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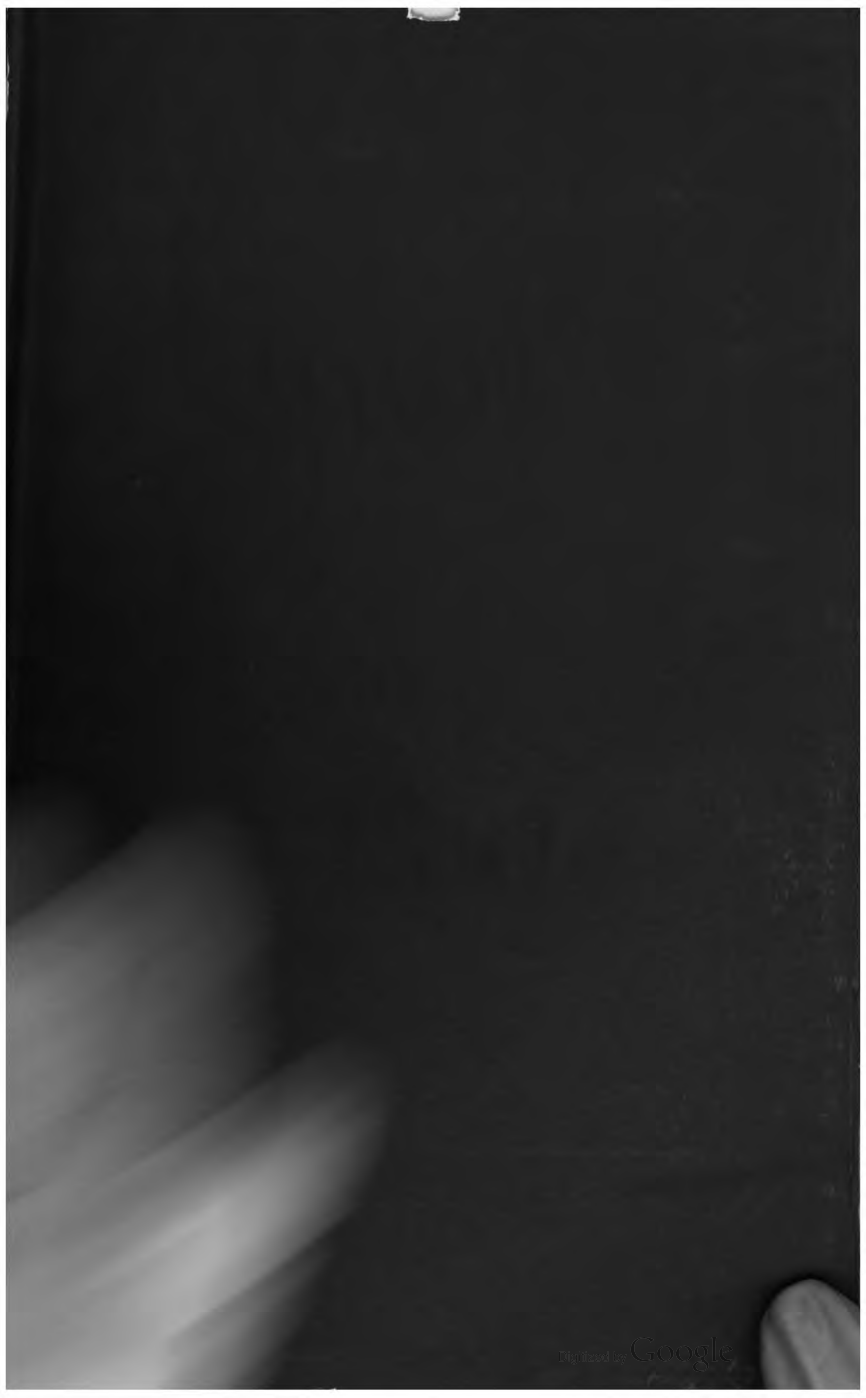


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ORY



THE
CAMPAGNS
OF THE
SEVENTEENTH MAINE.

BY EDWIN B. HOUGHTON,
A MEMBER OF THE REGIMENT.

"The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood."

PORTLAND:
SHORT & LORING.
1866.

MS 5941.5.17



*Gift of
The Twentieth Regiment*

PRESS OF BROWN THURSTON AND COMPANY.

To the Rank and File
OF THE
"SEVENTEENTH MAINE,"
AND TO THE
Memory of Its Gallant Dead,
WHO SEALED THEIR DEVOTION TO
OUR BELOVED COUNTRY WITH THEIR LOYAL BLOOD,
THIS
FEEBLE AND IMPERFECT RECORD OF THEIR MILITARY CAREER,
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

DURING his term of service, the writer of the following pages kept, solely for his own amusement, a diary, wherein he recorded, from day to day, the movements of the regiment, together with such other incidents as seemed to him worthy of being remembered. At the earnest solicitation of many of his former comrades, he consented, but not without reluctance and many misgivings, to compile from the data and memoranda in his possession, a History of the Campaigns of the SEVENTEENTH MAINE.

Never in his wildest flights of fancy, contemplating the possibility of entering the arena of letters, or becoming a "book maker," his notes were confined principally to matters of purely personal interest, and consequently were, in many instances relating to the regiment, very meagre and unsatisfactory.

In presenting this volume, therefore, as a history of the gallant regiment, of which he had the honor to form a one-thousandth part, he would crave the kind indulgence of the reader, for the

many inaccuracies and omissions that may be noticed, for the glaring faults and blunders in style and composition, as well as for several typographical errors, which have found their way into the following pages.

To those gentlemen who have assisted him in the preparation of the work, he desires to express his thanks; and without further apology or excuse, he submits the result of his labors to the tender mercies of his friends.

PORTLAND, MARCH 1, 1866.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT AT CAMP KING,—TRIP TO WASHINGTON,—LIFE IN THE FORTS,—MARCH TO EDWARD'S FERRY AND TO FALMOUTH.

MAINE had responded nobly to every call of the General Government for troops to aid in suppressing the gigantic and wicked rebellion which threatened the life of the republic during the dark days of 1861 and 1862. Over fifteen thousand men had left the State, and recruiting had been commenced for another regiment, when on the second day of July, 1862, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, calling for three hundred thousand volunteers, "to serve for the period of three years, unless sooner discharged." Of this number the quota of Maine was nine thousand six hundred and nine.

On the Fourth of July, the following appeal was made by Governor Washburn :

State of Maine.

Executive Department, July 4, 1862.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MAINE :—

An additional number of troops is required by the exigency of the public service, and if raised immediately, it is believed by those who have the best means of knowledge, that the war will be brought to a speedy and glorious issue. Of this number the President of the United States desires and expects that Maine should furnish her proportion or quota.

Our gallant and patriotic State has done her whole duty in the past, and she will not falter nor fail in the present nor the future.

That her natural interests may be protected and advanced ; that tranquility and peace may be restored throughout the land ; that the Constitution and the Union, which have been to all of us the source of unmeasured blessings, may be preserved ; that Liberty, of which they were the inspiration and are the selected guardians, may be saved ; and that the light of one great example may shine brighter and brighter to guide, to cheer, and to bless the nations :— to aid in all these I invoke of the people of this State a prompt and hearty response to this new demand upon their patriotism. And may they all unite in the work that is before them, each laboring in his own sphere, doing what he can by his example, influence, and sympathy ; proffering his treasure, his time, his strength, his heart, and his highest hopes to the cause of his country.

General orders will be issued immediately, giving authority for raising new regiments of infantry, and for calling into actual service a portion of the ununiformed militia of the State.

ISRAEL WASHBURN, JR.,

Governor of Maine.

The great heart of the loyal North was thoroughly aroused, and throughout this State the appeal to arms was responded to, with alacrity and enthusiasm.

The *Seventeenth Regiment of Maine Volunteer Infantry* was organized under the provisions of this call, principally from the counties of Cumberland, Oxford, Franklin, York, and Androscoggin. On the twenty-third day of July, two companies went into camp at the Island Trotting Park, Cape Elizabeth, Maine. These were the companies subsequently designated as A and D.

Company organizations and individual recruits came in rapidly, and in a brief period the number of volunteers enrolled for the regiment far exceeded the maximum allowed by law, and many who had enlisted for the Seventeenth were transferred to other regiments. Recruits, as they arrived, were mustered into the State service by Lieut. Joseph A. Perry, who had received an appointment as mustering officer for the regiment.

The camp we occupied, in honor of the first governor of Maine, was designated in orders as "CAMP KING."

We were mustered into the service of the United States by Major J. W. T. Gardiner, of the Second United States Dragoons, on the eighteenth of August, 1862.

“There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

O! 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sunbright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!

Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Far flashed a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.”

On the same day the United States bounties of twenty-seven dollars were paid by Major Robie, Paymaster United States Army, and on the following day we received the State and local bounties.

On the morning of August twenty-first, we struck tents, and were in line at five o'clock. Soon after, with two days cooked rations, we were *en route* for Portland. Arriving at the depot of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, we embarked in a special train for Boston about seven o'clock. A large number of spectators was present at the station, and as the train moved out we were greeted with cheer upon cheer, while the ladies, thronging the platform, waved their handkerchiefs, and with their brightest smiles bade us God speed. Many a tear stole unbidden from eyes unused to weeping as the final good-byes were spoken.

Alas! how many of the brave fellows that left the State with us on that pleasant summer morning, so full of life and hope, now sleep the sleep that knows no waking; and how many others,

“less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep long blessed sleep
Of the battlefield's holy ground.”

The enthusiasm along the route from Portland to Boston was marked; and at every station crowds greeted the arrival and departure of the train with cheers and expressions of good will for the volunteers. We arrived in Boston at two o'clock, and marched through crowded streets, where we were received with genuine Boston hospitality and enthusiasm, to the depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. At five o'clock we embarked in a special train, arriving at Stonington at midnight, where we found the steamer, which was to convey us, already laden with a heavy freight and a full complement of passengers. We were stowed with *other* freight between decks, and wherever else we could find a spot sufficiently large to allow us a standing or sleeping place. The accommodations were very meagre, the gentlemanly (?) officers of the boat refusing us water to drink or opportunity to wash.

We arrived in Jersey City early on the morning of the twenty-second, and at ten o'clock were furnished

with a special train for Philadelphia, where we arrived at half-past three o'clock, P. M., and partook of a generous collation at the Cooper Volunteer Refreshment Rooms. It seemed as though the ladies of Philadelphia turned out *en masse*, and their kind words of encouragement and sweet smiles will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Seventeenth Maine.

We remained in the streets awaiting transportation until eleven o'clock, P. M., (a severe rain-storm occurring meanwhile,) when we marched to the depot, and even at that late hour, and notwithstanding the rain, the streets were thronged. The ladies bade us good-bye with as much feeling as though we were near friends, and distributed books, bouquets, and refreshments as we passed. Many gave practical demonstration of their patriotism by kissing the "dear soldiers." At midnight we were "all aboard" a train of cattle cars, but poorly calculated to accommodate human cattle. However, we took it as philosophically as possible, and were soon on our way rejoicing.

Along the route, our reception was quite enthusiastic, — the patriotism of the people was fully aroused, and probably at no period since the dastardly outrage on "Old Glory," at Fort Sumter, had there been such a general and spontaneous expression of enthusiasm and good wishes for the defenders of the Union. As we neared Baltimore, however, although the stars and stripes waved from nearly every housetop, it was plain-

ly evident that the enthusiasm was forced, and not such as we had noticed in the northern cities.

We arrived in Baltimore at noon on the twenty-third, and partook of a collation furnished by the citizens. As we marched through the streets, we could but remember that fatal day when the blood of our brave Massachusetts soldiers, marching to the defense of our common country, was spilled by a mob. Although the streets were crowded there was but little enthusiasm. The inhabitants gazed on us with mournful faces, as though a funeral procession was passing.

At one o'clock, P. M., we were again crowded into a cattle train and arrived at Washington at six o'clock, where, after partaking of a collation, we received orders to proceed at once to a line of forts on the Maryland shore of the Potomac.

We bivouacked near Fort Wagner at midnight, and on the following morning we relieved the Ninth Rhode Island Volunteers. (a three-months organization whose term of service had expired). One company was stationed as garrison at each fort, as follows :

Co. A, Fort Greble.	Co. F, Fort Carroll.
“ B, “ Meigs.	“ G, “ Dupont.
“ C, “ Ricketts,	“ H, “ Wayne.
“ D, “ Snyder.	“ I, “ Stanton.
“ E, “ Baker.	“ K, “ Davis.

The Regimental Head-quarters were established at Fort Carroll.

