to that regiment had, while in pursuit, got separated from their command, and just as the officer was turning the brow of the hill he discovered before him a rebel officer and fifteen men. He at once called upon him to surrender, and they threw down their arms. He then ordered them to march towards our line, which they promptly did; and when they had reached the ravine near where our troops lay, the rebel officer turned and asked him where were his men? He told him that he would soon come to them. The rebel officer beginning to suspect that he had been outwitted, exclaimed, "That is a Yankee trick, sure enough; three men to capture fifteen!" He was struck with so much admiration of the exploit that, taking from his haversack a silver cup he presented it to the officer as a compliment to his strategy in capturing so many with so small a force.

At this time, also, occurred an instance of bravery and humanity in one of the men of the Eighty-Third. A member of comapany H—I cannot learn his name; if I could I would blazon it in letters of gold*—went out alone and soon returned, supporting a wounded rebel soldier. The wounded man was laid on a stretcher and carried to the hospital. Our hero went out the second time and brought in another in the same way, and being fatigued from his exertions, asked some of his comrades to go along and assist him in bringing in others. They went out a piece with him and seeing the rebels posted behind the rocks, firing at them, refused to go any further. The brave fellow went on alone, telling them to come on, that there was no danger. Just as he was in the act of raising another rebel soldier, he was shot dead by the very comrades of the man he was attempting to succor. The next day our hero and the rebel soldier were both found dead, lying side by side. The wounded rebel had died during the night. A more sublime instance of courage and humanity was perhaps never before exhibited upon the battle field.

The Twentieth kept up the pursuit, followed and supported on its right by a heavy line of skirmishers from the Eighty-Third and the rest of the brigade, until they had carried the

* I have since learned that his name was Philip Grine. Joseph G. Nellis of company G. was also wounded in the hand while in the act of assisting a wounded rebel soldier off the field.

heights of Round Top and driven the fleeing rebels down the other side. But not deeming it prudent to remain longer without more support, Col. Chamberlain ordered the regiment back again into their old position; for the rebel prisoners had already stated that but one brigade of their division had made the attack, and that they were supported by two or three more brigades who were then forming for another attack, and that they wanted to be taken to the rear as quickly as possible. But the expected attack never came, and about dark the Twentieth, with two regiments of the Reserves, went up again, took position and threw up breastworks of the rocks. About ten o'clock the Reserves moved out, and the Twentieth remained there alone about an hour, when Col. Chamberlain sent word to Col. Rice that he wanted the Eighty-Third. About midnight the Eighty-Third went up, took position on the right of the Twentieth, and commenced also throwing up breastworks of stone. Shortly afterward the Reserves were moved forward to the base of the Big Round Top, joining the right of the Eighty-Third, and commenced fortifying themselves in the same manner. So that when morning came, the left of the line of battle was advanced, running from Little Round Top through the valley to the Summit of Big Round Top, and we now held the ground that the enemy had held the day before.

Thus ended, and ended gloriously, the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. The field, and the day, and the enemy, too, were ours. A small brigade of four regiments, scarcely numbering eleven hundred and fifty men,* had resisted and hurled back the best part of a division of the enemy's chosen troops, and had saved the army from rout and perhaps the nation from disgrace. It has been asserted that the Reserves carried Round Top, and did the heavy fighting on the left of the army on that day. But this is not the truth of history, as more than a thousand eyes have borne witness. The Pennsylvania Reserves have done too much splendid fighting, to stand in need of claiming a victory that does not belong to them. Their presence undoubtedly did, at the favorable moment, add a moral weight to the enemy's overthrow; but his overthrow would have been accomplished without the aid of either the Reserves of any other reinforcements whatever.

The rebel forces engaged on this occasion were principally Alabama and Texas troops. Several of the prisoners boasted that this was the first time they had ever been whipped. Among the prominent prisoners were Colonel Belger, and a Colonel Powell. Belger was a small, bald headed man, apparently between fifty and sixty, and had formerly been a member of Congress from Texas. He had received a severe wound, I think in the breast, and spoke and acted as if he was evidently tired of the war. He was pleasant and courteous in his manners and conversation, and this moved in us a feeling of strong sympathy for his sufferinds. As I sat and looked upon that deluded old gentlemen, who had once occupied the proud and comfortable position of a member of the Congress of the United States, now lying at midnight upon the bare ground, with nothing to shield his aged and shivering limbs from the cold, his wound gaping and his frame writhing in the tortures of that wound, afar from his family and children—I could not but reflect upon his folly in this his attempt to overthrow the government of his fathers and to engage in the vain pursuit of military glory. The other Colonel, Powell, was a man of quite a different stamp. He was one of your morose, sullen men, who imagine that to be insolent in the hour of defeat and humiliation is to be brave and resolute. "You have peppered us pretty badly," he observed with an air of self satisfaction to Captain Woodward, "but you'll get the worst of it yet before it's over!" He had been wounded in the breast and was sent back to the hospital where the other rebel wounded lay. It was afterwards reported that he attempted to get up a conspiracy among the rebel wounded at the hospital, and was sent to Washington in chains. For the truth of this story, however, I cannot vouch.

In this battle the Eighty-Third lost only eight men killed upon the field and thirty-eight wounded, of whom six afterwards died of their wounds.* Such a disparity of loss, compared with the amount of fighting done, was unprecedented in the annals of that regiment; and can only be accounted for on the supposition that each man availed himself of the ample protection afforded by the rocks and by the nature of the ground. These brave men have the glory of having laid down their lives on the soil of old Pennsylvania, in protecting her hearth-stones from the tread of the invader, and in one of the fiercest and most sanguinary battles which the history of this or any other war has recorded. Let their names forever live in the hearts of the people of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

The only line officer belonging to the Eighty-Third who fell upon this day was Capt. John M. Sell. He was not on duty with the regiment at the time. He had been acting as Provost Marshal of the division since the May previous and on this occasion was engaged in taking charge of prisoners and preventing stragglers from going to the rear. At one time the First and Second Brigade were hard pressed by the enemy, and it became necessary to send everything to the front that carried a musket. Capt. Sell was ordered to the front with the Provost Guard, and before they had reached there he was struck in the left leg by a solid shot which shattered the limb so badly as to render amputation necessary. From the effects of the amputation he died the next day, and in his death the Eighty-Third lost one of its best officers and most exemplary men.

Early in the evening detachments had been sent out from the brigade to bury the dead and bring in the wounded on both sides. Some idea of the slaughter made of the enemy may be formed from the fact that over fifty of their dead were counted in front of the Twentieth Maine alone, and judging from the usual proportions of five wounded to one killed, that regiment had probably inflicted a loss upon the enemy of over three hundred men. In front of the Eighty-Third, along the Valley of the Shadow of Death, they were strewn as thickly. And further still to the right, in a more open space, where the

* The exact number of muskets in each regiment was as follows: 20 h Maine, 358; 44th N. Y., 321; 83d Penna., 274; 16th Mich., 188; total, 1141.

* The names of those killed and died of wounds were Robert Griffin, Co. A; Birchard E. True, Samuel A. Barnett, Chas, Grossett, Wm. Mozier, Co. B; James A. Lewis, Chas Groger, Co D; Eli Berlin, Co. G; Philip Grine, Stephen W. Warner, Co H; Robt. Thompson, Foster Rockwell, Geo. W. Stalker, Co. I, John Greenwald, Co. K.

right of the Forty-Fourth and the left of the Sixteenth had fought, I counted several days afterwards over forty dead bodies within a circle of fifty feet in circumference. They laid in every conceivable position among the rocks in that low swampy ground, some crouched behind the rocks as if about to fire, some lying upon their faces, and some stretched upon their backs, like corpses laid out for a funeral, as if they had determined to observe the propriety of attitude even in the hour and article of death. The rains had, during the interval, descended and the hot sun had beat down upon them, and they were now swollen and turned black with mortification, and millions of maggots could be seen riotting upon their flesh. Ah me! thought I, could the fathers, the mothers, and the wives of these unfortunate men suddenly appear and gaze upon the forms they had once fondled in their arms, they would curse to the bitter end the traitors who had brought the desolations and miseries of this war upon their once happy households.

By ten o'clock the detachments had buried most of our own dead, and brought in our wounded, and a greater portion of the rebel wounded. A number of the latter, however, laid between our line of skirmishers and that of the enemy. As the enemy fired in the dark, upon every object they saw approach, our men could not render assistance to as many as they would otherwise have done. Many had received severe and painful wounds, and their ceaseless cries for help, breaking upon the stillness of the night, sent a thrill to the heart of many a brave soldier of the Eighty-Third: for I have always noticed that the men of that regiment, although they never had any compunction of conscience in their treatment of an attacking foe, yet the moment the foe were prostrate and helpless at their feet, they would throw away their guns and everything else to render them assistance. Among the number brought in, I remember a fine looking young rebel sergeant who had had the bone of his right thigh broken by a minnie bullet. Our men had, at the risk of their lives, ventured out and brought him and another wounded rebel soldier in their arms, and laid them down under some trees upon a rise of ground some fifty yards from where I was resting. As no stretchers were left upon the field, they could not carry them back to the hospitals, which were two or three miles to the rear. Their wounds were torturing them, and, attracted by their groans, I went towards the spot and found them lying upon their blankets in a pool of blood, their limbs shivering with the cool night air, and the young sergeant incapable of moving without wrenching his broken bone, so as to send a thrill of agony through his whole body. He was a manly young fellow, of finely moulded features, and well shaped limbs, appearently about twenty-one, and evidently, descended of gentle blood. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed brokenly, "I am glad you have come to my assistance; will you please give me a drink of water and help me to turn over; I am lying on my broken limb, and cannot help myself." Fortunately I had a canteen of water by my side, and applied it to the lips of these suffering men. I then went in search of help, for I could not lift them alone. Having found a soldier to assist me, we returned and did the best we could for them. We made a nice, soft bed of leaves, large enough for both and then bathed, and bound up their wounds with our handkerchiefs. We then took one of the blankets of his comrade, which was not so bloody, and spread it upon the bed of leaves, and put their knapsacks at the head for pillows. As we took hold of the young man to lift him to his new bed, he shrieked in agony, "Oh men, for God's sake, do be careful. Oh my mother!" That appeal was enough to rift the heart of a stone, but we performed the office as carefully as we could, being obliged to support his mangled limb without jarring it, at the same time that we lifted his body from the ground. We succeeded in laying him down in an easy position, upon the bed of leaves, and he seemed to feel at once that his sufferings were relieved. We then laid his comrade, who was wounded in the breast, by his side, and covered them both with a clean blanket which we found lying near. The wounded men seemed to feel grateful, and expressed their sense of gratitude for the treatment they had received; for they had not expected it from those whom they supposed to be their enemies. We told them that they need not feel themselves under obligations for anything we had done, for though we might be foes on the field of battle, yet it was no more than the duty of every soldier to give assistance to a fallen foe in the hour of his misfortune. We then offered them some rations from our haversacks, such as we had, but they were in no condition to eat them. The sergeant said he would ask one more kindness of us, and that was to get them carried to a hospital, as soon as possible, where their wounds might be attended to. We promised to do so, and at once started off on our mission. "Thank you, gentlemen!" said the young man gratefully, as he fell into a fitful slumber, while we moved away. It was sometime before we could accomplish this mission, and I returned several times during the interval to administer draughts of water to them, and to assure them that they would be attended to before long: and I had the satisfaction of knowing that before an hour elapsed they had both been carried to a hospital, where I trust their wounds were properly taken care of, and that they lived to repent and abandon the errors of their ways.

We left the brigade, some pages back, securely entrenched upon the rocky fortress of Big Round Top, awaiting the approach of morning, and another attack from the rebel host. The morning came, but the enemy came not with it. One trial, at passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death had satisfied their thirst for military glory, and they never made the attempt again. During the morning the First Brigade came to our relief; they took our places in the line, and we marched out and took a position in the rear of the left centre, still in sight of Little Round Top, and laid down to rest. We lay there during the day, in reserve, and under one of the heaviest artillery fires, that ever was heard in any battle. The rebels had massed both their artillery and infantry on our right, and centre, and were about to make a grand desperate and final struggle to break our lines. But they found our army prepared at every point. All at once five hundred cannon opened on both sides, and for two hours, without cessation, the earth shook like an earthquake, and the air was filled with missiles of death, screaming, hissing and whirling in every direction over the field. Hundreds of the enemy's shells which failed to explode, flew shrieking through the skies, for a half and three quarters of a mile to the rear of our lines of battle. Those striking nearer would plow a huge fur-

row in the ground, and then ricochetting and leaping upward to the height of a hundred feet, could be seen whirling away for a quarter of a mile in the distance, before again falling to the earth. Hundreds burst over and around us, hurling their fragments in every direction. One shell burst so close to Gen. Barnes and his staff, as they were riding along the line of our brigade, that one officer had his face filled with powder, and the General himself received a wound in the leg. Strange to say, that under all this fire, only one man in the Eighty-Third was wounded. During the cannonading our attention was frequently directed to the operations of our artillery posted on Little Round Top. Mount Sinai in all its glory, never thundered, nor belched forth such volums of smoke and lighting, as did that grand little citadel up on this memorable day. The shouts of our artillerymen were heard at intervals, above the roar of battle, and, attracted by the excitement of the occasion, I rode up to Little Round Top, and witnessed the grandest artillery duel that I had ever witnessed before. I found two batteries of rifled Parrott guns at work, and, on looking a mile to the right and front, saw two batteries of the enemy grinning most horribly in our direction. Our artillery surpassed that of the rebels in percision of firing and in execution. They had sent our shells with such accuracy that they had already blown up two or three of the enemy's caissons. Every time our men blew up a caisson, they raised a shout of triumph. We were fast silencing their guns. The rebel gunners replied vigorously, but ineffectually. Their solid shot and shell struck savagely against the rocky walls of this little Gibralter and then bounded off harmlessly in another direction. At the same time a most terrible struggle between the infantry of the opposing forces was going on. I could see the long lines of the enemy advance over the fields to the assault, seemingly hesitating and wavering as they went, when suddenly a sheet of flame would burst from our line, and their broken and flying columns would be lost in a cloud of smoke. Then fresh supporting columns could again be seen pressing forward to the work of death, rallying the fugitives and sweeping them up again into the fire, and themselves advancing into the very crater of the volcano. Then would come a hand to hand encounter; and gazing on it from that distance, scarcely able to distinguish the combatants in the thick, dim smoke, that enveloped them, once or twice my heart beat with apprehension for the result. But soon the sight of the fugitive assilants running to the rear assured me that all was right, and that the hosts of freedom were destined to prevail over the dark hosts of slavery and rebellion. Then came a lull over the whole field of battle. The silence of the grave reigned along the whole line for the space of two hours; but it was a momentous silence, portending the more terrible storm that was to follow. The enemy, broken and driven back on the right, was again massing his colums for another desperate assault on the left and centre. The assault at last came. With a line of battle extending as far as the eye could reach, with banners flying and with two hundred and fifty cannon belching their fiery meteors right over their heads, into the faces of our men, they advanced close up to the line of the Union hosts and were again driven back dismitted and shivered into fragments. Again the bull-dogs of war were let loose from our line, and again the heavens were rent and the air filled with the screaming messengers of death. The batteries on the fortress of Little Round Top were again on the trail of their old enemy, and again sending iron compliments into their midst. At four o'clock the firing began to slacken. Their batteries had been silenced, and the dark hosts of rebellion, torn into a thousand fragments, sullenly left the field of carnage. Their ninety thousand chosen veterans had failed to conquer the sixty thousand heroes that stood before them. Thus ended the memorable day of the 3d of July. I passed over the field a few days afterwards and counted fifteen dead horses lying in a circumference of fifty feet, together with innumerable fragments of artillery carriages where the batteries stood that had dared to take up the gauntlet and to fling it in the faces of the cannoneers who had shaken the field with their thunders from the heights of Little Round Top.

Before closing the final act and scene in this greatest drama of the war for the Union, let us return to the hero of Little Round Top, who with the less than twelve hundred men under his command, had saved the left on the day of the 2d, and who in offering up his life has stamped his character with the seal of the sublimest heroism. On being taken to the rear, Col. Vincent was carried to the farm house of Mr. Wm. Bushman, about two miles from Round Top and four miles south east of Gettysburg. Although the bone had been broken, the wound was one of those singular ones which inflict less pain than those which often prove less dangerous. The bullet had passed clear through the left groin and lodged in the right, and his case was at once discovered by those near him to be past all surgery. On the morning of the 3d Gen. Butterfield came to see him, and to announce that he had already, by direction of Gen. Meade, telegraphed for his appointment as a Brigadier General. It was Col. Vincent's desire, not yet being aware of the mortal nature of his wound, to leave for home at once, and accoringly the General gave written permission to two of his staff officers to proceed home with him without delay. But on consulting the Brigade Surgeon, who came in a few hours afterwards, he was told that his removal was entirely impracticable, and was advised to dismiss the idea at once from his mind. "Then," said he. "I want you to send for my wife as soon as possible." His Adjutant Gen'l, Lieut. Clark, mounted a horse without delay, rode to Westminister, a distance of forty miles, and telegraphed home. Another officer went to Hanover and telegraphed to the same effect. But in the confusion and press of business which prevailed, neither of these messages reached home in time. In the meantime Col. Vincent kept slowly but gradually sinking away. He became conscious of his situation, but never uttered a groan nor complaint, and said repeatedly that he suffered no pain. The only times he suffered was when he was moved from one side to the other, and his broken limb was jarred by the operation, although he was handled with all the care and delicacy that it was possible to exercise. Even then he would suppress the outbursts of agony that his pain seemed to bring forth as if he thought the outward manifestation of suffering was unworthy a soldier and a hero. He was visited from day to day by Gen. Sykes, Gen. Barnes and other prominent officers who had already learned to respect his character as a man and his gallantry on the field of battle. "I presume," said he, "I have

done my last fighting," as several officers, standing by his bedside one day, were speaking of the late battle, and congratulating him upon his well earned promotion. He seemed inclined to talk but little after the first two days of his illness. So deadening, indeed, had been the blow he received, that he had not the strength to engage in conversation for any length of time. He was constantly attended by Dr. Burchfield, Surgeon of the Eighty-Third, by Lieut. Clark, and by several other members of the regiment who bestowed upon him all the care and attention that the opportunities of the occasion afforded. On the 6th he became so weak as to be scarcely able to utter a word above a whisper, and on the 7th it was evident that his last moments were approaching. At that last moment a tender recollection of the christian education he had received seemed to come over him, and while the feeble effort to repeat the Lord's Prayer was still lingering upon his lips the soul of this young hero passed away to another world. The next day Lieut. Clark proceeded with his remains to his home in Erie, where, attended by a large concourse of citizens, they were buried with all the honors of war.

Such was the glorious death of Brigadier General Strong Vincent. He was born at Waterford on the 17th of June, 1837, and was consequently a few days past the age of twenty-six at the time of his death. Of his charcter as a man, and a soldier, it is unnecessary for me to speak in any terms of eulogy or admiration, for his fame is more widely known already than this book will ever be, and his name will be remembered when these pages shall have passed into oblivion. I have no practice in the language of enconium, and I am not aware that my humor ever ran in that direction. But there have lived and died men of such a stamp as must extort praise from even the most critical. When the regiment first went out, his style, as it was called, was not much admired by the men. But when they came to learn that his bearing was the result not of superciliousness, but of a noble dignity of character, they fell into an admiration of him, and this admiration grew and expanded day by day. And when they came to witness his skill in handling the regiment, and the brigade, on the field of battle, and how he fought side by side, and shared all the dangers equally with them, the seal of his superiority became stamped upon their hearts. He had none of that tender regard for the safety of his own person when the occasion called for his services at the front, which I have seen some general officers manifest; none of that cunning strategy that would sneak for shelter behind a rock, a quarter of a mile to the rear, under the plea that the life of a commanding officer was of more importance than the lives of his men; none of that love of life, that would ask others to go where he dared not go himself. Yet his bravery had nothing of rashness in its composition. If he was always first and foremost on the field of battle it was because his sense of duty took him there, and if he became animated in the excitement of the fray, it was the result of a glorious enthusiasm which rose higher and higher as the joy of battle swelled in his breast and inspired him to dare and to do all that might become a man. In camp and in private life, his manners were those of a gentleman. He associated with the highest officers in the army, and I always noticed on such occasions that when in his company they behaved as if they felt themselves in the presence of a *Man*. But perhaps the greatest thing that can be said in his favor is that amidst all the unfavorable influences in the life of a soldier he never forgot the religious training he had received in his early years. I have frequently known him, after coming in from business at the front, at bed-time, to put out the light and kneel by his little cot and spend a few moments in silent prayer before retiring to rest. But I have done with what some may deem the language of adulation. Personally I am not a professed admirer of any man, living or dead; but I cannot let this opportunity pass without giving the result of my observations on the character of one with whom I have been associated in arms. To sum up the character of Gen. Strong Vincent in three words, I can only say that he was a gallant soldier, a fine scholar and a christain gentleman, and when you say this you have said all that can be said of any man.

CHAPTER XV.

Pursuit of the enemy. The march to Williamsport. Skirmish at Jones' Cross Roads. Re-crossing the Potomac. March down Loudon Valley.

I have several times feared, during the course of these pages, that, in my account of the campaigns of the Eighty-Third, I was too circumstantial in the details,—making too frequent mention of every halt, bivouac and other little incidents which are of every day's occurrence, in the events of a campaign. But I beg leave to say in reply, that the greater part of a soldier's life is spent in marching and countermarching, or in lying still and performing the ordinary routine of camp duties. Armies frequently march hundreds of miles in a single campaign and fight only one battle during it. We marched from the Rappahannock to Gettysburg, and, as the event proved, from Gettysburg back to the Rappahonnock, and fought only once during the whole march. If I were writing a history of the war, or a history of the army of the Potomac, I should necessarily be compelled to be less careful of details, and should have to plunge at once *in medias res*, as the poets say, in order to get through with the narrative before the close of the present century. But I am writing the history of a single regiment; a history, too, which will be read only by the surviving members of that regiment, or by their immediate friends; and I imagine that as each survivor reads herein the day and date of a single march it will recall to his mind a thousand incidents connected with that march,—how he toiled up to the knees through the mud, or fell wearied by the wayside beneath the scorching rays of an almost tropical sun,—how he waded rivers waist deep and then, with wet clothes and shivering limbs laid down to sleep upon the cold ground,—how many midnight marches he performed, leg-weary, and bowed down beneath the weight of his knapsack and arms,—and, withal, what jokes, what jibes, what seasons of merriment he indulged in, and what adventures he encountered on the way. It is only in the narrative of this part of a soldier's life, that the people at home are brought to realize how much he suffers and endures in the duties of his arduous profession; only by appreciating them that they are brought to reflect under what a debt of gratitude they lie to the men who have sacrificed every comfort for the maintenance of the government and its laws.

For these reasons, then, I shall give only a sort of diary of the events of our march from Gettysburgh to the Rappahannock; for although there was some skirmishing on the way, and at one time there were strong indications of a heavy engagement, those operations did not rise to the dignity of serious history. Yet the events of the march constitute a sort of connecting link in the chain of our history and we shall accordingly proceed to detail them.

Col. Rice, of the Forty-Fourth, was now as we have already stated, in command of the brigade. They remained in the position where we left them until the 4th when they went to the front and relieved Gen. Bartlett's brigade of the Second Corps. Both armies were quiet during the day and nothing but occasional picket firing was heard. Lee, like a beaten but wily antagonist, with fists clenched and arms akimbo, and his eye upon Gen. Meade, was watching his chance to dodge out of the ring without incurring the risk of a parting blow. Night came upon both armies still closely watching each other, but both too much exhausted, after a conflict of three days, to renew the struggle. Under cover of darkness—the time which all armies commence their retreat—Lee slipped away and by morning was far advanced on the road towards Hagerstown and the Potomac.

July 5th.—This morning it was discovered that the enemy had left our front. We remained in the same position till five in the afternoon when we commenced moving in the direction of Emmettsburgh. The night was dark and gloomy and the roads were very muddy. It always rains after a great battle, especially when there has been heavy cannonading. No season of the year brings an exception to this rule unless it happens during those long periods of drouth when even the prayers of the righteous fail to call down a single drop of moisture from the clouds. The troops marched on wearily, feeling their way at every step, till near midnight when they crossed the Monacacy not far from Emmettsburgh, and went into bivouack. Remained there till the 7th.

7th.—Started at six o'clock in the morning and crossed a spur of the South Monntain, over a by-road, and arrived at Middletown at four in the afternoon.

9th.—Crossed South Mountain at Crampton's Gap and halted about two miles from Boonesboro at noon.

10th.—This morning the appointment of Col. Vincent, as Brigadier General, by the President, was received at the headquarters of the Third Brigade. The whole brigade was immediately ordered out on dress parade by Col. Rice, and the appointment read to the troops. As it was announced to each regiment in turn, the men rent the air with repeated cheers for Brigadier General Strong Vincent. The appointment was placed in the hands of Captain Graham to carry back to Gettysburgh and receive the signature of the General. On arriving at Frederick, however, the captain was informed of his death by Dr. Burchfield, whereupon he returned to the regiment.

We left Boonesboro to the right and crossed Antietam Creek, near Jones' cross-roads, at noon. As fast as the corps crossed, the troops and batteries were placed in position, as the enemy were found to be but a short distance in our front. Their rear guard had been driven over the same road during that day by our cavalry. I recollect hearing a farmer speaking of the skirmish a few days afterwards. The rebels occupied one hill and our cavalry another, and his house stood in a small valley between the two opposing forces. He remarked that the conflict was for a while so doubtful that he was at a loss to know whether he was in the United States or in Dixie, and for a while felt that he was in neither one nor the other. After our troops were put in position details were made of the half of each regiment of our brigade and sent out to the front as skirmishers. Captain McCoy, then acting as field officer, was placed in command of the right wing of the Eighty-Third which was sent out on this occasion. On reaching the ground, detachments from each wing were formed into a skirmish line and the rest were held in reserve. After the skirmishers had been thrown well to the front, Captain McCoy was placed by Colonel Rice in command of the whole skirmish line. The ground before them was high, open and rolling, and afforded many opportunities to the rebels for taking shelter. After advancing three-fourths of a mile they came to a belt of woods and pushed rapidly through it to the open country beyond and there halted. Capt McCoy then went back and reported to Col. Rice the nature of the ground and returned, accompanied by the Colonel, to the line of skirmishers. They then moved by the right flank for half a mile. Here Col. Rice notified the Captain that the enemy had some cavalry and a section of artillery in a point of woods to our right, and beyond Jones' Cross Roads. In order to approach the woods by the front, Capt. McCoy made a right half wheel of the entire skirmish line and advanced briskly towards the enemy. But when he had gone about a third of the way, the enemy, who were watching the movement, took away their pieces and made off in the direction of Williamsport, followed closely by their cavalry. McCoy, on observing this, at once notified our men, who pursued rapidly, in the hope of capturing the artillery, until they had got within a hundred yards of their position. Here an order was received from Gen. Sykes, not to advance another foot without orders. Scarcely had the line halted when their left was attacked by a heavy line of rebel skirmishers who were lying in ambush and had not been observed. After a few moments of rapid firing, the two companies on the left gave way and fell back about forty rods to a stone wall. McCoy then sent back an orderly to Col. Chamberlain, who commanded the reserves, for another company, and a company from the Twentieth Maine, was at once sent to his support. As soon as they came up they were deployed as skirmishers, and the officer in command of them was directed to go and take the position from which the others had fallen back. McCoy told him he would be fired upon before he got there, but that he must take the position and would be supported promptly. At the same time the Captain sent an order to the commandants of the companies, which had fallen back, to rally to the support of the advancing company the moment it should become engaged. This order was executed with promptness and the old position was soon regained and held.

Soon after the position had been retaken, an officer came from the left of the line and informed Capt. McCoy that a number of the enemy's wagons could be seen from where they lay and asked permission to sally out and capture them. But as the order from General Sykes to advance no further was imperative the request could not be complied with. Soon after some of our cavalry skirmishers, on the right, made an advance which was mistaken by Lieut. Cory, of Co. G, as an intended movement of our line; and giving the command to his company to forward, off they dashed on a double-quick. After they had gone some sixty rods, the company was recalled by Captain Stowe who observed that this movement was a violation of orders. The only result of this dash was the capture of one prisoner. Our skirmishers remained in that position till near sundown, when they were ordered to fall back to a turnpike leading to Jones' Cross Roads and to establish a picket line for the night. In this skirmish the whole brigade lost but two men killed and some half a dozen wounded.

About dark the left wings of the Eighty-Third, Forty-Fourth, and Twentieth went out on picket and lay during the night in the forks of Jones' Cross Roads, acting as reserves to a line of cavalry picket in front.

11th.—At daylight the cavalry pickets were attacked by a strong skirmish line and driven back, the rebels advancing as the cavalry retired. Our men immediately got under arms, formed line of battle, and advanced to meet them. We soon gained a ravine, in front of an open field, over which the rebels were coming and, as soon as they came in sight of each other, each party commenced firing. In less than fifteen minutes our men drove them back across the field and compelled them to take cover in a small belt of woods. From this shelter they kept up a brisk firing upon us for some time. As it was impracticable for our men to advance across the field in face of their fire, a section of artillery was brought up which opened and in a few minutes succeeded in shelling them out of the woods.

13th. To-day both armies were in position and lay confronting each other. A battle was momentarily expected. The enemy's position was about four miles from Williamsport on the Potomac. He kept up a strong skirmish line, and during the whole time was busily engaged in building bridges across the river and sending over his wounded and wagon trains. He was getting ready to dodge out again under cover of darkness. The woods were very heavy here and the position well suited for making an obstinate resistance. He was busy also in throwing up breastworks on all the available approaches to his lines. Heavy rains had swollen the river, and at one time, as it appeared, the rebels had felt themselves in a precarious situation, The army of Gen. Meade confronted them on one side, Gen. Couch was reported to be coming down upon their left, and the rise in the river threatened to cut off their retreat in that direction. As a rebel prisoner said, they had the Yankees on three sides of them and the Almighty on the fourth, and between the two they had begun to think that the last days of the Confederacy had come.

It was on this day that an election was held for field officers to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Col. Vincent. The office of Lieut.

Colonel had already been vacant since the resignation of Lieut. Colonel Campbell. Capt. Woodward was unanimously chosen Colonel, and Captain McCoy Lieut. Colonel of the regiment, and their names were forwarded to the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania to be commissioned accordingly.

14th.—This morning it was found that the enemy had left our front and it was known at once that he had effected his escape across the river during the night. The army was soon put in motion, each corps taking different routes in the line of march down the river. As the enemy was known to be beyond reach, the whole army did not follow in pursuit. The Fifth Corps followed up to Williamsport and encamped for the night. Williamsport is a miserable, dingy-looking old town, like most of the towns along the Potomac, on either side. We found a great many of the rebel wounded there, whom Lee had found it impossible to carry along with him; and they, together with about five hundred other prisoners, fell into our hands. The wounded had been left in charge of several of their own surgeons. On conversing with these gentlemen, I found them laboring under the strange hallucination that they had beaten us at Gettysburgh. They asserted strenuously that they had lost but seven thousand men in that battle, while they had inflicted a loss upon us of over twenty thousand and taken by far the greatest number of prisoners. They ventured to give, however, no reasons for their retreat. They were very frank in the expression of their sentiments, and declared that rather than live under the government of the United States they would live under a King.

15th.—Up at two o'clock in the morning, cooking and eating breakfast so as to be ready to march at four. The roads, for a good deal of the way, proved to be very muddy, and, having been much cut by the artillery and wagon trains of the retreating rebels, made the marching slow and toilsome. The sun came out hot during the day and dried up the roads fast, and, when we got out into the open country we found them quite dry and passable. Our route laid along the Blue Ridge, several spurs of which we crossed, keeping to the right of Frederick and in the direction of the Potomac. We arrived near Burkettsville at five in the afternoon after a march of over twenty-five miles and encamped in the woods at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

16th.—Reveille at two o'clock this morning. Left at four and arrived near Berlin, on the Potomac, at twelve. Encamped in a wheat-field filled with standing shocks, into which the men very incontinently pitched and appropriated to themselves large supplies of bedding.

17th.—At three in the afternoon we broke camp, passed through Berlin and again crossed the Potomac. Continued the march till after dark and encamped at Lovettsville, about eight miles south of the river.

18th. Reveille again at two in the morning and off by four. To-day we made a light march of only seven miles on the road to Purcellville and went into bivouac at noon. The valley through which we were now marching was very pleasant and lies between the Blue Ridge and Katoctin ranges. Between us and the Blue Ridge there is another little range called Short Mountain, extending some miles down the valley. It all goes under the name of Loudon Valley, and is one of the most fertile and picturesque portions of Virginia.

19th. Broke camp at eight, and marched four miles very leisurely to Purcellville. The roads in good condition, the weather and the scenery magnificent.

20th. Reveille at two and off at four again. Marched about fifteen miles to Goose Creek, and encamped within a mile of our old battle ground of Middleburgh. Remained here till the 22d. While here Capt. Stowe, Lieut. Gifford and another officer, with six chosen noncommissioned officers, were detailed to go North, take charge of and conduct drafted men to the regiment. They started out the same day, and in accordance with orders, reported at Pittsburgh, where they remained till the middle of August. The party were then ordered to Philadelphia, where they remained till the middle of October. During that time they brought over four hundred recruits to the regiment. Of the character of these recruits I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

CHAPTER XVI.

The affair at Manassas Gap. March to Beverly Ford. To Culpepper. The Retreat to Centerville. Again on the advance. Auburn. Three Mile Station. The Battle of Rappahannock Station.

22d.—Broke camp in the afternoon and went to Rectortown, near Manassas Gap.

23d.—During this day we lay close in rear of the Third Corps, who were engaged in driving back the enemy through the gap, during which our men were exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery. About sundown our division was ordered to relieve the Third Corps and, on taking our position in their front, they were withdrawn to the rear. Four companies from the Eighty-Third and two from the Forty-Fourth were sent out on picket and remained all night.

24th.—Shortly after sunrise the whole division was drawn up in line of battle and ordered to advance through a piece of woods which had been occupied by the enemy's pickets the day before. After passing through it, we came to the foot of a high, steep mountain, known as Wapping Heights, and thickly covered with woods and underbrush. This proved to be one of the most difficult places over which any body of troops ever attempted to march in line of battle. There were three hills, one rising above the other, and each one higher and steeper than the one before it. In ascending, the men were frequently halted, and they took advantage of the occasion to feast upon the blackberries which they found there in abundance.

On reaching the brow of the last hill, they discovered no enemy in their front, and it was ascertained that they had left during the night. Before us lay the rich valley of the Shenandoah, in the midst of which stood Front Royal in the distance. After remaining a while for rest, we about-faced and marched down the hill and encamped that night two miles to the rear. Having become short of rations and being a good ways from our supplies, the men became so hungry that they were obliged to go out foraging. Provisions in that part of the country were very scarce, and the men were obliged to travel five or six miles before they succeeded in finding any. They finally came across some geese and young pigs which they at once appropriated and brought back to camp. The people throughout the neighborhood reported provisions to be alarmingly scarce.

25th—Left early in the morning and moved in the direction of Warrenton. Bivouacked at four P. M.

26th—Broke camp early and continued the march. Went into camp about three miles from Warrenton.

27th—Passed through Warrenton and encamped three miles beyond it. Remained there till the 4th of August.

Aug. 4th.—Broke in the evening and started for Beverley Ford, where we arrived on the morning of the 7th. Remained there guarding the Ford until September 16. Here we went into regular camp, drilling and performing other camp duties. Here the men received their supplies of clothing. The enemy gave us no annoyance, and only now and then a few mounted rebel videttes were to be seen taking observations from the heights on the opposite side of the river.

18th.—On the evening of this day Capt. Stowe and Lieut. Gifford arrived with their first instalment of drafted men, or substitutes, from Philadelphia, about one hundred and twenty-five in number. They had started with one hundred and fifty, but, having been compelled to make a part of the march from Bealton Station after night, about twenty-five of them took advantage of the darkness to effect their escape. Afterwards, while the army was at Culpepper, they brought two other squads, making the whole number of recruits over four hundred. Some thirty-five, in all, who are not included in this number, deserted before reaching camp. They were all, with but one or two exceptions, substitutes for men who had been drafted in the districts comprising Philadelphia, Lancaster, Reading, Frankford, Westchester and Norristown and were mostly procured in the market at Philadelphia. There were men among them from almost every nation of Europe. They were shipped at Philadelphia by way of the Deleware and Chesapeake Canal and the Chesapeake Bay to Alexandria and thence by railroad to the regiment. Of these there was quite a number of good men, men who had some respect for their oaths, who have since done faithful service, who have sealed their devotion with their blood, and to the last, were still to be found fighting side by side with the veterans of the Eighty-Third. But the majority of them were the grandest scoundrels that ever went unhung. These were the cream and flower, the very head and front of the New York rioters, gamblers, thieves, pickpockets and blacklegs, many of whom, it was said, had fled to escape punishment for the crimes of arson, robbery and homicide. They made a business of going from one State to another, offering themselves as substitutes, changing their names every time they did so, receiving their three hundred dollars or more, and deserting again the very first opportunity. A number were deserters from the rebel army, who made their way North, took the oath of allegiance, then enlisted as substitutes into our army, and again deserted; and I might here add that, had it not been for fear of their recapture and summary pun-

ishment by the rebels, they would have made the most reliable class of the two. These bounty-jumpers were to be found everywhere throughout the Atlantic cities, wherever the substitute business was thriving. On board of the boats that took them to Alexandria, they fought, gambled, and stole from each other. Some of them stole several hundred dollars at a time and, in justice to the plundered parties, the officers in charge had to tie their arms behind them and almost swing them from the yard arms for hours before they would disgorge the stolen money. They fought, gambled and stole after they got to the regiment. The company streets of the once peaceful Eighty-Third became uproarious at times with their midnight broils and battles. They were always spoiling for a fight except when in the presence of the enemy. One would have supposed that when men would wake up at midnight and fall to pummelling each other in bed, as they often did, they would have become transported at the prospect of a battle; but it was at such times that they skulked and seized the opportunity to desert. They would get each other drunk and pick each other's pockets while asleep. They would decoy each other out of camp after dark, on pretence of going out to take something good to drink, and then knock their deluded victims down and rob them of their money. In short, these men would have disgraced the regiment beyond all recovery had they remained three months in it; but thanks to a kind Providence, or to some other invisible power of redemption, they kept deserting, a dozen at a time, until they were nearly all gone. In a few weeks the morals of the Eighty-Third began to recover from the shock and to return to its former normal and healthy condition. I have often thought, since their exodus, that the great truths of human nature fail to make an impression until they have forced themselves upon our conviction, by a comparison of the good with the evil; and our experience with these scoundrels made it an axiom with us, that none but men of the best habits and best principles make the best soldiers, and that ruffians, so far from being entitled to the reputation of men of courage, are, in reality, the greatest cowards, and are the most unreliable when their courage is the most needed.