We remained in the forts until October seventh, and our life was varied with but little excitement. Four and six hours a day were spent in drill, both as infantry and heavy and light artillery. Details were furnished for the manufacture of gabions, and the boys became quite proficient in *basket making*. Picket details were sent out by night, and returned laden with fruit and vegetables. Runaway slaves came into our lines daily, and were either retained as servants for the officers, or sent to Washington as contraband property.

On the seventh of October, we were relieved by a New York regiment, and in obedience to orders proceeded, *via* Washington and Long Bridge, to join the army of the Potomac. On the route, General Hooker rode along the line and was heartily and vociferously cheered by the men. Arriving at Balls Cross Roads, near Upton's Hill, at noon of the following day, we joined Berry's Brigade, Birney's Division, Third Army Corps, of which command the Seventeenth Maine constituted a part and parcel until the consolidation of the second and third corps in the spring of 1864.

On the eleventh, with the brigade, we took up the line of march. Though this was our first actual experience in campaigning the men marched well, and by their conduct *en route* established a reputation of which veterans might have been proud. Our course lay *via* Chain Bridge, and the result of our first day's *soldiering* was a march of twenty-three miles. On the fol-

lowing morning we continued our march towards Poolsville. Deviating slightly from our course, we formed in line of battle near Seneca Creek, about noon, for the purpose of intercepting a rebel cavalry force which had crossed the Potomac on the previous day. Finding no traces of the enemy, after remaining a short time, we proceeded in the direction of Edward's Ferry, and bivouacked at ten o'clock P. M., having marched about twenty miles. It rained during the afternoon and evening, and as shelter tents had not been issued to the regiment, and our "Sibleys" were not available, we were obliged either to sleep in the open air and the pouring rain, or improvise such shelter as we could with our rubber blankets.

On the following morning we marched about two miles, and halted in a wild field, where we were informed we were to encamp. The field was about two miles from the ferry. It had been recently cleared and was thickly covered with stumps, brush, wild weeds, and undergrowth. We immediately commenced to clear the grounds and lay out our camp. A few rods distant was a stack of hay and straw, containing about one hundred and fifty tons, which, although said to be the property of a noted secessionist, was carefully guarded. On the evening of the eighteenth this stack *accidentally* took fire, and a portion of the regiment was detailed to extinguish the flames. About one-quarter of the stack was destroyed, and of the remainder the

men were permitted to take as much as they chose for bedding.

On the twenty-first we were on picket on the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, between the canal and the Potomac River, the regiment guarding a distance of about six miles. Shelter tents were issued on the twenty-sixth, and orders received to march on the following morning, with three days rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. Before daylight of the twenty-ninth we were roused by *reveille*, and orders to strike tents at once. During the night it had rained incessantly, and the wind blew a perfect hurricane. With "knapsacks strapped upon our backs," we remained in a pelting rainstorm until ten, A. M., when we received orders to make ourselves comfortable.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, we were in line, and ready to move. It was a lovely morning, the rain had ceased, the wind of the previous day and night had dried the mud considerably, and

"Brightly, cheerily shone the sun,
As if that morn were a jocund one."

At White's Ford we waded the Potomac, which at this point was over a quarter of a mile wide, varying from eighteen inches to three feet in depth. The scene at the crossing was ludicrous in the extreme, and around the camp-fires that night, many a joke was cracked at the expense of comrades, as we dried our

dripping garments. We marched about ten miles, and on the following day the regiment was detailed for picket duty.

On the morning of the thirty-first, we were mustered for pay, and at twelve o'clock were again *en route*. We marched about eight miles over rough and uneven roads, and encamped in the vicinity of Leesburg, passing on our route through the grounds of the elegant country seat of Mayor Swan of Baltimore.

On the second of November, we marched from two, P. M., until eight o'clock. Firing was heard all day in the advance. The soldiers along the route fared sumptuously, appropriating, with a total disregard of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, all the poultry, sheep, pigs and cattle of the inhabitants. The cavalry and batteries also confiscated many valuable horses from the stables and pastures.

On the following day we marched to near Upper-ville, a distance of about fourteen miles. Firing was heard all day in our front, our force evidently driving the enemy at every point. In the plowed field, in which we bivouacked, several dead rebels were found and other evidences of its having been the scene of a conflict.

On the fourth, we were detailed for picket, our lines extending along the banks of Goose Creek. On the morning of the fifth, we withdrew our pickets and returned to the brigade, when three days rations were

issued, and we received the cheerful intelligence that they must last us five. At half-past ten, we resumed our march passing through the villages of Middleburg and White Plains, arriving near Upperville at ten o'clock, P. M., having marched about fifteen miles.

On the next morning we marched at daylight through Salem, and crossed the mountains over Free State Road. On our route, a locomotive passed us, and was greeted by three hearty cheers from the boys, who were reminded of home and civilization by the sight. We marched about twenty miles over very rough and mountainous roads, and bivouacked near Warrenton. Several rebel stragglers were captured by the provost guard at houses along the route.

The weather was very cold on the seventh, and during the day the first snow of the season fell. The regiment at this place *confiscated* about seventy hives of honey and a large amount of pork and mutton, from the estate of Mrs. Lee, a relative of the rebel general, Robert E. Lee.

We remained in the vicinity of Warrenton until the tenth, when we marched at five o'clock, P. M., with seven days rations, passing through Waterloo and bivouacking at ten o'clock. Waterloo, evidently, was once a thriving village, but at this time was completely in ruins. The camp-fires of the enemy were visible from our bivouac. On the following day a portion of the army was engaged, but we were in the reserve.

Up to this time, the movements of the Army of the Potomac had been made in accordance with General McClellan's plan, of advancing on Richmond *via* Culpepper and Gordonsville. General Burnside, having succeeded to the command of the army, decided, after a council of war, to change the plan of the campaign, and move on Richmond *via* Falmouth and Fredericksburg, making Aquia Creek his base. Accordingly, on the twelfth, the army was withdrawn from its advanced position, and once more encamped in the vicinity of Warrenton. At this place General Berry returned from a sick leave and assumed the command of the brigade, which during his absence had been commanded by Colonel Poe, of the First Michigan Volunteers, and Colonel de Trobriand, of the Fifty-fifth New York Volunteers.

We remained in this vicinity until November sixteenth, when we again took up the line of march, moving slowly and with frequent rests until four o'clock, P. M., when we bivouacked for the night, after a march of only six or seven miles. On our route we passed near the village of Warrenton, which appeared to be a beautiful place, comparing quite favorably with some of our New England villages. The next day we resumed our march, passing through Fayetteville, a flourishing municipality, which, at the time of our passage through its streets, consisted of one house, burning, and an old barn and two ancient American citizens of African lineage, standing.

It is a common practice in Virginia to give a single house or farm some high-sounding and pretentious title. A dilapidated, one-story hovel, with mud floors and wooden chimneys, will frequently be dignified with a *ville* appended to the owner's name. For this reason it will be impossible to find upon any map the names of many places which the war has made historic. We bivouacked about dark in the vicinity of Bealetown.

At this place a soldier of one of the New York regiments of our brigade, while endeavoring to procure some straw for a bed, from the stack of a rebel citizen, was wantonly shot by a provost marshal. The affair created considerable stir and indignation among the soldiers, who had their revenge, later in the evening, by setting fire to several stacks of hay and straw, and the barn and out-buildings of the farmer, which were speedily consumed. The idea of guarding "secesh" property too strictly was not relished by the soldiers.

On the eighteenth, we continued our march, which, owing to the condition of the roads, and the weather, was quite a hard one, and bivouacked in the vicinity of Morrisville.

On the nineteenth, we marched from half-past ten, A. M., until three, P. M. It rained most of the day, and the roads were in a very muddy condition. We remained during the twentieth and twenty-first in a

field in the vicinity of Falmouth, it raining the whole time almost incessantly. The roads were extremely bad, and almost impassable for artillery or wagons.

On the twenty-second, we resumed our march at half-past seven o'clock, passing Berea Church and the deserted camps of McDowell's army, which had been profusely decorated with arches of evergreen and elaborate bowers. Our march was by a very circuitous route, and we accomplished only about twelve miles, bivouacking in the vicinity of the DeLacy House, and within sight of the spires of Fredericksburg, — the surrender of which city had been demanded.

On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth, the division was reviewed by Major-general Hooker, commanding the center grand division of the Army of the Potomac, and Major-general Stoneman, commanding the corps.

Thursday, November twenty-seventh, — "Thanksgiving day" in Maine, — we munched our wormy hard tack (short rations at that), shivering over our camp-fires, and thought of the groaning boards and the good cheer we were wont to enjoy; the happy reunions and family gatherings in "our dear old native homes." As we gather around the family table at each recurring anniversary of this dear New England holiday, let us not forget the Thanksgiving day of 1862, spent on the banks of the Rappahannock.

On the twenty-eighth, we made our first appearance on brigade drill, under the instruction of General

Berry, and on the following day we were detailed for fatigue, receiving our first lessons in building corduroy roads. At this duty the sturdy yeomen of Maine were in their element, and the city boys, although none of them over-exerted themselves, worked well. Several of the men stockaded their shelter tents with logs, and some few huts boasted the luxury of a fire-place.

On the fifth of December it rained in the morning, but towards noon it commenced to snow. Snow fell during the day and evening, and on the following morning the landscape presented a decidedly northern aspect.

The weather during the first two weeks of December was cold, stormy and blustering, and our cotton tents afforded but little protection from the inclemency of winter.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIVOUAC, — A DAY IN CAMP.

IT may not, perhaps, be inappropriate, or entirely uninteresting, to introduce at this point a sketch of a soldier's life, as seen by a soldier in the ranks, fresh from home and the quiet pursuits of civil life, written one magnificent autumn day, when the forest leaves were tinged with parti-colored hues, by a blazing bivouac fire, while awaiting the orders to march, with a knapsack for a seat, a hard-tack box for table and desk, and the broad canopy of heaven for a sanctum. To those who have trudged day after day through Virginia mud and dust, it may serve to call up reminiscences of their campaign-life, and to those who never beheld an army in motion, or in camp, it may afford a moment's recreation.

The site for a brigade or division bivouac, or encampment, is usually selected, when practicable and possible, upon a hillside or gentle slope, with particu-

ular reference to convenient proximity to wood and water. The batteries of artillery are posted on commanding eminences near by, where their services would be available in case of an attack, and in such a manner as to be properly supported by the infantry. Upon arriving, the regiments of a brigade are massed in parallel lines; or, according to the natural advantages of the ground,—on the spot designated,—arms are stacked, knapsacks unslung, and without stopping to rest, the men make a grand rush for the nearest rail-fences, which disappear in the twinkling of an eye; and “the places that once knew them, know them no more forever.” In less time than the scene can be described miles of Virginia rail-fence will be distributed over the field, and camp-fires innumerable, blazing throughout the encampment.

A soldier's first care, after halting, is to cook his little tin-cup of coffee, which “subtle poison” is considered as indispensable to him as the air he breathes. A cup of strong, black coffee, minus milk, and oftentimes made of the muddiest ditch water, will do more towards recuperating and cheering a tired, travel-worn soldier than a person who never tried it can imagine.

In half an hour after arriving, hundreds of little tents spring up as if by magic, and the boys are *at home*. Five minutes' time is sufficient for an entire army corps to pitch their tents, and they are as speedily struck. Every soldier carries his piece of tent,

and it is but the work of a moment to unpack and pitch them.

Having thus seen the brigade encamped, let us imagine that *tattoo* has been beat, *taps* sounded, and the camp in repose; when, rising from a comfortable night's rest upon the ground, and "sweet dreams of peace," at early dawn, we will watch the commencement and close of

A DAY IN CAMP.

Long before "sun-up," the early risers begin to emerge from their *holes*; the camp-fires, that have slumbered and smouldered through the night, are raked together and rekindled, and preparations for breakfast are commenced. As the first beams of the rising sun begin to tinge the eastern skies, the clear notes of the bugle, sounding *veille* from head-quarters are heard, — repeated in turn by the regimental buglers. The drums of one regiment commence their noisy *rataplan*, which is taken up by the

"Ear piercing fife and spirit stirring drum"

of another, which is in turn echoed by another, till every drum corps of the brigade, with accompanying bugles and fifes, join in the din, and the morning air is resonant with the rattle of drums, the shrill notes of the fife, or the clarion tones of the bugle, sounding *veille*.

At the last tap of the drum every man is supposed to be "up and dressed;" the companies are formed, the roll called by the first sergeants, and woe to the absentees! "Extra duty" is the customary punishment of tardiness, and is the horror of a soldier. The roll-call over, the details for the day announced, the morning ablutions duly performed in some neighboring brook, or mud hole, the men proceed to cook their morning repasts, which they discuss with much more satisfaction than the city *roue* or dissipated *exquisite* does his sumptuous breakfast, at a late hour, at his first-class hotel.