On the 19th Col. Rice received the appointment of Brigadier General, and the command of the Third Brigade then devolved upon Col. Chamberlain, of the Twentieth Maine. Gen. Rice was soon afterwards assigned to the command of a brigade in the First Corps, and was mortally wounded in one of the battles in Spotsylvania. No person ever had reason to doubt Gen. Rice's bravery, and it is related of him that, when about to expire, he requested his attendants to turn him upon his side and let him die with his face towards the enemy.

Sept. 16th.—Started for Culpepper. The cavalry drove the enemy in front of us as we went. Arrived there in the afternoon. The whole army advanced at the same time.

17th.—Marched two miles beyond Culpepper, and went into camp. Remained there till the 10th of October.

Oct. 10th.—About this time commenced Lee's flank movement, compelling our army to fall back across the Rappahannock, in order to preserve our line of communications and to keep between the enemy and Washington. On this day the Fifth Corps went on a reconnoissance to Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan, and, finding no enemy, returned to their camp.

11th.—Commenced falling back early in the morning, towards the Rappahannock. The enemy's cavalry having followed us, we halted at Brandy Station, formed line of battle and remained a couple of hours. Finding that nothing but cavalry was pursuing, probably for the purpose of reconnoitering, we again started for the Rappahannock, re-crossed it and encamped that night at Beverly Ford.

12th.—To-day we moved down the river, retracing our route of the day before, and again crossed to the south side of the Rappahannock. There we formed and advanced in line of battle, driving the enemy from a strong position on a hill near Brandy Station. The First, Second and Third Corps moved at the same time. The Second, Third and Fifth charged up the hill with a yell, carried the heights and bivouacked for the night upon the spot. This movement was supposed at the time to be intended for a feint.

13th.—By to-day it was pretty well ascertained that Lee was making rapid marches around our right and that no time was to be lost. Immediately commenced a rapid march for Centreville, again re-crossing the Rappahannock. Centreville was the key to Washington from that direction, and it was a race betwixt the two armies which should get there first. After a heavy march of twenty-five miles, a part of which was made after night, we encamped at Catlett's Station.

14th.—Up early and off for Centreville. After crossing Broad Run we halted an hour for coffee. As soon as the fires were built and preparations made for cooking our hasty meal, the rebels, who were close at hand, commenced shelling us. Our corps was on the left of the railroad, and the Second Corps, then under command of Gen. Warren, was on the right. The rear of our corps had passed the point where Hill's corps was coming in, in expectation of cutting us off, and as they came they ran against the Second Corps. A fight commenced at once and Warren drove them back. We had just got our coffee made when an order came to put out the fires, and immediately afterwards another order came to march. Why we should be marched off in this manner, at the very moment that the Second Corps was engaged with the enemy and needed help, can only be accounted for on the supposition that our corps commander (Gen. Sykes) had received previous orders to go to Centreville and had yet received none to reinforce Gen. Warren. As we were moving, the enemy again commenced shelling us. On reaching Manassas we formed line of battle and remained in that position till an hour before sundown. In the meantime the fighting was still going on between Warren's and Hill's corps. All at once we were ordered to double-quick back to the support of Gen. Warren. We double-quicked about two miles, during which a great many fell out from fatigue and most of the substitutes took good care never to fall in again. Before reaching the scene of action Warren had whipped Hill and our help was not needed.

15th.—Halted here a few hours and then pushed on to Fairfax Court House, about eight miles distant, and went into camp. Broke camp that night and marched back to Centreville. Arrived there at midnight, the mud knee deep and the rain pouring down.

16th.—Marched back to Fairfax, and arrived there at noon. Went into camp, expecting to remain.

19th.—Marched back to Centreville.

20th.—Marched back to Fairfax again, laid out a regular camp, and staid till the afternoon; then pulled up and went six miles towards Vienna and halted for the night.

21st.—Marched back through Centreville and encamped on the Bull Run battle field, over which the regiment had fought the year before. While here the men went over the ground and found the bones of many of their fallen comrades scattered around. They had been very slightly covered, and the heads and feet of some of the buried men were to be seen sticking out of the ground. They found many of the clothes of the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth with the names of the owners upon them.

The enemy were now falling back. From Bull Run we marched to New Baltimore, and thence to Auburn, where we arrived on the 25th. Remained here a few days doing picket duty, and then moved to Three Mile Station, on the Manassas Gap Railroad.

All these marches and countermarches of our army, which I have been exact in detailing, were caused by the movement of the enemy. Having compelled the withdrawal of General Meade from the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, by his flank movement, Lee proceeded to tear up and destroy the Orange and Alexandria railroad so as to render the subsistance of the army impossible in that quarter until the railroad could again be put in running order. To accomplish this would require several weeks, and in the meantime it enabled Lee to send off Longstreet's corps for operations in Tennessee, and to fall back behind the Rapidan, fortify himself and go into winter quarters. About fifteen miles of the road were destroyed; the ties were burned up and the rails either twisted or carried off. After this Lee fell back with the main body of his army into his old quarters across the Rapidan. Advance guards were left at Rappahannock Station and at Kelly's Ford. The force at Rappahannock consisted of the two brigades of Generals Hoke and Hayes. As the enemy fell back we again took possession of the road and commenced rebuilding it.

Nov. 7th.—This morning early we broke camp and moved towards the Rappahannock. The third corps, under Gen. French, and the sixth corps, Gen. Sedgwick, marched to Beverly Ford, intending to co-operate with the fifth corps in carrying the heights at Rappahannock Station. It was a clear, cool morning and the atmosphere was bracing. We arrived about noon at a body of woods below Bealton and two miles from the river, and there halted in order to make dispositions for the attack. Before us was a large plain with a belt of woods running along the railroad and terminating in a point about a mile from the rebel position. This belt of woods partly concealed the movements of our corps from the enemy. On the left was another heavier body of woods, through which that portion of the brigade, which was not detailed for the line of skirmishers, was to advance as supports. The sixth corps was to come down the Beverly Ford road and attack them on the left flank while we were to press them in the front.

Several hours were spent in reconnoitering and getting into position. The enemy had a strong skirmish line lying about three-fourths of a mile ahead. To the skirmishers of the Third Brigade, including a hundred and ten men from the Eighty-Third, in connection with the skirmishers of the Second Division, was assigned the duty of commencing the attack. The whole skirmish line was commanded by Gen. Garrard of the Second Division and the skirmishers of the Third Brigade were commanded by Capt. Woodward of the Eighty-Third.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, everything being in readiness for the advance, we formed a strong skirmish line extending from one belt of woods to the other, and sallied out in quest of the enemy whom we had scarcely yet seen. On we went with the capes of our overcoats flapping gaily in the breeze. We had not advanced over half a mile before we discovered the heads of "our temporarily estranged brethren of the South" (as Gen. Butterfield used to call them) rising up, one by one, in our front; and as soon as we came within musket range they commenced firing and falling back. A strong wind blew from the south and the rebels had the advantage of us in the firing. Our whole line advanced steadily, however, and continued to drive the enemy before us for about half a mile when, having reached the Kelly's Ford road, we were ordered to halt and hold the position while the Sixth Corps advanced upon them from the right.

The rebels, in the meantime, had opened on us from their three forts, two of which were on the heights on this side of the river and one on the other. The First, Second and Third Brigades of our division had followed us slowly and suffered some in killed and wounded from their firing. By this time our men had got several batteries in position, on elevated grounds on both sides of the railroad, and were replying briskly. Soon we saw the long columns of the Sixth Corps, advancing in line of battle right up towards the forts. These forts were surrounded by long rifle pits and were held, as I have before stated, by the two brigades of Gens. Hoke and Hayes. The moment they came in range, the rebels opened a heavy fire with both artillery and musketry. But the lines of the Sixth Corps continued to press forward. The right of the skirmish line of the Third Brigade rested on the railroad embankment which ran close by the hill where the rebels were posted, and from behind it they kept up a brisk fire on the rebel gunners and on the sharp shooters in the rifle pits.

As soon as the attacking party of the Sixth Corps—among whom were the Sixth Maine and Fifth Wisconsin—neared the enemy's line, some of our skirmishers dashed forward over the embankment and up the hill, determined, if there was to be a free fight, to have a hand in it. They had not long to wait. The men of the Sixth walked right up and over the rifle pits as easily as one wave of the sea rolls over another. Driving the rebels before them, down the banks and over the river, they mounted the parapets of the forts and captured the gunners and their artillery at the point of the bayonet. At the moment they entered on one side, our skirmishers entered on the other, captured a lot of prisoners and brought them back to the regiment. This daring feat they accomplished without the loss of a man.

As soon as the Sixth Corps had got possession of the rifle pits, the enemy commenced making their escape over the river which they crossed

on a pontoon bridge. Discovering this, our men posted themselves and poured in such a fire upon the bridge as to cut off that avenue of escape almost entirely. A few attempted to run the gauntlet but were killed or wounded in the act. The generals commanding them escaped, but the greater portion of their two brigades were made prisoners of war.

While this fight was going on, Gen. French crossed at Kelly's Ford, meeting with some opposition, and drove the rebels from their position. They had built a large number of comfortable log cabins, intending to remain there during the winter. French's movement flanked their position at Rappahannock station, and they would have been compelled to abandon it even if they had not been driven out by the combined movement of the Fifth and Sixth Corps.

That night we encamped on the field close by the railroad, after having established a picket line along the river banks. No fires could be had, the weather was cold, and some of the wounded suffered from exposure and want of attention. One wounded rebel soldier lay a few rods from our bivouack, by the side of a miserable fire which our men endeavored to keep alive with a few fagots; and his cries, together with the uncomfortably cold ground, kept us awake all night. The wounded on both sides, however, were all cared for by the next morning.

8th—This morning we took up line of march for Kelly's Ford where we crossed and then moved on about three miles towards Brandy Station and halted for the night. During the day heavy firing was heard in the direction of Stevensburg, towards the Rapidan. Our cavalry were driving the enemy before them and we had followed up as supports in case Lee should bring his army over to the assistance of his cavalry. Our support was not needed however, and we went no further.

11th—Towards night we recrossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and bevouacked near the river. Snowed that night. We did not get into camp till after dark. Wood was hard to find and the bivouack was cold and disagreeable.

12th—To-day we moved two miles back from the river into a piece of woods and laid out a camp, having been informed that we were to remain there ten days. The railroad had not yet been completed to Rappahannoch Station and we could not make a winter campaign until it was. We did nothing but picket duty while here. In the absence of Gen. Griffin, Gen. Bartlett was temporarily placed in command of the division. About the 20th, Col. Hayes, of the Eighteenth Mass., took command of the Third Brigade, in the absence of Col. Chamberlain, and remained in command until the next spring. For several weeks previous the division had been under Col. Sweitzer of the Sixty-Second Penna., who had long commanded the Second Brigade.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Mine Run Campaign.

As the part the Eighty-Third took in the Mine Run campaign was but a continuation of that series of marches and small skirmishes which I have given in the two preceding chapters, I shall beg leave to continue the narrative in the same manner. On the 22d of November we received orders to break camp and hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. In the afternoon we crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and occupied the ground that had been occupied by the rebels as winter quarters previous to the affair at Rappahannock station. Here we remained till the morning of the 24th.

24th.—Received orders in the night to move this morning at eight o'clock. During the night it commenced drizzling heavily, and at the appointed hour, notwithstanding the prevailing moisture, we set out on the march. It is hardly necessary to state that it does not require two weeks of rain to render the roads in Virginia next to impassable for the movements of an army. One night was found to be sufficient in Burnside's time, and one night was found to be sufficient, also, on the present occasion. "Where are we going?" "What is the object of a movement at this time of the year?" were the common enquiries. Some thought we were going, by forced marches, to get the inside track of the rebel army and make a desperate plunge for Richmond. Others thought it was a reconnoissance in force, a feint, a sort of blister plaster applied to the feet of the rebellion to draw the bad humor from some other portion of its body; or, in military language, a strategic movement intended to distract the operations of Longstreet in the west, by threatening Lee's army in the east. At all events, we came nearer blistering our own feet than we did the feet of the rebellion. Instead of plunging into Richmond, we plunged into the mud. After floundering along for a mile and a half, and nearly losing our way in the fog, we turned about and went back to camp. If we had waded one mile and a half further, it would have taken a blister plaster to draw us out. It came very near proving another mud march.

26th.—On the 25th the weather cleared up and the indications were that we should soon make another plunge for Richmond. During the night we again received marching orders and this morning we set out for the Rapidan. We marched some ten miles, crossed the river at Culpepper Gold Mine Ford and kept on through the Wilderness till eight o'clock at night, making about twenty-five miles in all. We made frequent halts on the way and deluded ourselves every time with the idea that we were going into bivouack. These halts, except when they are halts for rest, are terribly worrying upon the patience and endurance of a soldier. It is not long and rapid marches, it is not hunger and thirst, it is not cold and heat or the excitement of battle, it is not wading rivers and sleeping afterwards upon the ground that wear out the vigor of a soldier and make him prematurely an old man; but it is these inexplicable, mysterious, everlasting halts. One mud hole in the road, or one little stream running across it, will make from five hundred to a thousand short, perplexing halts for the rear of an army in marching the distance of one or two miles. You become leg-weary with halting, not with marching. You become worn out with standing and waiting. Your eyes become blistered with watching. For the first five hundred halts you endure it stoically, consoled with the reflection that, as there is an end to all things, there will be an end, too, of this. But after the five hundredth your patience becomes a perfect wreck. Hereafter let fines and imprisonment, knapsack drills, standing on barrels and riding the wooden horse, bucking and gagging and all other corporeal punishments be forever banished from the army. Only place the criminal in the rear, with just one mud hole a day to go over, and, my word for it, he will come out of the ordeal a thoroughly punished and subdued man.

27th.—To-day we marched to Verdiersville, where we arrived, after several halts on the way, towards evening. Some fighting had been going on between the cavalry for several hours before we reached there, but on the approach of our corps the rebels fell back. We marched all this day through the Wilderness. This Wilderness is said to comprise a tract of thirty thousand acres, belonging to wealthy men in Richmond who formerly used it as a hunting ground. A few clearings, in the shape of farms, occasionally let in the light here and there. The stone road from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House, a plank road and numerous bye-roads run through it in various directions. The guerrillas attacked our wagon trains on the way, and it was afterwards reported that one man from the Eighty-Third was either killed or taken prisoner. A regiment or two from our brigade was double-quicked back to the scene of action, but they did not arrive in time to catch the attacking party. On arriving at Verdiersville (which consisted of an old frame meeting house that had evidently been erected by beginning at the roof and building downward,) our line of battle was prescribed, and to the Eighty-Third was assigned the duty of holding a railroad embankment which was about twenty feet high. This was the road that had been laid out and partly constructed between Fredericksburg and Orange Court House. At night we bivouacked in line of battle, with arms stacked, and held ourselves in readiness to fly to them in case of a night attack. There was a belt of pine woods between us and the rebels, and the

Pennsylvania Reserves were out in front of these woods carrying on a spirited skirmishing with their pickets.

28th--When the morning came it was discovered that the enemy had left our front and gone off in the direction of Mine Run. They kept up picket firing till late at night and then quietly withdrew. We marched back during the day to Robinson's Tavern, on the stone road, and at night went into bivouack. It rained heavily all the afternoon. The mud got deep and the transportation of artillery was difficult, even on the stone road. The rain spared us after dark but we had the wet ground to lie upon. During the forenoon there had been considerable fighting going on here and we found temporary breastworks which had been thrown up by our men. The rebels had been driven back and the advance towards Orange Court House was now open as far as Mine Run.

29th—This morning we started for Mine Run, distant about two miles and a half. Our brigade, under command of Col. Hayes, went to the front, took their position in a pine grove and relieved the pickets of the Sixth Corps. The firing was brisk when we arrived and the lines were about three hundred yards apart. The men were obliged to keep very close, as the least glimpse of a blue coat immediately brought a rebel bullet whizzing after it. The enemy had their pickets posted along the edge of the hill, concealed in rifle pits just beyond the run. Hostilities were kept up between the two lines all day. At night there was a change in the weather and before morning it grew very cold.

30th—The hostility between the pickets subsided to-day and the firing gradually ceased. Towards bringing about this happy state of things our men had made the first pacific overtures. "Why don't you stop firing?" bellowed one of our men across to the rebels. "You began it!" was the reply. "No, we didn't; we came here yesterday and you commenced firing at us." This explained the matter at once. We had relieved the pickets of the Sixth Corps, whom we found engaged in hostilities with the rebels, and the rebels were not aware of the change. When the matter became understood along the lines, both parties gradually ceased firing and began to come out of their rifle pits, and to yawn and stretch their limbs and to stand up by their fires without fear of being molested. Before this, each party had to keep fires in their pits to keep from freezing.

Dec. 1.—To-day I took a fair look at the rebel position, or so much of it as was to be seen from where our brigade lay. From what I could learn, our lines had the shape of a horse shoe, with the rebels on the interior rim; being very much the shape of the lines of battle at Chancellorsville, with the exception that there we were on the inside and the rebels on the outside. Looking from our pine grove, which was elevated, Mine Run bottom lies in our immediate front. Then you came to the run itself which is several feet deep in some places and whose banks, on the opposite side, are rather steep and perhaps twenty feet high, and in some places thickly covered with briars and bushes. Along the brow of the opposite banks there was a line of rifle pits, from seventy to thirty yards apart, containing two or three pickets apiece. From their picket line to their entrenchments the distance was about a quarter of a mile, the field open, the ascent gradual and forming an excellent range for grape and canister. Taking everything into consideration, a charge up that hill would, in my opinion, have been a very hazardous experiment and would have resulted fatally, perhaps, had it been attempted. It was understood that the rebels had thrown up entrenchments along their whole line. In many places they were strengthened by abattis, or felled trees with their branches sharpened. Their position was decidedly a strong one, equal if not superior to that of Fredericksburgh. It was rumored that the attack was to be made to-day. Gen. Warren had gone around with the Second Corps to the left for the purpose of inaugurating the movement, but returned without having made the attempt. He found, so we heard, that an attack upon their position was impracticable, and accordingly did not order the attack to be made. During the morning ours and the rebel artillery exchanged compliments over our heads, and in a number of instances the propelling force of rebel powder did not prove sufficient to keep their shells from falling among us. It was rumored during the day that the knapsacks of several brigades, lying near us, were stacked for the purpose of lightening the men in their contemplated charge up the hill. They would have probably got lightened or enlightened still more had they made the attempt. The enemy's breastworks were bristling with cannon and they evidently had many troops concealed in the woods on the right and left of their position in our front.

During the day the pickets became still more friendly. Several ventured to approach each other and engage in conversation and finally to commence trafficking in coffee and tobacco. These are two articles of consumption which soldiers will have if they have to forego everything else, and the appetite for them always increases with the scarcity. The Yankees were always supplied with coffee and the rebels with tobacco, and the moment the pickets cease their hostilities and grow communicative, coffee and tobacco are the first subjects of conversation. On this occasion the first advances were made by one of our men whose real object was to get near the Run and ascertain its depth, breadth and convenience of approach. This intercourse would have continued had not orders been issued prohibiting it on both sides for fear the soldiers would incontinently impart information to each other. In front of the Forty-Fourth there was a very friendly interchange, not exactly of sentiments, but of something better, a number of fine shoulders of mutton. A flock of sheep got between the lines, and both sides fired into it at the same time, killing a number, but neither side daring to venture out to bag the game. They finally came to an understanding, laid aside their guns, went out and got each a portion of the game, the Forty-Fourth bringing off the largest share.

It was during the night of this day that Sergeants McGill of Company B, and Zuver and Ceder of Company A, three venturous soldiers, were sent out to take the soundings of Mine Run and to ascertain whether a charge of infantry across it were practicable. They went out without arms to within a short distance of the stream, and, falling upon their faces, crawled carefully up to it, and with light pine poles took its measurement under the very noses of the rebel videttes. One of the rebels, in front of McGill, had his musket stuck into the ground at the time and was slapping his

hands around his body to keep them warm. He was relieved during the operation of sounding, and neither he nor the one that came after him discovered what was going on.

2d. This morning Col. Hayes informed us that the orders of Gen. Sykes were for us to hold the position: which, I presume, it is hardly necessary to say, is the easiest thing in the world to do when nobody intends to drive you out of it. There is a great deal of eclat connected with the idea of holding a position in the face of an enemy, who are all the time expecting you to attack them instead of making the attack themselves. I remember that we held the position at Fredericksburgh for forty-eight hours after we had failed to drive the enemy out of theirs, and took to ourselves a great deal of credit for doing so. It is true, we had to abandon it in the end; but while we staid there we held it. In this instance, however, the supposition was that in attacking and pressing back both flanks of the enemy, it would cause an unproportionate bulge at their centre; and in case this bulge extended as far as our lines we were to push it back with the points of our bayonets, or in other words we were expected to hold the position.

3d.—We held the position during the whole day of the 2d without having anybody even attempt to take it from us, and threw up breastworks as a protection in case we should be subjected to a heavy shelling by the enemy. After dark we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to quietly withdraw, and about two o'clock we did so and marched back towards Robinson's Tavern. The whole army moved at the same time. Having halted there awhile, we started towards the Rapidan. Fires were kindled in the woods all along the route of retreat. We made much more rapid time in going than we did in coming. When once an army commences a retreat, they have, for the time being, suspended all notion of fighting and, having let their courage down considerably below what is known as the sticking point, their only aim is to put as many miles as they can between themselves and the enemy, in the shortest possible space of time. This desire lends additional vigor to their limbs, and you then see none of that straggling on the march, which you always see on going towards the enemy. There is but little or no occasion for the command to "close up!" Only once on the way did I hear one nervous individual, who was posted on horseback by the road-side, probably for that purpose, call upon the men, as they were pressing forward, to close up. "Oh, you needn't give me any such command as that," exclaimed a noisy corporal, "you couldn't hold me back!" Day broke upon us long before we reached the Rapidan, and at ten o'clock we re-crossed the river at Germania Ford. After halting fifteen minutes for coffee, we continued the march until we arrived near Stevensburgh, where we encamped for the night, after travelling over twenty miles, some of it on the double-quick and a good deal of it through the mud. The broad, fertile plains of Culpepper stretching away beyond the Rappahannock to the Blue Ridge in the distance, were again before us. On the 4th we pulled up and moved to Rappahannock Station, where, after a day or two, we began to make preparations for going into winter quarters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Author makes a digression, and descants upon the glorious advantages of being a Soldier.

The great historian, Gibbon, after treating his readers to a thousand or more pages of treasons, privy conspiracies and rebellions, battles, murders, and sudden deaths, very sensibly comes to the conclusion that they have grown tired of so much slaughter and bloodshed, and therefore breaks, for a while, the thread of his narrative and proceeds, in imitation of Tacitus, to describe the manners and customs of the Roman people. In like manner I propose to devote two or three chapters in describing the peculiarities of a soldier's life, with some of their habits and customs while in camp, although in doing so I have no expectation of executing it in that Gibbonian dignity of style which must constitute the true charm of all history. Moreover, I do not know that in this effort I shall meet with the countenance of my readers, for I have noticed ever since the war broke out, that our people at home never relished their breakfast half so well as when accompanied by a morning paper announcing another bloody battle on the Rappahannock, or Chickahominy, as the case might be. But as the campaign we shall enter upon in the spring will probably satisfy this craving for blood and thunder, for all time to come, I shall adhere to my original design; and if I do not come up in dignity to the style Gibbonian, I can at least claim that I shall equal it in the correctness of my descriptions.

If any one should ask, what was the most honorable profession in the world, I should answer at once, that of a soldier. And why? Because it is the most honored. I have read the histories of most of the renowned cranioclasts (Head-Breakers) who have ever lived, from Alexander and Julius Cæsar down to those illustrious men who have adorned the modern P. R. of England and America; and I have yet to find an instance in which a man did not receive more praise for breaking another's head than for submitting to have his own broken. There has always been the highest premium on that certain quality of the soul known as valor, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that the market should always be full of heroes whenever they come to be in demand. Napoleon used to say that "imagination ruled the world:" and if you do but pick a man out of the crowd, where he was before unnoticed, prink him out in fantastic colors, stick a feather in his hat, and put a gun in his hand and give him something to shoot at,—from that moment he become transformed into a historical character. He becomes the observed of all observers, and people turn around to look at him after he has passed them. His words are conned and noted in a book, and his exploits are winged around the globe in forty seconds. He makes a movement and that movement is recorded in the newspapers. He fights a battle, and before the smoke has arisen from the field, his name becomes historical. The biography of a nation is the biography of its warriors, and the history of a nation is the history of its wars. Take these away and no man would take the trouble to write its history.

Besides being the most honorable, it is the most independent life in the world. The moment a man becomes a soldier, from that moment he becomes an independent man. This may seem an absurdity when spoken of one who is constantly subjected to the orders of a superior, but it is nevertheless true. He is dependent on no one man or set of men for what he eats, drinks and wears, and this dependence on men for something to eat, drink and wear is what makes vassals of nine-tenths of the human race. The nation employs him, the nation feeds and clothes him, and the nation pays him. Most men, who want employment, have to seek it, beg for it, and often cringe like base fawning spaniels at the feet of their employers; and if they happen to get a job for six months they frequently have to spend as many months more in dunning for their pay. Not so with the lordly and independent soldier. On the contrary, men seek him, beg him, fawn before him, implore him, pay him to make a target of himself in their stead. And here let me add that it is these attentions so flattering to his pride that tends to nourish that lofty spirit of self-esteem which is so prominent a trait in your genuine military character. When pay day comes he never has to go dunning for it. A well dressed individual comes around, unsolicited and unasked, and requests him to walk up to the captain's office and receive his pay. In a word, there is no profession or occupation, in which all are so promptly clothed, fed and paid as that of a soldier. His pay is not large, it is true. But then the glory attending the profession more than counterbalances the lack. His clothes are not the finest, it is true. But then Adam and Eve had none. His food is not the richest, it is true. But then it is good enough for a hungry man, and if a man is not hungry he has no business eating, anyhow.

And then look at the romance of a soldier's life, how it creates and quickens the inspirations of genius. He makes the history of a nation, and that portion of its history, too, of which it ever loves to boast. His deeds give birth to all that is great and inspiring in eloquence, poetry, romance and the drama. How many grand epics and lyrics, how many model and impassioned orators, how many historians has the soldier created! Of his "dis-

astrous chances, his moving accidents by flood and field, his hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach, his being taken by the insolent foe and his redemption thence, and his travel's history, wherein he encounters antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,"—these are the events in the life of a soldier which the historian, the orator and the poet delight to portray for the instruction and delight of future ages.

The soldier is a traveller and philosopher. No soldier returns to his home as he came away, a greenhorn. His constant intercourse with men of every nation, of every disposition and capacity, makes him a keen observer of human nature. The occupation that tries men's souls brings out their capacity and their character to the surface and he reads them, as it were, in a book. He finds that many men, who have great names at a distance, are really very small men in mind and principle, and that many a "heroic action," recorded in the newspapers, never took place in the field. He learns that the rapidity of promotion is due not always to those great qualities of head and heart which command success, but to the influence of personal friends, to political intrigue, to bribery and corruption. He discovers that some men who have figured prominently in the newspapers and whose names have been heralded with praises for all that was brave and chivalrous, were looked upon by the army with contempt and were known to be infamous cowards.

He discovers too, on the contrary, that many of the best men in the army were slow in climbing to fame, because they scorned to gain it by the appliances of political bribery or intrigue. He finds that every man will, sooner or later, rise or sink to his own level; he who has risen prematurely and by fictitious means, to go down; he who is determined to hew out his fortune with his own sword and by his own valor and perseverance, to go up. He learns that those who make the best and most reliable soldiers in the field were the best and most reliable men as citizens at home. He finds that those who swagger the most, and are the most insolent to their inferiors in strength, are inevitably the greatest cowards when in the presence of real danger. He finds that those who spoil the soonest for a fight, are the soonest cured. He finds that large men do not make the best soldiers, either in pluck or endurance, as is commonly supposed. He learns that there are men in the ranks who are infinitely above their commanding officers in pluck, presence and capacity. He sees reason to believe that the tremendous valor and eagerness for combat, of which he hears so much both in ancient history and modern newspapers, are for the most part exaggerated creatures of the imagination, and that when a man goes into battle he goes in with this prayer on his lips: "God grant that this cup may pass away!" He learns that all men who bear the name of soldiers are not fighting men, and have never been in a battle from the time they entered the army until the time they left it. He thinks he has discovered that what is called patriotism in our revolutionary history, is, (not to speak irreverently of their memory,) a word that contains more alloy than the naked eye is able to discover at the distance of over eighty years; and that what kept our ancestors in the ranks with bleeding feet and tattered garments was military discipline more than anything else. Yes, I must confess that the knowledge I have gained of human nature since I went to the wars has weakened a little—just a little—my faith in the immaculate purity of the patriotism of our revolutionary sires who fought in the ranks of the revolution. And I cannot help but think that if Daniel Webster had soldiered it for three years just before the raising of Bunker Hill Monument—I cannot say that he would have doubted the patriotism of *every* man who fought in the armies of the Revolution—but I do think that his practical knowledge of an army, in general, would have materially cooled the arder of his imagination when he was preparing to throw himself in that great speech to the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, commencing "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation," &c.

I have said that a soldier was a traveller. If any man ever has the romance of travel it is he. The changes of a campaign, or the calls of duty carry him through various portions of his own or of foreign countries. Now he marches over lofty mountains or through delightful vallies, where he sees all that is grand and picturesque in the works of nature. Now he plows through the classic waters of the Potomac, or the Chesapeake, or the great ocean itself, or finds himself stationed in some great city where he sees the whole world of mankind with whose habits and modes of life he becomes acquainted.

A great deal has been said about the hardships of a soldiers life, and perhaps with more of truth than of poetry. It is both the hardest and the easiest life in the world. Carrying a knapsack on one's back, loaded with five days rations besides one's clothes, a haversack crammed with three days rations, besides a gun and a cartridge box strapped to one's waist and filled with powder and lead, through mud and rain at the rate of twenty or thirty miles a day; camping on the ground with nothing but two pieces of cotton cloth, a yard square each, for protection in time of a rain; getting up at two o'clock in the morning for a march, or marching all night without rest, and then going into battle before breakfast the next morning, must certainly be called a hard occupation: and if it was of every day's occurence it could not be endured. But, in my opinion, a farmer who goes single-handed into the woods, cuts down great trees and toils away, day by day, until he has cleared himself up a farm, and changed the wilderness into a smiling garden, sees much the hardest times of the two. Everything in the world is relative. Everything becomes comparatively easy when we once get used to it. For a delicate young man to leave the counter or the desk, and the luxuries of home and plunge at once into the hard work of an active campaign, it would be a hardship indeed. But soldiers become gradually inured to the hardships of their profession They grow less sensible to fatigues and exposures which would have killed them at first. They become so accustomed to an out door life that they cannot breathe freely under the roof a house. They will sleep on the ground, with the canopy of heaven for a roof, during a whole campaign without injury to their health, and then catch a cold by sleeping in a bed under cover of a roof for a single night. Continued loss of sleep probably tells more upon the human constitution than any amount of fatigue. Yet the soldier becomes accustomed

to wakefulness in his duties as a sentinel, and to be aroused from his slumbers by the frequent alarms of the night. He frequently goes on fatigue parties by night, when forts and entrenchments are to be thrown up, and in these duties, it is true, there is, at times, something of hardship. But during winter quarters, and during a good portion of the season of active campaigning, he lolls about camp with very little to do that tasks the endurance of his physical powers. On the whole, a soldier has a great deal of hard work, a great deal of easy work and a great deal of nothing to do. The hardest part of all is, perhaps, for a man to be deprived, for three years of the society of his wife and children: and for this reason I have always thought that none but young and unmarried men should go to the wars. Unless, indeed we may except those unhappy individuals whose wives make it so hot for them at home that they are glad to go to the wars (or to the devil) for the sake of a moment's peace.

If I were asked what kind of men made the best soldiers, I would say, as a general rule, boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Not all boys of sixteen are sufficiently stout and resolute, but there are thousands and hundreds of thousands that are. Perhaps eighteen would be the safest standard to commence from. One boy of eighteen is worth two men of thirty and three of forty. Your men who have come to the age at which personal comfort is paramount to everything else, whose habits are formed by the indulgence of years and who have wives and children to keep their thoughts constantly turned homeward, are not the stuff heroes should be made of. Give me your vigorous, rollicking, devil-may-care boys of eighteen, whose habits have not yet been moulded and framed to ideas of social comfort; whose thews are every day knitting and growing stronger; who have nothing to forget and nothing to forego, and who are easily fashioned to the habits of a soldiers life. Of such material was more than two thirds of the army at first made up. They were the first to answer their country's call; and when their terms of service had nearly expired, they were again the first and almost the only ones to answer the call for veteran volunteers and to take the chances of another three years of hardships, dangers and privations. These are facts worth remembering. Men may legislate and declare war and bring the country into danger, but they have to depend upon the boys to get them out of it. If this country is ever ruined, it will be ruined by the men. If it is saved, it will be saved by the boys.

CHAPTER XIX.

The digression continued; in which the author describes the Eighty-Third in Winter Quarters, with other scenes and passages in Camp Life.

About the 8th of December, a spot in the woods at Rappahannock Station was selected for a camp, one mile from the river, and on the ground over which we had driven the rebel skirmishers a month before. No orders had been given to go into winter quarters, but our return from Mine Run was the surest indication that such was the intention. We had never before settled down into regular winter quarters. During the first winter at Hall's Hill, we lived in expectation of being ordered every day to move, and consequently did not make those preparations for comfort which we otherwise would have made.

During the winter at Fredericksburgh, the same rod hung over our heads, and although we had better shelter than before, yet we felt that we were dwelling in habitations that we could not call our homes. But this time winter quarters were taken for granted, and we accordingly went to work to build up our little city, wherein we might have some of the comforts of civilization, and oh! some of the refinements of society, too. Our camp was laid out into regular company streets, log huts were erected and chimneys for them built of stone, of which there was an abundance.—Those, who had sufficient care and industry, succeeded in making themselves what might have been called comfortable quarters, had not the camp been unfortunately located on a wet spot of ground that received all the water that came down from a hill close by.

I have often wished that the people at home could, one and all by turns, have a glimpse at a soldier's habitation when in winter quarters, We form an estimate of everything by comparison, and, judging by comparison, they would at once conclude that the men, who consented to forego all the comforts of home for such a life as this, deserved nothing less than eternal gratitude at the hands of their countrymen.

They would compare their own spacious dwellings, supplied with every article of furniture, and with all the appliances of comfort, to these little log shanties, scarcely eight by ten feet in size, without tables, without chairs, with no cooking utensils but a coffee pot and a frying pan, a thin strip of cotton cloth for a roof, and a door so low that they have to stoop when they enter it. They would think of their nice feather beds and counterpanes, their soft carpets and grates of coal fire over which they warm their feet before going to bed, when they beheld the bed of a soldier, made of poles covered over with cedar or pine leaves, with a single blanket to wrap himself in, and with his knapsack for his pillow. When they come to sit down to his homely meal and to eat pork and beans from a tin plate, and drink their creamless coffee from a tin cup, and to sit upon a three legged stool while doing it, at a greasy table two feet square, they would then think of their tables at home, spread with a nice white table cloth, loaded with clean plates, tea cups and saucers, where their palates were regaled with savory steaks, soft rolls, potatoes fried crisp, plum puddings, mince pies and all the little et ceteras of an epicurean taste. Judging in this manner, they would say, without hesitation, that a soldier's life was a hard one, and that any other life in the world was to be preferred to it.

But the soldier on the other hand, after the turmoils and dangers of a summer campaign, is glad to have a season of rest, and to find shelter anywhere and in any shape. When the bleak northern winds begin to whistle around him, he is glad to get himself a hut of logs and a fire place, and in it he imagines himself comfortable. After the hard living of the season of active service, after going for months without vegetables, so necessary as antidote to disease, he is glad to get where he can once more fill up and satisfy that craving which a long abstinence produces. In winter quarters this craving becomes appeased. There he draws his rations of soft bread, his rations of potatoes, beans and other vegetables with more regularity. The sutler, too, is a great institution in the economy of a soldier's life. From him he buys his condensed milk with which he makes his coffee more palatable, his flour with which he makes warm biscuit, his butter, his eggs with which to replenish his larder and satiate the longings of his appetite. The sutler's are a much abused class, and no doubt they frequently practice extortions upon the soldiers; but if it were not for them there would be still more hunger and more complaint. The pangs of appetite are something that no man long foregoes who has money in his pocket, and when he has no money he will run his face for something to gratify the desire that rules him for the moment.

In many respects an encampment is like a city, and, in fact, many of the present cities of Europe are but the continuation of the old Roman encampments of fifteen hundred and two thousand years ago. The sutlers are the merchants and grocers who furnish almost everything to eat, drink and wear that is needed outside of the regular army supplies. Every regiment has a postmaster, and the men are as regularly supplied with their mails as any post office in the country. Every brigade has a blacksmith, supplied with a travelling forge and tools, for shoeing horses and repairing wagons. Every brigade, too, has its harness maker, and many regiments have their tailors and shoemaker. Every regiment furnishes a

mechanic of some kind and whenever their services are needed they are detailed for that purpose. From the ranks men are detailed as clerks at the various headquarters. A guard is established around the camp, with a commanding officer, whose duties are to protect the camp, to give the alarm in case of a fire, suppress outbreaks, arrest and imprison disturbers of the public peace, and perform all the functions of the police of a regularly organized city. Courts Martial supply the place of civil courts, and they are constantly in operation, meting out punishment to offenders against the rules of good order and military discipline. Every regiment has its physicians or surgeons, and its hospital steward who deals out the medicines and acts the part of a village apothecary. Every regiment has (or is supposed to have (its preacher or chaplain, who every Sabbath thunders (or is supposed to thunder) the glad tidings of salvation to his devout hearers, and officiate in the burial ceremonies of the dead.

In fact, in an army there is hardly a man who does not keep a hotel of some kind. Masonic lodges have been established and candidates initiated into the mysteries of masonry. Theatres have been improvised and the drama enacted under covering of a tent. The amusements of the race course are frequently indulged in, and gamblers ply their trade with as much assiduity as they do in any of the large cities. Photographers and artists abound throughout the army, and their apartments are thronged with customers. Musicians are everywhere to be found, skilled on the violin, the flute, the banjo and guitar, and who form themselves into bands, and play for the entertainment of dancing parties, and receive pay for their services. Dancing parties are given by the officers of a regiment or brigade, and, before they come off, they form as much the subject of gossip as if they were to take place in the *salons* of a city millionaire. Even speculation sometimes run high, and the soldiers traffic among each other with as much zeal in making fortunes as the gold gamblers in Wall Street, or the oil speculators at Titusville.

In the economy of the camp there is as much attention paid to cleanliness of streets as there is in the best regulated cities. Every morning details are made for the purpose of policing, that is to say, cleaning and sweeping the streets. All the dirt and refuse of the camp are picked up and carried off, thrown into a pile together and burnt up. Where good localities are selected, side walks, set with trees, are made along the rows of tents or cabins, the streets are turnpiked and the whole camp drained by a system of sewers and ditches. A spot of ground, rounding on the top and sloping off on both sides, such as we had at Hall's Hill, makes the best site. Our camp at Rappahannock was the worst we ever bad in this respect. It received all the water that came from the hill above us, and kept good hold of it, too; so that we were deluged in water and swamped in mud for the best part of the winter.

I have often wished I had the power to write the history of a Cracker Box, that is to say, the boxes in which Hard Tack is brought to the army; for next to the hard tack itself it has proved to be one of the most useful institutions known to a soldier. To trace the history of a cracker box, from the time it was first taken from its parent tree, through all the various uses to which it has been put in the army, would require more time and space than I have to spare; and I shall only answer the question by asking in return, To what uses has it not been put? After being emptied of its contents, it is taken by the cooks, made into separate apartments, and those apartments filled with coffee, sugar, rice, beans and other articles of food. It becomes, in fact, the soldiers pantry. They are made into tables for eating and writing upon. They are fashioned into stools for sitting, and the soldier who has even a stool to sit upon is a lucky fellow. They are used for making doors, and floors, and bunks for beds. They are used for cupboards and checker boards. They are used as strong boxes for carrying the officers' provisions and kitchen furniture on the march. During the hot weather when in camp, they are sunk in the ground and the butter put into them to keep it from melting. They are frequently used as chimneys, or parts of chimneys to create a stronger draft. And to cap the climax, one day as I was passing along the lines in front of Petersburgh, my ears were suddenly ravished by strains of the most bewitching harmony, and, on approaching the charmed spot I found a soldier discoursing dulcet melody upon a fiddle which he had whittled out of a cracker box with his jack knife.

In connection with the cracker box it may be appropriate here to speak of the immortal Hard Tack and the various modes in which it is served up for the palate of the military epicure. In what way the word "hard tack" became corrupted from "hard cracker," it is useless to conjecture, as there is no known rule of etymology by which to trace the literary inventions of a soldier to their fountain head. Hard tack is at once the staff and the rod of a soldier's life, and especially to those who are not blessed with cast iron teeth. They are generally made of an inferior quality of flour, but are sometimes made of a very good quality. The age of these crackers, when they come to camp, is very much like the age of an old maids, rather uncertain. In the early part of the war they bore the ear marks of decided longevity, many of them being inhabited by monsters of the miocene period. They then bore the stamp of so late a period as 1810, but the soldiers were not charitable enough to believe that this mark was used to indicate the era of their manufacture; affirming that it was a forgery, and that the genuine hard tack bore the stamp "B. C."

Hard tack and coffee form the staple of a soldier's food while on the march. He does not not say, when he gets hungry, that he must take his breakfast, or dinner, or supper, but that he must take his hard tack and coffee. If he ever has any variety, the whole thing is expressed in these two words. At first they were eaten just as they were manufactured, hard and dry. But soon the spirit of invention found out a variety of ways in which they were made more palatable and easier to grind. By holding them to the fire, on the end of a sharpened stick or on the point of a ramrod, it was found that the action of the heat expanded and softened them and imparted to them something of a flavor. By soaking them in cold water (hot water will not do) it was found that they became swelled and softened to such a degree that they could be hashed up and cooked in the frying pan, with the aid of grease extracted from salt pork, thus forming a very substantial meal of cracker hash. By cutting up the dry article finely and sweetening it with sugar and salt, it

was found to make a very pleasant pudding. They have been frequently ground into flour, made into batter and baked in the shape of pan cakes. Any way and every way to save grinding them with the teeth. The soldiers dread them, yet could not do without them on the march. He could not carry half the necessary amount of bread in any other shape. During the summer campaigns, when he gets nothing else for weeks, he looks forward to the time when he shall reach a base, not of operations, but of supplies. And if it is whispered by the commissary sergeant that to-morrow they are to have soft bread, the rumor flies upon the wings of the wind throughout the camp, and he at once forgets his hunger in the delightful anticipation of once more having his appetite satisfied with a good, old fashioned loaf of bread.

CHAPTER XX.

The digression still continued; wherein the author shows of what an army of patriots is composed, and winds up with a philosophical essay on courage.

I have often thought that an army was the best place in the world to study, and to become thoroughly familiar with human nature. Men of almost every age and nation, of every temper and capacity, and of every turn of mind are there to be found grouped together. In an army of so-called patriots, how many are to be found who are truly entitled to that virtuous appellation? How many of them have the ring and stamp of the genuine coin? A great many, no doubt; but there are less now than history will give credit for a hundred years hence. How many enlisted from a desire of marching over the frozen ground with bare, bleeding feet and in ragged garments just for the sake of being paid in depreciated currency, and having the future historian call them patriots and blazon their sufferings in immortal eloquence? A great many, perhaps. But if you would know what impelled thousands to come to the war, sit down with me beneath the shade of this tree, and, as they pass before us, like the ghosts in Macbeth, I will the tales of their patriotism untold. To begin:—

There goes a man who knocked his wife down with a wash board, and then ran off and joined the army to spite her, looking behind him all the time to see if she would call him back. She told him to go on, good riddance of bad rubbidge! He did go on, and enlisted; and when she heard of it, then she came down, and in in melting letters forgave him and called him back to her bosom. And when he read that, he wished the army and the war were at the devil. But it was too late and he is now a patriot. But let us pass on to the next.

There goes a young man who got into a woman-scrape at home; and in order to save himself from being shot or from suffering the penalty of the law, he left the young woman in her sorrow, ran off and became a soldier. And when he came to realize that there was as much danger of getting shot in the army as there was at home—that he had leaped from the frying pan into the fire—he, too, wished that the army was at the devil and that he had staid at home and married the girl. But it was too late, and he also became a patriot.

There goes a man who got jealous of his wife, and in a moment of despair and rage left home and went to the wars, under the delusion that leaving her to her lover (if she had one,) was the best way to reform her and bring peace to his own mind. How much do you suppose a man cares for his country, when that green-eyed monster is gnawing at his very vitals? And then when the injured wife wrote compassionate letters to her unhappy spouse, protesting her innocence, and telling him how he had wronged her, these letters convinced him, at a distance of five hundred miles, of her purity more than his own eyes had done when dwelling with her under the same roof. Then he, poor man, wishes the army was at kingdom come, and that he had not made such a fool of himself. But it was too late, and he, too, in spite of himself, had become a patriot.

That man, passing yonder, came to the army to make money. What! enlisted into the ranks to make money? Yes. He is a professional gambler, and one of those jackals who prowl around over the field at night, after a battle, searching the pockets of his dead comrades for money. He has heard that after pay-day the soldiers are flush of money, and are as reckless of it as they are flush, and he has accordingly become a patriot for the purpose of plying his arts of knavery upon those who are foolish enough to be led away by the hazards of a game of chance. Every night, when off duty, and while their money lasts, he is to be found in his den, sweeping the board of its piles of greenbacks, and causing the utterance of curses, not loud but deep, from the mouths of his foolish comrades. With the true instinct of knavery he sews up his ill-gotten gains in the linings of his breeches for fear some other knave will steal it, and, if he falls in the field of battle, he will be robbed of it all by one of his own feather.

Alas! what soul-sickening sight is that? An old man, bowed down and infirm with years, and his head covered with the frosts of over sixty winters! With a virtuous indignation you involuntarily exclaim, "Are there not young men enough to fight the battles of the Republic? Are we so low that we have to rob the grave of its victims in order to fill up our shattered and diminished ranks? Where are this aged man's ungrateful sons, daughters, blood relations, that they have suffered him to endure the perils of a soldier's life for the sake of a bare subsistence? Where is the government, that it suffers such wrongs upon its aged citizens? Or, peradventure, it may be that the fires of patriotism warmed the old hero's breast and that, leaving all, he rushed forth at his country's call, as he did in the days of his youth, when he helped to beat back the British lion from our shores. Oh, most rare patriotism!" Just hark you, neighbor, for a moment. That old man was decoyed from a poor house, about three months ago, by one of these bounty-brokers. The broker sold him as the substitute probably of some stout bullock of a man for the sum of three hundred dollars, kept two-thirds of it himself and gave the rest to the aged pauper. His hair and beard were dyed black, and the poor old fellow persuaded to tell a lie and say he was under forty-five, and so become a soldier, with the promise of his flesh-broker that he would soon be discharged from the service for his infirmities.

The examining surgeon, no doubt, received a fee for passing him as an able-bodied man. In a little while the hair-dye wore off, and the silver began again to appear, and the old man is found to be unfitted, both by age and disease, for the service. He will soon be discharged, and the government will have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been swindled by the very men whose voices are the loudest for the war. But look at the next character.

That is an old man, too, but he is a man of quite a different stamp from the other. He looks to be between fifty and sixty. His hair is iron gray and his shoulders considerably stooping. He enlisted for a bounty, it is true, but he has been a soldier by profession from his youth up, and he has a right to thrive and make money in his profession. He has served in the British army, has been in the wars of India and in the Crimea, has served his time out faithfully and has now a right to enter the service of any nation he chooses. War is not a matter of patriotism, but a profession with him. Yet he will do his duty as well, as honestly and as faithfully as the noisest patriot in the land. Ah, me! it is a sad sight, indeed, to see a man of his age panting under the burden of his knapsack and wiping away the perspiration that bedews the gray locks upon his wrinkled brow. But when men have long followed one occupation they find it difficult to adapt themselves to a new one. And though their own has been the hardest and the most dangerous of all, they will still bear the evils that they have rather than fly to others that they know not of.

That man coming yonder with slow, measured tread and with a sorrowful countenance, is a rebel deserter. He was taken from his wife and children and conscripted into the rebel army, and, seizing the very first opportunity, he left them, escaped into our lines, and was sent to the North. There he found himself without anything to do, and, without the means of support, and eager to grasp at the first chance of employment, he became a substitute and enlisted into our army. He has heard nothing from his family since he was torn away from them, and he knows not what may be their fate. These melancholy reflections seem to be wearing upon him and plowing his face full of furrows. He is moody and has no ambition. He stands between two fires. His dread of being taken prisoner by the enemy, from whom he deserted, makes him timid and not to be relied on in the day of battle. He durst not desert from us for he has no where to go. This is another one of the patriots upon whom we are depending to conquer the rebellion.

The man behind him is a foreigner who landed on our shores without a cent of money in his pockets. As men, who find themselves in that condition, are apt, like drowning men, to catch at straws, he took the first desperate chance of filling his pockets with money, and enlisted as a substitute. He has but little or no heart in the work, and is awaiting his chance to get sick and "bum" out of the service, or to desert. Let him pass.

The next man is a professional thief, and can no more withstand the temptation to steal than a hungry man can resist the temptation to eat. He is a regular bounty-jumper and cares as much about the country as the devil is supposed to care about religion. He is also awaiting his chance to desert. He stole money from his comrades on the way to the army, and had to be tied up by the thumbs before he would disgorge the stolen property. He stole after he got to the army and had to be tied up again before he would confess his guilt. He becomes sick just before every battle, or falls out of the ranks and is nowhere to be found when his services are the most needed. He is another pillar of the republic.

Halt! who goes there? Observe that noisy, rattle-headed, devil-may-care chap of eighteen as he goes sailing along, screaming at the top of his voice just for the sake of hearing himself yell. Peradventure you think he be a patriot; one whom the victories of Miltiades would not let sleep. Oh, no, he never heard of Miltiades. He was about sixteen when he came to the wars; and just before that he had perpetrated some boyish prank, some outrageous breach of domestic discipline, for which his parental accestor had taken down the old cow skin and with it had warmed the seat of his pantaloons, whereat the youngster became infuriated and ran off from home and enlisted in the army. And then, when his weeping mother and repentant father came to him with tears in their eyes, his spite forsook him and he wished himed himself out of the scrape. But it was too late. He was full of life, however, and his spirits were buoyant and he got over it and is now one of the best soldiers to be found in the army.

That young man, yonder, came to the wars simply because he thought it was his duty to do so, and because he was ashamed to stand about the streets at home, indulging in patriotic gasconade, while his old companions were in the field battling for the existence of the nation. He became a soldier as a matter of principle and of duty to himself and his country. Perhaps he had also some of that martial ardor and desire for renown which are inherent in all generous minds. He weighed the chances well before coming and then resolved, being in, to bear it to the best of his ability. He is one of those men who dreaded, yet feared not, the approaching cloud which darkened the political horizon, and who wished from the depths of his soul that it could have passed away. Yet while others were indulging in empty declamation and proclaiming their readiness to lay down their lives for their country, if needs be, he quietly shouldered his musket and went forth to meet the enemy. He endures all the fatigues and dangers and privations without a murmur. He is always at his post and never shrinks from any responsibility however dangerous or disagreeable. Such are the men who give tone and character to the army and on whom the hopes ot the republic must depend. They answered promptly to their country's call, and did not wait to be scared into it by the terrors of a draft.

The next individual is also a soldier by principle, for his motives in coming to the war were prompted solely by his love for the women; and I hold that love of woman and love of country are one and the same thing. It is impossible for the one to exist without the other; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, the man who is devoid of one is devoid of the other. Is not our country called our common mother, and is not a mother a woman? Let the women once turn their backs upon the young men who refuse to go to their country's defence, and see how many of them would be left at home. One of the greatest sources of inspiration to

deeds of valor is the love and applause of woman. Suppose that in the beginning they had all frowned and said *nay*—how many, even of the most patriotic on either side would have rushed to arms? As everybody knows, the women of the South at first ruled the market in the article of valor, and, to this day, they run the highest bids on that commodity down in the land of Dixie. Women admire bravery and detest cowardice, and everybody will endure more, sacrifice more, to win their esteem than to win anything else. As the fair sex are said to be, directly or indirectly, the cause of most wars, so, take them away from the world, and there will be no wars. For men are not fond enough of cutting each other's throats to indulge in that kind of sport long at a time, when there are no admiring eyes to gaze upon them, and clap their hands and cry *bravo* at every stroke of the sword. Men may grow tired of the admiration of men, but of women never. Not one in a thousand will acknowledge the truth of what I am saying. But let them dive down into their own souls—let them go back to the hour, the moment, when they hung suspended betwixt two opinions, whether to enlist or not, and when even a breath would have swayed them one way or the other;—let them go back to that eventful moment, when the scales of resolution hung evenly balanced and quivering in their minds, and ask themselves if the words or looks of praise and encouragement of the women, or of some one woman, were not thrown into the scales, thereby making them soldiers, and deciding their destinies perhaps forever. But one more character in the role of patriots, and I have done.

That modest looking young gentleman coming this way, with shoulder straps, is a sort of literary Bohemian and has been, in his day, almost every thing by turns and nothing long at a time. The great passion of his life has been to stand on the banks of some raging canal, and behold his own name emblazoned in red chalk upon the prow of some majestic canal boat as she swept by him, walking the waters like a thing of life. When the war broke out he ran to arms, partly from patriotism, partly from love of excitement, partly from lack of something to do, but chiefly to win renown in order that his ambition for canal-boat fame might be gratified. In the beginning he had a great desire to be shot at, but he soon gave evidence that he had a still greater desire to be missed. By a certain art in concealing his natural timidity, and by recklessly exposing himself where there was not the slightest danger, he has, on one or two occasions, managed to get the reputation of bravery among people at a distance: but those who know him best say he is no fonder of danger than any body else. He will probably contrive to come out of the war with a small stock of reputation, and if he would rest there he would do well enough. But he will no sooner get out than he will turn right around and upset the whole of it by attempting to write a book.

I do not recollect whether Gibbon attempts, any where, to define the article of courage; but I have thought it not improper, while speaking of the motives that impel men towards danger, to speak also of that quality of the mind which sustains them while in the midst of it. In my opinion, what is called courage is very much a matter of stomach with some men, of pride or principle with others, and a compound of both with all men. What is commonly called brute courage is not known in the army. That article exists only among men who indulge in fighting where there is no danger of death. It is moral courage that sustains a man when his life is in peril. In many instances it may be said to be the result of fear: for soldiers sometimes dread worse the punishment of a breach of duty on the field of battle than they do the bullets of the enemy. They would frequently give back and skulk out of danger, but the point of a sword at their breasts drives out the other fear, and courage, in a little while, becomes predominant. The words courage, bravery, valor, gallantry, heroism, may all be said to express the same principle of human nature, only in a different degree. A man may have courage without any mixture of that more elevated sentiment which amounts to bravery. A man may be brave without being gallant. To win the reputation of gallantry a man should possess a high spirit and a well cultivated mind, should have dash in his character, should have a high command and be mounted on horseback. Mere bravery fights on foot, gallantry on horseback. As for the word valor, it belongs more to past ages when men fought with the cold steel and were called valiant. Heroism is a compound of all, and combines bravery with endurance, adventure and high resolve. I have said that courage is very much a matter of stomach. I have seen men fight well one day, when their stomachs were in good order, and give evidences of timidity the next, when their stomachs were out of order. A fit of indigestion makes a coward, for the time, of many a supposed hero. At such times it takes all the pride a man is master of to overcome the weakness of the flesh. If his indigestion amounts to absolute indisposition, his courage is gone by the board and he wants to get as far from danger as possible. But these fluctuations in his courage are merely temporary. His pride, or moral principle, is what sustains him in the long run. Such a man may at times dread danger as much as the most timid, but his pride forbids him to show it. Rank and position are also great incentives to bravery. Many men will give a very fair account of themselves when placed in a prominent command, but would lose their chivalry in a moment if put into the ranks with muskets in their hands. The greater their responsibility, the greater their daring. Courage, or bravery, in one sense of the word, is a proper sense of duty on the field of battle, and you will consequently find men of the most quiet and apparently timid dispositions at home, to be the most resolute and reliable men in action. In other words, men of the most reliable principles in private life make the best and bravest soldiers in the field. Therefore you will always find that quarrelsome bullies, thieves, cheats, sneaks and liars, or to sum it all up in one word, unprincipled men in private life, are, without exception, cowards and poltroons in the army. A bad man may not fear his inferior in strength, but he dreads a death grapple with the King of Terrors. On the field of battle a man's courage, under favorable circumstances, often assumes the character of enthusiasm. I have seen men become as happy in a fight as a good Methodist at a revival. But these exaltations of the soul only come in the hour of success, when the enemy is on the run and the victors pursuing him with all the wild

delight of a devotee grasping at the immortal crown of glory. I have never seen any manifestations of absolute fear, of trepidation or trembling during a fight, or during even the anticipation of one. This is not the feeling that takes possession of the soul. The feeling, previous to a battle, is a sort of sadness which weighs upon the heart, a kind of oppression which shuts out everything like mirth or levity and sets a man to thinking most earnestly and seriously of the condition of things on the other side of that bourn whence no traveller is said to return. Ah, me! the grand resolves he then makes, if only spared this time, to behave himself in the future, are not to be numbered by any known rule of arithmetic. He becomes, on the moment, a moral philosopher, and never before saw the folly of war and bloodshed so strongly as now! In imagination he transports himself to some retired spot in his memory, where all is peace, and wishes himself there once more. He resolves on certain reforms in his morals which he has never before had time to attend to. If spared, he vows to become a pious man, to build churches, found charitable institutions and to devote the remainder of his life to religious meditation and prayer. In a word, he never before dived so deeply into the profundities of divinity, so subtly analyzed the moral obligations of man to man and discovered such hidden beauties in the whole system of the Christian religion, as now. His thoughts, could they be transferred to paper as they come and go, would form one of the most beautiful systems of moral philosophy ever given to the world. As soon, however, as the battle commences he finds something else to turn the current of his thoughts in another direction. His curiosity becomes aroused. To be the eyewitness of a battle which may be historical for all time to come, is very apt to arrest the attention of any man and recall his mind from sober meditations upon death. And if he is called upon to take part in the conflict, attention to duty at once absorbs all his powers of reflection. As the roar of battle increases his sadness passes away, and in the excitement of the occasion he becomes transformed into another man. All doubts, all misgivings, all dreads of danger, all fear of the future give place to the excitements of the wild carnival upon which he is entering. A bullet or a cannon ball may come shrieking by him, and he merely steps aside from the instincts of self-preservation, not of fear. As the danger of death increases, his fear of it decreases. He becomes insensible to either terror or pity. He sees his comrades falling around him like leaves, and is unmoved by the sight. It is not because his heart has become hardened. On any other occasion he might weep over their fall. But death is the business and expectation of the hour, and his nerves are strung to meet the bloody issue. And if victory perches upon his banner, his delight is of that character which passeth all understanding. It is like the joy of the lover, who, after weeks of doubt and despair, is made happy in the embrace of his beloved; or like that of the religious mourner, who, after passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, perplexed while on the way by a thousand fears, and anxieties, and combats with the Prince of Darkness, comes out victorious in the end; and, as the fruits of his victory, is allowed to have a glimpse of the heavenly mansions of joy in the distance.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Campaign of 1864. Return of Spring. Gen. Grant in command. The army again in motion Crossing the Rapidan. Battle of the Wilderness. The Battle of Laurel Hill.

I suppose by this time my readers (if I have any) are anxious for another bloody battle on the Rappahannock, or in some other part of Virginia, and I must proceed to dish it up to them with all possible haste. Before commencing, however, I must speak of the important changes that had been made in the Army of the Potomac. In January, 1864, Capt. Woodward had received the commission of Colonel, and Capt. McCoy the commission of Lieut. Colonel, of the regiment. During the winter one hundred and sixty-nine men of the Eighty-Third had re-enlisted as veteran volunteers, the names of whom will be found under their proper heads at the end of this history. The First and Third Army Corps had been broken up and consolidated with the Fifth and Sixth, and the whole army reduced to three corps: the Second commanded by Gen. Hancock, the Fifth by Gen. Warren, and the Sixth by Gen. Sedgwick. General Meade still remained in command of the army. Gen. Burnside's (Ninth) Corps was in camp at Annapolis, ready to join us as soon as the spring campaign opened. Lieut. General Grant, in the meantime, as Commander-in-Chief, had arrived and taken up his headquarters at Culpepper Court House. The Second Division (Regulars) belonging to our corps were consolidated into one brigade, to be called the First Brigade of our division. The old First Brigade, consisting of the Eighteenth, Twenty-Second and Thirty-First Mass. and the Hundred-and-Eighteenth Penna. was broken up and consolidated with the Second and Third Brigades: the Eighteenth Mass., Col. Hays, and the Hundred-and-Eighteenth Penna., Col. Gwyn, joining our brigade. Gen. Griffin again took command of the division and Gen. Bartlett of the brigade. Our corps was now composed of four divisions and numbered about thirty thousand men. The Eighty-Third had also received a number of recruits during the winter, and when the spring campaign opened we started with the regiment nearly full. The long rest of the winter, with its abundance of good living, had recruited the strength and spirits of the soldiers, and they again became impatient for another season of active service. As the end of April approached, the shores of the Rappahannock began to resound with the busy note and preparation of war; and when May came in, with its dry roads and smiling suns, the mighty host began to move towards the Rapidan, soon to electrify the world by a succession of the most sanguinary battles that history, perhaps, has ever recorded.

On the 1st of May we broke up our winter quarters at Rappahannock Station and marched across the river to a point about a mile and a half east of Ingall's Station, pitched a temporary camp and remained there till the third. The only thing worthy of mention that took place there was a terrific sand storm, the first we had ever beheld, equal almost to anything of the kind that ever happened in the Great Desert of Sahara. On the afternoon of the 2d, just as the brigade had got into line, for a general dress parade, and the troop was beating off, the storm commenced. At first a dense, black cloud, darkening the whole horizon and apparently rushing down from the peaks of the Blue Ridge, was seen in the distance. It approached with the most wonderful velocity, for in a moment more the winds arose and the air was filled with dense clouds of fine, whirling sand, filling the eyes and nostrils of the men so as to almost drive them to blindness and suffocation. Without awaiting the word of command, each regiment broke for camp on a double quick and in the best order it could. Then came the rain, and for several hours it poured down in torrents, and the men, not well provided with shelter, passed an unpleasant night. This was our first introduction to some of the hail storms that took place after we crossed the Rapidan.

The next day, however, came off clear and pleasant, and in the afternoon we struck tents and marched towards Culpepper Court House. We arrived near there after dark and went into bivouac. At twelve o'clock at night we were again in motion towards the Rapidan. We marched in the direction of Raccoon Ford, our route being indicated by numerous fires which were evidently placed there with the intention of making a feint of crossing at that point. All at once we struck off down the river, and the next morning we reached Germania Ford and crossed over at an early hour on pontoon bridges. The cavalry and the pontoniers, who preceded us, met but little resistance, as none of the fords were guarded by anything more than a few mounted videttes. If they had had any considerable force there they could have successfully resisted our passage, as the banks were high, the country broken and thickly wooded, and well covered by strong lines of fortifications.

After halting for a few hours on the other side, the corps pushed forward and at five in the afternoon reached a point on the Orange and Fredericksburgh road a little beyond the Old Wilderness Tavern. Here we bivouacked for the night. The Sixth Corps came up and formed line on our right, and during the night the troops of both corps threw up a line of breastworks in our front. Burnside and Hancock joined on our left and also threw up lines of breastworks. The length of the entire line

of battle was between five and ten miles and extended along the roads through the densest and gloomiest parts of the Wilderness.

On the morning of the 5th the rebels made their appearance in our front. They came up on the Orange Court House road, and were seen about half a mile ahead filing off to the right and left for the purpose of forming line of battle. Nothing could be seen of their movements except what was seen upon the road. The moment they plunged into the woods they were lost to the sight. Here were two great armies forming line of battle for a desperate struggle, within half a mile of each other, scarcely a movement of either of which could be observed by the other. At four o'clock our division moved to the front and were put into position for the purpose of making a charge upon the enemy's lines. We took a position not over fifty rods from them, but they were still invisible. Our brigade was posted in the centre of the division, the First Brigade (Regulars) was posted on our right and the Second Brigade, under Col. Sweitzer of the Sixty-Second, on our left. We were to charge in two lines. While lying there, awaiting for the signal, we could distinctly hear every word of command given by the rebel officers as they brought up their troops and formed them in line of battle. The Eighty-Third and the Eighteenth Mass., formed the first line of the charging column of our brigade, and the two regiments were placed under command of Col. Hays; Col. Woodward still retaining command of the Eighty-Third. The Hundred-and-Eighteenth and the Twentieth Me., formed the second line, a few paces to the rear of us, while the Forty-Fourth stood alone on our right. In our immediate front there was a small opening, some thirty rods in width, and, on the edge of the woods at the other side, the rebel skirmishers were posted. We were about to charge upon an invisible foe, or, to use a common phrase, were about to go it blind; and the novelty of the thing excited in our minds about as much curiosity to explore the woods before us, as we may imagine filled the minds of Columbus and his companions when they launched their barks upon the hitherto unexplored ocean in search of a new hemisphere.

At length the order to charge was given; and in an instant the whole three brigades, in double line and with bayonets fixed, ran forward with such a yell as must have made the Johnnies realize, for once, Milton's phrase of "hell broke loose," if they never had before. For they no sooner heard it than they got up and dusted without ever firing a shot. Their skirmishers, however, as was their duty, fired a few rounds and than lit out after the rest. Col. Woodward was struck below the left knee with a bullet at the outset, and was helped off the field. We kept on yelling and firing into the woods at every jump; for now that we had got the Johnnies on the run, it was policy on our part to keep them going, lest, by giving them time to halt and take breath, they should turn and give us such a punch in the ribs as would take the breath out of us. We encountered no enemy and but few of us saw any, except the few skirmishers that had been shot down or wounded in their retreat. On we went, o'er briar, o'er brake, o'er logs and o'er bogs, through the underbrush and overhanging limbs, for about three-quarters of a mile, yelling all the while like so many demons, until we came to another small opening and there halted. We had by this time got into such a snarl that no man could find his own company or regiment. In fact, the whole brigade had to be unravelled before we could again form line and continue the pursuit. After a great deal of effort on the part of the officers, the line was again got into shape, when on looking around we discovered that our right flank was uncovered and exposed to the enemy's fire. The First Brigade had failed, for some reason, to follow up, and the enemy, having now recovered from their panic, began to rally and come around on our exposed flank and rear. At the same time they attacked, in heavy force, the Second Brigade on our left and were beginning to drive it back. This left our brigade alone with both flanks exposed and without any support. It was now the Johnnies' turn to come the game of pull-the-link-horn over us, and right well did they improve the opportunity. Every man saw the danger, and without waiting for orders to fall back, broke for the rear on the double quick. The rebels, in their turn, commenced yelling and sending minnies after us, killing and wounding many of our men. Among the wounded were Cols. Hayes and Gwyn, both of whom succeeded in getting to the rear in safety. We ran almost every step of the way back, and when we got there we laid down on our backs and panted like so many hounds which had just come in from a ten hours chase after a gang of foxes. Such was the result of our first day's battle in the Wilderness. Lieut. Col. McCoy now took command of the regiment and led it through every battle from that time up to the day it was mustered out of the service.

The Eighty-Third lost a number of good men on this occasion, among whom was Sergeant Rogers, the color bearer. We never knew what we had accomplished until a Richmond paper fell into our hands a short time afterwards. From it we learned that we had broken two lines of battle, composed of Hill's corps, and that they ran to the rear in such a panic that if we had been well supported and had followed them up, our attack would have probably resulted in a complete victory. In fact, such was their panic (according to the writer) that Gen. Lee began to fear an entire rout unless the retreat were soon checked, and, with tears in his eyes, offered to lead a brigade in person in order to rally the fugitives and to save the day. All this we had accomplished simply with a yell.

On the afternoon of the 6th we again went to the front and took a position on a line parallel to the one we had charged from the day before, but further to the right. There was brisk skirmishing and some cannonading all day. The rebels had thrown up breastworks during the night, and were plainly to be seen across the open field, a quarter of a mile ahead. Just opposite our brigade they had planted a battery, which they opened upon us several times, but without much effect. The brigade lay several lines deep on the slope of a ravine in the woods, which gave us protection from their artillery. During the day heavy fighting was going on, on the left between Hancock's and Burnside's Corps and the rebels, and heavy skirmishing on the left of our own corps. Towards evening the rebels made a charge, with a yell, upon the Sixth Corps, on our right and yelled a portion of them out of their entrenchments and then followed them up. They pressed them back so far that they got into our

rear, and there began to be some panic among the regiments of our division. A number of them withdrew in haste for fear of being surrounded. The most of our brigade, having no orders to withdraw, stood their ground until the fighting was over, when they were ordered back into the breastworks. In the meantime our troops had rallied, driven back the rebels and re-established the lines in their old position. The heaviest of the fighting in the Wilderness, however, was done on the left by Hancock's and Burnside's corps. As it took place in the dense forest, there was no chance for artillery, and consequently but little was heard during the engagement.

On the 7th the battle raged all day long, and with great fury on the left; for there it was where Lee endeavored to break through and divide our army in two. In our immediate front the enemy opened a battery and shelled us for several hours; but as he had to fire at random, through the woods or over the tops of the trees and without knowing precisely what range to give to his shot, they did but little damage. We lay behind our entrenchments till nearly dark, when we commenced making preparations for a march towards the left; it being the first of that series of celebrated flank movements which formed a new era in the grand tactics of the Army of the Potomac, and which have already become historical. The rebels seemed to understand what was going on, and began at the same time to leave our front and to march to their right. They yelled as they went, and as their voices kept going further and further away, this was the first evidence we had that they were also on the move. They even got started in advance of us. At dark our columns were put in motion. We marched through the Wilderness roads where we found the Second and Ninth Corps lying on their arms, behind breastworks, composing a line of battle five or six miles in length, with swamps and dense, gloomy jungles before them, in which they had had death grapples with human tigers on that day and the day before. The wilderness was so vast and the openings so few that the army not only had to move, but to form also its lines of battle, on the one or two roads running through it. We pressed forward all night without halting, and about ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th we arrived near Laurel Hill, in Spotsylvania county, some five or six miles from the Court House of that name.

Our cavalry, under Gen. Sheridan, who had taken the advance, had already encountered the rebel cavalry and driven them back several miles. About two miles from Laurel Hill they made so strong a stand that a portion of our corps was sent forward to assist in dislodging them from the position they had taken. In the meantime we halted in the woods, and endeavored to avail ourselves of the opportunity to snatch a hasty breakfast; but before we could either rest or eat we were again ordered forward. On emerging from the woods into the open country, we found the rebels had all fallen back to Laurel Hill, and, as this was an important position to gain, we were ordered to advance and drive them out of it. On marching a mile further we found they had formed line in the edge of a belt of woods, but could not see in what strength they were or whether they had fortified themselves for the occasion. The impression seems to have been, among the commanding generals, that there were but a few cavalry posted there, and that all we had to do was to advance upon them and they would retire at our approach. "Hurry up!" said an officer on Gen. Griffin's staff, "or you won't get a shot at them." The sun had by this time grown very hot, the men had marched all night without rest, had had no breakfast and their knapsacks were still upon their backs. The Eighty-Third filed out into the field on the right of the road, formed line of battle, and then advanced under cover of two sections of artillery which were planted at different parts of the field. At the same time the Forty-Fourth formed on the left of the road and advanced toward the enemy from that direction.

We started without bayonets fixed and endeavored to get up a yell and a double quick, but the men were too much exhausted either to run or to yell. As we advanced, some one suggested that a charge could be more effectively made with fixed bayonets, and so the order ran along the line and the men fixed them as they went. Company C were thrown out as skirmishers to protect our right, as a few rebels had been already discovered posted behind temporary works in another body of woods on that flank. We found the rebel skirmishers lying upon the ground on the brow of the hill, and as we approached them, they sprang up and commenced firing and running to the rear. It began to appear now, as we neared the woods, that we had counted without our host, and that we were about to encounter an enemy who were in larger force than ourselves. Nevertheless the Eighty-Third pressed on, and as we approached we received a volley from their musketry. At that instant we dashed forward on a double quick, and not till we came close upon them did we discover that they were behind a breastwork of logs and rails.

We found a whole brigade, several times our own number, thus entrenched: and, feeling secure in their numbers and in their sheltered position, they stood their ground and commenced pouring in a murderous fire upon our ranks. Our men, maddened at this display of Southern chivalry, yelled "Cowards!" at the rebels and then rushed upon them and commenced plying the bayonet. Cribbs and Ceder of Company A, Robb of Company D, and Eaton, Wentworth, Berlin, Host, Purdy, Pettigrew, Baskin and Lowrie of Company G, and I know not how many others, sprang over among them, like infuriated tigers, and fell to bayoneting the enemy within their own works. So terror-stricken were the rebels by the daring valor of these men that they were thrown into confusion and turned to run, but their officers placed the points of their swords to their breasts and forced them back into the ranks. A score of rebels fell beneath the cold steel of these heroic men; but they paid dearly for their heroism. Robb, Wentworth, Host, Baskin and Lowrie fell covered with wounds. Eaton came back with three dangerous wounds, Ceder escaped with a bullet through his thigh and Berlin was wounded and taken prisoner. The bayonet was vigorously used along the whole line. We stood face to face, not over fifteen feet apart, for over half an hour—so close that the discharges of our muskets almost flashed in their faces,—but still the enemy stood their ground. They were so posted that we received the fire from two lines, both of which were protected by breastworks. Our right flank was also exposed to the fire of their skirmishers

who were posted, as we have stated, in another body of woods about fifty rods to our right. To contend any longer against such odds, so well protected, was madness. We had already lost heavily, and, if we had remained much longer, we should have all been shot down: and so we fell back, without much regard to order, and left the ground to be disputed by the re-inforcements which were already on the way to our support.

Our commanding generals had by this time discovered that something more than two regiments were necessary to dislodge the rebels from their position, and that there were plenty of chances to get a shot at them without the necessity of hurrying up to doso. As we were retiring we met a brigade advancing under cover of a battery, to a renewed attack. This brigade was also driven back, for they had witnessed our repulse, and such sights do not contribute much to the courage and dash of an attacking column.* During the day several attempts were made by detachments of troops to dislodge them, but they signally failed. It was the common impression that had the affair been properly managed at the start, the position could have been carried and held. As it was, they repulsed a great part of our corps by detail. In the meantime they had been heavily re-inforced, and their position was now secure. During the night they threw up intrenchments; and the remainder of our army, having also come up, also fell to work with pick and spade, and the next morning two lines of breastworks, bristling with batteries, were to be seen, less than eighty rods apart, frowning defiance upon each other.

This day was a disastrous one for the Eighty-Third and did a great deal towards impairing, for the time, the *morale* of the men: for they all knew that it was a badly managed affair, and that they were rushed into the fight without any display of skill or foresight on the part of their commanding generals. They had met with a severe loss and had gained nothing except that they had fully sustained their old reputation for bravery. The exact number of killed and wounded I am not able to state positively; but the figures were something over fifty killed and considerably over a hundred wounded, some of whom were taken prisoners and carried to Richmond. Twenty-five or thirty uninjured men were also taken and afterwards re-captured by Sheridan's cavalry at Beaver Dam Station. Our whole loss, in killed, wounded and missing, at the Wilderness and at Laurel Hill amounted to over three hundred.