The "surgeon's call" comes next in the order of the day, and the sick of each company are escorted to the surgeon's tent by the first sergeants; a motley, curious array of faces usually constitutes the group. Many, undoubtedly, are really sick, and need far better treatment than they can receive under the circumstances, while nearly every company has its constitutional shirks, who invariably report themselves with woful faces and piteous stories in order to be marked "off duty." A surgeon in the army must possess keen discrimination, in order to do full justice to all and prevent imposture by these professional malingerers and shirks.

The morning business over, the men disperse to seek entertainment and amusement, according to their various tastes; and it is indeed amusing to witness the

various expedients to which they will resort to kill time. Gathered in squads around the fires, they engage in reading, writing, smoking, cooking, mending, card-playing, spinning yarns, and listening with undisguised pleasure to recitals of moving scenes by flood and field, —

“Of battles fought and victories won,”—

related by veterans, who have seen more service in the tented field; exercising their ingenuity in manufacturing from peach stones, bone, or wood, rings and various ornaments and charms, to send to their *Dulcineas* at home, or wear themselves; or, stretched upon the greensward, they doze and dream of home and other days, until some sort of excitement rouses them; as, for example, when a straggling soldier rouses a sheep or pig in a neighboring field, and drives him into camp, — when half the brigade, shouting like lunatics, join in the pursuit, till the poor beast, flanked, outgeneraled, and overpowered by numbers, scared and tired out, drops down, and falls a victim to the blood-thirsty pursuers, — who, forthwith, revel in the luxury of fresh pork or mutton.

Or, perhaps the arrival of the mail, one of the most interesting episodes of camp-life, sets the boys on the *qui vive*. It is entertaining to watch the countenances of the soldiers as they gather around the sergeant to receive their letters. At first every eye beams with eager ex-

pectation, for each one feels sure that *this* day's mail brings something for him. As the names are called they make a dive for their letters, — their bronzed faces lighted up with pleasure, — and receive the package; if it be a paper (although welcome), they conceal their disappointment and make the most of it, but it was a *letter* they expected. Here one receives an unmistakable letter; he eagerly grasps it, and examines the superscription, he need not open it to see who^m it is from; it may be from home, from a dear mother far away, whose thoughts and prayers are ever with her absent son; if so, he steals away to some quiet spot, for it is too sacred a thing to be perused in a noisy, garrulous crowd of soldiers, and, if we could but see his face, as he breaks the seal, and watch the tear steal down his sunburnt cheek as he reads those words of love and tenderness from "home, sweet home," we could but think them strangely at variance with the rough looking man whom to see in the ranks where bayonets gleam and bullets whistle, firm and cool when comrades are falling thick and fast around him, we would almost pronounce a semi-barbarian. Or, perhaps, the welcome missive may come from a sister, or yet

"Another, not a sister,"

how his eye glistens with undisguised pleasure; and, though mayhap he looked rough and uncouth before, as he thinks of her and happy days gone by, we can

see through the rough and ragged apparel the gentleman peep forth. Before he ventures to break the seal, he must wash his hands and glance at his suit of army blue, soiled and worn, his government brogans so large and clumsy, as much as to say, "If *she* could only see me now!" Here another one coolly takes his letter, hurriedly glancing at the direction, he recognizes the "*governor's fist*," and tears it open; (he was expecting a remittance from home, for the paymaster has not been *round* for some time;) he opens the folds unconcernedly, a *greenback* "develops" itself, and, cramming the letter unread into his pocket, he makes a rush for the sutler's. Here is one from an old "chum," full of news of the boys at home and

"The girls we've left behind us,"

how the old friends are prospering; news that Tom is engaged, Mollie married, Jack has enlisted, and those little shreds of gossip so interesting to the absent one. Some with good news, some with bad; letters from fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, sweet-hearts, friends, children, or relatives. Every one producing different effects on different persons, some joyous, some sad, some pleased, some angry, — all sorts of countenances,

"From grave to gay,
From lively to severe."

And now the last name is called, the last letter delivered — watch the expressions of those who turn away disappointed, — some fret and worry ; others take it philosophically ; some are very sorry ; others “ don’t care a darn.”

Next, the arrival of a newsman, with New York or Washington papers of a recent date, creates a stir, and the “ boys ” make an eager rush to pay a dime for the information that “ all is quiet on the Potomac.”

Thus the time glides by, till the dinner-hour once more transforms *citizen soldiers* into cooks and housewives, and every one, after his own style, concocts a *mess* to suit his individual taste, — the inevitable pot of black coffee constituting the main feature of the entertainment.

Dinner over, the boys proceed to enjoy their *siestas* according to the dictates of their own consciences ; when suddenly the bugle from head-quarters sounds the “ general,” or the “ pack up,” as the soldiers call it. Immediately, down come our houses, knapsacks are packed and slung, accoutrements donned, and in less time than it can be described, we are in line and awaiting the orders to march, with our houses, beds and bedding, kitchen utensils, and parlor furniture, — with larder included, — on our backs, ready to move. In this manner we remain perhaps several hours, when the next order is to pitch tents, and make ourselves

comfortable for the night; when, with a shout, the boys set to work, and soon have once more

“ A local habitation and a *tent.*”

Such orders and such events are of frequent occurrence. The tents once more pitched, housekeeping resumed, the men go on with their various pursuits as though nothing had happened. Dress parades at sunset are sometimes held, but when under marching orders, seldom.

Thus in idleness passes away a day in camp. Oft-times the heavy roar of artillery and the sharp rattle of musketry enliven the occasion, and thousands of rumors and surmises furnish the men topics of conversation. In the evening a brigade bivouac furnishes a magnificent spectacle to the beholder. Hundreds of camp-fires illumine the surrounding scenery, casting a sort of ghastly glimmer through the trees, and making it appear all the darker beyond; the smoke rising against the black overhanging clouds, the white tents, the stacks of arms, and groups of soldiers give a most picturesque appearance, which, to be duly appreciated, must be seen.

Thus day after day passes, and the soldier who reads this imperfect sketch may possibly recognize in the rude picture many a similar day in his own experience. A soldier's life is, if not always gay, at least one of a careless, roving nature. Never so happy as

when on the march, especially if it be through a new section of the country, he may at night appropriately use the language of Richard, the humpbacked king, on Bosworth field,

"Up with my tent : here will I lie to-night ;
But where to-morrow ? Well, all's one for that."

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

IN the afternoon of December tenth, General Berry personally inspected the regiment, and on our return to camp we found that orders had been received to hold the command in readiness to move at an hour's notice. Troops had been passing for several days, and the pontoon train, which had been delayed by the unpardonable negligence of certain Washington officials, had arrived; hospitals were established in favorable positions, and on every side appearances seemed to indicate preparations for a severe engagement.

At four o'clock, A. M., of Thursday, December eleventh, we were roused by orders to pack-up and prepare to move at once. In the gray dawn of a cool December morning, we packed our knapsacks, cooked our breakfasts by the smoking ruins of our stockaded huts, and fell into line. At five o'clock the heavy roar of artillery in the direction of Fredericksburg proclaimed that the battle had commenced.

Soon the orders came, and with all the enthusiasm of new troops, who had never smelt powder, we were *en route* for our first fight, with six hundred and twenty-seven muskets in the ranks. After a march of about one hour we halted in the vicinity of the Phillips House, where our division hospital had been established.

Until noon the roar of artillery was incessant from our batteries, numbering one hundred and seventy guns. The enemy was strongly entrenched upon the opposite banks of the Rappahannock, and his sharpshooters, from the cover of the houses, picked off our engineers who were endeavoring to lay the bridges. A call for volunteers was made, and brave men, who knew the danger of the undertaking, gallantly came forward, and under a most destructive fire, both from the artillery and musketry of the foe,

“ They leaped in the rocking shallops,
 Ten offered where one could go;
 And the breeze was alive with laughter
 Till the boatmen began to row.

Then the shore, where the rebels harbored,
 Was fringed with a gush of flame,
 And buzzing, like bees, o'er the water
 The swarms of their bullets came.

In silence, how dread and solemn!
 With courage, how grand and true!
 Steadily, steadily onward
 The line of the shallops drew.

Not a whisper! Each man was conscious
He stood in the sight of death,
So he bowed to the awful presence,
And treasured his living breath.

'Twixt death in the air above them,
And death in the waves below,
Through ball and grape and shrapnel
They moved — my God, how slow!

And many a brave, stout fellow,
Who sprang in the boats with mirth,
Ere they made that fatal crossing,
Was a load of lifeless earth.

And many a brave, stout fellow,
Whose limbs with strength were rife,
Was torn and crushed and shattered, —
A helpless wreck for life.

But yet the boats moved onward ;
Through fire and lead they drove,
With the dark, still mass within them,
And the floating stars above.

They formed in line of battle ;
Not a man was out of place.
Then with leveled steel they hurled them
Straight in the rebels' face."

By noon the bridges were completed, and one hundred thousand infantry had commenced crossing, and formed in line of battle in the face of the enemy's strong-holds. Our division was held in reserve during the day, and from our position we could see the enemy's line of works, and watch the maneuvering

of the national forces as they took their positions for the grand conflict.

No general engagement occurred during the day; but skirmishing continued along the whole line, and the artillery firing at times was fierce. The soldiers, especially the new troops, were very eager to witness the effect of our shot and shell, and the trees were filled with men watching the progress of the fight. At five o'clock, P. M., official notice was received that the stars and stripes were waving over the city of Fredericksburg. Soon after, we moved a short distance, and bivouacked in the woods for the night. The snow had not entirely disappeared, and the weather was quite cool, yet but few of the soldiers pitched their tents, not knowing at what hour we might march.

We were ordered under arms at four o'clock on the following morning, but remained in our camps until four o'clock, P. M., while

“All day long the noise of battle rolled.”

The ground, which was frozen quite hard in the morning, had thawed so much during the day as to render the marching very uncomfortable and disagreeable. At about five o'clock it began to grow dark, and as our route was by cross roads and over fields, pedestrian locomotion was attended with many difficulties. Through mud holes and ditches innumerable, at each step sinking into the soft mud several inches,

stumbling over stumps or into the drains that intersected the fields in every direction, we marched about four miles, and encamped near the river bank.

During the forenoon of Saturday, the thirteenth, we changed position twice ; and at about ten o'clock, the order was passed down the line to try our pieces. Every man examined his musket carefully to be assured that it was in perfect order, and — adopting the well-known fallacy of raw recruits — snapped a cap to dry the tube. Soon after, the order came to move, and at precisely twelve o'clock noon, the Seventeenth Maine crossed the pontoon bridge, and was immediately ordered to the front, advancing over a mile at a double quick. As we came up, the rebels were just emerging from the woods in our front, in line of battle, intending to charge upon and capture one of our batteries. We were moved forward upon a slight ridge, ordered to lie down, and “commence firing.” As we moved into position, the artillery of the enemy opened upon us, and the shells flew right merrily around us. This was our first experience under fire, and the sensation was not only decidedly novel, but very unpleasant. The men, however, moved nobly forward, dodging the murderous missiles as best they might. The field in which we were ordered to take position was plowed, and quite muddy. As most of the men had just drawn new clothing, it was with some reluctance that they consented to lie down ; but

the orders of the officers, and the more emphatic arguments of the rebel artillerists, finally convinced them that the mud was the minor of the two evils.

After a few well-directed volleys, the enemy gave up as impracticable his idea of capturing our battery, and returned in disorder to the cover of the woods. We remained, however, flat on our faces during the remainder of the day, while the shot and shell of the enemy, as well as of our own artillery, whistled over our heads, and occasionally dropped into our ranks, and the bullets of the rebel skirmishers favored us with their peculiar music. Expecting an attack at any moment, we did not unroll our blankets, but lay down on the damp ground, or on beds of cornstalks, which we were fortunate enough to gather near by. As we went to sleep, well-nigh exhausted with the exposures and excitement of the past few days, the bullets were flying over our heads, and the artillery firing was still kept up.

On Sunday, a flag of truce in our front, for the purpose of burying the dead and caring for the wounded, enabled us once more to stand upright, and stretch our limbs.

During the fight of Saturday, General Berry rode along our lines and said, "Keep cool, boys, and give it to them; remember that the folks at home are thinking of you now!" His words and presence inspired the men and gave them new courage. To

many of us, the hardest part of the battle was the heart-rending cries of the wounded before us in the valley. All night long, and when the noise of battle would permit their cries to reach our ears, we listened to the poor sufferers, crying out in their agony, "Oh! God! help me, help me;" "carry me off;" "give me a drop of water;" "water;" "oh! kill me;" yet were unable to afford them aid or succor in any way until the truce was proclaimed, when both sides, under the white flag, went down into the valley between the lines and assisted those who were able to move or be removed. A captain of one of the New York regiments, commanding our picket line, met a captain of an Alabama regiment, in command of the enemy's skirmishers, when the following conversation ensued, commenced by the rebel officer:

"Say, captain, how many men did you lose?"

"Oh, not many; how many did you lose?"

"Oh, right smart, I reckon. Take a drink of rye?"

And the two captains, but a moment before seeking each other's lives, took a drink of whiskey together from the canteen of the rebel; shook hands, and returned to their respective posts, to renew the conflict once more when the truce should end.

The loss in the regiment on Saturday was nineteen enlisted men. There were some very narrow escapes; and many of the men exhibited bullet holes in portions of their clothing,—through their hats, coats, blankets, haversacks, and canteens.

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Sunday night, we posted a guard at dark over the stacks, and, as fires were not allowed, we lay down to sleep with our accoutrements on, ready to "fall in" at an instant's warning. At half past ten, P. M., we were roused by sharp musketry, and a report from the picket line that the enemy's skirmishers were advancing. We were ordered to lie quiet, and, in case our pickets were driven in, to open fire. Our skirmishers, however, held their ground, the firing soon ceased, and we went to sleep again; but were roused at four o'clock to receive rations. Hard-bread, coffee, sugar, and pork were issued, and a ration of whiskey to each man. At daybreak, we moved a short distance to the rear. During the night the rebels were heard strengthening their works, and felling timber; the strokes of their axes being very distinct. There was but little firing Monday, and a flag of truce, sent out about noon by General Burnside, was permitted to enter the field, where we brought off large numbers of our dead and wounded. During the truce, several deserters from the enemy came into our lines.

A mail was received on the battle-field Monday afternoon, and never did tidings from home seem more acceptable. In our immediate vicinity the firing almost ceased during the day; and the pickets of the two armies met, shook hands in a friendly manner, and talked over the events of the past few days. The rebel General Hill, who had previously met General

Berry on other fields, sent a polite note to General B., with his compliments, and desired to say that he (General B.) had handled his brigade very handsomely.

Tuesday evening, the sixteenth, we again slept on the battle-field, with our arms stacked, but ready to fall in at a moment's notice. At about ten o'clock we were roused by orders to pack-up, without a loud word being spoken, and to fall noiselessly into line. In silence we were soon formed, our tin dippers and plates carefully packed in our haversacks, and all our accoutrements so arranged that in moving they would make no noise, when we quietly fell back to the rear a short distance. After being rejoined by the remainder of the brigade, we started on the double-quick, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, recrossed the Rappahannock, and, after a march of about one mile, in the direction of our former camp, bivouacked for the night; and, nearly exhausted from the effects of our recent experiences and rapid marches, were soon sound asleep in the open air. At about five o'clock it commenced raining, and we were all thoroughly drenched. At daybreak we cooked our breakfasts, dried our blankets and clothing as best we might, and resumed our march.

The rain of the morning had rendered the roads very muddy; the blankets and clothing were saturated, making them more than double their original weight,

and, the march being quite rapid, several of the men fell out before we arrived at the spot designated by the brigade commander as our new camp. Many of us, after arriving here, took off our belts and equipments for the first time in six days.

General Berry, in his official report of the part taken by his brigade in the battle of Fredericksburg, mentions the Seventeenth Maine in the following complimentary terms: —

EXTRACT.

“Lastly, I have to mention the Seventeenth Maine Volunteers. This was its first engagement, but few of its number were ever before under fire. Officers and men alike nobly performed their duty. No one would have known but that they were veterans. Colonel Roberts, Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill, and Major West, acted nobly, and performed their duties in a most satisfactory manner. The regiment assisted in the repulse of the enemy’s attack upon our batteries.”

(Signed)

H. G. BERRY,
Brigadier-General Volunteers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMP AT FALMOUTH, — BURNSIDE'S MUD MARCH.

THE troops now commenced to stockade their tents, and erect log huts, as a protection against the inclemency of a southern winter. Tools of every description were scarce, yet the building of winter quarters progressed rapidly. A correspondent, speaking of the various styles adopted, says: "Some model after a heathen temple, some after a Yankee wood-shed, some after an Indian wigwam, and some after a woodchuck's hole. But the Hottentot style of architecture, on the whole, it must be confessed, prevails over every other; and, for every kind of structure that can rise out of mother earth,—that can be created from Virginia mud,—with some ribs and frame-work of logs, let me commend you to this whole region round about."

The huts, or houses, built by the regiment at this camp were quite comfortable, although scarcely equal in an architectural point of view to those erected sub-

sequently. Wooden chimneys and fire-places, lined with mud, rendered the houses not only habitable, but quite comfortable and cozy.

At about noon, on Wednesday, December seventeenth, the regiment was formed in close column by division, in front of the regimental head-quarters, and the following order was read by Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill :

HEAD-QUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 8D CORPS, }
CAMP PITCHER, Dec. 16, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 8.

I congratulate the regiments of this old division on the glory gained by them on Fredericksburg battle-field.

It has added to Bull Run, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, Manassas, Chantilly, another glorious field, another star to the galaxy. The dead, for whom we shed a tear, met glorious immortality, and died as patriots should be glad to die, a sacrifice for our glorious old flag.

Their graves shall yet be protected by that sanctified emblem, which will float, revered and honored, from ocean to ocean, from gulf to lake.

The old regiments, that have lost so many gallant men, will still maintain, by renewed energy, their old reputation; and, although small bands, are so united and gallant, as to be equal to all that the bravest can achieve.

The old standards are safe in their keeping.

The new regiments have shown themselves fully worthy of the "RED PATCH;" and I, in the name of the division, acknowledge them as members in full standing.

I again congratulate you on your conduct, and predict a glorious name for the division; and ask your united efforts to still further add, by perfect discipline, patient endurance, and soldierly bearing, to its wide-spread reputation.

In honor of a gallant soldier, this camp will be designated as "Camp Pitcher." He died, as one of our division dies, with his breast to the foe, doing his whole duty.

(Signed)

D. B. BIRNEY,
Brigadier-General, Commanding Division.

The red patch, referred to in the order, was the badge adopted by the division in the Peninsular campaign. During the seven-days' battles in front of Richmond, General Kearney, the fearless commander of our old division, for the purpose of distinguishing his soldiers from those of other divisions, issued an order requiring the officers of his command to wear a square red patch upon their caps. After his death the whole division adopted the red patch in memory of their old commander; and a soldier of "Kearney's Division" could ever after be recognized, wherever seen, by this simple badge of red. Subsequently the system of corps and division badges was instituted for the Army of the Potomac; but to Kearney's Division belongs the credit of having inaugurated the custom, which has since been adopted by the entire armies of the United States.

The camp at this place was named in honor of Major Pitcher, of the Fourth Maine Regiment.

Christmas was observed as a holiday; no military duty was exacted, yet it was a dull day in camp. Thoughts of the happy festive season at home, ere yet war with its desolating hand had swept over our once

happy land, came unbidden on this day to many a heart beneath that southern sky.

On the thirtieth, orders were received to remove the sick, and rumors of an immediate movement of the army were rife.

New Year's morning the officers of the brigade received the congratulations of General Berry, in a polite note, and an invitation from General Ward to attend an entertainment at his head-quarters in the afternoon. A ring had been made, and seats erected for the accommodation of the guests, while the sports were arranged under the supervision of the staff officers of General Ward. Prizes were awarded to the amount of two or three hundred dollars. The wheel of fortune was a cylinder of three feet in diameter, and ten in length, revolving easily upon its axis, at a height of some ten feet from the ground. At one end upon a pole was a twenty-dollar greenback, for the man who would walk the length of the revolving cylinder; a greased pole, with a ten-dollar greenback; a hurdle race; a foot race, "open to all but Pennsylvania reserves;" a mule race, where the last mule *in* took the highest prize; a horse race; original eccentricities of the colored population, "native here and to the manor born;" feats of strength and agility, with burlesque divertissements, made up one of the most agreeable and pleasant entertainments imaginable. A fine band discoursed operatic and patriotic airs. Nearly all the

soldiers of the division were present, and among the officers were Major-Generals Hooker and Stoneman; Brigadier-Generals Berry, Sickles, Ward, Robinson, and several others.

On the following day General Stoneman personally inspected the regiment; and we received orders to hold the command in readiness to move at twelve hours' notice. The soldiers, as usual, immediately started a thousand stories and rumors, some of them of the most improbable nature.

The weather was magnificent during the first week in January, and our time was principally occupied in reviews, parades and drills.

On the sixth of January, the brigade was paraded to witness the execution of the sentence of a general court martial in the case of a private soldier of the First New York Regiment. The prisoner was escorted by a corporal's guard to a position in full view of the brigade, where, after listening to the proceedings, findings, and sentence of the court, he was seated on a stump, while a barber lathered his head and shaved it perfectly bald. He was then marched back and forth before the line, the guard at "charge bayonets" in his rear, and a drum corps playing the *Rogue's March*; after which he was turned adrift, and ordered to leave the lines of the army at once.

Orders were received for a move on the sixteenth; but owing to severe rains on the fifteenth, which ren-

dered the movement of trains and artillery an impossibility, the orders were countermanded, and the movement was thus postponed from day to day on account of the state of the roads.

The health of the regiment, during our stay in this camp, was very poor; the morning reports showing an average of fifteen or twenty per day "off duty" from each company.

On the nineteenth, the brigade was paraded to witness the ceremony of drumming out of service two men of the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, who had been found guilty of desertion in the face of the enemy. Their heads were shaved, and they were branded with the letter "C," and drummed out in the manner previously described.

On the twentieth, the army broke camp for the brief and inglorious campaign which will ever be known by the soldiers of both armies. as "*Burnside's Mud March.*"

Words are inadequate to describe the scenes of that eventful campaign. Horses, mules, wagons, and artillery were mired; and it was found utterly impossible to continue the movement. The infantry were obliged to carry their rations, slung upon rails, for miles where mules and wagons could not bring them up; twelve or sixteen horses were unable to move a single piece of artillery, and entire regiments would be detailed to haul a gun out of a mud hole from which horses and mules could not start it.

The rebel pickets, upon the opposite banks, understanding our dilemma, were continually taunting us with insulting language, and expressed their delight in various ways. that the "Yanks" should be so ingloriously conquered by a slight change of the weather. And the more fully to convince us of their contempt, they had nailed to a tree an immense sign in plain view of our column, bearing the taunting inscription, "STUCK IN THE MUD."

On the twenty-third, after wading through Virginia mud, in an almost incessant rain, where it was impossible to pitch a tent, tired out and almost disheartened, we returned to our old camps, where we found Paymaster Mann with funds to pay the regiment up to October thirty-first. This was the first payment we had received from government since we left the State.

Lieutenant Winter, of Company D, died on the twenty-fourth of January, from congestion of the brain, undoubtedly the effects of exposure during the mud march.

Considerable snow fell during the night of the twenty-eighth, and the weather was quite uncomfortable. Wood was very scarce in the vicinity of the camps, and the men were obliged to bring it on their shoulders for more than a mile; one or two teams a day were allowed the regiment, but they could no more than supply the officers' quarters.

General Berry, having received the appointment of

major-general, took leave of his old brigade in a very feeling and complimentary farewell address to his troops, and turned the command of the brigade over to Colonel Roberts, of the Seventeenth. Dr. Wiggin, regimental-surgeon, resigned on account of disability, and on the thirtieth returned to Maine. Leaves of absence to officers, and furloughs to enlisted men, were granted during the months of February and March. February fourth, Colonel Roberts returned and took command of the regiment; Colonel Hayman, of the Thirty-Seventh New York, relieving him from the command of the brigade.

On the sixth, it was stormy all day. At six o'clock, P. M., we received orders to march in fifteen minutes, the regiment being detailed for picket duty. The rain continued, and the mud was very deep. Shortly after dark we were in line, and marched until midnight. We posted our videttes and pickets, while the reserve, by blazing bivouac fires, cooked coffee, and at three o'clock, A. M., we wrapped our blankets about us and lay down in the open air.