The only officers who fell upon this day were Capt. George Stowe and Lieut. Alex. B. Langley. Poor Stowe! If any man ever died lamented it was he: for he was of a kind and obliging disposition, and was very popular in the regiment. He had none of those rougher and sterner qualities which are supposed by people at a distance to be the true type of a soldier; yet he was never known to quail in the hour of danger, or to shrink from the responsibilities of any duty that was assigned him,—affording another illustration of the proverb, that gentleness of manners can be united with firmness of purpose. He had repeatedly expressed his determination never to resign nor to leave the army until his term of service had expired; saying, that as he had been instrumental in inducing his men to enlist he would now stand by them to the last. He had been married but little over half a year, and to us it seemed cruel that so good a man should have been sacrificed in such a badly managed affair as the battle of Laurel Hill.

Lieut. Langley was a member of my own company, and I must confess that I had a strong liking to many of his qualities: for he was a most resolute and plucky soldier and was always ready to dare and to do more than the strength of two such men could stand. He was one of those determined men who never despaired of the republic, who favored a more vigorous prosecution of the war, who went in for giving the rebels no rest, day nor night, and whose principle it was never to say "Die!" under any circumstances of disaster. He had not a lazy bone in his body, and whatever he undertook, whether to work or to fight, he exhibited the same indefatigable industry and perseverance.

There is one circumstance connected with this battle which I must not fail to notice. There have been plenty of what are called bayonet charges, but this was the first time the bayonet was ever *used* in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac. When I say used, I mean used by a charging column, in actual conflict: for in ninety-nine hundredths of all the bayonet charges that are ever made, either the attacking columns are checked, or the party attacked give way before coming into close encounter. A rebel narrative, in speaking of this battle, declared that if there had ever been any doubts heretofore, since the war began, that the bayonet had been used, those doubts were now dispelled. And with their usual disregard to the truth, they endeavored to convince their people that all this heroism on the part of our men was the result of an infuriated passion, inflamed by the use of intoxicating liquors. The truth was that the men, so far from being inflamed with whisky, had not been warmed even with a cup of coffee; and had marched all night and gone into the battle without their breakfasts, with their knapsacks upon their backs and sweltering beneath the rays of a burning sun.

To return to the regiment. After we had fallen back in disorder, each man made his way to the rear where Gen. Warren's headquarters had been established and which had now become a rallying point for all the fugitives belonging to the corps. The color bearer of the Eighty-Third had also been severely wounded, but the colors were rescued and brought off the field, and were hung up for the men to again rally upon.* The stragglers

*The rebel position was first held by their cavalry, who had just been relieved by Kershaw's Division of Longstreet's Corps when the Eighty-Third made its charge. They had double quicked three miles to reach the spot. After the Eighty-Third fell back they were attacked by the Maryland Brigade, which made three unsuccessful charges and are said to have plied the bayonet freely. Our wounded boys, who laid there during the fight, relate that on the third charge both the Marylanders and the rebels fell back at the same time; but that the rebels, having discovered this, again rallied and held possession of the ground. They bayoneted some of our wounded men after their surrender, out of revenge.

*The colors, on this occasion, were carried by Corporal Vogus of Company G, who had rescued them when Sergeant Rogers fell at the battle of the Wilderness. While the regiment was charging up towards the breastworks, he received a severe wound in the side and fell with the colors. Corporal John Lillibridge, of the Color Guard, immedi-

came up very slowly, but towards evening they had all got together. We were then ordered to take a position on a bye-road leading down through the woods towards the right, in order to keep watch upon the enemy in that direction. On reaching the place we threw up temporary breastworks of logs and rails, established a picket line and bivouacked for the night, after having partaken of the first cup of coffee and the first hard tack that we had eaten for the last twenty-four hours.

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ately seized them and was about to carry them forward, when Vogus recovered, and, again taking the flag, pressed forward and planted it on the breastworks of the enemy. In a few moments afterwards he was shot through the breast. Fearing the colors might be captured, he seized them, while in the act of falling himself, and hurled them to the rear where they were rescued by Corporal Dan Jones, of Company F. Dan was shortly after wounded himself, and, while getting off the field, handed the colors to a soldier of the Forty-Fourth, who brought them off safely and delivered them to Sergeant Keck, who returned them to the regiment. This was the nearest the Eighty-Third ever came to losing its colors.

CHAPTER XXII.

How we got ready to make a charge and didn't. Battle at Jericho Ford. March to Spotsylvania Court House. March to the North Anna. Affair at Pole Cat Creek. Skirmishing at Noell's Station.

The next morning we again went to the front, and lay in reserve about a quarter of a mile to the rear of the breastworks. There was a good deal of cannonading and musketry during the day, and we were much exposed to both. Several casualities occurred in the brigade, some of which were in the Eighty-Third, and all of which were by chance shots. We laid on our arms all day, ready to go to the front at any moment we should be called upon.

It seems to have still been the determination of Gen. Grant either to carry Laurel Hill, or to make a feint of doing so for some strategic purpose. Towards the evening of the 10th the First and Third Brigades were marched out beyond the breastworks for the apparent purpose of making a charge upon the breastworks of the enemy. The lines of the two armies were not over eighty rods apart at this point. But as the ground was somewhat rolling in the intervening space, we managed to get out and form line without drawing their fire. We were to charge upon them in three lines. The Eighty-Third and the Hundred-and-Eighteenth formed the front line, and were placed under the command of Lieut. Col. McCoy. After lying there half an hour, awaiting orders, our position was shifted a little further to the right. I must confess that I had some misgivings as to the judgment of the commanding general who had ordered or advised this charge; for, as this was an important position, the rebels had fortified it strongly, made it bristling with batteries, and undoubtedly had heavy forces in reserve behind the works. Every man in the ranks saw the folly of the attempt, and, judging from the undercurrent of their conversation, it is not probable that they would have made a very determined effort, or gone far, even if the charge had been ordered. I observed the countenances of the officers, from colonels down, and I must say that there were the longest faces upon this occasion of any previous one; and the experience they had had upon this same field two days before, was not calculated to light them up with a smile. For my own part, I am free to admit that I had begun to have the most gloomy forebodings of disaster and death, and had about concluded to make my peace, when all at once my fears were dispelled by the information that our movements were to be governed by those of the regulars, and that we were to go no further than they did! From that moment I experienced a tranquility of the soul such as I never before felt on the eve of going into battle. At length the order to forward was given. We got up and started. There was some firing; but where I am not able to say. Our men advanced a few rods, halted and laid down. It was almost dark when this movement took place, and I did not see what was done on the right, nor understand why we halted, nor why we were not ordered to go ahead. I heard afterwards, however, that the regulars had no sooner received a volley from the rebels than they climbed for the rear; and as we were to be governed by their movements, we were under no obligations to proceed any further on the journey. If I ever had reason to thank God for the regular army, it was on that occasion. And if we had reason to blame them for their conduct on the 5th, we forgave it all for their splendid conduct to-day. By their prudent and judicious behavior they not only saved the Division from a bloody repulse, but laid us under a debt of gratitude which I, for one, shall never forget to my dying day.

After the operations of this day—which will always be illustrious in the history of the Third Brigade as the day on which they got ready to make a charge and didn't (thanks to the Regulars)—we marched down the hill again, like the King of France, and that night we reposed upon our laurels; that is to say, we slept on the north side of Laurel Hill.

During the 11th we still lay in reserve, exposed to the fire of artillery and musketry from the front. On the morning of the 12th a detail of one hundred men was made from the Eighty-Third, and sent out to the extreme front into the woods to the left of the position where we had made the charge on the 8th; and towards evening the brigade, including the rest of the Eighty-Third, was sent off several miles to the left where Hancock had beaten back the right wing of the rebel army during the day. The rebel lines were something in the shape of an elbow. The pickets of the Eighty-Third were in front of one angle and the balance of the regiment in front of the other. During the whole night a constant rattle of musketry was kept up between Hancock's men and the rebels at this corner, the object of which was to prevent either side from getting possession of a lot of artillery, from which the rebel gunners had been driven, but which our men were unable to capture. The bullets from Hancock's men came over into the picket men of the Eighty-Third, and the bullets of the enemy went over into the other part of the regiment who were lying with the brigade; so that the two portions of the regiment were exposed to a fire during the whole night, partly from the rebels and partly from our own men.

The brigade returned the next day and took a position further to the rear, at right angles to our old line, and threw up breastworks. The pickets were still at the front. They were posted in a hollow in the woods, at the foot of the hill on which was the rebel line of intrenchments, and about fifty rods from it. On the left we were joined by the Seventh Massachusetts, Colonel Johns, which formed the extreme right of the Sixth Corps. A thick growth of small pines concealed us from the observations of the enemy. Our right flank was somewhat exposed to the fire of their sharpshooters, who were concealed in rifle pits in front of their

lines. During the day we resolved to make a demonstration in order to ascertain whether the enemy, at this point, were still in their works and in what probable force. So we raised a yell and fired a few shots, as if about to make a charge. As our lines were not far apart the rebels instantly took the alarm and commenced firing into the woods with a great deal of animosity. From the rapidity and volume of their firing, we readily came to the conclusion that they were in strong enough force to make hot work for us should we attempt to charge upon their works. In the afternoon General Griffin sent down word to the commanding officer of the picket line to press forward the skirmishers and ascertain whether the enemy were still behind their works. The commanding officer replied that he would press forward the skirmishers if necessary, but he could assure him that the enemy were still there. So the project was abandoned, and the skirmishers did not go to press that day.

On the 14th the pickets were relieved by a detachment from the Second Brigade, who had to run the gauntlet of the rebel batteries in getting to us. We soon after joined the regiment, and that night, shortly after dark, we commenced moving towards Spotsylvania Court House. The distance we travelled was only about seven miles, but we did not arrive there till after daybreak. A great part of the way we marched through bye-roads, heavily wooded with thick growths of pines, and I do not think we ever encountered such blackness of darkness on any march before. It had rained heavily, at intervals, for several days past, but as long as we kept on the high grounds the roads gave us no trouble. The moment we struck the lowlands of the Po, we sank into the mud over ankle deep. One stream we had to wade. We arrived in front of Spotsylvania Court House early in the morning, and found the rebels already entrenched. During the whole of this day we rested, but were much exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery.

By the 16th the weather had cleared up and the sun came out bright and warm. At night we moved about a mile further to the front and left, closer to the rebel lines, and threw up breastworks. The moon shone brightly, and we worked with a good will, as men usually do when they want protection in anticipation of a fight. To our rear a heavy battery was planted, and the next morning a spirited artillery duel was carried on over our heads. There was also sharp skirmishing on the picket lines. We remained there without any important change of position until the 21st. In the meantime the pickets had grown friendly and began to exchange newspapers. No fighting of importance occurred here except the attack made upon our extreme right, and which was successfully repulsed.

On the morning of the 21st we commenced withdrawing from the front, in full sight of the enemy who stood upon their works witnessing the operation. We had not proceeded far before their skirmishers followed up and commenced firing. A part of the Sixth Corps had been left on the road, about a mile to the rear of our works, and as soon as the rebel skirmishers came up they drove them back. We continued the march, and, in the afternoon, arrived at Guinney's Station on the Richmond and Fredericksburgh railroad. We soon after crossed the Ta (or the Ny,) and continued the march towards the west, until some time after dark. This was number three in our series of grand flank movements, and was the largest swing we had yet taken. It did not seem, when we halted, that we were ten miles, as a crow would fly, from where we started, and yet we had probably marched twenty. It was, in fact, a swing around into the enemy's rear, and was the cause, as we shall see hereafter, of his double-quicking back to the North Anna, lest we should get between him and Richmond. After supper pickets were sent to the front, and the enemy discovered to be in the vicinity.

After breakfast the next morning, we marched out and formed line where the picket line had been established. During the day it was reported that the enemy were in full retreat toward Richmond (the result of our flank movement) along the pike a few miles ahead. Their wagon trains were said to be on the run, and what force they had in our front were probably posted there for the purpose of guarding their passage over the road. In the afternoon we moved forward and overtook them at what we were told was called Pole Cat Creek. They had some cavalry and a battery posted in the woods on a hill, prepared to dispute our advance. The Sixteenth was pushed forward along the road leading up the hill, followed by the Eighty-Third, while the Forty Fourth, the Twentieth, the Eighteenth and Hundred-and-Eighteenth were moved out through the fields to attack them on the left flank. As soon as we came in sight they opened on us with the battery and with sharp musketry from their skirmishers. The Sixteenth lost several killed and wounded. They pushed forward, however, and drove the enemy out of the woods on the brow of the hill, and at the same time the flank movement of the other regiments of the brigade compelled their whole force to withdraw on the double quick. In their flight they had taken a bye-road leading off to the right, over which we did not think it necessary to follow. As we were marching along, about a mile beyond the scene of action, they suddenly opened on us from this bye-road and wounded two men in the Eighty-Third and several in the Forty-Fourth. Gen. Griffin immediately ordered a battery of Parrott guns to be unlimbered, and they soon sent the shells into them with such precision that they made off and were not heard from again that day. Having gone a couple of miles further, the rest of the corps went into camp, and the Eighty-Third marched out on a road leading into the woods where the rebels had disappeared, in order to watch their movements in that direction. Having thrown out flankers, we marched out about a mile, came to a halt and remained an hour. We saw nothing of the enemy. Having fulfilled our orders we came back to the brigade and went into bivouack for the night.

On the 23d we reached the North Anna, at Jericho Ford, and at once commenced crossing. Several batteries had been planted on the bluffs, under cover of which we were to cross, in case the enemy attempted to dispute our passage. Col. Sweitzer's brigade preceeded us, and, having gained the opposite shore, marched into a body of woods about three quarters of a mile from the river, and threw up breastworks in order to repel any attempt of the enemy to prevent our crossing. The banks at this ford are very high, and rocky, and the descent to the river was by a narrow, steep road. The men got over slowly and climbed up the bluffs

on the other side and then sat down to rest and dry themselves. In the meantime the engineers were busily engaged in throwing a bridge over the river in order to expedite the passage of troops and artillery, for it was expected that the rebels would soon attack us in force.

The enemy had crossed at a ford a few miles higher up and were already coming down towards us, but had not yet shown themselves in our front. We lay there some two or three hours, during which most of the corps effected a crossing. Towards evening rapid and sharp musketry was heard in the direction of Sweitzer's brigade. The enemy had made a sudden and vigorous attack, with the intention of driving us all down the bluff into the river. Had they succeeded in breaking Sweitzer's lines they would probably have caused a perfect rout; and, even as it was, a great many skedaddlers commenced running down the bluff and making their way across the stream. But Sweitzer and his brigade held them at bay, and in the meantime the Third Brigade went forward on the run to reinforce him. We arrived there just in time to prevent his being flanked by a brigade of rebels under command of a Col. Brown, who were making their way through the woods, and coming in upon his right and rear. We were marching by the flank, and on the run, and, as we entered the woods, we met Sweitzer, accompanied by his brave little color bearer, coming at a full gallop and looking as fiery as a comet. We hardly knew where we were to go, or what we were to do, and amidst the roar of battle it was difficult to hear his orders. He finally succeeded in making us understand that the rebels were coming down on his flank, and for us to swing into line and march by the front to our position on his right. With a great deal of difficulty the regiment was swung around and marched in line of battle for fifteen or twenty rods, when some one else again gave the command to march by the flank. By the flank we went again on the full run, and had just reached the right of Sweitzer's line when the rebel brigade made their appearance, marching also by the flank. Here, then, was the unusual spectacle of two brigades coming at each other head first. Simultaneously the Eighty-Third and the leading regiment of the rebel brigade pitched into each other, like two rams, and the Eighty-Third proved to have the hardest head of the two. We smashed in their flank at one blow, and this threw the rest of their brigade into such a panic that they turned and fled without firing over a dozen shots. Corporal Corbin, of company B, made a dash for the rebel commander, seized him by the collar and bore him off a prisoner.* We immediately swung into line again and, having formed connection with Sweitzer's brigade, commenced firing into the woods upon the retreating enemy. In the meantime another brigade (I believe it was the Iron Brigade) of our corps, supported by a battery, had formed in the open field on our right, and commenced pouring a raking cross fire upon the enemy in their front. The firing continued till dark, and the enemy were everywhere driven from the field.

I should have stated at first that the Eighty-Third and the Sixteenth were the only two regiments of our brigade which came to the support of Col. Sweitzer on that part of the field; and that the rest of the brigade were ordered to support his left. There can be no doubt but that Sweitzer's gallantry saved the corps from a disgraceful rout; nor can there be any doubt but that the Eighty-Third and the Sixteenth saved Sweitzer. In five minutes more they would have attacked his flank and rear, and every one knows that a body of troops will not stand a fire from the front, flank and rear at one and the same time. At night the rest of the corps took position on our right and threw up breastworks. The next morning found us prepared for any number that might come against us. The attacking force belonged to Hill's corps. I never understood what were the losses, but I do not think they were very heavy on either side, considering the amount of firing that took place. The Eighty-Third lost none killed and but two or three wounded. The musket firing was about as severe and continuous as I had ever heard. But it is probable that ten times as much ammunition was thrown away on this occasion as there was any need of. Having soon repulsed the rebels our troops continued firing a long time after they had disappeared; evidently being determined that if they renewed the attack they should do it amidst a shower of bullets. Such kind of fighting is of frequent occurrence during the operations of a campaign. I afterwards learned that during the first month of Grant's campaign our division alone—averaging perhaps eight thousand muskets—expended one million of cartridges. How many rebels they killed or maimed within that time, I am not prepared to say. But I am confident it was not a million, for we found a few more left of the same sort before our arrival at the ancient and venerable city of Peter on the 18th of June following.

When the morning came no enemy were to be seen in our front. The day was spent in reconnoitering their position, and they were found to have withdrawn several miles further down the river, to what was called Noell's station, on the Virginia central railroad, and there entrenched themselves. Towards evening we moved out in that direction, but we had not proceeded half a mile when a terrific storm arose, and, as it was nearly dark, the columns were halted and ordered to go into bivouack.

On the 25th we moved down along the line of the railroad towards the enemy's works at Noell's station. Their picket line was encountered about half a mile from their intrenchments, which extended from the North Anna to Little River, running at right angles to the railroad. We moved through a heavy body of woods to the front, and commenced throwing up works. We found the enemy posted about three-quarters of a mile ahead, having a sweep, for that whole distance, over a level plain, with their artillery. It was not our intention, however, to make an attack at this point. We threw up works merely for self protection in case the rebels attacked us, and in order to cover ourselves from their sharpshooters who were very active and hostile. We lay here two days, and during the time we had several men dangerously wounded, among whom was Lieut. Gleason, of Co. F, who had been one of the best and most faithful soldiers in the regiment. He died shortly afterwards from the effects of his wound. During these two days a part of our division was engaged in tearing up the railroad, about five or six miles of which was destroyed.

* The capture of the rebel Colonel is a matter of dispute between Corporal Corbin and Jean Brown, a little Frenchman of Co. C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The fourth flank movement. March to Cold Harbor. Affair at the Tolopotomy. Battle at Bethesda or Old Church. The fifth flank movement. March to the James. Crossing the River. March to Petersburgh.

We are now about to execute the fourth and, so far, the longest in our series of grand flank movements. We were about to march from the North Anna to the Chickahominy, a distance of forty miles, at one sweep. This brought our lines to within ten or twelve miles of Richmond. Before Gen. Grant introduced this system of tactics into the Army of the Potomac, an overland march to Richmond in face of Lee's army had been denounced as impracticable, the army having failed two or three times in the attempt. The process now appears to be a very simple one, since it has been made practicable by success: just as crossing the ocean was after a man had been found bold enough to make the attempt, and persevering enough to carry it through. To illustrate the principle to those who have never been to the wars and know nothing about the movements of an army, let us suppose the armies of Grant and Lee to be drawn up, by corps, in line of battle opposite each other, with Richmond as the objective point. Now, as I have stated, suppose Richmond to be the object aimed at, and that it lies fifty miles ahead by due course of road. Lee, of course, would keep his line of battle at right angles to the road, throw up breastworks and tell Grant to come on. If Grant attempted to walk directly over him, he would probably meet with a bloody repulse as often as he made the attempt. But suppose, instead, that he should sieze the opportunity and swing aroung his whole army upon the right and rear of Lee, it is evident that Lee's flank and rear, his baggage, supply and ammunition trains, his communications and the approaches to Richmond would be at Grant's mercy; for no army dare expose its flank and rear to the attack of an opposing force. In doing so it would become utterly routed and demoralized in a very short time. Moreover it would be letting Grant get between him and Richmond, and consequently he is compelled to fall back as many miles as Grant's army may choose to march, and to again form line of battle across the road leading to the principal object of defence. Or if Grant found it practicable to swing around but one corps at a time, that is, to move his right wing to the left, it still leaves the enemy's right wing exposed to the attack of a heavy force, and he would be compelled to move his left wing to his right in order to meet the emergency. And so by this system of doubling and undoubling, an army might flank-march it from the Potomac to the Sabine, in the face of an enemy, without a single battle, unless one or the other saw fit to make the attack. In this way, Gen. Sherman marched from Mission Ridge to Atlanta, in face of Joe Johnston's army, with but few serious battles. The day we swung around from Spotsylvania Court House to the North Anna, we made so long a march and got so far in the rear of Lee's army, that he was compelled to fall back in the greatest haste to prevent our getting between him and the rebel capital. And it was probably this haste which gave rise to the report at the time, that the rebels were in full retreat upon Richmond.

At dark we withdrew and crossed the North Anna, whose dashing waters roared among the rocks at our feet, and whose picturesque bluffs frowned above us in the darkness of the night. Up the high hills on the opposite shore, covered with deep and gloomy forests, we steadily clambered, and, on reaching the top, sat down for an hour's rest and then resumed our march. The sun broke upon us the next morning from a clear, warm sky, and we moved on briskly. We knew not whither we were going, but we felt that we were moving away from the presence of the enemy, and out of the hearing of the sound of battle. For twenty-two days we had been more or less under fire, and there was a sensible relief in thinking that we were to have one day's rest from that wear and tear of both mind and body which soldiers always experience when exposed constantly to the dangers and excitements of an active campaign. Our march was through a finely cultivated country, and one which had never yet echoed to the tramp of hostile armies or been visited by the desolations of war. A little before sundown we arrived within eight miles of the Pamunkey, on the road leading to Hanover Town, and encamped in a pine grove thickly carpeted with dry leaves. After partaking of our coffee and hard-tack and solacing ourselves, as was our custom, with a few fragrant puffs of the virgin leaf, we spread our blankets and laid down to sleep, beneath a mild clear sky, without a picket or a guard, or an apprehension of danger from any quarter. It was the first rest of body and mind we had had for over three weeks.

On the morning of the 28th we continued our march towards the Pamunkey. A number of rebel cavalry scouts were captured by our cavalry advance before reaching the river. The pontoons had been pushed forward, and by the time we reached the river the stream was bridged and we passed over. The column moved on about two miles, halted and threw up breastworks in order to cover the passage of other corps which were to cross over at that point. Lee had the inside track, and he had kept on a parallel with our line of march; if, indeed, he who describes the segment, can be said to move on a line parallel to him who describes the arc, of a circle. His advance was already found by the cavalry to be but a few miles in front. During the day and night the entire army had cross-

ed over and formed line of battle. The next day we moved forward and commenced feeling the enemy's position. Frequent and heavy skirmishes took place with his advance. The next morning we pushed still farther on, after having crossed the Tolopotomy and fought all the way, and found the rebel army intrenched in line of battle extending from a point some distance above Bethesda Church to the vicinity of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill, and covering the approaches to Richmond. In this day's fighting the Eighty-Third had several men wounded. Among the officers wounded, belonging to the brigade, was Capt. Nash of the Forty-Fourth. Major Elliott, commanding the Sixteenth, was also wounded mortally while the brigade was lying in a dangerous position, exposed to a cross fire of the enemy's sharp shooters. At dark we were withdrawn from this unpleasant proximity and moved a quarter of a mile to the left, into a piece of woods, where we rested without further annoyance until the next morning.

When morning came we moved across the road, took possession of a line of temporary breastworks, which some of our troops had just left, and remained till the afternoon of the next day, June first. On the morning of this day the Sixteenth had been sent out to the front as skirmishers and had had sharp fighting with the skirmishers of the enemy. The distance from our lines at this point to the rebel works was about three quarters of a mile. Between us was a heavy piece of woods and a small marshy stream. Just beyond the stream was a rise of ground from which our men had driven the rebels and the possession of which they were still hotly disputing. As it was a part of Gen. Grant's tactics to push up as closely as possible to the enemy's lines, we were ordered forward to take position on this rise of ground, immediately under fire of their artillery and sharpshooters. We made a circuit of a mile and a half in getting around the swamp. On arriving at the spot we got into line, commenced felling trees and throwing up works. As we formed line about half way up the rise, our movements were partly concealed from the enemy's observation. But they soon discovered the movement and attempted to frustrate it. They did not venture to come out of their works and charge across the field, but commenced throwing a body of troops, a few at a time, into a bushy ravine which led from their works diagonally towards ours. For a long time this movement was not discovered. In our immediate front the Thirty-Ninth Mass. were posted as skirmishers. They soon found that the rebel skirmishers were growing too heavy for their line. They were beginning to fall back under the pressure, and sent down to the Eighty Third for reinforcements. About a dozen men, headed by serjeants Zuver, of company A., and Moore of company C., at once volunteered and went to the front. The firing began now to grow more animated. These men soon discovered that the enemy were reinforcing their line, under cover of the ravine; and, having caught sight of a battle flag waving among the bushes, suspected that they were getting ready for a sudden charge over the hill. Their object undoubtedly was to drive us into the swamp before reinforcements could come to our aid. Every moment the firing became hotter and hotter, but the men stood their ground. The brigade, all this while, was busily engaged in throwing up their breastworks, and had got everything in readiness to administer to the rebels one of those "blessings in disguise" should they come upon us. At last the enemy advanced and drove in our skirmishers. But they had no sooner appeared on the brow of the hill than they received such a volley as sent them reeling to the rear. The Forty-Fourth on our right, and the Sixteenth on our left, were so posted that they had a better range on the enemy than the Eighty-Third, and probably did the most execution. The rebels advanced, however, and took possession of the skirmishers' rifle pits and from behind them kept up a sharp firing until after dark. Before midnight they withdrew and our pickets again took up their old position.

The amount of firing on this occasion was, for a small affair, perfectly tremendous. Along the line of the whole brigade there was, for the space of half an hour, a vivid sheet of flame; and so continuous was the rattle of musketry that it sounded at a distance as if a terrible battle was in progress. Reinforcements came pouring in upon the double quick, and swiftly forming in the ranks of war, they rushed up to the support of our men and made ready to assist in repelling the murderous assaults of the enemy. I dislike very much to strip the romance from an affair that redounded so much to the glory of our arms; but a sacred respect to the truth of history compels me to declare my belief, that at least nine-tenths of the cartridges fired on this occasion were thrown away upon the incorporeal air. The Eighty Third had only two or three wounded, and these were among the skirmishers who went to the front, in the early part of the fight. I heard of no casualties in the brigade. The enemy sent no flag of truce afterwards to ask the privilege of burying their dead. They probably had but few or no dead to bury. In fact it was just such another affair as happened at the North Anna. The first one or two volleys had checked their advance, and after that the firing was all for buncombe.

I am somewhat at a loss for a name to bestow upon this hard fought battle, as neither the name nor the affair itself has ever found a place in the official reports of the campaigns around Cold Harbor. But as it was fought on the banks of that romantic marsh whose stream is a tributary of the historical Tolopotomai, (or as it is less correctly called, the Tolopotomy), I have thought it best to let it assume the name of the parent stream, and to record it under the Great Battle of the Tolopotomy.

We were now about to contract our lines, as a preliminary step towards another grand flank movement. Heavy fighting had taken place on the left, in the vicinity of Cold Harbor, during this day, but these battles it is not our province to describe. The lines of the two armies ran in a Northwesterly and Southeasterly direction. The Second, Sixth and Eighteenth corps occupied the centre and left, and the Fifth and Ninth the right of the line. Burnsides' corps joined us on the right, forming a right angle at the point of intersection and extended in a Northerly direction, thus covering the right flank of the army. The plan was to withdraw both of these corps towards Cold Harbor, nearer to the Chickahominy and its crossings, so as to be ready to execute a quick and rapid march to the James, whenever Gen. Grant should be ready to order the movement. On the morning of the 2d both corps accordingly commenced withdrawing from their works. The corps of the rebel Gen. Hill was in our front, watching

closely the operation. They were determined this time to arrest our flank movement by attacking our troops as they were falling back, and putting them to rout. We had scarcely reached Bethesda Church, about a mile distant, when they commenced following up, yelling and firing as they came. Our men began to form line for the attack. At that moment a terrific thunder storm came up, lasting for an hour, and putting an end, for the time, to any further fighting. But as soon as the storm ceased the rebels again commenced the attack. It must be acknowledged that our men were in no humor at that time for a fight, as indeed no troops are when they are falling back from an enemy's front. For the first time in its history the Eighty-Third showed symptoms of a panic, and a number of the men ran to the rear. The most of them, however, stood their ground. The rebels, in the meantime, began to advance in force. They were encountered by the troops of both corps and, after a severe fight, were driven back. The battle lasted all day. The Eighty-Third were not called upon to take an active part in the battle, but they were during the whole time under a heavy fire, and lost several killed and wounded. The brigade was compelled at one time to double quick to a part of the field where the enemy were threatening to break through, and by their timely arrival on the ground prevented that disaster. During the whole of the battle the rebels kept up an enfilading fire from their batteries on the Mechanicsville road, generally directing their shells over a body of intervening woods, toward the troops who were stationed at the church. The two corps, having repulsed the enemy, formed a new line, threw up works, planted heavy batteries, and the next morning were ready for another attack. The enemy, however, made no attack. We remained till the night of the 5th when we again withdrew, the Ninth corps taking the advance.

For some reason the Fifth corps did not get started till morning, and during the whole night we laid in the open fields near the church awaiting the order to move. Finally, when daylight came, we got under headway, and marched about five miles, to Allen's Mills, in the vicinity of Cold Harbor. Here we did picket duty till the next day, when we moved four miles further towards the Chickahominy, and on the 8th we joined the rest of the brigade, not far from Sumner's bridge. The whole corps had now withdrawn from the front and were lying in reserve. We remained here till the 12th, doing nothing but picket duty along the banks of the Chickahominy. From the battle of the Wilderness to the 8th of June was thirty five days, thirty of which had been spent more or less in fighting. From the 8th to the 12th we enjoyed a season of rest.

On the night of the 12th we started out on our fifth grand flank movement. Having marched till within an hour of daylight we went into bivouack about a mile from the Chickahominy at Long Bridge. Early in the morning we crossed over on pontoons, and pushed on towards White Oak Swamp. Lee, as usual, kept pace with us on the other side of the swamp, marching on a parallel line between us and Richmond. On arriving at the swamp we were halted and the Penn. Reserves were sent ahead and had some fighting with the enemy, who attempted to force a passage over one of the roads leading through it. The rebels were driven back. When dark came we resumed the march, and late at night we went into bivouac beyond Charles City Cross roads. The next morning, we moved on, and in a few hours we reached Charles City Court House where our hearts were once more gladdened at the sight of the majestic river James.

The long wished for goal of our pilgrimage had at last been attained. For six weeks we had been wandering among the wilds of Virginia, shut off from intercourse with the rest of the world. "If we can only get to the James, we will be all right," was the universal expression of the soldiers. I had often read of the joy manifested by the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon after their long wanderings through the wilds of Asia, when the dark waters of the Euxine first broke upon their delighted visions, but I never knew how to realize that feeling until now. Even the whistle of a locomotive brings delight to the heart of a soldier after a long campaign amidst the wilds of an enemy's country; but the sight of the ocean or a river lifts him out of the depths of melancholy and inspires him with new vigor and new life.

After an hour for rest and coffee we pushed on to Wilcox's Landing, a few miles further up, where we were to embark on board of steam transports for the south side of the James. The Second Corps had preceded us and thrown up works for the purpose of covering the embarkation. We marched into their works and remained there until they had completed their crossing. The Sixth and Ninth Corps crossed a few miles further down the river. Lee had marched his army to Malvern Hill and entrenched himself in expectation of our advance in that direction. Gen. Smith had previously shipped his corps at White House Landing, on the Pamunkey, returned to Bermuda Hundred and got in readiness to take the initiatory step to a general assault upon Petersburgh. On the 16th we crossed over, being the last of the army, and immediately pushed on towards that city. Gen. Smith had already opened the ball, and ere the word forward could be given to the troops the roar of his cannon was heard in the distance. We pushed on through heat and dust, and, after a march of twenty miles, arrived at midnight within two miles of the city and laid down to rest. Gen. Smith had assaulted and carried the outer fortifications. Gen. Lee was also on his way and ere we could arrive Peter Beauregard had flown to the rescue of his beloved city of Petersburgh.

In making this fifth and last flank movement, we had described the arc of a circle and made a march of over fifty miles. In fact, all our marches had been of this character, and Lee had constantly had the inside track. Before crossing the James he had sent forward Peter Beauregard with his corps, in anticipation of Gen. Smith's movement on Petersburgh, and Peter had arrived in time to prevent the capture of the city. Before his arrival the place was garrisoned by several thousand troops under the command of that "powerful old hero of Eastern Virginia," Brigadier General Henry Albert Wise. The outer works were wrested from Wise's troops, and proved to be the finest specimen of engineering skill we had yet seen, and the most formidable of any that the army had yet encountered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Battles of the 18th. The Siege of Petersburgh. The Explosion of the Mine, and the Battle of July 30th. Incidents of the Siege. Battles on the Weldon Railroad. Expiration of the term of Service of the Original Men of the Eighty-Third, and their return Home.

After the capture of what we have termed their outer works, the rebels had fallen back towards the city and commenced a new line of fortifications, which they eventually extended from the Appomattox on the north of Petersburgh to the Weldon Railroad on the south: thus girdling the place with a wall of earthworks. In the meantime our troops continued to press them, but as they had force enough on the ground to make a strong resistance, they succeeded in holding our army long enough at bay to enable them to complete their works. To do this, twenty-four hours were sufficient. On the 17th severe fighting occurred between Burnside and the enemy without any decided result to our troops. On the morning of the 18th he made a charge upon their advanced rifle pits and, after a fierce struggle, drove them out with heavy loss. I afterwards counted over fifty rebel dead lying within a space thirty yards in length. In several instances they were lying one upon the other. On the morning of this day the Fifth Corps moved to the front, and were soon engaged with the enemy. They had principally fallen back to their works, and as we approached they poured in a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry. Some divisions of the corps lost heavily. In that portion of the field where our division advanced, the ground was rolling and timbered, and kept our movements partly concealed. But it did not protect us from their heavy firing. Our brigade had formed line in these woods, not over eighty rods from their works, and was about to move forward, when they commenced a furious cannonading and threw a large number of shells into the ranks of the Eighty-Third with the most remarkable precision and effect. Several exploded in our very midst, tearing the men almost into fragments. We pressed forward, however, until we had cleared the woods and come out into an open field, and there, having been ordered to halt, we commenced throwing up the earth as a protection against the enemy's cannonading. During this time, Sweitzer's Brigade, on our right, had pushed ahead and gained a position close up to the enemy's lines, and under a heavy fire of musketry. The First Brigade—a new brigade which had lately been organized and placed under command of Col. Chamberlain of the Twentieth Me.—operated upon our left. We remained in this position for a few hours, when we were marched by the flank down the road leading to the enemy's line, then down into a ravine through which the Norfolk railroad ran, and then up the hill to within two or three hundred yards of the same fort that had poured in such a deadly fire upon our ranks. We did not venture to the top of the hill, however, but remained under cover until darkness should give us an opportunity to prosecute further operations.

As soon as night came we moved to the top of the hill and, having formed connection with the Fourth Division of our corps on the left, commenced throwing up breastworks. We were now within pistol shot of the enemy, but they either did not discover us or else did not choose to prevent our operations. When morning came they found a line of works in their front stretching from the Appomattox nearly to the Jerusalem Plank Road, on the east of the city. This was another of Gen. Grant's famous hugs. As the opposing lines were very hostile, it was unsafe for the men on either side to show their heads above the works. Sharpshooting commenced early in the morning and, throughout the day, afforded a great deal of amusement to our men. One of them would put his cap upon the muzzle of his gun and cautiously raise it above the parapet, and as soon as the rebels raised up to fire at it, several of our sharpshooters, with muskets already pointed, would pour a broadside into them, causing them to drop their heads suddenly, to the great merriment of the rest of the regiment. Strategy of this kind was practised on both sides and sometimes with success. In spite of the protection afforded by our works, the Eighty-Third lost upon this day (the 19th) one killed and three wounded. The rebels shelled us several times and our batteries replied briskly. But as we always hugged our works closely upon such occasions, we sustained no damage. The loss throughout the brigade was considerable, but it was principally from their sharpshooters. On the 20th, we had two killed and four or five wounded.

This position was the nearest to the enemy of any other portion of our whole line and was close by the spot where Gen. Burnside afterwards blew up their fort. Their proximity kept the two lines in a state of constant hostility. For weeks and months afterwards the never ceasing rattle of musketry was to be heard at this spot, by day and by night, even after peace had been declared in every other part of the lines. When the regiment left for home they were still at it, and I presume it was kept up until the rebels were finally driven out of Petersburgh.

On the night of the 20th our division was relieved by a division of the Ninth Corps, and we marched half a mile to the rear and bivouacked, preparatory to a movement to the extreme left of the line on the next day. On the 21st we moved around into the woods, near the Jerusalem Plank Road, and at night pushed the lines to within five hundred yards of the enemy's works and commenced digging. The Sixteenth, Twentieth, Eighteenth and the Hun-

dred-and-Eighteenth formed the front, and the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth, the rear line. On the left of our division were the Pennsylvania Reserves. Beyond them the Second and Sixth Corps had taken a position, but not for the purpose of holding it. On the immediate left of our brigade was the new First Brigade, and on its left was thrown up a heavy work known afterwards as Fort Hell. The pickets in front of our new position were very hostile and the skirmishing between them was constant and uninterrupted, both day and night. On the first day, several of our pickets were wounded and, not being able to get to the rear, without being shot down, were compelled to remain all day beneath a scorching sun, without shelter from the intense heat and without water, until night afforded them an opportunity to come in. Several of these men belonged to the Eighty-Third and afterwards died from exhaustion. The bullets aimed at them fell into our midst, at the rear, and every day men were wounded by these chance shots. On the night of the 27th the Eighty-Third and Forty-Fourth moved to the front and filled up a gap between the left of the Sixteenth and the right of the First Brigade, and commenced throwing up strong and heavy works. Our new lines now directly faced the rebel works which were about five hundred yards distant. And between the two breastworks were posted the picket lines of both armies.