The picket guard was detailed for three days' tours, and usually left their tents standing in camp; and while on picket lived in bough-huts, or in the open air. Having a good supply of axes, the men amused themselves by felling the largest and finest oaks, merely to see them fall, and hear the crash, using but a very small proportion of the wood for fires. Our

sturdy yeomen and lumbermen were in their element and seemed to enjoy the change from drilling to wood-chopping. The cavalry videttes were some two or three miles in advance of our picket-line, at this point; and we were ordered to send out scouting parties, several times a day, in search of stragglers, spies, or anything of interest in our front and between the lines. This gave us an opportunity to see and converse with many of the inhabitants, whom we found were invariably strong *secesh*, and bitter enemies of the *Yanks*, of whose manners, customs, and principles they knew no more than do the south sea islanders.

On the twenty-second of February, the Seventeenth was again on picket, with Ward's Brigade; and in the morning, when we awoke we found that about eight inches of snow had fallen during the night. We slept in the open air; and as the weather was cool, in soldier fashion had pulled our blankets over our heads, and did not discover that the snow was covering us until morning.

General Burnside made frequent reconnoissances with a balloon; but it is doubtful if he ever accomplished anything commensurate with the expense attending its use.

Our division, which contained several Pennsylvania regiments, was reviewed on the morning of March twenty-sixth by Governor Curtin. The governor made a few very eloquent and patriotic remarks to the Penn-

sylvania troops of our division, who applauded him to the echo. On the following day there was a horse-race and steeple-chase, which was attended by a large number of distinguished officers, as well as by several ladies and gentlemen from the north.

At one o'clock on the morning of April first, orders were received from corps head-quarters to hold the command in readiness to move, as the enemy was reported across the river in strong force. The men were accordingly turned out, and remained under arms until morning. Many supposed they were victims to an April fool joke, but the order was faithfully observed, and, indeed, though afterwards found to be an unmitigated sell upon drowsy soldiers, was based upon a correct report of the state of affairs at the time. The enemy was really *across* the river, but fortunately not upon the Yankee side of the since historical Rappahannock.

On the second, we moved about five miles, to near the high bridge over Potomac Creek, and within sight of the Potomac River and Belle Plain. Here the regiments vied with each other in the arrangements of their camps, which were finely situated, and regularly laid out. The ground occupied by the Seventeenth was very favorable; and, as the Maine boys were famous for their handiwork with the ax, we soon had a fine camp.

President Lincoln visited the army at this place,

and on the eighth of April a grand review of seventy thousand men took place, at which he was present. The third was one of the corps reviewed. The field where the troops were paraded was in full view of the enemy's works; and from the signal stations and the church spires in the city of Fredericksburg he could easily number the battalions and almost the men on review.

A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present, and, what was more gratifying to the troops, a large number of ladies, Mrs. Lincoln among the number, graced the occasion with their presence. While we were waiting for the reviewing officer, General Berry rode down the lines of his "old brigade," and was most enthusiastically cheered by the men of his former command, with whom he was always a great favorite.

On the tenth, the brigade was turned out with side arms and formed on each side of the corduroy road to welcome the President and Major-General Hooker, as they rode through our camps, *en route* to review the eleventh and twelfth corps. As the distinguished guests passed they were enthusiastically cheered. Our camp was designated as Camp Curtin, in honor of the governor of Pennsylvania; but the name was subsequently changed by order to "Camp Sickles," and by that name it will ever be remembered by the boys of the Seventeenth.

On the morning of April fourteenth, orders were received to turn over immediately all superfluous baggage, tents, and clothing; the men to send their blankets to the rear, to be stored during the summer months; to provide themselves with eight days' rations, five to be carried in knapsacks, and three in haversacks; and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Firing was heard during the day up the river, and we hourly expected orders to move.

On the eighteenth of April, the First New York Volunteers, of our brigade, whose term of service had nearly expired, gave an entertainment on the plateau near the division head-quarters. The programme consisted of foot races, hurdle races, boxing matches, wrestling matches, cock fighting, sack racing, jig dancing, jumping matches, and various other athletic games and sports.

General Sickles rode through our regimental camp at this place, and pronounced it the "model camp of the army." General Berry also visited us on Sunday, April nineteenth, and was most vociferously cheered by the men, whose affections he had won to a remarkable extent by his uniform kindness and affability, his bravery and skill, and that gentlemanly deportment which soldiers invariably appreciate and admire.—When called upon for a speech, he made a few remarks to the boys from his native State, in whom he always evinced a deep interest, and in closing pro-

posed, "Three cheers for Joe Hooker and the next fight." Alas! how little did any of us imagine that the next fight would be the last of our beloved and enthusiastic Berry!

On the twenty-second of April, one company of the First New York Volunteers, of our brigade, who claimed that their term of service had expired, laid down their arms, refusing to do military duty. They were all arrested, and escorted to the guard-house at division head-quarters. On the following day, the whole regiment stacked their arms and refused to obey their officers. Their arms were seized, placed in a tent, and the Seventeenth Maine was posted as a guard around their camp. Some of the instigators of the mutiny were held for trial, but the regiment, concluding that it was useless to hold out against the United States Government, returned to duty, and afterwards behaved with gallantry in the battle of Chancellorsville.

About this time the system of corps and division badges was instituted, and it proved a very valuable assistance to officers in action. The corps badge was distinguishable by its shape, while divisions were designated by the color. They were ordered to be worn at all times upon the top of the cap. The first division wore red, the second white, and the third blue. The badge of the first corps was circular; the second, trefoil; the third, lozenge; the fifth, maltese cross; the

sixth, greek cross; the eleventh, crescent; and the twelfth, star.

The five days rations in knapsack, and three in haversack, were required to be kept constantly on hand, and daily issues were made to keep the supply good.

Governor Coburn, Honorable Charles Holden, and Dr. Wiggin, of Maine, visited the Maine regiments in the field during the latter part of April, and were with us when the army started on the Chancellorsville Campaign.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLES OF THE CEDARS AND CHANCELLORSVILLE.

FROM orders received, and from appearances at the various head-quarters on the morning of April twenty-eighth, it was plainly evident that a movement would soon take place. At noon we received orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. All was bustle and confusion, preparing, as we supposed, to evacuate our pleasant quarters at Camp Sickles. We were in line and marched promptly at five o'clock P. M. At nine we bivouacked in the woods about six miles in advance and to the left of our former camp. It had been misty and rainy during the day, and a heavy fog served to obscure our movements from the enemy. As we were ordered not to light any fires, we were soon asleep in the open air. On the following morning we moved a short distance, to a very picturesque valley, where we remained during the day, the officers

devoting their time to the making out of the muster and pay-rolls.

On the thirtieth, an order from General Hooker was read to the troops announcing that he had established his head-quarters at Chancellorsville; and that "the operations of the last three days had determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Our movement to the left had been a feint, and at four o'clock, P. M., we were again *en route*, marching back *via* our old camps, Stoneman's Switch and Berea Church, to near United States Ford, where we bivouacked at one o'clock, A. M. The weather during the day had been extremely warm and the march was very fatiguing, as the troops were burdened with heavy knapsacks, sixty rounds of ammunition, and eight days rations, which, with the muskets and equipments, made a burden of not less than forty pounds per man.

May morning we were roused by reveille at four o'clock and thirty minutes, having had but about two hour's sleep, took a hasty breakfast, and were soon again on the move. At about ten o'clock we reached the United States Ford and crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge. On the southern bank we found a long line of breastworks, rifle pits, and redoubts, which the enemy had abandoned, probably to reinforce

other points, not anticipating an attack at this place. The works were very formidable, and if properly manned would have rendered it almost impossible for us to have effected a crossing. We continued our march after a halt of an hour for rest and "coffee," passing through several deserted rebel camps, in some of which their fires were yet burning. At about twelve o'clock we halted in a grove, but were soon ordered forward, and established a line of battle in an open field near the Chancellor House. We were not engaged ourselves, but a portion of the line succeeded in driving back the enemy, and at night we bivouacked (the brigade in two lines) on the plank road, about half a mile to the right of Chancellorsville.

Chancellorsville is not, as one would suppose by the name, a village; but consists merely of one house occupied by the Chancellor family, with the negro huts and usual outbuildings of a Virginia Plantation. The house itself was of brick, with massive pillars in front, and surrounded by fine grounds.

As we moved along the plank road in the afternoon, the infantry marched in the fields (which were higher than the road itself) in order to give the free use of the main thoroughfare to the ambulances. General Sickles, surrounded by his staff, sat smoking his accustomed cigar, and coolly surveying the scene of action, as we passed. The enemy, who had discovered

the movement of troops, opened upon us from their batteries, and their shot plowed the ground around us, and shrieked over our heads or through our ranks. General Sickles observing this, coolly turned to us without changing his own position, and in his peculiar tone said, "Boys, I think the enemy see you, you had better take the road."

On the morning of Saturday, the brigade, which was commanded by Colonel Hayman (one of the finest and coolest officers in the service), was under arms at an early hour; but we occupied our position on the plank road until about noon, when we advanced nearly a mile. Berdan's Regiment of Sharpshooters, having reported to our brigade commander, crossed a ravine and entered a thick forest. The Sharpshooters were on the skirmish line, and steadily advanced, driving the enemy nearly half a mile, the brigade following by the right of companies to the front, the woods being so dense as to render it impossible to advance in line of battle. We now held the "Furnaces," distant about one mile from the scene of our bivouac of the previous night. The fighting up to this time had been done entirely by the infantry; but the enemy now commenced to shell the woods, and we lost quite a number in killed and wounded. Randolph's Battery was, however, soon in position near the Furnaces, and succeeded in silencing the guns of the enemy. At this place we captured the Twenty-third Georgia Regiment entire with their colors.

We continued to advance, driving the enemy steadily before us, and just before sundown had pushed him not less than five miles, and everything wore a most favorable appearance, when suddenly and unexpectedly to all, came the order to retire. We accordingly fell back to the field from which we had started in the morning; and what was our surprise to find all our artillery in position, and bearing upon the plank road where we had passed the previous night, and which we supposed was held by our own troops. Here we learned that during our brilliant successes, the Eleventh Corps, composed principally of Dutchmen, had ingloriously and disgracefully broken, and that our whole corps was now cut off from communication with the remainder of the army.

The sunset was piling its temples of fire, of blood and amethyst over the forests and hills, that seemed to touch the flaming west, and the shades of evening began to envelope our little band ere the truth became fully apparent to the rank and file, of the desperate nature of our situation. Stout hearts sank, and bronzed faces grew stern, but not an arm flinched, not a whisper of misgiving or doubt was heard. Staff-officers dashed furiously back and forth, and communicated their orders in an undertone: "The plank road must be regained before daylight."

At about nine o'clock, P. M., the lines of attack were formed in the following order: Ward's Brigade, con-

stituting the first line, with its left resting on the narrow road, through which we advanced on the morning, and in which ~~was~~ ^{were} posted the Fortieth New York Volunteers (the Mozart Regiment) and the Seventeenth Maine, in column by company, filling the road from side to side and constituting *twenty lines*; the remainder of Hayman's Brigade in reserve, forming the second line and supporting General Ward.

The moon was full, and the sky cloudless. At about ten o'clock the signal to advance was given, and in that bright moonlight, this forlorn hope, every man conscious of the desperate nature of the undertaking, determined to reach the plank road or die in the attempt, moved cautiously and steadily forward through the thick forest and undergrowth and up the narrow lane. Knowing the utter impossibility of attempting to ride through the thick forests, mounted officers dismounted and accompanied their men on foot. The brigade commander and his staff, after the dispositions were all made, dismounted and sent their horses to the rear. A hurried "farewell" was said and the group separated, each to the position assigned him with the troops. With bayonets fixed, the line steadily advanced a short distance, when suddenly a continuous sheet of flame from the muzzles of the enemy's guns indicated the position of their lines, which had hitherto been unknown; and a perfect shower of bullets whistled around us and through the forest trees.

Our orders were not to fire a shot ; but with a yell, through the dense gloom of the forest our lines advanced, and " comrades touched the elbow." From front and right and left the artillery opened, and the flash of the heavy guns, the trail of the deadly shot and shell, as seen through the overhanging branches, added to the fearful sheet of flame from the infantry in compact masses, was indeed a magnificent, but a terrible sight. Almost to the enemy's lines, we found that they had taken advantage of the breastworks we had erected, and had in addition constructed an almost impenetrable abattis in their front. In the road in which the Fortieth and Seventeenth were advancing, and where the trees offered no protection to the men, the fire was disastrous and terrible. To add to the horror of the position, many of the soldiers in the left companies, excited by the shower of lead and the whistling of the bullets around them, loaded their pieces and discharged them at random in the *direction* of the enemy, but really doing more execution in the ranks of the companies in front. The companies on the right, unable to stand against such fierce and murderous volleys in their immediate front and the fire of friends in their rear, wavered and broke, pressing back in disorganized masses until company after company unable to stand firm was pressed back in disorder. It was not until eighteen companies of the twenty in column had become more or less broken

that the panic was stayed. The last two companies of the Seventeenth stood firm and the broken columns were re-formed.