The first week was busily spent in strengthening and completing the works and in clearing off the ground for the purpose of improving the health and cleanliness of the camp. The breastworks were from ten to twelve feet in thickness, and under them bomb-proofs were constructed for shelter in case of a shelling from the mortar batteries of the enemy. Bomb-proofs were also made for the officers, whose quarters were not so close to the breastworks, and who were in danger of being blown into the air at any moment the rebels should see proper to drop a bomb shell over into our midst. The proofs were constructed as follows: A hole was dug into the ground in the shape of a cellar, say four feet deep and eight or ten feet square. Blocks, cut from pine trees, a foot in thickness, were placed as uprights at the corners of the excavations and upon these pine logs were laid, completely covering the cellar. Dirt was then thrown upon them and packed down until there was a covering of several feet of solid earth. In this manner thousands of bomb proofs were built along the whole line of both armies. They were much cooler than tents and sheltered us from the hot rays of the sun as well as from the shells of the enemy. Some such protection as this becomes an absolute necessity in time of a siege where two hostile armies lay so close together: for there is scarcely a day but that one or both are practising at gunnery or throwing mortar shells at each other. The only thing they did not effectually shelter us from was the rain.

At the time of taking this position the hostility of the pickets had begun to slacken, and in a few days more the firing in front had entirely ceased. Our men were now at liberty to sit or move about upon the parapets without any danger, and the rebels also availed themselves of the same privilege. As time passed on the pickets became remarkably friendly and courteous towards each other. One incident will serve to illustrate the fact that though men may war with each other for an idea, they are at heart very good friends after all. There was a tree, in a small hollow about half way between the two lines, where the rebels had been in the habit of posting their videttes in the evening, and withdrawing them again before daybreak. One evening our vidette gained the tree, his right to which the rebel soldier, who was approaching the spot to take his post, quietly yielded. And there they stood all night, within a few yards of each other, and would doubtless have engaged in friendly conversation had not military etiquette forbidden such intercourse. The next night the rebels gained the tree, to which pre-occupation our men readily acquiesed, and so the thing ran for weeks.

It was during this interval of comparative quiet that the rebel soldiers began to desert and come over into our lines at night. In four nights seventy-four came into our brigade alone. Still further to the left, where the Reserves lay, the chances for escape were more favorable and they came in greater numbers. In our front was the brigade of Brigadier General Cesar Finnegan, (Phoebus, what a name!) of Olustee notority; and seeing that Cesar's men hungered more for peace and something good to eat than for military renown, we began to woo these temporarily estranged brethren of the south to our bosoms. We had a band of musical geniuses in the Eighty-Third who used, in the evening, to mount the parapets with flute, violin and guitar and play while the boys tripped the light fastastic toe. The deserters, who came in, stated that they could distinctly hear the music and the calling off; and, concluding that we were having a fine time of it, thought they would come over and make us a visit.

The stories of all these deserters were pretty much the same, and I do not think it necessary to repeat them here. But there was a deserter came in one night who gave expression to such enlarged views of the situation that I have thought his remarks worth preserving. "Keep Grant and Sherman well reinforced," said he, "and the confederacy is gone up a spout!"

There was a good deal of artillery and mortar practice along our front at times and it often resulted in loss to some portion of the brigade. It was what we called, however, peaceable times. The works along the whole line were being constantly strengthened by the addition of new forts and batteries. Vast covered ways, resembling canals, and running in every direction for the passage to and fro of troops, artillery and ammunition were constructed; pits for mortar batteries were dug at intervals along the whole line, and every preparation was made for the grand canonade which was to come off when Burnside should blow up the rebel fort and make an assault upon their works in his front. We saw the work going on, but did not know what was intended until the fulness of time brought it to light.

It had been for some time rumored that Burnside was undermining the rebel fort in his front, but, as the operations was conducted with secresy, these rumors were not confirmed until the mine was completed. The same rumor seems also to have gained credit among the rebels, and at one time they became so alarmed at the prospect of being blown into the air, that the Petersburg papers sounded the cry that the whole city was being undermined, and that they were treading on a volcano. Geology finally came to their aid, and they consoled themselves with the assurance that if

the Yankees were in fact undermining them, they would soon come to a species of marl (I think they call it,) which would prove an effective barrier to any further progress into the bowels of the earth. Under the soothing effects of this scientific assurance, they again folded their arms and relapsed into a state of quiescence. The mine was finally completed, and on the night of the 29th of July, at ten o'clock, word was sent around to every regiment to be up and under arms at three o'clock in the morning. The explosion was to take place at half-past three, and at that moment the pickets were to run in behind the works and commence firing, and every battery along the line, both artillery and mortar, was to open at the same time. The fort which had been mined was about three-quarters of a mile to our right and in full view. During the night a portion of Burnside's corps, including a division of colored troops, were moved into position so as to be ready to make the assault at the moment the explosion should take place.

We were all up at the appointed time, for we were filled with curiosity to witness what promised to be the grandest spectacle of the whole war. Half-past three came, but no explosion. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, but no explosion yet. We were all upon the breastworks watching anxiously, when at last we heard a rumbling in the earth, then an earthquake and a tremendous roar, and in a moment more we saw mixed volumes of smoke and dust rising from the spot where stood the doomed fort. Men, artillery carriages, and all went heavenward with the explosion. The pickets came running in, and the rebels in our front leaped upon their breastworks and gazed in wonder and awe upon what had taken place, not knowing but that another moment would send them, too, whirling into eternity. In a moment more, as if all the artillery of heaven and earth combined had opened at once, five hundred cannon and mortars flashed forth in sheets of flame, and sent their fiery messengers of death screaming and hissing through the air into the lines of the intrenched enemy. The rebels were so terrified and confounded for the space of half an hour that they hardly knew from what quarter to expect the next shock. They hugged their works so closely that only now and then could a portion of a man's head be seen peering from the embrazures of their forts, apparently stationed there to give the alarm should an assault be made along the whole line. In the meantime, Burnside's men charged up the hill and over the ruins of the fort, drove the enemy out and pursued them into the woods beyond. They had clearly gained the field. More troops pressed forward and took possession of the ground. Then was the time they should have been reinforced by picks and shovels as well as by muskets. Had they commenced immediately to fortify and to convert the ruins into breastworks for their own defence, they might have held the field. But the time passed unimproved. The rebels gathered their forces for a charge, and, coming down upon them like an avalanche, drove them back and held the ground, and our men never regained possession of it afterwards. The explosion was a disaster and a failure.

On the 16th of August the Fifth was relieved by portions of the Second and Ninth Corps, and withdrew half a mile to the rear, preparatory to a descent on the Weldon Railroad. On the 18th we moved in that direction and, on approaching it, encountered a few cavalry pickets who fled and communicated the intelligence of our movement. The corps pressed forward and gained possession of the road at the Yellow House, six miles below Petersburg. The enemy came out to meet us and, after a spirited engagement, were repulsed. On the 19th they made another and heavier attack, gained some advantage and captured, as they claimed, about two thousand prisoners. The fighting of this day was on the right of the corps, and the divisions engaged were the Second and Third. As neither the Eighty-Third, nor the Division to which it belonged, took an active part in the fight, I shall not attempt to describe it here. The battle for a while was very severe and the result doubtful, but the rebels were in the end repulsed and driven back through the woods into their own fortifications. Our lines were now firmly established across the railroad and we commenced fortifying at once in order to render them secure. The Ninth Corps which took part in the action joined the Fifth Corps on the right.

But the rebels seemed still determined to regain possession of the road. Prisoners reported that Gen. Lee had said it must be retaken at all hazards. It was the principal road over which they obtained their supplies. From the 18th to the 21st the time had been busily spent in intrenching and we were now ready for any force that might come against us. Their partial successes on the 19th had emboldened them, and they were now about to make their final effort for the repossession of the road.

Our intrenchments now extended from the Appomattox, on the north of Petersburg, to the Weldon railroad at the Yellow House, and running through heavy bodies of timber a great portion of the way. The army resembled a huge serpent lying coiled around the defences of Petersburg, with its tail lapped around its chief artery of supply, and every now and then tightening its folds and giving the rebellion a more deadly hug. The Fifth Corps had drawn their works across the railroad and then down parallel with the track, at a distance of eighty rods from it, for the distance of half a mile, and there they ended abruptly. The rebels thought this was the extreme left of our lines, but in this they were mistaken. About sixty rods to the rear, and near to the railroad, another line of works was thrown up, extending half a mile still further down the road, and this line the rebels had not discovered. Behind these works the Eighty Third and the rest of the First Division were posted. Directly in front of our brigade was a heavy body of woods, slashed and thickly grown with underbrush, rendering us secure from any attack in that quarter and leaving us at liberty to direct our fire upon the enemy should he attack our advance lines.

On the morning of the 21st the enemy made the attack upon the right of the corps, under cover of a furious enfilading fire, which swept the entire line of our entrenchments. We had seldom been placed under a hotter artillery fire than this. The attack on the right was chiefly made as a feint to cover the assault which was to be made upon what they supposed to be our extreme left. In about an hour sharp picket firing was heard in our front, and shortly after our entire line of pickets came running in, after having lost several in killed, wounded and taken prisoners. As the woods were very dense the enemy had great difficulty in getting through them in line of battle. Having at last

worked their way out, they halted at the edge, under cover of a hill, reformed and advanced to the attack.

They advanced in the most splendid order through the cornfield which laid before them, and their heads could be just seen above the tall corn, with their red battle-flags waving over it. There was an universal expression of admiration among our men, not unmingled with a feeling of sympathy at the bold and devoted manner in which that band of heroes moved forward to certain disaster and defeat. For a few moments after they hove in sight there was no firing, every man being apparently absorbed in watching their movements. What a pity it was to spoil the proud hopes of such a band of brave fellows! On they came, their hearts beating high with bright anticipations of victory; but in a moment more they were all dashed to the ground. Sheets of flame leaped from the works in our front, and thousands of fiery minies went hissing into their ranks, while the Third Brigade, with well-directed aim and the cross-fire of our artillery played upon them with terrible effect. Staggered by the shock, they wavered for a moment, as if surprised and confounded, and then throwing away their arms they rushed, with uplifted hands, towards our lines and called upon our men to cease firing. They had incontinently rushed into the very jaws of the trap. A few ran to the rear; but the greater part rushed past the works and took refuge in a hollow which was thickly filled with bushes and lying between the two lines of entrenchments. We then had them between two fires and could have slaughtered them like sheep in the shambles, but our men instinctively forbore to again fire upon them after they had given this indication of a surrender. Gen. Haygood, who commanded the rebel brigade, had also put spurs to his horse and galloped, like another Curtius, into the gulf before him; and we were certain that both he and his whole command had concluded to surrender themselves as prisoners of war.

But Gen. Haygood and his command, it appeared, entertained a different opinion. They had not remained there ten minutes before they concluded to make a desperate attempt to effect their escape. The ravine, where they were, led directly into the woods from which they had come. Putting spurs to his horse, therefore, the chivalrous Haygood dashed out at a furious gallop and was followed by numbers of his men on the run. In a moment a thousand bullets went whizzing after them. Many were shot down before they reached the woods and Haygood was wounded, but he still clung to his horse and was borne off into the thickets and fairly escaped. Our batteries, at the same time, commenced throwing shells around their line of retreat so furiously, that the few rebels, who had gained the edge of the woods, found it impracticable to go any further and finally came back and delivered themselves up. Those who had the good sense to remain in the ravine were unharmed. The number of prisoners amounted to between three and four hundred, and their killed and wounded to probably a hundred. This was the last attempt the rebels ever made to repossess themselves of the Weldon railroad. Their reasons for not doing so were probably owing to the fact that, after repeatedly failing in the attempt, they began to discover that the loss of the road was only a "blessing in disguise" and that the possession of it was of no consequence after all.

This was the last battle of the Eighty Third under the old organization. The time was now approaching when the officers and men, whose terms of service had expired, were to be mustered out and to return to their homes. As the last company of the regiment had been mustered into the service on the 8th of September, 1861, the 7th of September, 1864, was the day on which the term of the regiment expired. The number remaining, who were to go, was about one hundred and seventy. Some were also absent, sick or wounded at the hospitals. Others had been, at different times, transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and were also entitled to their discharges upon the same day. By the 7th all the papers for transferring the remaining men to the new organization, for the mustering out of the officers and for the transportation of the regiment to Washington were completed; and on that day they took the steamer at City Point for Washington, under command of Lieut.-Col. D. C. McCoy, and in a few days arrived at Harrisburg. After remaining there two or three weeks, in order to finish up the muster-out rolls and receive their pay, they returned to their homes, after an absence of three years, and after having participated in all the campaigns and most of the battles of the Army of the Potomac.

CHAPTER XXV.

Reorganization of the Regiment into a Battalion. Action at Peeble's Farm. Raid on the Weldon Railroad at Stony Station. Actions at Hatcher's Run. The Battalion reinforced by four new companies and become a regiment again. They take part in the movements which resulted in the evacuation of Petersburgh and Richmond, and in the capture of Lee's Army. Their return to Washington. Muster our and return home.

The history of the old Eighty-Third properly ended with the last chapter. But as there were nearly six hundred men still left on the muster-rolls, embracing the re-enlisted veteran volunteers who came out in 1861, the recruits of 1862, the drafted men of 1863, and the recruits of 1864, I have thought it proper to continue the history the same as if no re-organization had taken place. In fact there were three times as many remained as there were mustered out of service. But their subsequent history will necessarily be brief and imperfect, as I left the regiment shortly after the muster-out, and am able to give only such disconnected accounts as I have been able to obtain from a few of its officers.

On the 7th of September the ten companies of the regiment were consolidated into six, and re-lettered as follows:

Co. A, (formed of E and part of C.)
" B, (" " H and part of K.)
" C, (" " I, K and C.)
" D, (" " F, B and K.)
" E, (" " G and part of B.)
" F, (" " D, A and K.)

Under this organization they were known in official language as the Eighty-Third Battalion, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the only field officers they were entitled to was a Lieut. Colonel and a Major. Capt. C. P. Rogers was afterwards commissioned Lieut. Colonel, and Capt. Wm. O. Colt, Major. As the Battalion was not, also, entitled to a non-commissioned staff, the Sergeant-Major, Quartermaster's and Commissary Sergeants and the Hospital Steward were mustered out as supernumeraries. The offices of Quartermaster and Adjutant were filled by lieutenants detailed from the companies for that purpose.

From September to the next February the battalion was engaged in three different actions, in all of which they met with but slight losses, viz: The action at Peebles' Farm on the 30th of September, and the two actions of October 27th and February 6th, in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run. Of the first affair I give the following account from the letter of an officer belonging to the Eighty-Third, who was present at the time:

"We were packed on the 28th and 29th of September ready to move, but did not move until the morning of the 30th, when the 1st Division moved out, the 3d Brigade in advance with drums beating and colors flying to the breeze. We left the works at the fort, to the left of where our camp was when you left us, marched directly to the front and struck the Squirrel Level road which we followed to Poplar Grove Spring Church. Here we found the 'webby people's' skirmishers and they were soon driven in by the 4th Mich., who acted as skirmishers for the brigade. Our brigade marched by the flank across a swamp and then filed off from the road to the right. All this time the rebels were firing at us from two batteries, one directly in front and another to the right and front. Their skirmishers were also getting in, once in a while, a shot. After filing off the road and halting, the left of the battalion rested on the road, with the 118th on the right and the 16th on its left. If we had faced to the right and marched by the flank, without changing direction, we would have gone directly into the rebel lines. After some delay we were ordered to face to the right and take distance in the same direction.

"While we were doing this we heard a devil of a yelling, and, on looking around, saw the troops running towards the enemy's works whooping like so many demons. The Eighty-Third followed suit and rushed out into a cotton field. On getting out a hundred yards into the field, we saw in our front a small square fort from which a dirty rebel battle flag was flying, and in which two guns were mounted. This fort was flanked on its right and left with good breastworks, having strong abattis in front, and appearing to be filled with men, who opened upon us a lively musketry fire. The two pieces of artillery gave us our rations of canister. About fifty yards in front of the fort was a hollow, or ravine, which seemed to be as safe a place as could be found. Accordingly the whole line ran for it, and, when they reached it, halted for a few minutes. The colors of the Eighty-Third had gone directly to the front from where we started, which movement brought them about fifty yards to the right of the fort. A portion of the left of the regiment obliqued to the left and went up directly in front of the fort. Capt. Rogers* was was with a squad of men in the ravine, and after the rebels had fired their canister, we rushed from the ravine, through the abattis, upon them. Our colors were the first upon their works. Capt. Rogers, with his squad, charged up to the fort, jumped into the ditch, then ran around to the entrance at the rear and cut off the retreat of about fifty of the enemy, among whom was the major commanding. The enemy rallied about one hundred yards from their works and opened on us with musketry and with one piece of artillery which they had succeeded in getting away. We charged on them and soon drove them back. This too place about noon.

*The Eighty-Third was commanded by Capt. C. P. Rogers on this occasion.

"A division of the 9th Corps now came up and took the advance. The Eighty-Third was taken back from the brigade to a small redoubt, about a mile to our right, which had been abandoned by the rebels. This we held until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were ordered to rejoin the brigade.

"A little before dusk the rebels attacked the Ninth Corps men and they ran like sheep to the rear. Our division was ordered to the front to check the enemy. The Third Brigade had just formed in the edge of a piece of woods as the enemy came upon us. It was now quite dark. The rebels soon found that they were not fooling with the Ninth Corps. After a severe fight of over an hour we drove them back. We lost six or seven good men killed, and quite a number wounded. That night we went back into the works which we had taken from the enemy, and the next day the enemy again attacked us but were again repulsed."

In the action of the 27th of October, the Eighty-Third and the division to which it belonged, were not heavily engaged, and the regiment lost no men. The hardest part of the fighting was done by the Second Corps and Gen. Crawford's division of the Fifth. The same officer, who was present, describes the affair as follows:

"The First and Second Brigades were placed in front and ours was held in reserve. We moved at daylight on the morning of October 27th, our division being in advance. We soon started the rebel picket line and drove them about three miles to Hatcher's Run where we ran against strong works, with a slashing in front. Here our division halted. The Second and Third divisions went to the left and, with two divisions of the Second Corps, flanked the works and pushed the enemy nearly to the South Side Railroad. There was a gap between the Third division and the Second Corps. About dark the enemy discovered this and put a force through into the rear of the Second Corps and threw them into confusion. Gen. Crawford wheeled his division, charged and took nearly a whole brigade of Mahone's division, and re-captured a number of prisoners which they had captured from the Second Corps. On the morning of the 28th we commenced falling back. The Second division went first; then the Third division withdrew their picket lines, leaving our left flank exposed to the enemy. The moment they discovered this, they attacked our pickets and drove them in. Gen. Warren charged his escort and held the enemy until we could get into position. We had now a fair prospect for a fight, as the whole corps had gone with the single exception of our brigade. We were much relieved however on finding nothing but the enemy's cavalry in our front, and they seemed disposed to keep at a respectful distance from our line. We remained in line about an hour, awaiting an attack, and then withdrew, three regiments going one road through the woods and three another."

The two foregoing movements were parts of that series of operations by which Gen. Grant expected to gain possession of the Southside Railroad, and they were both made in that direction. By constantly worrying them in this manner, and in seizing and destroying all their principal channels of supply, he intended to exhaust their resources, cripple their energies and to encompass them round about with a wall of fire, until the favorable moment should arrive when by a powerful and well directed assault upon their lines, he should inflict upon them a defeat from which they could never hope to recover. The rebels still used the Weldon Railroad up to Stoney Creek Station, from which they hauled supplies in army wagons around to Petersburg. His attention was now directed to the destruction of the road at that point and the Fifth Corps were just under marching orders for that purpose. But few of the officers or men, however, knew the object of the movement or what was the point of their destination. As a part of the history of the Eighty-Third, I must be permitted to again fall back upon the officer above referred to, and to give his description of the operation in his own words:

"We had built winter-quarters on the Reebles Farm in November, and had hoped that we would be allowed to remain there during the winter. But our hopes were somewhat dashed, one evening, on receiving orders to be in readiness to move at an early hour the next morning, as we would probably be relieved by the Sixth Corps. Swearing was indulged in freely, as you can well imagine. On the morning of the 6th of December we moved to the Jerusalem Plank Road, in front of Fort Stevens, and bivouacked. During the day our whole corps concentrated at this point, and Gens. Griffin and Bartlett both gave it as their opinion that we were going into winter-quarters. That sounded very well, but did not last long; for about ten o'clock that night the men were supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition apiece, with orders to move at daylight the next morning. No one could imagine where we were going, but it was generally supposed that we were going to make a flank movement. At daylight, December 7th, we moved out on the Jerusalem Plank Road away from Petersburg. After a march of nineteen miles, we left the plank road, turned to the right and, about a mile from there found the Nottoway River. We reached there at about four o'clock p. m., and bivouacked. That night a pontoon bridge was laid, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 8th we crossed the river and marched to Sussex Court House. From there we marched to the Weldon Railroad, which we struck at the point where it crosses the Nottaway River, a mile or two below Stoney Creek Station. We reached the railroad about noon. At sundown our division moved to the railroad and destroyed it as far as Jarrett's Station, ten miles from Stoney Creek Station. At midnight we were relieved by the Third Division, who continued to destroy the track while we bivouacked at Jarrett's Station.

"On the 9th we moved towards Hicksford and encamped, about six miles from Bellefield, on the plantation of one Ben Bailes. Ben had a large quantity of provisions, poultry, hogs, etc., besides about twenty-five barrels of liquor, called, by the natives, Apple Jack. About every man in the brigade filled his canteen and coffee pot, and by midnight we had a drunken brigade. We had very nice weather up to the evening of the 9th. It then commenced to rain, (or tried to) but it was so cold that the rain froze. The ground and the trees were covered with ice the next morning. We were ordered to move at six o'clock that morning, but it was seven before the brigade got under way. So many men were 'half seas over' that it was almost impossible to get them started. A number were left behind and have not been heard

of since. That day (the 10th) we marched to Sussex Court House, distant twenty-one miles. On the 11th we re-crossed the Nottoway and bivouacked on the plantation of Maj. Belshes, of the C. S. A. On the 12th we returned to our present quarters, about a mile from the Gurley House, near the Jerusalem Plank Road. We did not fire a shot while we were gone, except at hogs, sheep, etc."

The third affair, in which the Eighty-Third was engaged, was what is known as the battle of Dabney's Mill, which is in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run. This engagement took place on the 6th of February, 1865, and was another one of Gen. Grant's leaps towards the South Side Railroad. The general result was not advantageous to our arms. The Eighty-Third, on this occasion, was commanded by Major W. O. Colt. The only account I have been able to obtain of the part taken by the regiment is contained in the following extract from the letter of an officer who was present and who describes it thus:

"The last move ended in the greatest skedaddle that has taken place yet; and the whole thing was the result of our getting along too fast. The generals got excited and did not keep their reserves well in hand: and when Mahone charged with his division, he drove the front line before him and they, in turn, carried everything back with them. Fortunately night was close at hand, and the rebels were not aware of the panic we were in, or it would have resulted in a disastrous defeat to us.

"Here they were, fairly surrounded on both sides by our troops, but neither they nor we knew it at the time. During the night they threw up breastworks; but it is hardly necessary to say that, when morning came and they discovered the position they were in, they left on the double quick. Had we known their exact position we might have charged down on them and captured a brigade easy enough.

"Brig. Gen. A. L. Pearson commanded the brigade on the day of the fight and, after taking in half of the brigade, came back and directed the Eighty-Third to be marched by the flank down just in rear of the front line: and, as we were marching along, the rebels charged on the front line, driving them through our ranks and sweeping us off the field. Had the regiment been in line of battle and facing the charging column they, no doubt, would have suffered severely, as they would not have left the field without making some show of fight.

"Our division was scattered by brigades along the line for two miles. Bad generalship was the secret of our failure or, in other words, rushing the troops ahead too fast and not keeping them well in hand."

The Eighty-Third lost two killed in this affair and ten or twelve wounded. The killed were Capt. Ben. Smith and Sergeant Jason Winings, both of whom were well tried soldiers and the latter of whom had distinguished himself by the capture of a rebel colonel at the Battle of the Wilderness.

On the 17th of November, 1864, Captain C. P. Rogers was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, and on the 14th of January following Captain W. O. Colt was commissioned Major. Between the 1st and the 17th of March, 1865, four new companies from Harrisburg were added to the battalion and the Eighty-Third again became a regiment, with nearly a thousand men, entitling it to a full complement of field officers. Lieutenant Colonel Rogers was accordingly commissioned Colonel and Major Colt Lieutenant Colonel, their commissions dating from the 6th of March, 1865.

It is impossible at this time to collect all the facts connected with the part taken by the Eighty-Third in the last and closing campaign in Virginia. It is enough to say that they participated actively in the whole of that glorious campaign which resulted in the evacuation of Petersburgh and Richmond and in the capture of Lee's army; and it is gratifying to know that they lost but a few men during the operations. It was the Fifth corps, to which the Eighty-Third belongs, that, by a heavy march of over thirty miles, threw themselves into the rear of the retreating rebels and sealed the fate of their army. With the rest of the Army of the Potomac, they arrived in front of Washington on the 12th of May, 1865. On the 27th of June the regiment started for Harrisburg, where they were shortly after mustered out of service and returned to their homes.

FIELD AND STAFF

—OF—

McLANE'S ERIE REGIMENT

—AND—

EIGHTY-THIRD REGIMENT PENN'A VOLS.,

TOGETHER WITH

MUSTER ROLLS OF EIGHTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Field and Staff of McLane's Erie Regiment.

John W. McLane, Colonel.
Benjamin Grant, Lieut. Colonel.
M. Schlaudecker, Major.
Strong Vincent, Adjutant.
J. L. Stewart, Surgeon.
S. B. Benson, Quarter Master.
Joseph Justice, Sergeant Major.
William Luetje, Drum Major.
Michael Mehl, Leader of the Regimental Band.

Muster Roll of Field and Staff

OF THE EIGHTY-THIRD REGIMENT PENN'A VOLS.

Col. John W. McLane, enrolled at Erie, July 29, 1861. Killed at Gaines' Mill, (see history.

Col. Strong Vincent, enrolled at Erie, July 29, 1861. Date of commission as Lieut. Colonel, July 24 1861. Died of wounds at Gettysburgh, (see history.

Col. O. S. Woodward, (see muster roll Co. D.

Lieut. Col. Hugh S. Campbell, (see muster roll of Co E.

Lieut. Col. DeWitt C. McCoy, (see muster roll Co. F.

Major Louis H. Naghel. Date of commission, July 24, 1861. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Major William H. Lamont. Promoted from Adjutant June 27, 1862. Went out of service July 2, 1864.

Surgeon William Faulkner, eurolled at Waterford, Aug. 27, 1861. Mustered at Erie, Sept. 8, following. Resigned Oct. 14, 1862.

Surgeon J. P. Burchfield, assigned to the regt. April 12, 1863. Transfered to new organization.

Ass't Surgeon David E. Belknap, enrolled at Fairview, Aug. 27, 1861. Mustered at Erie, Sept. 8, 1861. Resigned June 17, 1862.

Ass't Surgeon Michael Thompson, assigned to the regiment Aug. 2, 1862. Resigned May 14, 1863.

Ass't Surgeon T. C. M. Stockton, assigned to the regiment May 16, 1864. Transferred to new organization.

Ass't Surgeon William S. Stewart, mustered out Sept. 7, 1864.

Ass't Surgeon Isaac Walborn, not accounted for on muster roll.

Ass't Surgeon Jared Free, assigned to regiment June 26, 1863. Killed by guerrillas near Kelleys Ford, Dec. 10, following.

Adjutant John M. Clark, (see muster roll of Co. I.

Lieut. James Saeger, Quarter Master, enrolled at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered at Erie Sept. 8, resigned Feb. 28, 1862.

Lieut. Daniel W. Clark, Quarter Master, (see muster roll of Co. G.

Chaplain Josiah Flower. Mustered Oct. 21, '61, resigned July 8, '62.

Chaplain O. B. Clark. Mustered Sept. 1, '62. Transferred to the new organization.

Sergt. Major James H. Barnett, (see muster roll of Co. E.

Sergt. Major Charles Himrod, (see muster roll of Co. E.

Sergt. Major James M. Hunter, (see muster roll of Co. A.

Sergt. Major John W. Marshall, (see muster roll of Co. F.

Sergt. Major Edward L. Whittelsey, (see muster roll of Co. E.

Quarter Master Sergt. Edward W. Bettis, (see muster roll of Co. K.

Commissary Sergt. John H. Borden, (see muster roll of Co. I.

Commissary Sergt. John Rockwell, (see muster roll of Co. H.

Commissary Sergt. Walter F. Stacy, (see muster roll of Co. I.

Hospital Steward Philip J. Harlow, (see muster roll of Co. K.

Hospital Steward Joseph W. Scholl, (see muster roll of Co. B.

Regimental Band.

Michael M. Mehl, leader, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 25, '61. The band was discharged Aug. 11, '62, by virtue of general order of War Department, being in excess of legal organization.

Charles Blanchard, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 25, '61.

William L. Brawley, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61. Killed in action in front of Richmond, June 27, '62.

Ambrose Clark, enlisted at Erie Aug. 25, '61.

Wellington H. Daggett, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61.

John E. Eisentrant, enlisted at Erie Aug. 25, '61.

John G. Freund, enlisted at Erie Aug. 25, '61.

William Glazier, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61.
Ahira Hall, enlisted at Erie Aug. 14, '61.
John S. Hart, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61.
John Loomis, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61.
Cornelius R. H. Lynn, Drum Major, (see muster roll Co. 1.
Henry Meyer, Drum Major, enlisted at Erie Aug. 25, '61.
Charles F. Mehl, enlisted at Erie Aug. 25, '61.
James Morrow, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61.
David A. Mills, enlisted at Erie Sept. 16, '61
Valentine Renner, enlisted at Erie Aug. 25, '61.

Muster Roll of Company "A."

Mustered into the service of the United States, at Erie, Pa., August 21, 1861.

Capt. Charles B. Morgan, enrolled at Titusville, July 25, 1861. Commissioned Captain Aug. 21, 1861. Resigned April 3, 1862.
Capt. David P. Sigler, enrolled at Titusville, July 25, 1861. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant Aug. 21, 1861. Promoted from 1st Lieutenant to Captain, April 3, 1862. Resigned July 12, 1862.
Capt. David P. Jones, enlisted at Titusville, July 25, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant Jan. 31, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant April 3, 1862; to Captain July 12, 1862. Wounded at Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill and Bull Run. Discharged Sept. 7, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. James M. Hunter, enlisted at Erie, July 24, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant-Major to 2d Lieutenant of Company A, April 3, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant, July 12, 1862. Discharged Sept. 12, 1862, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Lieut. Martin V. Gifford, enlisted at Wattsburg July 29, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant of Company K to 2d Lieutenant of Company A, July 12, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 12, 1862. Discharged Sept. 7, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. Pierce Hanrahan, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Promoted from 2d Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant Oct. 8, 1861. Resigned Jan. 31, 1662.
Lieut David R. Rogers, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Promoted from 2d Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant Jan. 1, 1863 Transfered to the New Organization Sept. 7, 1864, and discharged shortly after by reason of disability. Was wounded at Laurel Hill.

Discharged September 7, 1864, *by Reason of Expiration of Term of Service.*

Henry H. Black, Sergeant, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 23, 1861. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and Laurel Hill.
George W. Cribbs, Corporal, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861.
James S. Cowden, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861.
Jared S. Cahoon, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 17, 1861.
Lutuer H. Davis, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Gaines' Mill.
Roe Fletcher, Corporal, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Sept. 29, 1862.
Henry Gillis, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, 1861.
John Hine, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 16, 1861.
William Hibbard, Sergeant, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run and Gettysburg.
John P. Kennedy, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, 1861.
Morris E. Mathews, Sergeant, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861.
John A. Mizen, Corporal, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 16, 1861.
Emilins J. Ross, Corporal, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and Laurel Hill.
Charles R. Russel, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861.
Philip Smith, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Mortimer Usher, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill and the battle of the Wilderness.

Discharged by Reason of Wounds, Disease, &c., before the Expiration of their Terms of Service.

Richard Best, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 6, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged April 1, 1863.
De-Witt C. Blanchard, Corporal, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Jan. 8, 1863.
Adad Bradley, Corporal, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Sept 1, 1861.
Judson Blanchard, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 13, 1861. Discharged Sept. 11, 1862.
William Brightman, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 30, 1861. Discharged June 10, 1862.
Oliver J. Coburn, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Discharged June 10, 1862.
George Eeles, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 14, 1861. Discharged Feb. 9, 1864.
Henry H. Fair, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Jan. 8, 1863.
James Garrigan, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, 1861. Discharged Dec. 26, 1862.
Eliphalet S. Green, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Dec. 4, 1862.
William F. House, Sergt, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.
Joseph Hutchins, Sergt, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Feb. 9, 1863, by order of War Department.
Myron B. Hatch, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Discharged May 2, 1863
Wallace Hammond, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Sept. 27, 1862.
Geo. W. Herring, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged Dec. 23, 1862.
Menzo Howard, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 3, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Feb. 9, 1863.
Russel A. Harvey, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Feb. 11, 1863.
George C. Kerr, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged Oct. 17, 1862.
William Lindsey, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 13, 1861. Discharged July 17, 1862.
Alden Limber, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, 1861. Discharged Jan. 28, 1863.
Patrick McGuire, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Feb. 9, 1863.
William M. McCammon, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 30, 1861. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Nov. 25, 1863.
Aaron S. Mansfield, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Discharged Sept. 1, 1861.

John E. McGill, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 26, 1861. Discharged April 21, 1862.
William Massy, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Aug. 1, 1862.
George H. Merwin, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 16, 1861. Discharged Sept. 29, 1862
Loren G. Mallory, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Discharged Dec. 4, 1862.
Francis J. Nolan, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Jan. 19, 1863.
Ray W. Porter, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged May 20, 1862.
Daniel A. Rice, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Sept 10, 1862.
William C. Rice, enlisted at Titusville, July 29. 1861. Discharged July 27, 1862.
Emminger S. Rudy, enlisted at Titusville, Aug 7, 1861 Discharged May 20, 1862
Asahel J. Root, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 10, 1861. Discharged June 8, 1862.
George W. Snaw, enlisted at Titusville, Aug 7, 1861. Discharged Jan. 28, 1863.
Wilson G. Southwick, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 12, 1861 Discharged Sept. 4, 1861.
Timothy R. Sutton, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Discharged Sept. 4, 1861.
John K. Slemmer, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Discharged April 4, 1862.
Jonathan T. Smith, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 1, 1861. Discharged Sept. 29, 1862.
Jacob Slabaugh, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 10, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Nov. 1, 1863.
Charles Townsend, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 23, 1861. Discharged April 20, 1862.
Joel G. Whiteside. Sergt, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 10, 1861. Discharged Sept. 4, 1862, by order of War Department.
William Wilhelm, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged Jan. 2, 1862.
David S. Weed, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Discharged May 20, 1862.
Thomas Whallon, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 10, 1861. Discharged April 3, 1862.
A. M. Warren, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 12, 1861. Discharged April 20, 1862.

Re-Enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

George A. Quillen, 1st Sergt, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted Dec. 27, 1863. Wounded Sept. 30, 1864, and since died.
Brown Zuver, Sergt, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, 1864.
S. Harrison Wells, Sergt, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 8, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, 1864. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. Killed Sept. 30, 1864, before Petersburg.
Andrews J. Williams, Corp , enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, 1864.
Eugene Cedar, Corp., enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, 1861. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, 1864.
George L. Fales, enlisted at Titusville Aug. 7, 1861. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, 1864.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps., &c.

James Armstrong, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 13, 1863. Transferred to United States Navy March 12, 1864.
William Arrington, enlisted at Titusville July 29, 1861. Transferred to United States Artillery, Nov. 9, 1863.
Joseph Bean, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 14, 1863.
Francis Butler, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 11, 1863. Wounded at the North Anna.
John Burns, drafted at Phila., Aug. 13, '63.
Nathan P. Cummings, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Transfered to V. R. Corps, Mar. 7, '64.
Joseph Donoven, drafted at Phila., Aug. 13, '63.
William Fox, drafted at Phila., Aug. 11, '63. Transfered to U. S. Navy. Mar. 12, '64.
Thomas Griffin, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 7, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Transfered to V. R. Corps, March 7, '64.
Severen Hayes, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Transfered to Reg'tal band, Oct. 5, '61.
James Henderson, enlisted at Erie. Feb. 12, '62.
John H. Johnson, drafted at West Chester, July 18, '63. Promoted to Sergt. Major, Mar. 18, '65.
Bernard Killian, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 12, '63. Transfered to U. S. Navy, Mar. 12, '64.
William Leamont, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 13, '63. Transfered to U. S. Navy, Mar. 12, '64.
Stephen Lean, drafted at West Chester, Sept. 12, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
John McCullin, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 13, '63. Transfered to U. S. Navy, Mar. 12, '64.
John McGonask, drafted at Lancaster, July 11, '63. Wounded at Old Church.
Francis Murray, drafted at Phila., Aug. 13, '63.
John Mulasky, drafted at Reading, July 20, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Thomas McGuire, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 13, '63.
Charles Patton, drafted at West Chester, Sept. 5, '63.
James Patterson, drafted at Norristown, Sept. 26, '63.
Thomas Quinn, drafted at Frankfort, Aug. 13, '63. Captured at Laurel Hill, and re-captured by Sheridan's cavelry.
Henry Ramsdall, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 9, '61. Transfered to V. R. Corps, June 5, '63.
Cornelius Reynolds, enlisted at Meadville, March 25, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
William J. Stow, Enlisted at Meadville, March 25, '64.
William W. Swords, drafted at Lancaster, July 23, '63.
Frederick Stein, drafted at Lancaster, Aug. 12, 1863.
Rufus Sniffin, drafted at Norristown, Sept. 26, 1863.
James D. Wing, drafted at Phila., Sept. 13, 63.