It was for their firmness that General Ward, in his official report of the engagement, made mention as follows of the Seventeenth Maine in the midnight attack :

EXTRACT.

HEAD-QUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, }
1ST DIVISION, 3D CORPS. }

To Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill, of the Seventeenth Maine Volunteers, and Lieutenant Colonel Rockwood, Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the officers and men of their commands, temporarily assigned to me, my grateful acknowledgements are tendered for their valuable assistance and gallant conduct on the night of May second. And to Captains Sawyer and Mattocks, of the Seventeenth Maine Volunteers, and the companies under their command, my especial thanks are due.

(Signed)

J. H. H. WARD,
Brigadier-General.

The troops were soon rallied and re-formed in a line parallel to the road and facing to the left, when we again received a murderous fire from the enemy concealed in the woods. In this position we remained without again attempting to charge the enemy's works, until about two o'clock, when we fell back to the edge of the woods and lay down nearly exhausted by our long and tedious day's experience. The plank road had not been gained, and we knew that on the morrow we

must make another desperate struggle ; yet we slept as soundly as though we were at home, and even our dreams were not disturbed by the thoughts that ere another sunset our bones might be added to the fearful numbers that bleach on Virginia soil, and render it now, if never before, "sacred" in the hearts of thousands.

There was an awful grandeur in the moonlight attack, and as we who shared it look back to that night of horror from our peaceful stand-points, so far away, we can even now imagine the determined faces of brave men advancing in silence, with firm tread through the gloom of a dense forest upon a hidden and wary foe, the demoniac yell, the flash of invisible guns marking the line through the darkness, the gleaming of the glittering bayonets in the pale moonlight, the flash and roar of cannon answering cannon with their volleying thunders, the crashing of shot and shell through the forest trees, and branches, and shrieking over the very tree tops, the colors tattered and worn, but glorious and inspiring still, waving in the uncertain light, the moan of the dying and the plaintive cries of the wounded in their agony. Never will the recollection of that midnight attack fade from the memory of those who participated in it. Our killed and wounded were left in the woods, and we had no means of ascertaining their names or number. Several prisoners were lost during the engagement.

A brass field piece and four caissons, left in the woods by the enemy, captured from our forces during the afternoon, were drawn back and delivered to Captain Randolph by a detachment of the Seventeenth.

It was during this engagement that the famous Stonewall Jackson was killed; whether by the bullets of friend or foe can never be known until that day when the grave gives up its dead.

At daybreak, of Sunday, May third, we were quietly formed, and by a short *detour* our brigade formed in the field in front of the Chancellor House, but not without severe losses in getting out. Here we were formed in two lines to support a battery, and were again subjected to a terrible fire both of artillery and musketry. The enemy's batteries had a most excellent range of our position, and nearly every shot did execution. A caisson at the right of our regiment exploded, with a fearful concussion, wounding several men. Horses were plunging hither and thither, maimed and horribly mutilated. Of eight mounted officers on the brigade staff, five had their horses killed or wounded under them. A shell burst directly under the horse of one of the aids de camp to the brigade commander. The rider, covered with blood and horse-flesh, was thrown quite a distance, and stunned, but fortunately (the writer is very happy to say) receiving but slight injuries otherwise. The horse was literally cut to pieces by the fragments of the shell.

General Berry, commanding the Second Division of the Third Corps, was killed on the morning of the third. An eyewitness, Captain J. B. Greenhalgh, a member of his staff, thus relates the scene :

“His aids saw him fall, and instantly started for him. Lieutenant Freeman knelt by his side. ‘I am dying,’ said the general, ‘carry me to the rear.’ The Lieutenant asked him if he had any wish to express. By a feeble shake of the head he indicated that he had none, and the next moment his spirit had gone forever. The body was at once raised and carried to the Chancellor House, where General Hooker stood. When it was laid before him, he burst into tears, and, kneeling down, kissed the cold forehead and then exclaimed : ‘My God, Berry, why was this to happen? Why was the man on whom I relied so much to be taken away in this manner?’ After General Hooker had paid this tribute to the lifeless form of General Berry, he ordered it to be carried to the rear at once, where it rested Sunday night, in the same room which the General had occupied previous to the late move of the army. While on the way a squad of the Fourth Maine Regiment, learning that the body of their former commander was being carried by, desired to have it laid down, and each one of the brave fellows came forward, and kissed the cold brow of the man they loved and had just followed into the battle-field, and then silently and tearfully took their places in the ranks.”

The fighting for about four hours was, for fierceness and stubbornness, probably unequalled in the history of the war; but it finally resulted in the complete rout of the enemy, and we held the lines occupied by us in the morning, protected and strengthened by a strong abattis.

The soldiers of Berry's old brigade will never forget "ANNIE," and the writer will here digress a moment to speak of as worthy a heroine as ever received the plaudits of mankind.

At the commencement of the war many regiments brought out laundresses, as provided for in army regulations. Annie Etheridge, a young and remarkably good looking girl, from humble life, was among the laundresses of the Third Michigan Volunteers. When the regiment was ordered to take the field, most of the women returned to Michigan; but Annie determined to "follow the drum." She accompanied the regiment, marching with the men, camping and bivouacking with them through all their campaigns and battles. In camp, quiet, modest, and industrious; in time of action, regardless of danger, attending to the wants of the wounded wherever needed, she soon became a favorite of all.

At the battle of Williamsburg, while dressing wounds, under fire, she was noticed by General Kearny, who ordered that she should be provided with a horse, and told her that he should recommend her

for a sergeant's pay and warrant. She was attached to General Berry's head-quarters more than a year as cook for the officers' mess. Sharing all the privations of soldiers, always at the front in time of action, with a kind word and a helping hand for the sick or wounded, no wonder she became a universal favorite with the men. During the severest shelling on Sunday morning, she rode coolly up to the spot where the brigade commander and staff were watching the progress of the fight, and insisted on their eating some breakfast and drinking some coffee she had provided. Ordered repeatedly to seek a place of safety, she refused till each one had taken a drink of coffee from her canteen, and a "hard tack or two if nothing more." While in the group three horses were shot under their riders by her side, but she never flinched or betrayed the slightest emotion of fear.

At one time the enemy had killed nearly every horse of one of our batteries, several of the caissons had been exploded, and more than half of the men shot at their guns. Disheartened, the remainder were about to abandon their pieces, when Annie rode up calmly to the battery so thinned, and smiling said, "That's right, boys, now you've good range, you'll soon silence their battery." The boys took courage, remained at their posts, silenced the enemy's battery, and saved their pieces. One of the men, relating the incident, said, that "all the officers in the Army of

the Potomac would not have had as much influence over the men as did Annie, on her little roan mare." They say that she saved their battery that day.

At another time she came very near being captured. Riding in the extreme front, she came within a rod of the enemy's line, but she said she grasped her pistol, (which she always wore in her belt,) determined to have a fight before being captured.

The morning of Monday, May fourth, found us still lying behind the breastworks, over which, shot, shell and bullets flew almost unceasingly. Reports showed the loss of the regiment in the engagements of Saturday and Sunday, one commissioned officer. (Lieutenant Dudley H. Johnson), and three enlisted men killed; five commissioned officers. (Captain Augustus Golderman, Captain Edward I. Merrill, Lieutenants James M. Brown, Putnam S. Boothby, and Thomas W. Lord); and fifty-nine enlisted men wounded, and forty-five enlisted men missing. General Whipple, commanding the Third Division of the Third Corps, was killed during the day by the bullet of a rebel sharpshooter. At five o'clock, P. M., an artillery duel commenced, continuing half an hour. During the night there was quite a severe skirmish between the pickets, occasioned by the enemy attempting to advance their lines; the troops were all under arms, but our pickets succeeded in holding their advanced position, and we were soon asleep again, although desultory firing continued during the night.

The morning of Tuesday, the fifth, was quite misty and lowering. At eight o'clock, A. M., the enemy opened a heavy fire upon a working party, sent out for the purpose of entrenching. There was quite a rapid and heavy artillery and infantry fire for about an hour, but it was finally silenced by our batteries, and the working party allowed to continue their pursuits. Colonel Roberts, who had been absent in Maine on a sick leave for thirty days, rejoined the regiment here and assumed command. The enemy again opened on us a severe fire, about noon, but our breastworks, which had been strengthened and "traversed," afforded us good protection, and our loss was comparatively slight. During the afternoon it rained quite hard, and at dark the clouds and mist serving to obscure our movements from the enemy, the batteries commenced to move quietly to the rear. At nine o'clock we were ordered to pack up and "fall in," in readiness to move. After remaining in line, with accoutrements on, about two or three hours in a drenching rain, we received orders to pitch tents and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Many preferred to weather it out, and making the best of a bad matter, sit and "let it rain."

The writer remembers full well the lugubrious time we had of it, two or three uncomfortable individuals sitting in a pelting rain, by a poor fire, in a chilly night darker than Egyptian darkness, trying to kill time by

relating incidents pertaining to our civil life. At three o'clock the men were again ordered to pack up and be in readiness to move immediately, which order was promptly responded to; and at four o'clock, A. M., of Wednesday, May sixth, we were noiselessly moving to the rear; and at daylight recrossed the inevitable Rappahannock on the pontoon bridge, and wallowing through roads almost knee deep with mud, returned to our old camp, where we arrived, tired, wet and almost exhausted, about four o'clock, P. M.

In the official report of the battle of Chancellorsville, to the Adjutant General of the State of Maine, mention is made of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the regiment, as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH }
MAINE VOLUNTEERS. }

GENERAL HODSDON:

SIR, — I give you below a copy of a report called for and forwarded to superior head-quarters, May ninth, 1863, selected on the recommendation of Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill, commanding the regiment during the battle:

“ To Colonel S. B. Hayman, commanding Third Brigade, First Division, Third Corps:

I have the honor to present to your attention the names of the following officers and men in the regiment, deserving commendation for good conduct in the recent engagement:

Major George W. West, Adjutant Charles W. Roberts, Captain Charles P. Mattocks, Captain E. M. Sawyer, Lieutenant Joseph A. Perry, Lieutenant Thomas H. Lord, Sergeant-Major Henry L. Bartels, First Sergeant Isaac C. Parker, Company K; Sergeant Alvin S. Dyer, Company E; First Sergeant G. F. Sparrow, Company A;

Sergeant F. M. Paine, Company A; Sergeant J. M. Hall, Company C; Sergeant G. C. Pratt, Company C; Corporal James M. Webb, Company H; Corporal Robert B. Whitcomb, Company H; Corporal P. G. Jordan, Company F; Corporal G. F. Small, Company E; Corporal J. P. Wyman, Company G; Corporal J. L. Fuller, Company C; Private W. Trafton, Company D; Private C. H. Hayes, Company D; First Sergeant George A. Whidden, Company H; Sergeant W. Hobbs, Company F; Corporal F. I. Whittemore, Company D; Color-Sergeant S. P. Hart, Company H; Privates M. P. Leary, William Barbour, Company H; H. Day, Jr., C. D. Noble, Company F; A. H. Perry, Company G; G. A. Frederick, Company G; Charles H. Harn, Company G; J. C. Brown, Company A; Sumner W. Burnham, Company C; S. F. Haskell, Company C; S. S. Welch, Company C; J. H. Simpson, Company I.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS A. ROBERTS,

Col. commanding 17th Me. Vols."

Perhaps there could be no more fitting close to the record of our Chancellorsville campaign, than the following lines anonymously published in a Boston paper :

" Many and many a weary day
 Our lion-hearted legions lay,
 Waiting and hoping for the strife,
 Weary of an inglorious life.
 At last the onward order's given,
 With cheer on cheer the air is riven!
 And 'mong themselves the soldiers say,
 In tones that ill can brook delay,
 ' Hurrah! Hurrah! boys, this's the day
 We cross the Rappahannock.'

SEVENTEENTH MAINE.

Now the encampment 's all alive,
 And seems like same vast human hive,—
 Now rattle and roll the noisy drums,
 The long roll beats and calls to arms!
 Then 'forward,' the commander saith,
 The soldiers almost hold their breath
 And in the very face of death
 They cross the Rappahannock.

'Ah! bloody work there was,' they say,
 Close where the Rappahannock lay;
 Yet firm our valiant columns stood,
 Upon that slippery field of blood!
 And fast the murd'rous missiles fell,—
 A very storm of shot and shell—
 But, bravely fighting, there they fell,
 Beside the Rappahannock.