Killed in action, and died of disease.

Owen Brady, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
William Cox, drafted at Phila., Aug. 13, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Lorenzo Cravens, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, '61. Died of disease at Yorktown, Va. May 7, '62.
William F. Cribbs, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Died, July 9, '62, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Robert Griffen, Corp., enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 30, '61. Killed at Gettysburg.
James Graham, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Died of disease at Gaines' Mill, June 24, 1862.
Henry J. Green, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Died, July 8, '62, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Murray Howard, Sergt., enlisted at Titusville, July 30, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.

William Hodgden, drafted at Phila., Aug. 13, '63. Killed at Petersburgh, June 20, '64.
Comfort Hyde, enlisted at Titusville, Sept. 3, '61. Died, Sept. 24, '62, of wounds received at Bull Run.
George H. Johnson, Corp., enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Frederick Laughenberger, enlisted at Titusvil'e, Sept. 8, '61. Died, July 16, '62, of wounds recieved at Malvern Hill.
Edwin A. Mattison, Corp., enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Alonzo Manul, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
O'Harriger Maxen, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, '61. Died of disase, July 28, '62.
William W. Maben, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, '61. Died of Disease at Alexandria, Va., Sept. 30, '62.
H. S. B. Mansfield, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Died of disease at Washington, Oct. 8, 1862.
Robert C. Maben, enlisted at Titusville, July 30, '61. Died of disease at Stoneman's Station, Feb. 7, '63.
John H. Miller, drafted at Phila., July 28, '62. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Murray Nash, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Killed at Laurel Hill.
George W. Robinson, Copr., enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 7, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and Bull Run. Killed at Laurel Hill.
George Riddle, enlisted at Titusville, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
Romulus A. Storey, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.
John Thomas, drafted at West Chester, Sept. 2, '63. Died of wounds at Washington, Aug. 4, 1864.
James W. Weir, enlisted at Erie, Mar. 13, '62. Killed at Bull Run.
James K. Wilson, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Charles Wright, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
No. of deserters, 43.

Muster Roll of Company "B."

Mustered into the service of the United States, Aug. 25th 1861, *at Erie Penn'a.*

Capt. John F. Morris, enrolled at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61, commissioned Captain Aug. 25, wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Sept. 15, '62 by reason of wounds.
Capt. David A. Apple, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Promoted from 1st sergt. to 2d Lieut. Oct. 18, '61; to 1st Lieut. April 3d '62; to Capt. Sept. 15, '62. Discharged May 23d, '63 by reason of disability. Commissioned Captain in the Invalid Corps, in '63 and died of disease at Washington, —— '64.
Capt. Daniel G. Saeger, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Promoted from 1st sergt. to 2d Lieut. April 3d '62; to 1st Lieut. Sept. 15, '62; to Captain May 23d, '63. Discharged Sept. 7, '64 by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. Orrin A. Hotchkiss, enrolled at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut. Aug. 25; promoted to 1st Lieut. Sept. 15, '61. Resigned on account of disability Apr. 3. '62.
Lieut. Andrew C. Montgomery, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Promoted from 1st Corp. to 2d Lieut. Sept. 15, '62; to 1st Lieut. May 23, '63. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and re-captured by Sheridan's Cavalry. Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. Charle W. Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61; re enlisted as veteran volunteer Feb. 15, '64. Transferred to new organization Sept. 7, '64, and discharged as supernumerary by order of Gen. Meade. Was wounded at Gettysburg.

Discharged, Sept. 7th 1864, *by reason of expiration of term of service.*

Lewis R. Corbir, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.
George R. Green, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg.
Thomas H. McCormick, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill and at the battle of the Wilderness.
William H. McCombs, Corp., enlisted at Erie, Sept. 12, '61.
William McCracken, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.
John McGill, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill.
Thomas G. Allen, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.
George W. Boutell, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15. '61. Wounded May 5, '64, in the battle of the Wilderness, and died from the effects; date of death not known.
Henry S. Brown, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Taken prisoner at Bull Run. Wounded May 5, '64, in the battle of the Wilderness.
Robert Boles, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.
Hamilton Butterfield, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.
Andrew Clark, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Absent at the time of expiration of term of service.
Alonzo Clark, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Prisoner of war since Nov. 27. '63.
Milton G. Dilley, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Bull Run.
William Hammond, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded May 5, '64, in the battle of Wilderness.
Robert C. Hemphill, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.
George W. Kelley, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.
Adam Schneider, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
William Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg.
Preston E. Oaks, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.
James Spellacy, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61.

Discharged by reason of wounds, disease, &c., before the expiration of their terms of service.

Robert H. Allison, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged March 24, '63.
William L. Armstrong, enlisted at Cussewago, Sept. 1, '62. Date of discharge not known.
Reuben L. Ashley, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill, discharged Nov. 26, '62.
Ozias Boutell, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged July 11, '62.
Elijah Black, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15. '61. Discharged Feb. 19, '63.

Thomas F. Bresee, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged April 17, '62. Re-enlisted at Waterford Feb. 29, '64. Wounded in the battle of the Wilderness.

Frank H. Couse, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg, discharged by reason of wounds, Aug. 27, '63.

Abner Dean, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Feb. 26, '62.

William Dougherty, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, June 14, '62. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged Nov. 28, '62, by reason of wounds.

Arther C. Douglass, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Aug. 11, '62, in order to accept commission as 1st Lieut. in 139th Penn'a Vol.

Isaac Graff, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Oct. 23, '62.

Abraham C. Grove, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '62. Discharged April 11, '62.

Jacob P. Grove, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Feb. 26, '62. Re-enlisted Feb. 8, '64.

Frederick Glastner, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 1, '62. Wounded at Gettysburg. Discharged Jan. 29, '64

Charles O. Hart, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Oct. 29, '62, by reason of wounds. Re-enlisted Feb. 5, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Lorenzo A. Jeffries, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Jan. 21. '63. Re-enlisted Feb. 5, '64. Wounded at Peebles Farm Sept. 30, '64.

William H. Kelley, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Nov. 29, '62, by reason of wounds.

William Kelley, enlisted at Mill Creek, Aug. 28, '62. Discharged Sept 7, '64.

Saul Kightlinger, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61 Wounded at Malvern Hill. Not accounted for on the 'muster out' roll.

Christopher Kocher, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged April 16, '62.

Samuel M. Lindsay, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61, Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged Feb. 19, '63, by reason of wounds.

Joseph H. Little, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill, and taken prisoner at Savage's Station. Discharged Dec. 26, '62.

Jason P. Little, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Oct. 20, '62.

Madison J. Montgomery, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged June 2, '62.

Abraham E. Pierson, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Jan. 22, '63.

Joseph W. Scholl, Hospital Steward, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged May 11, '64.

Jacob R. Shoppard, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged June 6, '62.

John W. Stanford, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged March 10, '63.

Herman Stearns, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Nov. 9, '61.

George F. Strouse, drafted at Frankfort, Penn. Sept, 10, '63. Discharged Nov. 20, '63.

George W. Sweet, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged Nov. 20, '62.

Andrew Taylor, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged June 2, '62.

Walter W. Thompson, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged Oct. 7, '62.

Charles W. Thompson, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged, March 1, '62. Re-enlisted in Co. I. 10th Penn'a Reserves, Mar. 7, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

DeWitt B. Waldo, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, Nov. 26, '62.

Samuel A. Ward, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged, Nov. 8, '62.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

Isaac Adams, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Abijah H. Burnett, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Promoted to 2d Lieut. Co. D., new organization, Dec. 28, '64.

John Bovee, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15. '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re enlisted, Jan. 1, '64.

Anthony Bovee, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted, Jan. 1, '64.

Horace H. Battles, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 16, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Henry Bowie, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Died at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C., May 30, '64, by reason of wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness.

David S. Coy, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 16, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Abner Corbin, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Spencer Colton, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 16, '64.

William H. Fuller, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Feb. 16, '64. Captured Nov. 1862, near Harper's Ferry, by White's Guerrillas.

Noah Garwood, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg and in action near Old Church, May 30, 1864.

Paul Jacklet, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, 1863. Killied in action near Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865.

Charles S. Kelley, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, 1863. Wounded in action near Hatcher's Run, Fed. 6, 1865.

William S. Kephart, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, 1864. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Beddinger Lewis, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864.

William H. McGill, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, '64. Promoted to 2d Lieut. of Co. E new organization, Dec 28, 1864. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Feb. 17, 1865.

John R. McCormick, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, 1864.

Cyrenus McCracken, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, 1864.

Frederick Middaugh, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, 1863.

William H. Miller, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, 1864. Wounded at Gettysburgh.

Milton P. Roberts, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, 1863.

Lafayette Shepardson, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 21, 1863. Missing since Laurel Hill.

Wellington Smith, enlisted at Meadville. Aug 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 15. 1864.
William F. Steinmetz, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, 1864.

Transferrd to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps, &c.

Frank Allen, enlisted at Meadville, Dec. 19 '63.
Oscar M. Allen, enlisted at Meadville, March 1, 1864.
Alexander Axtell, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 8, 1864.
John L. Barnes, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862. Discharged May 29, 1866.
William S. Bevins, drafted at Phila., July 2, '63.
William Bowers, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 25, 1864.
Elias K. Borts, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 11, 1864.
George Britton, drafted at Phila., Aug. 1, 1863.
Nathan Burdick, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862.
Daniel K. Best, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862. Wounded at Fredericksburg.
Homer Chattey, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 16, 1864. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
William C. Campbell, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, 1864.
James M. Dilly, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 11, 1864. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Sept. 30, 1864, and since died.
Levi Eufelder, drafted at Reading, Sept. 25, '63,
Francis Grossman, drafted at Reading, Sept. 9, 1863.
Warren C. Golden, drafted at Phila., Sept. 8, 1863. Prisoner of war since May 5, 1864.
Edward Hamilton, drafted at West Chester, Sept. 12, 1864.
Henry A. Hosack, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 23, 1864.
Justice Halcomb, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 27, 1864.
Henry Harris, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 25, 1864.
Josiah Heckernell, enlisted at Cussewago, Sept. 1, 1862. Transfered to V. R. Corps, Feb. 15, 1864. Wounded at Gettysburg.
George J. Knight, drafted at Phil., July 20, '63. Prisoner of war since May 5, 1861.
Samuel R. Lane, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 4, 1864.
Patrick McCormick, drafted at Reading, Sept. 7, 1863.
Amos R. Moore, Musician, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 16, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Transfered to V. R. Corps, Sept. 1, 1863.
John Mat, drafted at Reading, Sept. 7, 1863.
Addison Muse, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Taken Prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Transfered to V. R. Corps, Aug. 1, 1863.
Cyrus McElwain, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 23, 1864. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865.
Franklin McCracklin, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 8, 1864.
Charles Montgomery, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 15, 1864. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Horace (or Hollis) E. Markham, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 5, 1864. Prisoner of war since May 5, 1864.
Oscar L. Philbrick, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, 1864.
Barnard Robinson, drafted at Phila., Aug. 11. 1863.
George Ream, drafted at Phila., Sept. 10, 1863. Prisoner of war since May 5, 1864.
William Ream, drafted at Phila., Sept. 10, 1863. Prisoner of war since May 5, 1864.
Martin Reeves, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Transfered to the Regular Army, Feb. 2, 1863.
William Russel, drafted at Phila., Sept. 30, '63.
Nathan Reynolds, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 8, 1864. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865. Also at the battle of the Wilderness.
David A. Reymond, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 17, 1864.
William A. Stephens, drafted at Phila., Sept. 29, 1863.
Godfrey Snyder, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862.
George P. Seiple, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862. Discharged May 20, 1865.
John Shields, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, 1864. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Died Nov. 1864, from the effects of accidental bursting of a shell.
Onesimus Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, 1864.
Weston J. Van Meter, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, 1864. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Edgar Waldo, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862. Discharged May 29, 1865.

Killed in Action and Died of Wounds or Disease.

Henderson A. Amon, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died at Baltimore, July 7, '62, of typhoid fever.
Wilson Amon, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Killed at Bull Run.
Eugene Birarius, drafted at Reading, Sept. 19, 1863. Taken prisoner and died at Richmond Va., Nov. 26, 1863.
Samuel A. Burnett, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 14, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Died July 4, 1863, of wounds received on the 2d, at Gettysburgh.
Cyrus Calvin, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 24, 1864. Killed May 5, in the battle of the Wilderness.
Solomon Graff, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died July 3, 1863, at Washington, from effects of amputation. Wounded at Chancellorsville.
Charles Grosett, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died Aug. 20, 1863, at York, Penn'a, of wounds received at Gettysburg.
Francis M. Hoovler, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 9, 1864. Died May 27, 1864, at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., of amputation rendered necessary by wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness.
William S. Kephart, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer, Feb. 10, 1864. Wounded at Bull Run. Killed May 8, 1864, in the battle of Laurel Hill.
Harry R. Kinnear, drafted at Phila., Sept. 11, 1863. Killed June 20, 1864, in front of Petersburg.
Findley Lindsay, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 16, 1861. Killed at Fredericksburg.
John A. Leech, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died Dec. 1, 1862, at Baltimore, of chronic diarrhœa.
John A. Lynn, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, 1864. Killed April 25, 1864, at Rappahannock Station, by accidental discharge of gun.
John P. McGill, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died at Gaines' Mill, June 25, 1862, of camp fever.

John Miller, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Ernest Miller, drafted at Phila., Sept. 10, 1863. Died March 28, 1864, at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.

William Moser, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Killed at Gettysburg.

Michael Murphy, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862. Killed at Gettysburg.

John G. Peiffer, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died at Yorktown April 29, 1862, of camp fever,

John A. Topper, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Killed at Fredericksburg.

Birchard E. True, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Killed July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg. Buried in the "National Cemetery."

Jacob Weeder, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, 1861. Died at Hall's Hill, Va., Nov. 10, 1861, of typhoid fever.

No. of deserters, 18.

Muster Roll of Company "C."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Sept. 8th, 1861.

Capt. John Graham, enrolled at Erie, Aug. 1, 1861. Commissioned Captain, Sept. 8, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Lieut. Aaron E. Yale, enrolled at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Aug. 29, '61. Resigned Oct. 31, '62.

Lieut. John W. Van Natta, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieut. Sept. 12, '62; to 1st Lieut. Oct. 31 following. Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Lieut. Bethuel J. Goff, commissioned 2d Lieut. Oct. 4, '61. Resigned Sept. 12, '62.

Lieut. Joseph Grimler, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61. Promoted to 2d Lieut. Oct. 31, '62. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. Discharged Sept., '64.

Discharged Sept. 7th, 1864, *by Reason of Expiration of Term of Service.*

William R. Elston, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Spartansburg, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Phillip J. Schoaf, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61.

John Fry, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Sept. 2, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.

James Oliver, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.

William Cook, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 17, '61.

Warren Bowen, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and at Laurel Hill.

Metvin J. Olds, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 27, '61.

Horace B. Dongan, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill and at Petersburg.

Nathaniel S. Siggins, Musician, enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 6, '61.

Benjamin Allen, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill.

Ezekiel E. Chambers, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 20, '61.

James P. Ford, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 29, '61.

Thomas Gilfillan, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 9, '61. Wounded at Bull Run.

George S. Herron, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 14, '61.

Thomas Hartley, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61.

Joseph E. Henderson, enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 5, '61.

Henry Lederer, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 27, '61. Taken prisoner at Old Church, May 31, '64. Escaped from Andersonville, 1865.

George C. Marvin, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 23, '61

Jacob W. Moore, enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 20, '61.

John O'Rourke, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 4, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill.

Nelson W. Pierce, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 30, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.

Charles Shannon, enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 2, '61.

Charles W. Weeks, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 9, '61.

George W. Wright, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 12, '61.

Discharged by Reason of Wounds, Disease, &c., before the Expiration of their Term of Service.

Hawley W. Aubrey, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged at Phila., Sept. 29, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.

William H. Bly, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Baltimore Oct, 17, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Chambers S. Bates, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged at Point Lookout, Nov. 1, '62.

Frederick B. Beard, enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 2, '61. Discharged at Harrison's Landing, July 19, '62.

John Bassett, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Date of discharge not known.

George P. Bates, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged at Fortress Monroe, Sept. 30, '62.

William Barr, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 26, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Date of discharge not known.

Warren Carey, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Dec. 11, '62.

Henry M. Eaton, enlisted at Erie, April 9, '62. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged at Warrenton, Nov. 16, '62.

George W. Fuller, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged at New York, Nov. 14, '62.

Jacob Fry, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Date of discharge not known.

James H. Fox, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 24, '62. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Date of discharge not known.

Osmond D. Goff, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Sept. 2, '61. Discharged at Philadelphia, June 4, '62.

George Haskins, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged Nov. 11, '62.

James W. Huffman, Corporal, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 5, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged at Washington, Jan. 15, '63.

Peter W. Hamott, enlisted at Erie, March 3, '62. Discharged at Stoneman's Station, April 14, '63.

John Hickey, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Stoneman's Station, date not known.

John B. Hall, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 16, '61. Discharged at David's Island; date not known.
Michael Keucle, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Date of discharge not known.
Daniel Kelley, drafted at Reading, Sept. 30, '63. Discharged April 16, '64.
James J. Lyons, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 2 '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Sept. 22, '62.
Charles Love, (Gunboat,) enlisted at Erie, Sept. 17, '62. Discharged at Culpepper, Aug. 15, '63.
Washington Lockard, drafted at Lancaster, Pa. July 26, '63. Discharged Jan. 16, '64.
Samuel D. Magirk, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Feb. 24, '62.
Dan Mitchell, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, 1861. Discharged at Stoneman's Station, Mar. 8, '63.
Charles A. Pratt, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Feb. 9, '62.
Richard J. Rice, enlisted at Hall's Hill, Oct. 12, '61. Discharged while on Gunboat on the Mississippi.
Asa Robinson, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 9, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, March 10, '63.
Julius Rose, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 29, '61. Discarged at Washington, Jan. 26, '63.
William J. Robinson, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 6, '62. Discharged at Beverly Ford Sept. 21, '63.
Arthur Stephens, enlisted at Spring Creek, Aug. 12, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Mar. 1, '62.
George H. Sturdivant, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61., Discharged at Georgetown, D. C., date not known.
Corbena Schaurer, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61. Discharged at Camp Lincoln, Jan. 25, '62.
James B. Sterrett, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 15, '61. Date of discharge not known.
James Stewart, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 4, '61. Date of discharge not known.
Ransom L. Tanner, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 22, '61. Discharged at Georgetown, April 16, '62.
Stacy S. Whitney, enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 14, '61. Date of discharge not known.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers..

John W. Moore, Sergt., enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '61.
John Christian, Corp., enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 2, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64.
David Crandall, Corp., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 3, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64.
Samuel Ward, Corp., enlisted at Erie, Jan. 21, '62. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64.
H. C. Brownson, enlisted at Tidioute, Aug. 10, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, '65.
Warren Hawes, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Warren W. Jordan, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 6. '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64 Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
William J. Jewell, enlisted at Spring Creek, Aug. 6, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 17, '64.
Darwin Thompson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 9, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Re-enlisted, Feb. 17, '64.
Robert J. Wilson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 27, '63.
Alonzo M. York, (Colonel,) enlisted at Concord, Aug. 6, '61. Re-enlisted. Dec. 27, '63. Missing since the action at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps, &c.

Albert Allen, drafted at Lancaster, July 20, '63.
Jacob M. Brown, drafted at Lancaster, Sept 7, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Henry N. Brown, enlisted at Erie, Feb. 24, '62.
John Brown, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 11, '63.
Charles A. Brown, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Henry W. Bowen, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 8, '64.
Henry Brown, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 26, 1864.
Elon G. Balch, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 1, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Transferred to V. R. Corps, date not given.
Anslyn Bennett, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63. Transfered to V. R. Corps, date not known.
Zachary Cobb, enlisted at Waterford, Mar. 9, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
John Debertin, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, 1863.
Andrew Dexter, enlisted at Waterford, March 7, '64.
Henry Emde, drafted at Reading, Sept. 10, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Michael Flad, drafted at Phila., Aug. 13, '63.
Sylvester Frybarger, drafted at Lancaster, July 21, '63.
James Flynn, (no enlistment papers.)
Andrew Getz, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 12, 1863.
John Heckleroth, drafted at Lancaster, Sept. 29, '63.
John Hurtzle, drafted at Phila., July 15, '63.
Leander Heron, enlisted at New Brighton, Dec. 10, '63.
Charles M. Hathaway, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 30, '63.
Charles Hilworth, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63.
Chancey Hart, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, 1861. Transfered to Heavy Artillery. Date not given.
William F. Harris, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Transfered to V. R. Corps, date not given.
Israel Justice, (no enlistment papers received.)
Thimothy King, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 14, '62.
Antony Kesler, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, 1863.
John Krasha, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, 1863.
Peter Karl, enlisted at Frankford, Feb. 26, '64.
Thomas W. King, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 17, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill, and at Gettysburg. Transfered to V. R. Corps, date not given.
John Lightcap, drafted at Reading, Sept. 7, '63.
Joseph Long, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 11. '63.
John Loar, drafted at Frankford, Sept. 27, '63.
Lewis Laporte, (no enlistment papers received.)
Charles Miller, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, 1863.
Martin S. Mowry, drafted at Lancaster, Sept. 9, 1863.
Frederick Melhorn, drafted at Reading, Sept. 9, 1863.
Martin Murray, drafted at Phil'a, July 20, '63. Wounded Sept. 30, '64.

George McKee, enlisted at Waterford, Feb, 22, 1864.
James McMullen, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 20, '64.
Thomas Murphy, (no enlistment papers received.
Joseph Nicholas, (no enlistment papers received.
Robert Nicholas, (no enlistment papers received.
William Pretsch, drafted at Phil'a, July 17, '63.
Isaac N Palmer, drafted at Lancaster, July 27, '63.
William Perkins, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61. Transfered to Heavy Artillery, date not given.
August Rohlen, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 12, 1863.
Patrick Russel, drafted at Phil'a, July 20, '63.
Charles Rice, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 24, '62.
Jacob Rice, (no enlistment papers received.) Belongs to Waterford, but enlisted at Altoona, in March '64. Captured a rebel flag, while fighting in the 2d Corps at the battle of the Wilderness. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64, near Chapel House, Va.
George L. Rhoades, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 29, '64.
Nicholas Schroder, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63.
David B. Stout, drafted at Norristown, Aug. 12, '63.
John Spring, drafted at Reading, Sept. 29, '63.
John H. Strum, drafted at Reading, July 21, 1863
John Smith, enlisted at Waterford, March 30, 1864.
John S. Taylor, drafted at Phil'a, July 30, '63.
Henry W. Thompson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 23, '61. Transfered to V. R. Corps, date not given.
Jacob Walter, drafted at Lancaster, July 18, 1863.
William D. Wilson, (no enlistment papers received.)
Isaac B. Wilsey, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 29, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Peter B. Worden, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 9, '61. Transfered to 2d United States Cavalry, date not given.

Killed in action, or died of wounds or disease.

Enos P. Bly, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 6, '61. Died at Chester Hospital, Pa., of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Joseph Coley, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 19, 1861. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Erastus Covey, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 24, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Died in Hospital, June 5, or 18, '64, from wounds received at the North Anna.
Robert W. Duggan, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61, Killed at Malvern Hill.
Albert Divis, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 14, '61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Va., Dec. 2, '61.
Joseph Drake, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 9, 1861. Killed at Malvern Hill.
George W. Dart, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 12, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
William W. Fuller, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Died at Baltimore, Nov. 16, '62, of wounds received in battle.
Samuel C. Finley, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 19, '61. Died at Baltimore, July 7, 1862, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Forest Goodspeed, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 6, '61. Died in hospital, July 18, '62, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
William Jones, drafted at Phil'a, Oct. 1, '63. Died of disease at Alexandria, Va., Oct. 12, following.
Samuel Lyons, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 2, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Alexander Lowry, enlisted at Erie, Jan. 15, '62. Killed at Bull Run.
Charles Nesbit, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Edward Pratt, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Jeremiah Pierce, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Died at David's Island, N. Y., of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Date of death not known.
Peter H. Peller, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 29, '64. Died of disease at City Point, Aug. 10, following.
DeLos W. Rouse, enlisted at Erie, April 1, '62. Died of disease at Fortress Monroe, Aug. 29, following.
Orrin B. Rhoades, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 29, '64. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.
Stephen A. Sherlock, enlisted at Spring Creek, Aug. 6, '61. Died of disease at Camp Lincoln, June 26, '62.
George H. Stewart, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Died in hospital, Aug. 14, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Thomas H. Wright, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 14, 61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Jan. 7, '62.
Albert C. Ward, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 15, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
James B. York, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

No. of deserters, 18.

Muster Roll of Company "D."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Penn., Aug. 26, '61.

Capt. O. S. Woodward, enrolled Aug. 1, '61. Commissioned Captain Aug. 26, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Commissioned Colonel to date July 8, '63, mustered March 26, '64. Wounded, May 5, '64, at the Battle of the Wilderness. Mustered out, Sept. 20, '64, by reason of consolidation of regiment to battalion.
Capt. Chauncey P. Rogers, enrolled at Edinboro', Aug. 1, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Aug. 26, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Mustered as Captain, July 8, '64. Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel, Nov. 17, '64: to Colonel March 6, '65.
Lieut. Plympton A. White, enrolled at McKean, Erie Co., Aug. 1, '61, commissioned 2d Lieut. Aug. 26. Wounded at Malvern Hill. For balance of military history, see Chapter VIII.

Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Robert Gilmore, Sergeant, enlisted in Venango Tp., Erie Co., Aug. 17, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.
John Jacob Smith, Musician, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 1, '61.
Matthew Hayes, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 4, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.
William W. Lemmon, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 8, '61. Wounded at Bull Run.
Otis Morse, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 16, '61.
George A. McKee, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 16, '61.

William W. Phillips, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 18, '61.
William Pratt, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 4, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.
Alfred J. Sherrod, enlisted at Edinboro', Aug. 20, '61.
William Schlaback, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 25,'61.
Albert E. Stafford, enlisted at McKean, Sept. 11, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Samuel Tate, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 26, '61.
Henry Tanner, enlisted at Edinboro', Aug. 9, '61.
Silas E. Wood, enlisted at Edinboro', Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill, captured at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's cavalry.

Discharged by reason of wounds, disease, &c., before the expiration of their term of service.

Eugene Randolph, Sergeant, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged, Sept. 12, '63.
Valentine Armbus, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Nov. 8, '62.
Charles H. Bostwick, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged, June 18, '62.
Michael Carty, enlisted in Green Tp., Erie Co., Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Feb. 11, '63.
Charles D. Coyle, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 6, '61. Discharged, March 3, '63, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
George I. Culbertson, enlisted at Edinboro', Aug. 10, '61. Discharged, Oct. 7, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
L. Crist, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 16, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, June 15, 63.
Elias W. Davis, enlisted at Cassewago, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged, Nov. 16, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Julius W. Day, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 5, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Discharged, April 2, '64.
Lewis A. W. Doane, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 8, '61. Discharged July 17, '62.
William M. Davy, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 8, '61. Supposed to have been discharged at Philadelphia.
Abram Edick, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 15, '61. Discharged, Oct. 10, '62.
William Fox, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 16, '61. Not properly accounted for as discharged.
Martin Hotchkiss, enlisted at Cussewago, Aug. 12, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, April 10, '63.
DeWitt Hotchkiss, enlisted at Cussewago, Aug. 12, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, April 21, '63.
Henry M. Jennis, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 23, '61. Discharged, Feb. 11, '63.
Samuel E. Knerr, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged, Feb. 26, '63.
George Knerr, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged, Aug. 10, '62.
Samuel Knerr, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged, Feb. —, '62.
Perry Kimmey, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, June 13, '63.
Christian Kinter, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Date of discharge not known.
Truman King, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Sept. 30, '62.
William H. Mawhaney, enlisted at Venango, Aug. 18, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Oct. 25, '62.
Charles McMahan, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Dec. 27, '62.
Sidney Pier, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, June 5, '62.
Frank Rittenhouse, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged, June 2, '62.
M. D. Robinault, enlisted, at Meadville, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged, July 16, '62
Stephen Robinson, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged, Sept. 8, '62.
Alonzo A. Sanders, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill: nothing since heard of him.
Charles C. Stalker, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 27, '61. Wounded at Hanover C. H. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Feb. 25, '63.
Warren Stuyvesant, enlisted in Green, Tp., Aug. 6, '61. Discharged, Feb. 3, '63.
James M. Thompson, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Jan. 25, '63.
Israel Turner, enlisted at Erie, Sept. '61. Discharged, Nov. 4, '62.
Andrew R. Ward, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged, Nov. 8, '61.
David Wetherbee, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 16, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Aug. 22, '62.
George Yaple, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, Nov. 10, '63.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

William L. Bennet, Sergeant, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 5, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 12, '64. Commissioned 2d Lieut. of Co. "F" in the new organization, Feb. 17, '65.
James Best, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 27, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 12, '64. Captured at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's cavalry.
William Chadwick, enlisted at Erie. Aug. 8, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 21, '63.
Franklin Crane, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Middleburg. Re enlisted, Feb. 12, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Edwin A. Cole, Enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted, Dec. 21, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Frank Donig, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 11, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 12, '64
Thaddeus Day, enlisted at McKean. Oct. 5, '61 Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Killed, Sept. 30, 64.
Charles Evans, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 15, '61. Re-enlisted, Sept. 24, '63
David H. Luther, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill Re-enlisted, Feb. 12, 64.
Onslow Snodgrass, enlisted at Venango, Aug. 16, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63.
Charles V. Van Dusen, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug 8, 61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Promoted to 1st Lieut. of Co. F in the New Organization, Oct. 4, '64: to Captain, Dec. 13, following.
Sanford M. Vorse, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 18, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64.
William C. Walden, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg. Re-enlisted, Feb. 12, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, and before Petersburg, March 30, '65.

Lester B. Waid, enlisted at Meadville, Sept. 16, '61. Re enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps., &c.

Charles W. Austin, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 30, '62. Wounded at Gettysburg. Discharged May 29, 65.

John Anderson, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 7, '63.

John B. Bishop, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 16th, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg. Transferred to V. R. Corps. Date not known.

Isaac Botts, drafted at Reading, Sept. 26, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Franklin Barton, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 26, '64.

Thomas P. Barton, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 26, '64.

Eugene Clapper, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 5, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps, March 15, '64.

George Cole, enlisted at Cussewago, Aug. 27, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

George S. Crider, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 25, 62.

William H. Chick, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 27, '63.

John W. Calkins, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 26, '64.

Martin R. Clark, enlisted at Youngsville, Mar. 30, '64.

Ezra W. Davis, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Transferred to Battery "G," United States Artillery.

Moses Keys Etheridge, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 31, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

John H. Elliott, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 25, '63. Died at Andersonville, of diarrhœa, Oct. 11, '64.

Wallace Filer, enlisted at Warren, Mar. 30, '64. Wounded Sept. 30, following.

Russell Glatten, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug, 26, '62. Discharged, May 29, '65.

H. J. Green, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Discharged May 29, '65.

Peter Gilbert, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 13, '63. Wounded at Petersburg.

Joseph Hoffman, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 16, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg. Transferred to V. R. Corps. Mar. 15, '64.

William S. Hull, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 28, '63.

Mandred Hayes, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 25, '64.

Eli Holt, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 27, '64.

Henry C. Helmbrecht, enlisted at Edinboro, Sept. 2, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

David Jackson, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 11, '61. Transferred to Co. "I."

John S. Jennings, drafted at Reading, Sept. 7, '63.

Henry Jones, enlisted at Waterford, May 15, '64.

Joseph Kincaid, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 5, '63. Killed, Sept. 30, '64.

Eber Lewis, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64. Wounded at Petersburg.

John Myers, drafted at Philadelphia, July 17, '63.

Hiram McGahen, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 30, '62. Wounded Sept. 30, '64, also wounded at Laurel Hill.

Leander Morris, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 25, '64.

Benjamin Ore, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 21, '62. Discharged, May 29, '65.

Philander Platt, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 28, '62. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Discharged May 29, '65.

J. H. Reeder, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 27, '62. Wounded at Gettysburg. Discharged May 29, '65.

Peter Rhoud, enlisted at Cussewago, Sept. 3, '62. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Died at home Dec. 16, '64.

John Rhodes, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug 7, '62.

David W. Stafford, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 28, '62. Wounded at Gettysburg. Taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness. Discharged May 29, '65.

Erastus Stafford, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 9, '62.

Henry Strahan, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 30, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

Henry Schlecht, drafted at Philadelphia, July 22, '63.

Henry Stowe, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 23, '64.

Charles Watson, drafted at Philadelphia, July 15, '63.

Peter J. Waite, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 26, '64.

Horace Wade, enlisted at Meadville, March 22, '64.

Lewis Waid, enlisted at Meadville, March 16, '64. Wounded Sept. 30, '64.

George Wetsell, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 27, '64.

Killed in action, and died of wounds or disease.

Thaddeus H. Bates, Sergt., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 1, '61. Died of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Date not given.

Asa Freeman, Sergt., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

James A. Lewis, Sergt., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Killed at Gettysburg.

David Proudfit, Sergt., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 3, '61. Died Aug. 5 '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill or Malvern Hill.

Robert H Proudfit, Sergt., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 3, '61. Killed at Bull Run.

Thomas Robb, Sergt., enlisted in Venango Tp., Aug, 17, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Samuel H. Patterson, Corp., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Leslie Backus, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 1, '61. Died of disease May 20, '62.

Wilbert Bonney, enlisted in Green Tp., Aug. 1, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

James B. Bryant, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 18, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Darius Coyle, enlisted at McKean, Sept. 11, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Killed at Gettysburg.

Dennis Donahy, enlisted at Cussewago, Aug. 8, '61 Died of wounds, Aug. 26, '62, probably received at Gaines' Mill or Malvern Hill.

William P. Daniels, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Ephraim Freeman, enlisted at Cussewago, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Edward O. Foster, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 8, '61. Died of typhoid fever at Bedloe's Island, May 20, '62.

Charles Groger, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 6, '61. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg. Date not given.

Charles A. Meeker, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 18, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Charles J. Nichols, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 6, '61. Died of wounds received at Malvern Hill. Date not given.

William Ormun, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 1, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
O. L. Otis, enlisted at Erie. Aug. 8, '61. Died, Aug. 11, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Lorenzo N. Patterson, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 18, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Johnathan Payne, enlisted in Franklin Tp., Aug 8, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Alpheus Rollison, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 13, '61. Died of typhoid fever, Dec. 20, '61.
Sylvester Sherrod, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 22, '61. Died of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Date of death not given.
Hugh J. Sweeney, enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 7, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
John Yurrp, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 4, '61. Died of typhoid fever, Dec. 20, '61.
No. of deserters—5.

Muster Roll of Company "E."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Penn., Aug. 26, '61.

Capt. Hugh S. Campbell, enrolled at Waterford, July 29, '61. Commissioned Captain, Aug. 26. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Commissioned Lieut.-Colonel, June 27, '62. Wounded at Bull Run. Resigned, May 14, '63, to accept the appointment of Provost Marshall of the 9th Congressional District of Pennsylvania.
Capt. Amos M. Judson, enrolled at Waterford, July 29, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Aug. 26; Captain, June 27, '62. Discharged, Sept 26, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. William O. Colt, enrolled at Waterford, July 29, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut. Aug. 26; wounded at Malvern Hill; commissioned 1st Lieut., June 27, '62; Captain, Oct. 30, '64. Breveted Major, Dec. 2, '64; commissioned Major, Jan. 14, '65. Commissioned Lieut.-Colonel, March 6, '65.
Lieut. James H. Barnett, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Appointed Sergeant-Major. April 4, '62. Promoted to 2d Lieut, June 27, '62. Discharged, Nov. 29, '62, by reason of disability.
Lieut. Alexander B. Langley, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Promoted from 4th Corporal to 1st Sergeant, June 27, '62. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Promoted to 2d Lieut., Nov. 29, '62. Killed at Laurel Hill, May 8, '64.
Lieut. Edward L. Whittelsey, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Promoted to 1st Sergt. in the winter of 1862-3, at Fredericksburg. Appointed Sergeant-Major, Feb. 1, '63. Promoted to 2d Lieut., May 8, '64; to 1st Lieut., Oct. 30, '64. Acting Adjutant since Sept. 7, '64. Commissioned Captain of Co. "A" in the new organization, Feb. 17, '65.

Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Minor Cheesman, Corporal, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded at Hanover Court House, Bull Run and at the battle of the Wilderness.
Otto H. Hitchcock, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 10, '61. Detailed to duty in the Ambulance Corps.
George H. A. Kerr, enlisted at Waterford, Aug, 10, '61. Wounded at Bull Run and at the battle of the Wilderness.
Walter F. Kirkland, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 10, '61.
Hiram Stevens, (B,) enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Willis Scott, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61.

Discharged by reason of wounds, disease, &c., before the expiration of their terms of service.

Lewis B. Asper, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged, April 20, '62. Re-enlisted in the winter of '63-4.
Martin R. Armour, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged by reason of wounds.
Andrew Agnew, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, 62. Discharged, Dec. 10, '62.
Charles Avery, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, Feb. 19, '63.
Charles M. Blair, enlisted at Waterford, July 20, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Nov. 5, '63. by virtue of enlistment in 5th U. S. Cav.
John B. Burt, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Discharged, Sept. 6, '62.
Spencer Butler, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged, March 2, '63, for wounds.
James Birchard, enlisted at Cambridge, Sept. 2, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Oct. 25, '62, by reason of wounds
Henry C. Birchard, enlisted at Cambridge, Sept. 2, '61. Discharged, July 19, '62.
Trueman H. Blackmore, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 22, '62. Discharged, Feb. 24, '63.
Alfred M. Barnett, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 6, '62. Discharged, Nov. 27, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run. Taken prisoner.
Ebenezer B. Chamberlain, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Discharged, Jan. 8, '63.
Benjamin Chapin, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61, Discharged, July 31, '62.
Abner L. Chase, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Discharged, March 27, '63.
Francis M. Clark, enlisted at Cambridge, Sept. 2, '61. Discharged, March 4, '63.
David W. Dick, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged, July 3, '62.
Gideon J. Dean, enlisted at Rockdale, Aug. 28, '61. Discharged, Oct. 18, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Taken prisoner at the same battle.
John C. Esterlee, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Discharged, Oct. 1, '63.
Frank A. Howe, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged, Dec. 10, '63, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
William Himrod, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged, Sept. 10, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Simon Steele Himrod, enlisted at Waterford, July 20, '62. Wounded slightly and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Discharged for disability, Jan. 15, '63, and died at Washington on his way home.
Oscar J. Hitchcock, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 6, '62. Discharged, Dec. 13, '62,

Erastus Haggerty, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 27, '62. Discharged, Feb. 25, '63, by reason of wounds receive at Fredericksburg.

William Kingen, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 21, '62. Discharged, Oct. 9, '62.

Francis M. Kerr, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 21, '62. Wounded at Malvern Hill Discharged. Feb. 17, '63—for wounds.

William E. Lippitt, Sergt., enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged Dec. 10, '61.

Thomas H. Long, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Oct. 28, '62, by virtue of enlistment in the 12th U. S. Infantry.

John H. Leibhart, Corp., enlisted at Cambridge, Sept. 5, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Nov. 14, '62. by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.

Patrick Leonard, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 10, '61. Discharged Dec. 3, '62.

George W. Maxfield, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged Feb. 25, '62. Re-enlisted in the winter of '63-4. Wounded at Laurel Hill, May 18, '64.

Clark Mickle, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Discharged June 7, '63, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill. Taken prisoner at the same battle.

Findley W. Miller, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged Dec. 20, '62.

John H. Mitchell, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 26, '61. Discharged Dec. 20, '62.

Clark A. Mansfield, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged Dec. 30, '62.

Frank A. Miller, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Discharged Feb. 5, '63.

James P. Oliver, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62, for one year. Discharged about Dec. 25, '63, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Leonard Porter, enlisted at Waterford, July 25, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and at Bull Run. Discharged Jan. 9, '63, for wounds.

Nathan Porter, enlisted at Waterford, July 20, '62. Discharged Feb, 20, '63.

John W. Pollock, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 21, '62. Discharged in the summer of '64 to accept commission of Lieut in U. S. Colored Vols.

Francis A. Range, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 16, '61. Discharged March 30, '63.

John Riley, drafted at Reading, Sept. 8, '63. Discharged Nov. 20, '63.

Franklin L. Scribner, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged Nov. 20, '63.

John P. Snow, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '62. Discharged Feb. 23, '63.

Meilker Stultz, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Oct. 14. '62, by reason of wounds.

Henry Clinton Stafford, enlisted at Waterford, July 11, '62. Discharged Jan. 19, '63, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.

Attison Thornton, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 11, '61. Discharged Oct. 19, '62, by reason of wounds received at Antietam.

Frank A. Trask, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 21, '62. Discharged Oct. 20, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

William E. Williams, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Discharged July 30, '63.

Joseph L. Webster, enlisted at Cambridge. Aug. 10, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Oct. 25, '62, by reason of wounds.

Albert E. Weaver, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Discharged Dec. 5, '62.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers..

Frederick T. Asper, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 21, '62. Re-enlisted Feb. 14, '64. Promoted to Corporal.

Joseph R. Borland, Corp , enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61 Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Charles Himrod, Sergt. Major, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 14, '64. Promoted from 1st Sergt., June 27, following. Discharged Oct. '64.

William M. Bradbury, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Wounded in front of Petersburg, June 20, '64. Died from effects of wound. Date of death not known.

Wilkes S. Colt, Sergt., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Commissioned 2d Lieut. of Co. A, in the New Organization, Feb. 17, '65. Afterwards promoted to 1st Lieut.

Charles F. Cummings, Sergt., enlisted at Cambridge. Aug. 10, '61, Wounded and taken prisoner at Malvern Hill. Wounded at Fredericksburg. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Promoted to Commissary Sergeant March 18, '65.

John Cullen, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Sept. 5, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Dolphus S Davis, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Promoted to Sergeant.

David C. Gray, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10. '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Promoted to Sergeant.

John H. Gilbert, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Re enlisted Dec. 24. Wounded at the North Anna, May 25, '64.

George W. Hazelton, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Isaac Lunger, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Promoted to Sergeant. Hit several times, but never penetrated.

John Lillibridge, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's Cavalry. Promoted to Sergeant.

Eugene Maxfield, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill, May 8, '64.

James R. Mitchell, Musician, enlisted at New Vernon, Pa., Aug 5, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Was always for duty.

Edwin T. Robinson, enlisted in Venango Co., Pa., Aug. 75, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Was always for duty.

Reuben Sharpe, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 14, '64. Wounded at Polecat Creek, May 22, '64.

Transferrd to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps, &c.

John G. Avery, enlisted at Waterford, Jan 18, '64.

Pennington C. Boyd, enlisted at Waterford, July 30, '62. Wounded at Petersburg, June 25, '64.

Henry L. Burt, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 30, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

David Brown, drafted at Philadelphia, Oct. 1, '63.
Orville J. Beach, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64.
Scribner J. Beach, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64. Wounded, May 5, at the battle of the Wilderness.
Francis P. Birchard, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 23, '64.
William Cheesman, enlisted at Waterford, July 20, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
Cornelius Cheesman, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 4, 64.
Charles Carman, drafted at Philadelphia, July 28, '63.*
Charles Chandler, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 27, '64.
Smith Dennington, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 11, '62. Killed at Hatcher's Run, Sept. 30, '64.
Lyman Dow, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 4, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
William Diffenbaugh, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 26, '63. Captured Aug. 21, '64.
Delancy Drake, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64. Wounded May 5, in the battle of the Wilderness.
Joseph Dennington, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 1, '64. Wounded May 5, at the battle of the Wilderness.
William H. Foster, enlisted at Waterford, July 30, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
James R. Gage, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Transferred to Signal Corps, Feb. 28, '62. Discharged Sept. —, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Thomas Gallagher, drafted at Philadelphia, Oct. 1, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy, May 3, '64.
Sherburne M. Gilbert, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 27, '64.
Rowland Hood, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 15, '62. Wounded in action, Sept. 30, '64, and since missing.
James C. Harris, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
Eugene Hitchcock, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged May 29, '65.
Ira E. Hayes, enlisted at Waterford, July 20, '62. Taken prisoner at Bull Run. Wounded May 5, '64, in the battle of the Wilderness. Killed before Petersburg, March 3, '65.
Irving Cooper Hayes, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 6, '62. Wounded at Bull Run. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Feb. 6, '64.
William Hull, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 30, '63.
James Irvine, enlisted at Waterford, Jan, 13, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Alexander Johnson, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 30, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy, May 3, '64.
Thomas Kilbane, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Transferred to V. R. Corps, in '63. Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Thomas Knapp, drafted at Frankford, Pa., Aug. 19, '63.
Joseph Kalmadee, (Och !) drafted at Reading, Sept. 28, '63.
Michael Kerry, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64. Wounded at Polecat Creek, Va., May 22.

*Enlisted under name of Coleman.

Henry Lytle, Sergt., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 4, '62. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's Cavalry. Wounded Sept. 30, '64, at Peebles Farm, Va. Discharged May 29, '65.
Jacob Lefever, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
John Lawson, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 12, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
John Lynch. (Bully Boy !) drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 12, '63.
Andrew K. Lefever, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Wounded Sept. 30, '64; also before Petersburg, March 31, '55. Discharged May 29, '65.
John J. McAleer, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 8, '64. Wounded, May 5, at the battle of the Wilderness.
William Mason, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 15, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
Charles A. Moore, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 27, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps in '63.
Ralph Moore, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 11, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps in '63.
James A. Moore, 1st Sergt., enlisttd at Waterford, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
George W. Nelson, drafted at West Chester, Aug. 4, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy, May 3, '64.
James O'Neil, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 2, '63.
James O'Brien, drafted at Philadelphia, July 30, '63. Transferred to the Army of the North West.
Lucius Porter, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 12, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.
Daniel V. Preston, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 4, '64. Wounded, May 5, at the battle of the Wilderness.
William Parmateer, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22. '64. Wounded, May 5, at the battle of the Wilderness.
George E. Pettit, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64.
Charles Roberts, enlisted at Waterford, July 25. Transferred to V. R. Corps in '64.
Larue D. Rockwell, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 28, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Nelson B. Smith, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept. 1st, '63. Term of service expired Sept. 7, '64.
Otis B. Stafford, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept. 1, '63. Term of service expired Sept. 7, '64.
Robert Stewart, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 26, '62. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
John Shields, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 30, '64.
William P. Sikes, enlisted at Meadville, March 28, '64.
Lous Shelling, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64.
Henry B. Thomas, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 9, '62. Discharged May 29, 65.

Killed in Action and Died of Wounds or Disease.

Parker M. Adams, enlisted at Mercer, Aug. 15, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
George T. Burt, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Died of disease at Harrison's Landing, July 17, '62.
Henry Brown, Sergt, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Marshall D. Burrows, enlisted at Waterford. Aug. '29, '62. Died of disease at Stoneman's Station, Va. Jan. 12, '63.

John Gilson Dunn, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died a prisoner of war at Richmond, Aug. 12, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Henry W. Dumars, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died of disease in Erie Co., Dec. 11, '62.

Lewis B. Frisbee, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died of disease at Gaines' Mill, June 14, '62.

William B. Gray, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 9, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Amasa L. Hough, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Seymour Hoag, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

William H. Hamilton, enlisted at Cambridge Aug. 10. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Silas S. Hare, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 4, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Amos C. Henry, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 28, '63. Killed at Bethesda Church, Va., June, 2, '64.

George D. Judson, enlisted at Waterford, July 20, '62. Killed at Bull Run.

Erastus Kerr, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died of disease July 6, '62.

Byron M. Kingen, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

James Lunger, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died of disease, July 6, '62.

Almiron M. Lindsay, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, 61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Isaac Lefever, enlisted at SSaterford, Aug, 10, '61. Died Windmill Point, near Acquia Creek, Feb. 2, '63.

William C. Lord, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Samuel L. Long, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Thomas H. Lord, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 25, '63. Missing since the battle of the Wilderness.

James C. McKinley, Color Sergt., enlisted at Waterford, Aug, 10, '61. Died of fever at Savage Station, about July 1st '62.

Peter G. Mitchell, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died at Phil'a, Aug. 4, '62.

George W. McGee, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Died in Richmond, Sept. 1. '62.

William Mee, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Died, Sept. 12, '62, of wounds received at Bull Run.

Stephen Orzali, drafted at West Chester, Aug. 4, '63. Wounded at Petersburg, June 24, '64, and died the 26, from the effects of the wounds.

Thomas H. Porter, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

John A. Phœnix, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, 1861; wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Died at Richmond, July 17, '62, of wounds.

J. C. Perry Porter, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Died of disease at Washington, Apr. 13, '62.

Elbert F. Peck, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 16, '61. Died at Alexandria, Va., Sept, 26, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.

Horatio Perry, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Killed at Fredericksburg.

John F. Rice, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 16, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Albert H. Rockwell, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill,

Robert Reed Smith, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Jacob Stiard, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Henry C. Smith, drafted at Phil'a, July 22, '63. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's cavalry. Died of disease, Aug. 19, '64.

Ebenezer Stacy, enlisted at Waterford, Dec. 31, '63. Died of disease at Rappahannock Station, Feb. 19, '64.

Judson L. Tanner, enlisted at Cambridge, Aug. 10, '63. Died of disease, Oct. 19, '62.

Dennis B. Throop, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 5, 1864. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Died of wounds at Spotsylvania C. H., May 10, '64.

Daniel Willard, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

No. of deserters, 43.

Muster Roll of Company "F."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Pa., Sept. 3d, 1861.

Capt. DeWitt C. McCoy, enrolled at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Commissioned Captain, Sept. 3, '61. Wounded at Gaines Mill. Commissioned Lieut. Colonel, May 15, '63; mustered Jan. 25, '64. Discharged by reason of expiration of term of service, Oct. 14, '64.

Capt. Thomas A. Stebbins, enrolled at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut., Sept. 3, '61, and 1st Lieut., Jan. 16, '62. Promoted to Captain, Jan. 25, '64. Discharged, Sept. 28, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Lieut. Joel Smith, enrolled at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut., Sept. 3. Resigned, Jan. 16, '62.

Lieut. John W. Marshall, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Promoted from Sergt. to Sergt-Major, June 27, '62; to 2d Lieut., Feb. 1, '63; to 1st Lieut, Jan. 25, '64. Discharged, Sept. 27, '64.

Lieut. Augustus McGill, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut., Jan. 16, '62; Resigned, Feb. 1, '63. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.

Lieut. William J. Gleason, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg. Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteer. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut., May 3, '64. Died at Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., June 5, '64, of wounds received at the North Anna, May 25.

Lieut. John P. Kleckner, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer, at Rappahannock Station. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut., July 2, '64, and to Captain, Oct. 31, following.

Discharged Sept. 7th, 1864, by Reason of Expiration of Term of Service.

Nimrod B. Hofford, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61.

Moore C. Roberts, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61.

James R. Carringer, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill.

Chancey C. Hayes, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg.

Henry Glidden, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61.

Michael Peiffer, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill, also wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Laurel Hill. Died, —— —, '64 at Annopolis from effects of amputation.

John H. Devour, Musician, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Taken prisoner at Bull Run. Taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness.

Charles Clifford, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61.

Daniel M. Hotchkin, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 7, '64.

Levi L. Lamb, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

John A. McCracken, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61.

William H. Rhodes, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill, and at Fredericksburg.

Byron Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, 1861.

John P. Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill.

James Strite, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill; also at Petersburg, June 23, '64.

Warren Titus, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Seth Waid, Jr., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, 1861.

Discharged by Reason of Wounds, Disease, &c., before the Expiration of their Term of Service.

John B. Compton, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Oct. 29, '62.

Rollin S. Thompson, Sergt., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at New York, Sept. 4, '62.

Jacob G. Blanchard, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Georgetown D. C., May 1, '62.

William J. Harshaw, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Date of discharge not known.

John D. Miller, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Harrisons' Landing, July 17, '62.

Henry B. Meffert, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Sept. 18, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.

Lardner J. McCrum, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Newark, N. J., June 2, '63.

John Adams, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, July 28, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Ithamar Bailey, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Jan. 20, '62.

Ezra Braymer, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Georgetown D. C., April 24, '62.

William L. Braymer, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Georgetown D. C., April 24, '62.

Andrew Biles, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Phil'a, Sept. 12, '62.

William H. Bull, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Convalescent Camp, Feb. 16, '63.

William Barrett, drafted in 6th Penn'a Dist., Sept. 12, '63. Discharged at Harewood Hospital, Feb. 24, '64.

Charles W. Culter, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Date of discharge not known.

Silas Clark, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Phil'a, June 2, '62. Re-enlisted, Feb. 29, '64.

Aaron W. Dean, enlisted at Meadvlle, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Feb. 25, '62.

Leonard Delamater, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Dec. 26, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Edward Dickson, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, Dec. 18, '62.

Samuel A. Dilley, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, Feb. 9, '63.

William H. Davis, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Stoneman's Station, April 2, '63.

William Everet, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged of wounds received at Malvern Hill; date of discharge not on roll.

Stephen Feather, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Newark, N. J., Feb. 27, '63, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run, also wounded at Malvern Hill.

James W. Francisco, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Pittsburg, Oct. 3, '63.

John Gallagher, drafted in the 5th Penn. Dist., Aug. 11, '63. Discharged, Dec. 14, '63.

Severus Hays, enlisted at Titusville, July 29, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill, and discharged at Harrison's Landing, July 28, '62.

Moses W. Hatch, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at New York, Nov. 14, 1862.

Ezra M. Hyde, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, Dec. 3, '62.

Jesse M. Hodge, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Stoneman's Station, March 10, '62.

George Hotchkiss, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at York, Penn'a, March 4, '63.

Walter Holmes, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64. Discharged at New York, Aug. 23, following.

Samuel K. Isett, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, '63.

Patrick Kearney, drafted in 5th Penn'a Dist., Aug. 8, '63. Discharged, Feb, 1, '64.

William P. McCartney, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Harrison's Landing, July 23, '62.

John McMichael, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Convalescent Camp, Feb. 4, '63.

Bernard McCann, drafted, Sept. 10, '63. Discharged, Dec. 21, following.

Thomas Morgan, drafted, Aug. 11, '63. Discharged, Dec. 14, following.

Ansel Oaks, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged at Baltimore, Nov. 26, '62.

David Patterson, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, Feb. 7, '63.

Harvey Racker, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, date not given.

Simon V. Small, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, May 12, '62.
Robert Q. Snodgrass, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged at Warrenton, Va., Nov. 16, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Daniel Tenney, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 28, '62. Discharged, Dec. 3, following.
Joseph A. Williams, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Date of discharge not known.

Re-Enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

Hiram Baldwin, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Henry C. Clark, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness, and escaped from the enemy's prison, in the summer of '65.
Jason Winans, Corp., enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Captured a rebel Colonel at the battle of the Wilderness. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Promoted to Sergt. since Sept. 7, '64. Killed at Hatcher's Run, Feb., 6, '65.
William W. Ayers, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, 63.
Fernando C. Bly, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, '64.
John W. Foust enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.
Eliott J. Hays, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, '64.
David O. Hatch, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, '64.
Daniel H. Jones, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
David Lamb, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, 61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, '64.
Mark N. Luce, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted, Feb. 15, '64.
George Perry, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness.
Charles W. Spring, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps, &c.

Jacob Alabaugh, enlisted at Harrisburg, Nov. 5, '62.
Henry Bevelheimer, date of enlistment not given on muster roll. Wounded at Fredericksburg.
Joseph Brown, drafted in 5th Dist. Pa., Aug. 14, '63. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill, and recaptured by Sheridan's cavalry.
John F. Brock, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64.
Ichabod C. Burger, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 29, '64.
Willard Beeman, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 29, '64.
John Beeman, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
Redding Burns, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
Joseph T. Barnard, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 7, '64.
James D. Bartlett, drafted in 1st Dist. Penn'a, Aug. 13, '63.
William A. Clifton, drafted in 5th Dist. Penn., Aug. 12, '63.
Amos A. Cornell, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Transfered to U. S. Navy, '62. Re-enlisted, March, 19, '64. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.
William Cochran, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Petersburg.
Steven Cook, enlisted at Meadville, April 26, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill,
John L. Carpenter, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
Orvin B. Cravens, enlisted at Meadville, March 29. '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Henry Davis, drafted in 5th District, Aug. 13, '63.
Johathan Dean, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Transfered to V. R. C. in '63. Term of service expired, Sept. 17, '64.
William Ferris, drafted in 4th District, Aug. 17, '63.
Thomas French, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64.
George Forbes, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64.
John Grant, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 11, '63. An old veteran of the Crimean war.
John A. Hampton, drafted in 4th District, Aug. 12, '63.
William Halfast, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64
David Hayes, enlisted at Meadville, March 23, '64.
Timothy Hammond, enlisted at Meadville. Jan. 29, '64.
Rufus Hoyt, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64.
Adolphus Hall, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
David C. Hall, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
William Linn, drafted in 8th District, Aug. 10, '63.
Edward Lamb, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill, Sept. 30, '64.
William C. McDolan, drafted in 4th District, July 15, '63.
Martin McNavil, drafted in 6th District, Aug. 23, '63.
Charles Morrison, drafted in 1st District, Sept. 12, '63.
Moses Massiker, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
Joseph Nelson, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 29, '64.
Jackson Nobles, date of enlistment not given on muster roll. Wounded, Oct. 2, '64.
Martin E. Owens, drafted in 8th District, Sept. 22, '63. Transfered to U. S. Navy, May 2, '64.
Lewis Oat, drafted in 4th District, Sept. 10. '63.
John O'Connor, enlisted at Meadville, March 14, '64. Wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness.
John R. Polley, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 29, '64. Killed, Sept. 30 following.
Gilmore Platt, enlisted at Meadville, March 23, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Thomas Pickens, drafted in 4th District, July 17, '63.
Abraham Roberts, drafted in 5th District, Aug. 11, '63. Transfered to N. W. Army, date not given.
Nicholas Russell, drafted in 5th District, Aug. 11, '63. Transfered to N. W. Army, date not given.

Freeman S. Radle, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64. Wounded, March 31, '65.

Joseph Shriek, enlisted at Meadville, March 10, '64.

Michael Sheuret, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Transfered to V. R. C., Oct. 27, '63.

Thomas Thompson, drafted in 1st District, Sept. 11, '63.

George Vanderhoff, enlisted at Meadville, March 25, '61, wounded at Laurel Hill.

Thomas Wilson, drafted in 8th District, Sept. 8, '63. Wounded before Petersburg, March 31, '65.

William Watson, drafted in 4th District, Sept. 4, '63.

James Williams, drafted in 5th District, Aug. 15, '63.

Killed in action, and died of wounds or disease.

Alexander Rogers, Color-Sergeant, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.

Elijah W. Holcomb, Corporal, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.

George W. Marshall, Corporal, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at the battle of Malvern Hill.

Thomas G. C. Neville, Corporal, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died at Alexandria, Sept. 17, '62, of wounds received at Bull Run.

Nathan B. Benn, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

William H. H. Byham, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.

Jonas S. Byham, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Arthur K. Cleland, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease at Harrison's Landing, Aug. 5, '62.

William F. Cain, enlisted at Meadville, March 3, '64. Died of typhoid fever at Petersburg, July 10 following.

Reuben S. Delamater, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died, July 2, '62, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.

William L. Dow, drafted in 5th District, Aug. 11, '63. Died of disease at Washington, Oct. 8 following.

John W. Ferguson, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

Washington Harriger, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died at New York, date not given.

Augustus H. Jones, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease at Georgetown, D. C., May 1, '62.

Marion L. King, drafted in 19th District, Dec. '63. Died at Rappahannock Station, Feb. 22, '64.

Jasper Lyon, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Gaines Mill.

James H. Massiker, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died, June 28, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Hosea Morrison, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease, date not given.

John P. McLane, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.

William J. Morrison, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Petersburg, June 19, '64. Wounded at Gaines Mill, Bull Run and Gettysburg.

Wilson Moreland, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill,

William Pike, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64. Died of typhoid fever at Alexandria, Aug. 17 following.

James Rankin, drafted in 4th District, Sept. 10, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.

James W. Ross, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

George Ralston, enlisted at Meadville, March 3, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Died of fever at Augur Hospital, Aug. 9 following.

George W. Strite, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died at Washington, Aug. 12, '62, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.

Samuel C. Thayer, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

John F. Thurston, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died at Richmond, July 24, '62 of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Albert C. Wentz, enlisted at Meadville, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease at White House, June 19, '64.

No. of deserters, 21.

NOTE.—J. C. Hays, who died June 18, '64, from wounds received at the Battle of the Wilderness, is not accounted for on the muster-out rolls of this company.

Muster Roll of Company "G."

The principal part of which were Mustered into the service of the United States, Aug. 28th, and the balance, Sept. 6, 1861, at Erie Penn'a.

Capt. Daniel S. Knox, enrolled at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Commissioned Captain, Sept. 6, '61. Resigned, Dec. 30, '62.

Capt. George Stowe, enrolled at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut., Aug. 28, '61; promoted to Captain, Dec. 30, '62. Killed, at Laurel Hill.

Capt. Moses G. Corey, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. —, '61. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut., Aug. 30, '62; to 1st Lieut., Dec. 31, '62; to Captain, May 9, '64. Discharged, Sept. 26, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Lieut. Thomas J. Van Giesen, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. —, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Dec. 31, '62; to 1st Lieut, May 9, '64. Wounded at Petersburg, June 20, '64. Discharged, Sept. —, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Lieut. John Herrington, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut., July 16, '62. Killed at Bull Run.

Lieut. Benjamin A. Smith, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 17, '61. Promoted from 3d Sergt. to 2d Lieut., May 9, '64; promoted to Captain of Co. E, in the new organization, Oct. 31, '64. Killed in the action of the 6th of Feb., '65, at Hatcher's Run.

Lieut. Daniel W. Clark, enrolled at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut., Sept. 6, '61. Promoted to 1st Lieut. and Regimental Quartermaster, July 16, '62. Discharged, Sept. —, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Discharged, Sept. 7th 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

James P. Siggins, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Hanover C. H.

Levi Burford, Sergt., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill; wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.

John H. Van Giesen, Sergt., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill; wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill—since died in rebel prison.

Samuel D. Girt, Corporal, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61.

William Lawrence, Corporal, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill, Gettysburg.

Jacob D. Saeger, Corporal, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Received *five* wounds at Gettysburg and *three* at Laurel Hill.

John T. Watson, Corporal, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness.

William Albaugh, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 29, '61.

Lewis S. Carpenter, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61.

John A. Dustin, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness.

George W. Fry, enlisted at Walnut Bend, Aug. 6, '61, Wounded at Gettysburg.

Samuel Hoyt, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61.

Moses B. Hunter, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill.

Samuel C. Hunter, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61: wounded at Laurel Hill.

James D. Kerr, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61.

Jacob B. Leadum, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61.

Hiram K. Lyons, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61.

John D. McClatchey, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Alexander J. McCalmont, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Hanover Court House and at Laurel Hill.

George S. Mason, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill.

John Myers, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg.

Joseph D. Nellis, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg, while carrying a wounded rebel off the field.

Ephraim T. Purdy, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg.

E. M. Reynolds, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61.

William S. Siggins, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 6, '61.

James A. Thompson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61: wounded at Fredericksburg.

Charles C. Van Giesen, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug 19, '61.

Philip Walters, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61.

Joseph R. Wentworth, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Taken prisoner at Mine Run. Died at Andersonville of typhoid fever, April 21, '64.

William Webber, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61.

Discharged by reason of wounds, disease, &c., before the expiration of their term of service.

William W. Diamond, Sergt., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61; wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged for disability, (probably from wounds,) March 25, '63.

Alexander Holman, Sergt., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged for disability: date not on company record.

Hiram Arters, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged for disability Mar. 17, '63.

James L. Huddleson, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '63. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged by reason of wounds, Nov. 18, '62.

Hamilton Mason, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged for disability June 22, '63.

William B. Albaugh, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. Aug. 19, '61. Discharged for disability; date not on company records.

Benjamin F. Briggs, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged March 25, '63. Wounded at Hanover C. H. and Fredericksburg.

John L. Crutchlow, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Dec. 22, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run, was also wounded at Malvern Hill.

Thomas H. Crutchlow, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, May 5, '63, by reason of wounds received at Fredericksburg.

Samuel Dram, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Feb. 24, '62.

John C. Downing, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Jan. 28, '63.

Robert W. Davis, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Date of discharge not on company records.

Hiram L. Green, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Nov. 26, '63.

William Houge, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, May 2, '63.

William Ikenburg, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged, Sept. 11, '61.

Adam Ikenburg, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, March 18, '63.

James M. Lombring, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, March 25, '63.

William Lyons, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged, Nov. 9, '62.

Chancey McCrea, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Date of discharge not on company records.

George W. McCalmot, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Nov. 11, '62.

William W. McDonald, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Jan. 16, '63.

Robert Osgood, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Feb. 24, '62.

James S. Reynolds, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, March 11, '63.

Daniel Rustler, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, March 12, '63.

George Stewart, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, April 12, '63.

Josiah Stanford, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Discharged, Dec. 27, '61.

John H. Wentworth, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, Oct, 5, '63.

Nicholas Weaut, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 62. Discharged, Aug. 7, '63.

Charles Sigler, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged, April 26, '63.

Christopher Syndle, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Date of discharge not on company records.

Re-Enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

Peter Grace, Sergt., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at

Gaines' Mill; wounded at Fredericksburg. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Promoted to 2d Lieut. of Co. "E" in the new organization, Nov. 1, and to 1st Lieut., Dec. 28, '64. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill, and re-captured by Sheridan's cavalry. Promoted to Captain, Feb. 17, '65.

Andrew J. Mitchel, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at the North Anna.

M. F. Vogus, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Fredericksburg, and twice at Laurel Hill, while planting the colors of the 83d on the enemy's works.

Benjamin P. Baskin, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.

Israel Gibbs, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.

John Jolly, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 16, '64. Wounded at Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Laurel Hill, and at Peeble's Farm.

Charles Krotzer, enlisted at Walnut Bend, Aug. 6, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness.

William W. Lowrie, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. —, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Henry W. McCalmont, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. —, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63. Killed in the battle of the Wilderness.

Gilbert D. Paddock, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug, 19, '61. Re-enlisted Dec, 24, '63. Died at Harewood Hospital, May 24, '64, of wounds received at Laurel Hill.

Joseph C. Pettigrew, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Re enlisted Feb. 16, '64. Wounded at Peeble's Farm, Sept. 30, '64.

John S. Range, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Was wounded at Gettysburg.

Daniel Stroup, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 16, '64.

Wilson F. Wentworth, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. —, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg. Re-enlisted Feb. 10, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps, &c.

Jonathan Albaugh, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Wounded at Chancelorsville. Discharged May 29, '65.

Charles H. Albaugh, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 23, '64.

Joseph Amy, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 29, '64.

John H. Berlin, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Discharged May 29, '65.

John M. Brombaugh, enlisted at Meadville, March 8, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

George Barroff, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 26, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Thomas Collins, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 11, '64.

Samuel Chriswell, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 3, '64.

John Culbertson, enlisted at Meadville, March 1, '64. Killed Sept. 30, '64, in action at Peeble's Farm.

Walker Dickson, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 3, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill and Bethesda Church.

Joseph Dickson, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 3, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Killed, Sept. 30, '64, in action at Peeble's Farm.

John Dougherty, drafted at Reading, Sept. 25, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Rinaldo Eaton, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 16, '64. Wounded a Hatcher's Run, Oct. 27, 1864.

Lewis Eaton, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64. Received three wounds inside the rebel breastworks at Laurel Hill.

Samuel Gillespie, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

Joseph R. Goheen, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Aug. 8, '63.

John Gordon, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 23, '64.

George Huddleson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept. 3, 1863.

James Hunter, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept. 3, '63.

Stephen Decatur Hunt, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 29, '64; wounded at Laurel Hill.

Charles A. Hill, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62.; wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

James M. Knox, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

Darius Kelley, enlisted at Waterford, Feb, 27, '64; wounded at Laurel Hill.

Perry Law, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

John H. Mater, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862.

Silas McCalmont, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept, 13, '63.

David McKay, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 12, '63.

George McNutt, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 23, '64.

Francis Millett, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 29, 1864.

John Nuss, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 15, '63.

James C. Percival, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Commissioned 2d Lieut. of Co. "E" in the new organization, Feb. 17, '65.

James Purdy, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

L. H. Russ, drafted at Reading, Sept. 25, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy, May 3, '64.

James Robison, enlisted at Reading, Sept. 28, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy, May 3, '64.

John G. Root, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged May 29, '65.

Carlos Reynolds, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 25, '64. Wounded and taked prisoner at Laurel Hill.

Henderson Rodgers, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 26, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

James Swailes, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Transferred to Signal Corps, Jan. 27, '64.

Jacob Swisher, enlisted at Ti nesta, Aug. 19, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept. 1, '63.

Jay Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 8, '64. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, '65; was also wounded at Laurel Hill.

Isaac W. Siggins, enlisted at Meadville, March 26, '64.

Henry Sweet, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, '64.

Henry C. Smith, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 29, 1864.
Thomas Strong, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, 1862.
Homer Towner, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62; wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. Discharged May 29, '65.
John Toner, drafted at Norristown, Pa., Sept. 5, '63.
William Young, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 30, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Fletcher Watson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62 Discharged May 29, '65.
Thomas J. Whitmore, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Transferred to V. R. Corps, Sept. 1, '63.

Killed in Action and Died of Wounds or Disease.

James M. Bromley, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
Archibald Bromley, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
John M. Bromley, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease at Elmira, New York, Feb. 18, '63.
Eli Berlin, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Killed at Gettysburg.
Robert C. Baskin, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.
William S. Dawson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 6, '61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Dec. 9, 1861.
James Davis, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.
Francis Eaton, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Samuel Henderson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Died of wounds received at Malvern Hill. Date of death not on the company records.
John N. Heath, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease at Point Lookout, July 29, '62.
Leisure A. Hooks, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Jacob Host, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Killed at Laurel Hill.
George C. Johnson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Died of disease, July 19, '62.
John H. Kerr, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Oct. 26, '61.
John F. Kinsler, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Robert W. McCane, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 27, '61. Died of disease at Point Lookout, Sept. 20, '62.
Otis C. Monross, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Died, May 13, '64, of wounds received at Laurel Hill.
Thomas R. B. Plowman, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed by the kick of a mule, June 25, '64.
John Ross, drafted at Reading, Sept. 19, '63. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.
Jacob T. Shriver, Corp., enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Died, June 10, '62, of wounds received at Hanover C. H.
Andrew J. Saeger, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Levi Turner, drafted at Reading, Sept. 8, '63. Died of disease, May 23, '64, being at the time under sentence of death for desertion.
Amos M. Whisner, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 19, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.

No. of deserters, 12.

Muster Roll of Company "H."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Penn., Sept. 6, '61.

Capt. Phineas P. Carpenter, enrolled at Conneautville, Aug. 27, '61. Commissioned Captain, Sept. 6, '61. Resigned, Jan. 14, '63.
Capt. Jarael Thickstun, enrolled at Cassewago, Sept. 1, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut., Sept. 6, '61. Promoted to 1st Lieut., Sept. 29, '62; to Captain, Jan. 14, '63. Discharged, Feb. —, '65, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. John E. Wilson, enrolled at Erie, Aug. 29, '61, and mustered the same day; date of discharge not given.
Lieut. Roswell P. Hynes, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 28, '61. Promoted from Sergeant —dates not given. Discharged, Sept. —, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. Oliver L. Hall, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 28, '61. Promoted to 2d Lieut., March 14, '63. Discharged, June 25, '64.
Lieut. James W. Foster, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 7, '61. Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieut., Sept. 29, '62. Resigned, March 14, '63.
Lieut. Andrew J. McKee, enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 28, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer—date not given. Promoted to 2d Lieut., July 1, '64. Wounded at Petersburg.

Discharged, Sept. 7th 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

George G. Abbey, Sergeant, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 18, '61.
John R. Bortles, 1st Sergeant, enlisted at Conneautvlile, Aug. 17, '61.
Don H. Leper, Sergeant, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 28, '61.
Andrew C. Allen, Corporal, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '6'.
Henry J. Turner, Corporal, enlisted at Harmonsburg, Aug. 18, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Charles F. Barber, enlisted at Cassewago, Aug. 3, '61.
Theodore Blowers, enlisted at Conneautville, Sept. 5, '61.
Francis Clough, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 17, '61.
Henry Dart, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 3, '61.
Robert Eckart, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 27, '61.
Harrison W. Holman, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 17, '61.
John E. Mosier, enlisted at Cassewago, Aug. 4, '61.
George McFadden, enlisted at Peen Line, Aug. 10, '61.
George C. Mills, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 28, '61.
Edward F. Oaktey, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61.
Alonzo Sawdy, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 21, '61.
Andrew J. Smith, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 21, '61.
William F. Thayer, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 27, '61.
William G. Wyatt, enlisted at Conneatville, Aug 27, '63.

Discharged by reason of wounds, disease, &c., before the expiration of term of service.

Calvin S. Randall, 1st Sergeant, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Jan. 28, '63.

Arthur W. Vancamp, Sergeant, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 15, '61. Discharged, Dec. 15, '62.
Don L. Kelly, Corporal, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, March 28, '62.
Hulburt Lander, Corporal, enlisted at Conneatville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged, March 30, '63.
Calvin M. Rice, Corporal, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 7, '61. Discharged, July 19, '62.
William T. Ward, Corporal, enlisted at Girard, Aug, 27, '61. Discharged, Sept. 8, '62,
Amos Allen, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Dec. 1, '61.
James P. Allen, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 4, '62. Discharged, March 12, '6-.
Henry C. Blackmer, enlisted at Erie, Jan. 29, '62. Discharged, Nov. 13, following.
Charles Boles, enlisted at Linesville, Aug., '61. Date of discharge not given.
Robert L. Boles enlisted at Meadville, Oct. 22, '62. Discharged, March 2, '63.
Asa M Belknap, enlisted at Beaver, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged, June 23, '62.
Thomas J. Bowman, enlisted at Cranesville, Sept. 16, '61. Discharged, Sept. 24, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' M ll.
Russel Coburn, enlisted at Waterford, March 11, '64. Discharged for wounds received at Laurel Hill—date of discharge not given.
Thomas De Marby, drafted at Reading, Sept. 28, '63. Discharged, March 9, '64.
Theron Davenport, enlisted at Wellsburg, Sept. 2, '61. Discharged, March 24, '63.
Sanford Doty, enlisted at Spring, Sept. 2, '61. Discharged, July 23, '62.
Ebenezer R. Ellsworth, enlisted at Dixonburg, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged, Nov. 11, '62.
Edward S. Fenner, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 18, '61. Discharged, April 15, '62.
George S. Fowler, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged, May 31, '62.
Shepard Fronce, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged, Jan. 10, '63.
Ebenezer H. George, enlisted at Beaver, Aug. 25, '61. Discharged, Feb. 25, '62.
Myron O. Godfrey, enlisted at Girard, Sept. 16. '61. Discharged, Jan. 29, '63.
D. C. Graves, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 17, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Feb. 25, '63.
William E. Greenfield, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, Oct. 14, '62.
Zephaniah Graham, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 23. '62. Discharged, March 12, '6-.
Ira Hall, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 14, '61. Discharged, July 25, '62.
Benjamin Lander, enlisted at Conneautville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged, June 3, '63.
Lucius W. Lyman, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, Jan. 28, '63.
William Lupher, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 18, '61. Discharged, Jan. 19, '63.
Jared Munger, enlisted at Conneautville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged, Oct. 20, '62.
John C. Rockwell, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, March 1, '62.
Warren Sawdy, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, May 15, '62.
William R. Smith, drafted at Reading, Sept. 30, '63. Discharged by reason of promotion to Hospital Steward, U. S. A.
Henry Spaulding, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Discharged, Aug. 27, '62.
Kinsley Steadman, enlisted at Dixonburg, Aug. 26, '61. Discharged, May 20, '62.
Benjamin Stimpson, enlisted at Conneautville, Sept. 3, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged, Nov. 20, '62.
Harrison H. Thompson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged, Dec. 20, '62.
Jerome D. Tyler, enlisted at Conneatville. Aug. 17, '61. Discharged, Oct. 15, '62.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

Joseph H. Bowman, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 3. '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63.
Thomas Cleary, enlisted at Steamburg. Aug. 27, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Re-enlisted, Feb. 13, '64.
Eli Green, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 1. '61. Re-enlisted—date not given.
John McKinney, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 26, '61. Re-enlisted—date not given.
Joseph B. Potter, enlisted at Steamburg, Aug, 31, '61. Re-enlisted—date not given.
Harrison Raymond, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 21, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg. Re-enlisted—date not given. Promoted to 2d Lieut. of Co. B, in the new organization, Feb. 17, '65; afterwards promoted to 1st Lieut.
Daniel H. Stoddard, enlisted at Dixonburg, Aug. 17, '61. Re-enlisted—date not given.
Jacob E. Swap, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 27, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.
Isaac N. Vancamp, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 17, '61. Re-enlisted—date not given. Killed, Oct. 2, '64, before Petersburg.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps, &c.