The sad-eyed stars looked down that night
 On many a face all ghastly white;
 For, thick as autumn leaves, that day
 They fell, — the gallant, young, and gay,
 They would not yield, they would not fly,—
 For freedom it was sweet to die;
 So, scattered here and there they lie,
 Beside the Rappahannock.

Peace! to the loyal and the brave
 Who fought, our glorious land to save!
 Who fought and fell and found a grave
 Beside the Rappahannock wave.
 Garlands of cypress and laurel twine
 For those who died for yours and mine;
 Poured out their blood like red, red wine,
 Beside the Rappahannock.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMP SICKLES, — THE MARCH TO GETTYSBURG.

AFTER our return to Camp Sickles, the old routine of a soldier's life was resumed. The camps of the division wore a gala-day appearance. Nearly every company street was ornamented with devices in evergreen, and some of the arches, thus hastily constructed, were of colossal proportions, exhibiting no small degree of artistic beauty and architectural skill. The headquarters of Generals Birney and Ward, and Colonel Hayman, were elaborately and elegantly laid out and decorated.

The division hospital was established near the Potomac Creek Bridge, and our wounded who had been brought back with the army, and those who were afterwards brought in under the truce which was arranged for that purpose, were comfortably situated and well cared for.

On the eleventh of May, the Third Corps was re-

viewed by Major-General Sickles. It was sad to notice the decimated ranks of the regiments composing it, as compared with the numbers present on review previous to the sanguinary battles of the Cedars and Chancellorsville.

On the twenty-seventh, the division was paraded to witness the presentation of the Kearney medals. These were of bronze and in the form of a Maltese cross. They were presented by parties in Philadelphia, at the suggestion of General Birney, to such enlisted men as had particularly distinguished themselves in action by bravery and gallantry. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by Generals Sickles and Birney, Colonel de Trobriand, and others. Among the number of the recipients was ANNIE ETHERIDGE; and, as she received the medal from the hands of General Birney, there was not a soldier in the division who did not feel that it was a just and fitting tribute to a brave woman.

The following named members of the Seventeenth were awarded the Kearney badge, or medal of honor, for distinguished and meritorious conduct in action:

COMPANY A. — Sergeants F. M. Paine, Edward H. Crie; Corporal Joseph F. Lake; Private J. C. Brown.

COMPANY B. — Privates James G. Holt, Monroe Quint, B. T. Trueworthy, John Lehanne.

COMPANY C. — Sergeants J. M. Hall, G. C. Pratt; Corporal E. H. Fuller; Private S. W. Burnham.

COMPANY D. — Sergeant Stephen Graffam; Corporal F. I. Whittemore; Privates Charles H. Hayes, Amos G. Winter.

COMPANY E. — Sergeants Herman Q. Mason, A. S. Dyer; Corporal George F. Small; Private Charles H. Greeley.

COMPANY F. — Sergeant Wellington Hobbs; Corporal Austin Hanson; Privates Henry Day, Jr., Charles D. Noble.

COMPANY G. — Corporal Jeremy P. Wyman; Privates James B. Robinson, George A. Frederick, A. L. Dunnell.

COMPANY H. — Sergeants George A. Whidden, S. P. Hart, J. S. Loring; Private M. P. Leary.

COMPANY I. — Corporal John W. Kendrick; Privates D. A. Wentworth, John H. Simpson, A. J. Harmon.

COMPANY K. — Sergeant Isaac O. Parker; Privates Edward G. Parker, F. A. Butland, G. J. Strout.

On the third of June, Colonel R. de Trobriand assumed command of the brigade, relieving Colonel Hayman, whose term of service expired on the fourth.

The entire command was paraded on the following day to bid adieu to Colonel Hayman, and the gallant men of the Thirty-seventh New York, which was one of the original regiments of Berry's old brigade, and with it had participated in every engagement since the organization of the Army of the Potomac.

On the sixth of June, a portion of the Sixth Corps again crossed the river below Fredericksburg, and occupied the meadow, throwing up lines of works and diverting the attention of the enemy by occasional demonstrations.

At noon of the eleventh, we received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. At one o'clock

the "General" was sounded, and in a very brief period we were in line and once more bade adieu to our pleasant camps at Belle Plain.

The weather was very warm, and the roads extremely dusty, yet there was very little straggling, and at half past ten o'clock, P. M., when we bivouacked for the night, near Hartwood Church, after a march of about fifteen miles, but few of the command were absent from roll-call.

On the following day, we marched at eight o'clock, A. M., to Bealton Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where we encamped in a pleasant grove. The march was quite a tedious one of twenty-two miles, and as it was performed during the heat of the day, and over very dusty roads, the troops were well nigh exhausted when we reached camp, while, to add to the "pleasures" of our day's experience, we found that there was no water within a mile of our encampment.

On Sunday, the fourteenth, we were in readiness to march at four o'clock, A. M., but did not move until six P. M., when we proceeded *via* Licking Creek and Warrenton Junction, to near Catlett's Station, where at twelve o'clock we halted for the night. Marching in the evening we found much pleasanter and less fatiguing than in the heat of the day.

On the following morning we continued our march, passing Catlett's Station, where we found troops of

Heintzelman's Corps on guard. The weather was very hot, and the march a severe one; the roads on either side were literally lined with soldiers, who, unable to march, had fallen out of the ranks exhausted. Before night over eight thousand men of the Third Corps fell behind the column, and many died from sun-stroke. It was currently reported, and generally believed, by the soldiers, that two of our generals had made wagers upon the marching of their respective divisions, and that our rapid and cruel march was the result of a desire on the part of the commanding general to win his inhuman wager, even though at the sacrifice of the lives of his men. For the truth of the statement, the writer is not prepared to vouch.

We arrived near Manassas Junction at five o'clock, P. M., and preparations were being made for a comfortable night's rest, when, at nine o'clock, orders were received detailing the brigade for picket duty. At about eleven o'clock we reached the famous and historic stream of "Bull Run," and posted our pickets and videttes upon the opposite bank.

At daylight, the next morning, we were surprised to see a line of pickets about one hundred rods in our front and facing our own. We soon ascertained that they belonged to Heintzelman's Corps. An officer who rode over to their lines, discovered that they had heard nothing of the arrival of the Army of the Potomac,

and an attempt during the night to advance our picket line would have undoubtedly resulted in a skirmish between our troops and the blood-thirsty guardians of the "Defences of Washington."

The Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Maine Regiments were encamped at Chantilly, about six miles distant, and many old acquaintances and friends met here, and many were the cordial greetings and pleasant surprises when it became generally known by the soldiers of the two departments that the regiments were so near.

On the seventeenth we moved a short distance and encamped near Centreville, upon the second Bull Run battle-field.—historic ground. At this place we could distinctly hear the cannonading of the severe cavalry engagement near Aldie, where the First Maine Cavalry was badly "cut up," but which resulted in a victory to the Union forces.

Centreville was in a very dilapidated condition. The houses and grounds bore unmistakable tokens of the ravages and desolation of war. It was completely surrounded by every description of defensive works. About five miles distant was the field of Chantilly, where fell the gallant, daring, and impetuous Kearny.

Orders were received at this place, on the eighteenth, to resume drills, and when, on the morning of the nineteenth, we received orders to move, it was generally understood that we were to go into a per-

manent camp somewhere in this vicinity. At two o'clock, however, we were ordered to be ready for a march, and were soon *en route*. We passed through Centreville and halted near Gum Springs at "midnight's witching hour." The showers of the previous day had laid the dust, and the clouds obscured the sun, making it very pleasant marching until nearly dark, when, the clouds gathering thick and fast, it again commenced to rain, and a darker night never settled over the "sacred soil." It was with the greatest difficulty that we could distinguish even a faint outline of each other when marching side by side; and it was only by continually shouting to our comrades that we were enabled to keep our places in the ranks. In addition to the blackness of darkness, it rained in a perfect torrent, and our uncertain course lay over ditches, mudholes, fences, stumps, stonewalls and bushes. The men, however, despite the elements, were in good spirits, and company after company came into camp, singing

"A soldier's life is always gay."

The country in this vicinity was infested by guerillas, and promiscuous straggling was peremptorily forbidden. Gum Springs was a most desolate looking place,—in a state of complete decay. Some twenty old time-worn and weather-stained tumble-down buildings constituted the village.

We remained in this vicinity until the twenty-fifth of June. Foraging parties with wagons under a sufficient guard were sent out, and returned laden with forage for the horses as well as choice eatables for the men.

On the twenty-first, firing was heard at Ashby's Gap, where our cavalry had met the enemy, and were driving him across the mountains.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth we marched past Mount Hope and through a fine section of Virginia, which had not before felt the print of the "invader's" foot. At about three o'clock we arrived in sight of the Potomac, near Edward's Ferry and the mouth of Goose Creek, which at this place was quite a formidable stream. A bridge was laid over the creek, and two across the Potomac, which at this point was about one thousand eight hundred feet in width. At half-past three, we shook the "sacred soil" from our government brogans, and bidding adieu once more to Old Virginia, crossed gaily to the shores of

"Maryland, my Maryland."

From Edward's Ferry our course lay along the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, on a narrow strip of land between the river and the canal, to the aqueduct on the Monocacy. We passed under the aqueduct, which was a very fine piece of masonry, and encamped in a field about half a mile distant from the river.

It commenced to rain immediately after we crossed the Potomac, and continued to rain quite hard during our march along the tow-path and through the night. For the last fifteen miles of our march, staff officers were continually riding back to inform us that we had "only two miles further" to march. At first, the information was joyfully received, but it was soon an old story, and its reception was hailed with derisive shouts and jeers.

We bivouacked about eleven o'clock, P. M., having accomplished a march of from twenty-seven to thirty miles. The men being well-nigh exhausted and completely drenched, but few tents were pitched, the majority preferring to sleep in the open air and the pouring rain.

At five o'clock on the following morning, the bugle, sounding reveille, awakened us, and we arose from pools of water. After wringing our wet clothes we partook of a hasty breakfast, and were soon again *en route*. We marched back to the mouth of the Monocacy, recrossed the aqueduct on a narrow foot-path, at a height of some sixty feet from the water on the river side. Several mounted officers rode across, and the men in charge of pack mules led their animals over on the path, although most of the horsemen forded the stream below. Several ludicrous incidents occurred in the crossing. One or two officers' horses became unmanageable, and backed into the canal,

and several pack animals, loaded with bedding and cooking utensils, after reaching the middle of the crossing, with characteristic stubbornness decided to go no further. The soldiers, whose path they were obstructing, would belabor them with their muskets, and not unfrequently "Mr. Mule" and his entire load would be unceremoniously hustled into the canal.

Our march was continued, *via* Licksville, to near Point of Rocks, where we halted at one o'clock, P. M., after a rainy day's march of twelve miles through a beautiful section of country, contrasting favorably with the barren wastes of Virginia we had so recently left. On either side, wide fields of undulating grain, lovely scenery diversified by mountain and valley, pleasant farm houses resembling nearer our New England homes than any we had yet passed, met the eye and gladdened the heart of the soldier, reminding him of his own pleasant home and fireside. Approaching Point of Rocks, from our encampment, we were forcibly reminded of the beautiful village of Waterford, Maine; and in fact the scenery generally resembled that of some portions of our native State.

We were again in line, on the morning of the twenty-seventh, and marched to near Jefferson Village, where we halted a short time for dinner. Soon after we marched through the village in column by company, with colors unfurled and bands playing. Here we witnessed the first expression of Union sentiment that

had gladdened our eyes since we joined the Army of the Potomac. The American flag was displayed from most of the houses in the village, and fair ladies greeted us with approving smiles and words of welcome. A thousand handkerchiefs waved from window and housetop, and on every side we received assurances of sympathy and good will. Such enthusiasm and such a welcome to men who had been so long in an inimical country, and surrounded by the bitterest foes, was indeed gratifying. The soldiers cheered the ladies and the flag vociferously, and seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. One man, as he marched along with as proud and light a step as if on review and just from camp, remarked that "he forgot that he had a knapsack on." We marched about twelve miles through a pleasant country, and encamped for the night near Middletown. It was cloudy during the day, which rendered the march more comfortable.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth, we resumed our march, passing through Middletown, which was quite a large and thriving place. We marched through this village, also, in column by company, with music and banners. The stars and stripes were displayed on many of the buildings, and much enthusiasm was manifested by the inhabitants. The rebel army had passed through here a few days in advance of us, and the citizens hailed our coming with unmistakable pleasure. Continuing our march we passed through

Fairview, and arrived at Frederick City at about three o'clock, P. M., where we again adopted the column by company, with bands and drum corps playing and colors flying. Frederick is a beautiful city, and was, judging from our reception, thoroughly Union in sentiment. From nearly every house the stars and stripes floated in the breeze, and the windows, housetops, and door-ways were lined with ladies in their holiday attire, waving their handkerchiefs and American flags. We marched nearly a mile through the streets of the city and our progress was one continued ovation. Nothing since our military career commenced equalled the enthusiasm we witnessed here. The day, the occasion, and the reception we received, will forever be cherished in the memory of the soldiers of the Third Army Corps.