John Anderson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 11, '62. Discharged, May 29, '65.
Dwight Beales. enlisted at Spring, Aug. 27, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps—date not given.
John Beck, enlisted at Tionesta. Aug. 15, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps—date not given.
Gabriel Carns, enlisted at Linesville, Nov. 6, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps—date not given.
Roswell Coburn, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64.
Dennis Calvin, enlisted at Mosiertown, Aug. 20. '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps—date not given.
Elias Durfee, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 24, '62. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Died in Richmond about July 1, '64, from effects of amputation.
Charles Davidson, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
Levi N. Flint, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 27, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps—date not given.
J. D. Fish, enlisted at Waterford, Aug 9, '62. Wounded at Bull Run.
Francis Farleigh, drafted at Reading, Sept. 30,. '63,
Albert Frances, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 22, '64.
Moses P. Grubb, drafted at Reading, Sept. 9 '63. Died at Andersonville of scurvy, Oct' 20, '64.
Arthur Gough, drafted at Phil'a, Sept 30, '63.
Edward Girard, enlisted at Meadville, March 19, '64.
Henry J. Glum, enlisted at Meadville, March, 29, '64. Wounded in the battle of Laurel Hill.
Calvin Hobart, no date of enlistment given.
Fred Huber, drafted at Reading, Sept. 9, '63.

Joseph Hull, drafted at Alleghany City, Nov. 17, '63. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64, before Petersburg.
Milo Higley, enlisted at Meadville, March 13, '64.
Alva Higley, enlisted at Waterford, March 29, '64. Killed, March 31, '65.
Walter Helt, enlisted at Meadville, March 29, '64.
James Johnson, enlisted at Tionesta, Aug. 23, '62. Discharged, May 25, '65.
George Jones, drafted at Reading, Sept. 22, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy.
Robert Larmer enlisted at Waterford, Oct. 20, '62. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
L. Lawrence, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 14, '64.
David Marvin, enlisted at Penn Line, Aug. 26, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps.
Alvin Mattison, enlisted at Evansburg, April 5, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps.
Abram McKinney, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 25, '62.
Walter McKinney, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 23, '62. Captured at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's cavalry.
John M. Miller, enlisted at Meadville, March 24, '64.
William McCarrick, drafted at Philadelphia, Aug. 13, '63.
Edward Nashot, enlisted at Meadville, March 31, '64. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64, and since died.
William Odell, enlisted at Meadville, March 22, '64.
Wesley Phelps, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 20, '62.
Martin Rudler, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 20, '61. Transferred to V. R. Corps.
John D. Sanford, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 11, '62. Wounded at Laurel Hill, Discharged, May 29, '65.
David Skeels, enlisted at Cassewago, Sept. 20, '62. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64, and since died.
John Stanfield, drafted at Alleghany City, Nov. 17, '63.
William Stewart, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 21. '62. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Discharged, May 29, '65.
Charles Swift, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 9, '62. Transferred to V. R. Corps.
William A. Lozer, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 26. 62. Transfered to V. R. Corps.
Richard Welsh, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 5, '62. Wounded at Rappahannock Station. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.
Edward T. Webster, enlisted at Waterford, Aug, 9, '62. Captured at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's cavalry. Missing since action at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, '65.
Marcus M. Winser, enlisted at Meadville, March 30, '64.

Killed in action, and died of wounds or disease.

James Adams, drafted at Reading, Sept. 12, '63. Killed by accident, Jan. 13, '64, while on duty as train guard, on Orange & Alexandria Railroad.
Anderson Allen, enlisted at Penn Line, Aug. 24, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Elijah Allen, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 3, '61 Died at Richmond, July 1, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Edson R. Allen, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 3, '61. Died in Hospital at Alexandria, June 14, '64.
F. M. Ames, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 3, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Edward M. Banister, Sergeant, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 3, '61. Died of disease at Point Lookout, Md., July 22, '63.
James Bishop, enlisted at Pittsburgh, Jan. 27, '64. Killed in the battle of the Wilderness.
George Brewer, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 10, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Thomas C. Burnside, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Allen Bills, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 15, '61. Died in hospital—date not known.
Irvin Cheney, enlisted at Steamburg, Aug. 25, '61. Died in hospital—date not known.
Henry B. Custard, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 3, '61. Missing since the battle of Laurel Hill,
Arza J. Dibble, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 17, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Lewis Dodge, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Missing since Laurel Hill.
James A. Dunn, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 3, '61. Missing since Laurel Hill.
Cyrus S. Francis, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 20, '61. Died at Philadelphia, Aug. 9, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Loren Godfrey, enlisted at Spring, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
James Graham, enlisted at Erie, Oct. 25, '62. Died at Beverley Ford, Sept. 10, '63.
Edward Green, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 1, '61. Died at Washington, May 5, '64.
Philip Grine, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 27, '61. Killed at Gettysburg.
Warren Gere, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 19, '64. Died at Mount Pleasant Hospital, Washington, D. C., May 31, '61, of wounds received at Laurel Hill.
William Holbrook, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Died of small pox near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 4. '62.
John A. Klump, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 17, '61. Died of fever at Savage Station, July 5, '62.
J. M. Landon, enlisted at Conneautville, Sept. 1, '61. Died of fever at Savage Station, July 30, '62.
Hiram J. Mallary, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 31, '61. Missing since Laurel Hill.
Calvin H. Wilks, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 8, '61. Died at Richmond, Aug. 5, '64, of wounds received at Laurel Hill.
Henry E. Mason, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 26, '61. Died of fever at Fortress Monroe, July 14, '62.
Henry R. Mason, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 20, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
William Read, enlisted at Steamburg, Sept. 1, '61. Died at Phil'a, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill—date of death not given.
Nathaniel Read, enlisted at Meadville, March 24, '61. Died of disease at City Point, July 31 following.
William D. Shaul, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 30, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
Loren B. Strong, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 27, '61. Died at Baltimore, Aug. 5, '62
John C. Teller, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 22, '61. Died of fever at Savage Station, June 29, '62
Oliver J. Taylor, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. '62. Died of fever at Washington, June 4, '63.
Rufus Thalman, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Died of wounds received at Bull Run—date of death not given.
Marcus Thompson, enlisted at Meadville, March 24, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Stephen N. Warner, enlisted at Linesville, Aug. 13, '61. Died, July 30, '63, of wounds received at Gettysburg.
William D. Webster, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 9, '62. Killed at Bull Run
George Woodward, enlisted at Penn Line, Aug. 10, '61. Died in Hospital—date not given.
No. of deserters, 11.

Muster Roll of Company "I."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Pa., Aug 27th, 1861.

Capt. Hiram L. Brown, enrolled at Erie, July 29, '61. Commissioned Captain Aug. 27. Wounded at Gaines' Mill and Fredericksburg. Resigned Sept. 4, '62, to accept commission of Colonel of the 145th Penn'a. Vols. Wounded at Gettysburg. Taken prisoner at Spottsylvania and placed under fire of our batteries at Charleston, S. C. Promoted to Brigadier General Sept. 3, '64.
Capt. John M. Sell, enrolled at Erie, July 29, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Aug. 27. Promoted to Captain Sept. 4, '62. Wounded at Fredericksburg. Struck in the left leg by a solid shot at Gettysburg, July 2, and died from effects of amputation July 3, '63.
Capt. John H. Borden, enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut; to 1st Lieut. Sept. 4; to Captain July 3, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Lieut. John M. Clark, enrolled at Erie, July 29, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut. Aug. 27. Promoted to 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, June 27, '62. Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the 3d Brigade, from May '63 to April '64. Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. William J. Wittich, enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut, June 27, '62. Killed at Bull Run.
Lieut. Frederick C. Wittich, enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Sept. 4, '62; to 1st Lieut. July 3 '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Discharged Sept. 7th, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. Abner R. Edson, enlisted at Bloomfield, Pa., '61. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. July 2, '64. Wounded Sept. 20, '64.

Discharged Sept. 7th, 1864, *by Reason of Expiration of Term of Service.*

James D. Ross, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61.
Perry C. Glancy, Sergt, enlisted at Centerville, Aug. 8, '61.
Judson Ames, Corp., enlisted at Centerville, Aug 8, '61. Wounded at Cold Harbor, June, '64.
James Allen, Corp., enlisted at Espyville. Sept. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.
William A. Hill, Corp., enlisted at Edinboro, Aug. 15, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill.
Joel Dichman, enlisted at Penn Line, Aug. 8, '61.
Flory Grant, enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 8, '61.
Gotleib Lehman, enlisted at Roulette, Aug. 1, '61.
Samuel Phoenix, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 19, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill.
Chester Rich, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 28, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Isaac Reeter, enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 28, '61.
Samuel Tingley, enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 28, '61.
Seymour Wheelock, enlisted at Woodcock, Aug. 28, '61.

Discharged by Reason of Wounds, Disease, &c., before the Expiration of their Term of Service.

Francis Deschriver, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Discharged at Seminary Hospital, D.C., April 4, '62.
John Constable, (Putty!) enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Promoted from Sergt. to Post-Master-General of the Regiment at Hall's Hill. Resigned his "commish" at Harrison's Landing, July, 31, '62, in consequence of a dangerous attack of the dropsy.
Watson R. Wentworth, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 5, '61. Discharged Sept. 19, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill. Promoted to Lieut. in V. R. Corps.
John Henry, Corp., enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Discharged at Georgetown April 16, '62.
Morrow L. Lowry, Corp., enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 28, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Nov. 11, '61, by order of War Department.
William H. Meade, Corp., enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 25, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent Feb. 6, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
James Oakley, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Harrison's Landing, July 19, '62.
Martin A. Butterfield, enlisted at Spring Creek, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged at Carver Hospital, March 30, '63, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.
Martin R. Clark, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 11, '61. Discharged at Washington, Dec. 29, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
John W. Dayton, enlisted at Concord, Aug. 29, '61. Discharged at Baltimore Feb. 26, '63.
Marshall Ekins, (or Aikens,) enlisted at Bloomfield, Aug 8, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Dec. 24, '61.
Benjamin Emerson, enlisted at Bloomfield, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged at York, Pa., Jan. 10, '63. Injured at Gaines' Mill by falling off a limb and taken prisoner.
William D. Fleming, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged at Washington, Nov. 15, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.
Andrew J. Fleming, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Dec. 8, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Orson F. Gifford, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged at Phila., Jan. 16, '63.
Silas M. Gifford, enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Malvern Hill. Discharged by reason of wounds at Baltimore, Nov. 24, '62.
Albin (or Allen,) Haild, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 3, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged for wounds at Stoneman's Station, April 3, '63.
Samuel Holmes, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Oct. 22, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

David Jackson, (for date of enlistment see Co. "D,") Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Discharged Oct. 14, '62.

William H. Laport, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 9, '61. Discharged at Providence, R. I., Dec. 8, '62.

Cornelius R. H. Lynn, Musician, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 30, '61. Promoted to Drum Maj., June 4, '62. Discharged Oct. 3, '62 by virtue of general order of War Department, being in excess of legal organization.

Garry Merwin, enlisted at Centreville, Aug. 2, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, Feb. 11, '63.

Eli H. Meade, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 29, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Oct. 26, '62, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

David J. Meade, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 29, '61. Discharged at Beverly Ford, Aug. 8, '63.

Francis E. McIntyre, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 29, '61. Discharged at Washington, Oct. 31, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.

Hugh McClenahan, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 13, '62. Discharged at Washington, Aug. 29, '63.

Charles E. Pelton, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 27, '61. Discharged at Philadelphia, Nov. 17, '62, by reason of wounds received at Bull Run.

Ransom Rickerson, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 28, '61. Discharged at Seminary Hospital, D. C., April 25, '63.

William H. Smith, enlisted at Riceville, Aug. 8, '61. Discharged at Seminary Hospital, D. C , May 29, '62.

George C. Smith, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 8, 61. Discharged April 8, '63, by reason of wounds received at Fredericksburg.

Ranford Sherman, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Philadelphia, March 29, '62.

David Tuttle, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 29, '61. Discharged at Washington, Feb. 9, '63, of wounds received Bull Run.

Robert Vincent, enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, March 2, '63.

Francis H. Vader, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, '62. Discharged at Washington, Oct. 23, '62.

Charles E. Warner, enlisted at Waterford, July 29, '61. Discharged at Philadelphia, April 23, '62.

Thomas M. Young, enlisted at Clarksville, Sept. 3, 61. Discharged at Clifburn Hospital, Sept. 2, '62, by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

Samuel Fluke, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Re enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Promoted to 2d Lieut. of Co. "C" in the New Organization, Dec. 28, '64. Resigned Feb. 12, '65, on Surgeon's certificate of disability. Died at Erie, March 26, following.

Charles H. Hubbell, Sergt., enlisted at Bloomfield, Aug. 8, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Promoted to 2d Lieut. of Co. "C" in the New Organization, Feb. 17, '65; to be 1st Lieut., June 10, following.

Orlando S. Kinnear, Corp., enlisted at ———, '61. Wounded at Chancellorsville. Re-enlisted Feb. 25, '64.

George Graff, Corp., enlisted at ———, '61. Re enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.

George H. Bedient, enlisted at Spartansburg, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted Feb. 16, '64.

Timothy P. Babcock, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 1, '61. Re-enliisted Dec. 24, '63.

Wesley Babcock, enlisted ———, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill and at Bull Run. Re enlisted Dec. 23, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.

George Harps, enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 5, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 23, '64.

Edwin R. Houghton, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 1, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 23, '63.

George Judd, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 19, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 23, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Anthony A. Rable, enlisted at Woodcock, Aug. 4, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 23, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Walter D. Work, enlisted at Woodcock, Aug. 13, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 15, '64. Wounded at the North Anna. Received appointment of Lieut. in U. S. Colored Troops, in the summer of '64.

Robert L. Benson, Corp., enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 5, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill and Bull Run, Re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.

George Jacobs, enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Died June 23, '64, from wounds received at Petersburg, June 20.

Andrew J. McFadden, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Re-enlisted Dec. 23, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Walter F. Stacy, Sergt., enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 28, '61. Transferred to non-commissioned staff as Commissary Sergeant. Re-enlisted Dec. 23, '63. Discharged Oct. '64.

Stafford Woodside, enlisted at ———, '61. Re-enlisted Feb. 26, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps., &c.

Charles Albert, drafted at Reading, Sept. 25, '63.

Simon A. Amy, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 27, '64 Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Jonathan Bishop, enlisted at Waterford, Sept. 16, '62. Discharged May 29, '65,

Thomas Burns, drafted at Philadelphia, Aug. 13, '63.

John Breen, drafted at Philadelphia, July 30, 63. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.

Grovener Baily, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 29, 61.

George Butterfield, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 22, '64. Wounded Sept. 30, following.

John Brown, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy April 30, '64.

Joseph Carolus, drafted at Norristown, Sept. 12, '63.

John E. Carpenter, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 12, '63.

James Conner, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 8, '64.

T. C. Chambers, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 29, '62. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill. Discharged May 29, '65.

Walter P. Dustin, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 11, '62. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, '65.

Hugh Dougherty, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 12, '63.

Lafayette Edson, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 24, '64.
Henry Fisher, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 30, '63. Transferred to U. S. Navy April 30, '64.
James Glancy, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 8, '64.
Eli Grant, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 29, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
James Graham, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 12, '63.
Charles A. Gray, drafted at Philadelphia, July 30, '63.
Hardy W. Gorden, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 26, '63.
Oliver Hobald, drafted at Frankford, Pa., Aug. 30, '63.
Charles Haginaw, drafted at Philadelphia, Sept. 11, '63.
Lewis Hightes, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 2, 1864.
John Jones, drafted at Phil'a, July 1, '63. Was wounded at Laurel Hill.
George Jones, drafted at Phil'a, Sept 29, '63.
Andrew Kuhn, drafted at Reading, Sept. 9, '63.
James Lawler, drafted at Reading, Sept. 7, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
W. F. Liebhart, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 23, '64.
James E. Miller, enlisted at Waterford, July 16, 62. Discharged May 29, '65.
Charles Myers, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Patrick McClelland, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 12, '63.
Amos McClenahan, enlisted at Waterford Aug. 13, '62. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Sept. 1, '63.
Franklin Mallory, drafted at Morristown, Sept. 12, '63. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865.
William Morgan, drafted at Reading, Sept. 29, 1863.
James W. Osburn, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 24, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Webster A. Oldfield, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 5, '64.
Patrick Reilley, dafted at Phil'a, Sept. 3, '63. Wounded and taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.
John H. Shreves, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 24, '64,
Darwin Shreves, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 24, '64.
Daniel E. Snyder, drafted at Norristown, Sept. 23, '63. Transferred to the U. S. Navy, April 30, '64.
Henry S. Tingley, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 4, '64. Wounded at Petersburg. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and recaptured by Sheridan's Cavalry.
James Tumilson, drafted at Norristown, Sept. 12, '63.
Oscar L. Vancise, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 23, '64.
Chester Vancise, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 23. '64. Wounded at the North Anna.
John Vancise, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 24, '64 Wounded, Sept. 30, following
Henry C. Warner, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 28, '64.
Charles Wilson, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 13, '63.

Killed in Action, and Died of Wounds and Disease, &c.

John Ames, enlisted at Centerville, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Charles Biesel, enlisted at Spartansburg, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
William Barns, enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 28, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
James Bovee, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 8, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Peter Bender, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 28, '62. Taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness.
Ebinezer Bell, enlisted at Waterford, Jan. 5, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Charles Glibbler, Corp., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 2, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Thomas Cummings, enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
David Callidore, drafted at Frankford, Aug. 12, '63. Died at Alexandria, Va., July 15, '64, of wounds received at the battle of the Wilderness.
Charles A. Dow, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 28, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill
John Fisher, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 24, '64. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.
Joseph A. Foster, enlisted at Meadville, Feb. 27, '64. Died of disease at Washington, Apr. 28, following.
John Gillenway, drafted at Reading, Sept. 17, '63. Killed at the battle of the Wilderness.
Daniel Hause, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Justus J. Haun, Sergt., enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 28, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Thomas J. Hill, Corp., enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Died at Baltimore, Aug. 7, '62, of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Columbia Hubbell, enlisted at Meadville, Mar. 24, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Orvis Kellogg, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 27, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
John Karn, drafted at Reading, Sept. 9, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Solomon Lewis, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 29, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
George Le Doo, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 22, '64. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Paul Morton, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 12, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill, May 10, '64.
Henry Myn, drafted at Phil'a, Sept. 12, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Hamlin J. Miller, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 4, '61. Died of disease at Washington, July 16, '62.
George W. Marsh, enlisted at Centerville, Aug. 8, '61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Feb. 13, '62
William M. Musser, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 20, '61. Died at Washington, July 15, '62, of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Chester Moffet, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 27, 61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Henry Redish, enlisted at Meadville, Jan. 28, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Andrew Rust, enlisted at Waterford, Feb. 24, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Henry A. Rickert, enlisted at Erie, March 14, '62. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Foster Rockwell, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 10, '62. Died, July 5, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg.
John Reynolds, enlisted at Meadville, March 28, '64. Died at Fredricksburg, May 25, following, of wounds received at the battle of the Wilderness.
Normon Scott, enlisted at Centreville, Aug. 8, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
George W. Stalker, enlisted at Woodcock, Aug. 4, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Died, July 7, '63, of wounds received at Gettysburg.

Buss Snore, enlisted at Erie, Au g. 14, '61. Died at Georgetown, D. C., Oct. 4, '62, of wounds received at Bull Run.
Curtis J. Spafford, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, July 29, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Robert Thompson, enlisted at Youngsville, Sept. 10, '61. Died, July 7, '63, of wounds received at Gettysburg.
Edward Thompson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 30, '61. Died at Washington, June 4, '64, of wounds received at Laurel Hill.
Orrin E. Terry, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Henry Thornton, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 3, '61. Killed at Melvern Hill.
Ira Taylor, enlisted at Spartansburg, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Charles Wilsey, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 8, '62. Killed at Laurel Hill.
John Yager, enlisted at Columbus, Aug. 20, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
James M. Young, Corp., enlisted at Clarksville, Aug. 28, '61. Died, July 14, '63, of wounds received at Gettysburg.
No. of deserters, 28.

Muster Roll of Company "K."

Mustered into the service of the United States at Erie, Pa., Sept. 8th, 1861.

Capt. Thomas M. Austin, enrolled at Erie, Pa., July 29, 1861. Commissioned Captain, Sept. 8, '61. Resigned, April 27, '63.
Capt. John Hechtman, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 2, '61. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Discharged, Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.
Lieut. William E. Bates, enrolled at Erie, July 29, '61. Commissioned 1st Lieut., Sept.—'61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. Resigned, Jan. 8, '63.
Lieut. Henry Austin, enlisted at Washington Tp., Erie Co , Aug. 22, '61. Date of promotion to 1st Lieut., not given. Wounded at Petersburg. Discharged, Sept. —, '64.
Lieut. Edmund W. Reed, enrolled at Erie, Sept. 13, '61. Commissioned 2d Lieut., ——. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Resigned, Feb. 14, '63.
Lieut. Noble L. Terrell, enlisted at Harborcreek, Aug. 1, '61. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer, Dec. 26, '63.

Discharged Sept. 7, '64, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Leonard Gilbert, enlisted at Harborcreek, Aug. 6, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg and at the battle of the Wilderness.
Truman W. Hyde, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 3, 61. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Seth P. Sturtevant, Corp., enlisted at Spring, Crawford Co., Sept. 13, '61. Wounded at Fredericksburg.
James G. Terrell, enlisted at Harborcreek, Sept. 5, '61
Martin N. Wetherbee, Corp., enlisted at Rome Tp., Crawford Co., Sept. 7, '61. Wounded at Gettysburg.

Discharged by reason of wounds, disease, &c., before the expiration of term of service.

Egbert D. Hulburt, Sergt., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged, Aug. 20, '62, by reason of wounds received at Hanover Court House.
Oscar Wicks, Sergt., enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 2, 1861. Discharged at Convalescent Camp, Jan. 21, '63.
Nelson R. Hays, Corp , enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Date of discharge not given.
Jacob Snyder, Corp., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Phil'a, June 25, '62.
Charles H. Wetherwax, Corp., enlisted at Erie, Aug. 22, '61. Discharged at Convalescent Camp, Jan. 15, '63
John M. August, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 31, '61. Discharged by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Joseph F. Bradford, enlisted at ——, Sept. 7, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Feb. 26, '62.
Jerome Bassett, enlisted at Columbus, Sept. 13, 61. Discharged by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
Ira Bowen, enlisted at Harborcreek, Sept. 8, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Dec. 27, '62.
Lemuel Babcock, enlisted at Warren, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged at Harrisburg, July 11, '62.
William Bishop, enlisted at Concord, Sept. 16, '61. Discharged by reason of wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Milo Bailey, enlisted at Venango Tp., Erie Co., Aug. 12, '61. Discharged by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted, Feb. 6, '64.
George A. Bishop, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Discharged at Newark, N. J., Jan. 23, '63.
Lucius M. Chapin, enlisted at Venango Tp., Erie Co., Aug. 21, '61. Discharged for wounds received at Bull Run.
Harry Colburn, enlisted at Venango Tp., Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Apr. 11, '63.
Stephen A. Day, enlisted at Spartansburg, Sept. 10, '61. Discharged at Convalescent Camp, Feb. 10, '63.
Christian Ehrenfeuchter, drafted, July 20, '63. Discharged at Kelly's Ford, Nov. 29, following.
Henry A. Fross, enlisted at Harborcreek, Sept. 9, '61. Discharged at Phil'a, Feb. 7, '63.
James E. Gifford, enlisted at Venango Tp., Aug. 27, '61. Discharged for wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Thomas Hopkins, enlisted at Harborcreek, Aug. 3, '61. Discharged for wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Mathias W. Huntley enlisted at Venango Tp., Sept. 11, '61. Discharged at N. Y., Jan. '63.
Irwin W. Hall, enlisted at Spring Tp., Crawford Co., Sept. 13, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Feb. 10, '63.
Allen J. Johnson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 1, '61. Discharged at Phil'a, June 20, '62.
John Logan, drafted, Aug. 9, '63. Discharged July 25, '64.
James McMahon, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged for wounds received at Malvern Hill.
Herman Miller, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged at Washington, March 11, '63.
John McCann, drafted, Aug. 12, '63. Discharged, Dec. 14, following.

Joseph D. Murray, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 6, '62. Discharged for wounds received at Bull Run.

Oliver W. Morton, enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 28, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged in the winter of '63 4, to accept an appointment as Lieut. in the United States Colored Troops.

Charles E. Pettus, enlisted at Warren, Aug. 31, '61. Discharged at Baltimore, Sept. '62.

Thomas J. Power, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged at Brooklyn, Jan. 15, '63.

Emilius Pomroy, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 6, '61. Discharged at Camp Convalescent, Feb. 11, '63,

Walter R. Palmer, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 8, '62. Discharged at Washington, Oct. 30, '63.

David W. Rhodes, enlisted at Springfield, Sept. 15, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Dec. 28, following.

George H. Rhodes, enlisted at Springfield, Sept. 7, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Mar. 1, '62.

David Sackett, enlisted at Erie, Sept. 4, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Oct. 30, following.

Thomas Smith, drafted, Aug. 13, '63. Discharged, Dec. 17, following.

John Scheibel, drafted, Aug. 12, '63. Discharged, Dec. 17, following.

Henry A. Skinner, enlisted at Wattsburg, Feb. 25, '62. Discharged for wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

Elias W. Taylor, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 26, '61. Discharged at Hall's Hill, Dec. 5, following.

Ebenezer D. Tyler, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 28, '61, Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Discharged at Baltimore, Sept. 1, '62.

Adam S. Urmson, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Discharged for wounds received at Malvern Hill.

Jacob Young enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 18, '61. Discharged at Georgetown, D, C., April 10, '62.

Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteers.

Henry M. Adams, enlisted in Wayne Tp., Erie Co., Aug. 12, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, March 18, '65.

Milo Ames, enlisted at Concord, Sept. 7, '61. Wounded at Gaines' Mill. Re enlisted, Feb. 16, '64.

Edward W. Bates. Quartermaster's Sergeant, enlisted at Youngsville, Aug. 6, '61. Transferred to Non Commissioned Staff, Sept. 8. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Discharged, Oct. '64

George Bennett, enlisted at Concord, Sept, 7, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 16, 64.

William B. Campbell, enlisted at Girard, Aug. 13, '61. Re-enlisted, Oct. 26, '63.

George M. Dunn, enlisted at Erie, March 3, '62. Re enlisted, March 9, '64.

Alexander Ford, enlisted in Venango Tp., Crawford Co., Sept. 15, '61. Re enlisted, Feb. 16, '64. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Philip J. Harlow, Hospital Steward, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Transferred to Non-Commissioned Staff—date not given. Re-enlisted, Dec. 24, '63. Discharged, Oct. 64.

Daniel B. Foote, Corp., enlisted in Venango Tp, Aug. 17, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill. Promoted to 1st Sergt. in Co. "C," New Organization; to 2d Lieut. June 10, '65.

Wilbur F. Haldeman, Corp., enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 12. '61. Re enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Worden Huntley, enlisted in Venango Tp., Sept. 5, '61. Re-enlisted, Feb. 16, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

William Kolb., Sergt., enlisted at Spartansburg, Sept. 5, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Gettysburg and at Laurel Hill.

Isaac Keck, 1st Sergt., enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Promoted to 2d Lieut of Co. "D," in the New Organization, Nov. 1, '64; to 1st Lieut., Dec. 28 following. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

George C. Mallery, Corp., enlisted at Riceville, Sept. 7, '61. Re enlisted, March 23, '64. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64.

Owen J. McAllister, enlisted at Union Mills, Sept. 16, '61. Wounded at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Norton N. Newell, enlisted at McKean, Aug. 1, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.

John Robinson, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 10, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.

Calvin Squires, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 12. '61. Re enlisted, Dec. 26, '63.

George Stevenson, enlisted at Waterford, Aug. 21, '61. Discharged, March 3, '63, for wounds received at Malvern Hill. Re-enlisted, Feb. 9, '64, Wounded at Old Church, June 2.

Mark Sackett, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 26, '61. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Joel Huntley, Corp,, enlisted in Venango Tp. Re-enlisted—date not given. Killed at Laurel Hill.

Levi O. Wetherbee, Corp., enlisted in Rome Tp., Crawford Co., Sept. 7, '61. Re-enlisted, March 23, '64. Died at White House, Va., June 10, '64, of wounds received at Old Church, June 2.

Frank B. Welch, Sergt., enlisted in Spring Tp., Aug. 9, '61. Wounded and taken prisoner at Gaines' Mill. Re-enlisted, Dec. 26, '63. Killed at Petersburg, June 18, '64.

Transferred to the New Organization, Veteran Reserve Corps., &c.

Martin V. Gifford, 1st Sergt., transferred to Co. "A," and promoted to 2d Lieut. (See Roll of Co. "A,"

Ervin K. Black, enlisted in Venango Tp., Aug. 1, '61. Transferred to Signal Corps, Sept. 1, '63.

William H. Bell, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Transferred to Signal Corps, Sept. 1, '63.

Herman Butler, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 10, '62. Discharged, May 29, '65.

John Rock, drafted, Aug. 8, '63.

Thomas J. Constable, enlisted at Erie, Nov. 5, '62.

John E. Culver, enlisted at Meadville, March 22, '64. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill.

Michael Cole, enlisted at Meadville, March 22, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.

Edward Dix, enlisted at Meadville, March 22, '64.

James Ely, drafted, Sept. 10, '63. Wounded, Sept. 30, '64.

Daniel W. Hatch, enlisted at Union Mills, Sept. 16, '61. Wounded at Bull Run. Transferred to V. R. Corps, June, '63.

J. B. Huntley, drafted, Aug. 13, '63.

John Hoffman, drafted, Sept. 9, '63.

George Hoffman, drafted, Sept. 10, '63. Taken prisoner at Laurel Hill and re-captured by Sheridan's cavalry.

Henry Jones, enlisted at Riceville, March 16, '64. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Herman R. Kleinhuis, drafted, Aug 12, '63.
Michael Keeley, drafted, Aug. 12, '63.
John Krauss, drafted, Sept. 29, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness and at Hatcher's Run.
Peter Knobloch, enlisted at Meadville, March 18, '64.
Henry L. Lease, drafted, Sept. 9, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
Jonas Loch, drafted, Sept. 12, '63. Wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.
William R. Ludden, enlisted at Riceville, Aug. 9, '64.
Clark McAllister, enlisted at Union Mills. Dec. 29, '63.
Alexander McKee, enlisted at Mill Creek, Aug 8, '62. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Franklin McKee, enlisted at Mill Creek, Aug. 8, '62. (Discharged, Sept., '64.)
James McKinly, drafted, July 19, '63.
John McDavit, drafted, Aug. 13, '63.
John W. Munsee, enlisted at Wattsburg, Jan. 18, '64.
Jasper E. Mallory, enlisted at Riceville, Feb. 26, '64. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Henry Mee, enlisted at Meadville, Dec. 26, '63. Wounded at Laurel Hill.
Winfield S. Patten, enlisted at Meadville, March 22, '64.
George D. Peck, enlisted at Riceville, Feb. 18, '64.
Solomon S. Ridle, enlisted at Mosiertown, Oct. 1, '62.
William P. Sheffer, drafted, Sept. 11, '63.
John Stehle, drafted, Sept. 10, '63.
David Smith, transferred to 10th Regiment Pa. Reserves.
George Storm, drafted, Sept. 24, '63.
Jackson Shoutz, enlisted at Townville, March 22, '64.
Henry Van Wagner, enlisted at Townville, March 22, '64.
Jacob Van Wagner, enlisted at Townville, March 22, '64
Daniel Wissiger, drafted, Sept. 4, '63.

Killed in Action and Died of Wounds or Disease.

William E. Haldeman, Sergt., enlisted at Harbor Creek, Aug. 1, '61 Killed at Fredericksburg,
Walter Ames, Corp., enlisted at Concord, Sept. 7, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Sylvenus Wade, Corp., enlisted at Warren, Aug. 1, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
William W. Bennett, enlisted at Concord, Sept. 7, '61. Killed at Gaines Mill.
Henry J. Bushnell, enlisted at Erie, Aug, 28, '61. Died in Richmond, Va., of wounds received at Gaines' Mill. Date of death not known.
William Bull, enlisted at Yonngsville, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
Myron Blakesly, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 12, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
Thomas Crooks, drafted, Aug. 8, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Marion B. DeWolf, enlisted at Springfield, Aug. 21, '61. Died of disease, March 10, '62, at Union Hospital, Georgetown, D. C.
D. B. Darling, enlisted at Union Mills, Sept. 8, '61. Killed at Malvern Hill.
Benjamin Davis, Musician, enlisted at Linesville, Nov. 4, '62. Died of disease at Phil'a, Jan. 4 '64.
William M. Flemming, enlisted at Warren, Aug. 6, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
George T. Foster, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 6, '62. Died of disease at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., Oct. 5, '62.
George W. Fulwiler, enlisted at Conneautville, Aug. 12, '61. Killed at Laurel Hill.
Daniel Gleason, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
John Greenwald, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Killed at Gettysburg.
Charles Gafney, drafted, Sept. 8, '63. Missing in action at Laurel Hill.
Henry Heckman, enlisted at Greenville, Sept. 5, '61. Died of disease at Georgetown, D. C., March 7, '62.
Charles Lumbard, enlisted at Concord, Sept. 7, '61. Died of disease at Philadelphia, March 18, '62.
Cassius Middaugh, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 22, '61. Died of disease at Georgetown, D. C., March 26, '62.
John O. Moore, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 20, '61. Died of disease at New York, May 10, '62.
Charles D. Miser, enlisted, Sept. 7, '61. Died of disease at Washington, D. C., June 10, '62.
Alexander May, enlisted at Harborcreek, Sept. 16, '61. Killed at Gaines' Mill.
Edward Nessey, drafted, Aug. 13, '63. Killed at Petersburg, June 19, '64.
Adam W. Pickard, enlisted at Concord, Sept. 7, '61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Nov. 23, following.
John N. Platner, enlisted at Erie, Aug. 30, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
Frank McBride, enlisted at North East. Aug. 27, '61. Wounded at Hanover Court House. Killed at Laurel Hill. Re-enlisted Veteran Volunteer.
Clinton J. Scott, enlisted at Harborcreek, Sept. 8, '61. Died of disease at Washington, D. C, Dec. 15, following.
Elisha D. Salmon, enlisted at Sugar Grove, Aug. 26, '61. Killed at Bull Run.
August Shultz, drafted, Sept. 1, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.
John Turnow, enlisted at Fairview, Aug. 1, '61. Died of disease at Hall's Hill, Feb. 27, 62.
Gardiner Taunt, enlisted at Meadville, Dec. 10, '63. Killed in the battle of the Wilderness.
Jacob Witter, enlisted at Rome Tp., Crawford Co., Sept. 8, '61. Died of disease at Fortress Monroe, June 29, '62.
Lewis E. White, enlisted at Wattsburg, Aug. 6, '62. Killed at Bull Run.
Samuel Williamson, enlisted at Centreville, Aug. 5, '62. Died of disease at Centreville, Va., Jan. 17, '64.
James Wilson, drafted, Aug. 13, '63. Killed at Laurel Hill.

No. of deserters, 25.

NOTE:—All those discharged May 29th, 1865, were discharged by order of the Secretary of War.

SUMMARY.

COMPANIES.	COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	DISCHARGED SEPT. 7, 1864.	DISCHARGED FOR WOUNDS, &C.	RE-ENLISTED VET. VOLS.	TRANSFERRED TO NEW ORGANIZATION VET. RES. CORPS, &C.	KILLED AND DIED.	DESERTERS.	TOTAL.
A.	7	15	46	6	33	27	43	177
B.	6	21	36	24	46	22	18	173
C.	5	24	37	11	63	24	18	182
D.	3	14	36	14	48	26	5	146
E.	6	6	50	17	60	42	41	222
F.	7	17	44	13	56	29	21	187
G.	7	30	30	14	48	23	12	164
H.	7	19	39	9	46	39	11	170
I.	7	13	35	17	48	43	28	192
K.	6	5	43	23	43	36	25	181
AG'TE*	61	164	397	148	491	311	222	1794

*Since the above summary was made, the names of nineteen late deserters have been stricken out.

NOTE.—All members who are not accounted for as dead or discharged on the above Rolls, were finally mustered out of service at Harrisburg in July, 1865.

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