Frederick City will be remembered as the home of "Barbara Frietchie," whose determined devotion to our glorious flag during the march of the rebel army through the city won the admiration of Stonewall Jackson, and whose name has been immortalized by Whittier in undying verse. Let her memory be cherished forever by patriots, and her name go down to posterity with the names of those who fought on the battle-field to maintain the honor of the flag she so nobly upheld. The temptation to quote in this connection Whittier's beautiful and touching tribute is too great to be resisted.

Barbara Frietchie.

“Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green walled by the hills of Maryland,
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple- and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

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Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

'Halt!' — the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
'Fire!' — out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

'Who touches a hair of you gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town."

After a short halt for rest and dinner we continued our march, and, at about seven o'clock, bivouacked for the night near Walkersville, having marched about seven miles. Our course lay through a most magnificent portion of the country. Large and thriving fields of wheat, ripe for harvest, splendid farm-houses, spacious granaries and storehouses, bespeaking the fruitfulness and fertility of the soil, abounded along our route, and we had the happy consciousness of knowing and feeling that we were once more among friends. Our encampment was in a locality which had never before been visited by either army, and the inhabitants were very much excited to see so large a body of men, and curious to witness our manner of life in camp. We received the intelligence at this place, that General Hooker had been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that

General George G. Meade had been appointed his successor.

On the twenty-ninth we marched at five o'clock, A. M., passing through Walkersville to Woodbury, thence, *via* Middlebury and Taneytown, about half a mile beyond the village of Taneytown. Our reception in the various places was very enthusiastic. Ladies and young girls distributed beautiful bouquets of flowers to the officers and soldiers; groups of fair damsels, bewitchingly posted in conspicuous places, sang patriotic airs, as the "boys in blue" marched by, and the passage of troops being a novelty, the citizens turned out *en masse*. Long after tattoo, groups of ladies and gentlemen were promenading through our camps, actuated by a curiosity to see how soldiers really lived in the "tented field."

On the thirtieth, we remained in camp all the forenoon, where we were visited by large numbers of citizens. The regiment had been mustered for pay in the morning, and at two, P. M., we marched through Taneytown *via* the plank road, through Bridgeport to near Emmettsburg.

The morning of Wednesday, July first, was cloudy, with signs of rain. At nine o'clock the tents were struck, and the battalions in line pursuant to orders. At about noon it commenced to rain, and it was not until two o'clock that we were *en route*. We marched only about two miles and encamped in a field adjoining the grounds of the St. Joseph's Academy.

It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany the brigade commander and a few invited guests through the academy buildings, where we were shown every attention by Father Borlando and the Lady Superior. St. Joseph's Academy is an institution of the Sisters of Charity, and is the head-quarters of that peculiar sisterhood in the United States. It is picturesquely situated among the most delightful scenery imaginable.

The grounds are very extensive, and beautifully laid out, in grass plots, walks, lawns, gardens, and fountains, and embellished with several fine statues of a religious nature. The buildings, some twelve in number, having been built at different periods as occasion required, are of various styles of architecture, but are all connected by balconies or covered passages. The general effect is fine, notwithstanding this variety and incongruity of style.

The academy was incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland, and controlled exclusively by the "sisters." It is remarkably well adapted to the purposes for which it is used. It being vacation, but few of the young lady pupils were present; but those we saw were very pretty and accomplished. In the parlor were some very fine paintings, including several saints by the old masters, and fine landscapes and heads painted by the sisters or the pupils. The library contained a large and choice selection of books; nearly every depart-

ment of literature having a representation. In the museum were fine specimens of mineralogy, conchology, and the various departments of natural history; also some rare and choice statuettes, medallions, coins, and curiosities of art.

Hours might have been pleasantly and profitably spent here, but we hurried on to the young ladies' sleeping apartment, which was a large hall filled with beds standing near each other, and every one "as square as a brick," not a fold or a wrinkle being visible, either on the snow-white clothes or the plethoric pillows. Around the four sides of the room were small alcoves; one for each occupant, containing washing accommodations and toilet arrangements. Near this room was the oratory, a small niche for devotional purposes. An altar elaborately decorated, surmounted by a crucifix and image of the Savior, stood opposite the door; and even a "heretic" could but feel the sacredness of the spot. The infirmary was a spacious room, excellently ventilated, whose comfortable beds, with their snowy curtains and white spreads, would almost tempt one to be sick. Adjoining the infirmary was the dispensary, which particularly interested the doctor, but possessed no particular charm for the others, save that it reminded them of an apothecary's shop at home by the strong odor of medicine, and the regularity and precision of its uniform and neatly labelled drawers and bottles.

The music room was a singularly constructed apartment ; small closets with glass doors were constructed around the sides, each containing a pianoforte, so arranged that the occupant of one is not disturbed though the others are all in use. From the center of the hall the teacher can watch each pupil, though she hears no sound from the score of instruments in practice. In the main hall there was a large variety of musical instruments. A thorough and complete musical education can be obtained here, and every month the young ladies give an entertainment in the concert-room, which is a fine hall, constructed with particular regard to acoustics.

The studio, or painting room, contained some very fine pictures by the old masters and copies by the pupils. The dining-hall was painfully neat, but the kitchen was the *chef d'œuvre* of the institution. Its arrangement was perfection itself, and its accommodations magnificent. The most scrupulous neatness was evident here, as in every other part of the building. As it was growing late, after a hurried and cursory view of the kitchen and appurtenances, we hastened to the cupola, from which we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country.

About two miles distant on the mountain side, surrounded by trees and foliage, is St. Mary's College, also a Catholic institution. The Seventeenth encamped upon the grounds of the seminary, and a guard was

detailed by command of Colonel Merrill, — at the request of the officers of the institution. As the duty of guarding a nunnery was of a novel and delicate character Captain Mattocks was selected to take charge of the detail, his well-known asceticism rendering him peculiarly fitted for the post!

Rumors reached us of a severe engagement at Gettysburg during the day, in which the first and eleventh corps participated; and of the death of the gallant Major-General Reynolds, commanding the first corps. Every man felt confident, when he retired at night, that on the morrow we should meet the foe, and seemed rejoiced to have an opportunity to fight him once upon our own ground.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

“**I**T was the languid hour of noon,
When all the birds were out of tune,
And Nature in a sultry swoon
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

When—sudden o'er the slumbering plain,
Red flashed the battle's fiery rain—
The volleying cannon shook again
The hills of Pennsylvania!

Beneath that curse of iron hail,
That threshed the plain with flashing flail,
Well might the stoutest soldier quail,
In echoing Pennsylvania!

Then, like a sudden summer rain,
Storm driven o'er the darkened plain—
They burst upon our ranks and main,
In startled Pennsylvania!

We felt the old ancestral thrill,
From sire to son, transmitted still;
And fought for Freedom with a will,
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

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The breathless shock—the maddened toil—
 The sudden clinch—the sharp recoil—
 And we were masters of the soil,
 In bloody Pennsylvania!

To westward fell the beaten foe—
 The growl of battle hoarse and low
 Was heard anon, but dying slow,
 In ransomed Pennsylvania!

Sou'-westward, with the sinking sun,
 The cloud of battle, dense and dun,
 Flashed into fire—and all was won
 In joyful Pennsylvania!

But ah! the heaps of loyal slain!
 The bloody toil! the bitter pain!
 For those who shall not stand again
 In pleasant Pennsylvania!

Back through the verdant valley lands
 Fast fled the foe, in frightened bands,
 With broken swords and empty hands,
 Out of Pennsylvania!"

De Trobriand's Brigade, with one from the Second Division, and a light battery, had been left at Emmettsburg to guard one of the mountain passes, while the remainder of the Third Corps pushed on to Gettysburg, on the afternoon of July first. At two o'clock on the morning of the second, we received orders to march and rejoin the division and corps. Our pickets, which had been advanced quite a distance, were immediately withdrawn, and at five o'clock we

were on the way. As we reached the boundary line, the troops greeted the free soil of the north with cheers and much enthusiasm. After marching about nine miles, we found the remainder of the corps in line of battle near Gettysburg, and a portion of their skirmish line engaged. A delay of fifteen minutes would have cut us off from the main army, as not more than that time had elapsed after our arrival before the enemy had possession of the road by which we advanced. Their bullets whistled over our heads as we marched up to join the corps.

After several changes of position, our line was finally formed at about three o'clock, P. M. The Third Corps formed two sides of a triangle, De Trobriand's Brigade constituting the left angle of the apex, and Ward holding the line from his left to Little Round Top. Our lines were scarcely in position, when the enemy, whose movements had not been unnoticed from our signal station on Round Top, moved heavy columns to his extreme-right (our left) and attacked us vigorously, his object being to gain possession of Little Round Top.

The fact that General Sickles' disposition of his troops was made in violation of orders from General Meade is well known. Whether the change was made by General S. on his own responsibility, or whether his lines were formed in advance of the point indicated, from a misapprehension of General Meade's

orders, has not yet transpired. Authorities differ on this point, and, to the writer's knowledge, no direct statement has yet been made by either of the distinguished generals. Had the line of the Third Corps been formed, however, were directed by General Meade, the enemy would have gained possession of Round Top, which, as any casual observer will readily perceive, would have given him a great advantage.

Previous to the severest attack, we had been ordered to report to General Ward, and had taken up a strong position behind a stone-wall. The enemy hurled line after line upon us, but was each time repulsed with heavy loss. A battery, which was in position in the wheat-field in our rear, assisted in holding the rebels at bay, and mowed them down by the score; yet, with a heroism worthy of a nobler cause, they again and again charged upon our strong position.

At times the fighting was hand to hand. At one point a rebel color was planted upon the very wall behind which we lay; it remained, however, but an instant; the color-bearer was shot, and, as he fell back, the flag was seized by a comrade and borne to the rear. Here and there, individual rebels had gained the other side of the wall, and fought until they fell, separated from us only by the wall. Hundreds were killed within three feet of our line, and many were received upon our bayonets in endeavoring to scale the wall.

Finding it impossible to dislodge us by a direct attack, the enemy attempted a flank movement to drive us from our strong position, and capture the troublesome battery in our rear. Taking advantage of an unprotected point, he succeeded in getting upon the flank and rear of the regiment on our right, ere we were aware of his intentions. As soon as we perceived this, finding ourselves in imminent danger of being captured, and subjected, also, to a severe enfilading fire, we fell back, in good order, across the wheat-field, and halted a moment upon a ridge to take breath; we then charged the enemy, and, although he fought stubbornly, compelled him to retire in disorder, and abandon his project of capturing the battery.

Although fighting most of the time behind a strong work, where, according to military authorities, one man is equal to three in open field, our loss in one hour was seventeen killed, and eighty-four wounded. At seven o'clock, after having been under fire for about three hours, we found that our ammunition was exhausted, and that we had only our bayonets to rely on. Reinforcements from the Second Corps arriving most opportunely, we fell back and formed a short distance in the rear, to obtain a fresh supply of ammunition. Of the color-guard, composed of ten non-commissioned officers, three only escaped uninjured. For distinguished bravery and good conduct on this occasion, Corporal Joseph F. Lake, who brought off

both colors, after the bearers had been shot, was presented by Captain Mattocks, his company commander, with a pair of sergeant's chevrons, and promoted to sergeant on the spot. Corporal Edwin A. Duncan was also promoted to sergeant. He took one of the colors from Lake and carried it through the remainder of the engagement and in every battle in which we were engaged, except Kelly's Ford, until the Wilderness, when he was promoted to second lieutenant. Sergeant Alvin F. Blake, of company A, for distinguished gallantry, was promoted to first sergeant on the field. Soon after, he was severely wounded in the leg. Although his wound was not considered dangerous at the time, he subsequently died from the effects of it.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be personally and intimately acquainted with Sergeant Blake. A perfect gentleman, a consistent christian, a splendid soldier, and a noble-minded and kind-hearted young man, he won in a peculiar degree the love and confidence of all with whom he became associated. His loss was deeply felt, not only in his own company, but throughout the regiment.

During the afternoon, General Sickles, the gallant commander of the Third Corps, who was, throughout the engagement, in the very front, received a severe wound in the leg, which rendered amputation necessary. When being borne from the field on a stretcher,

he coolly lighted a cigar and puffed away with as much nonchalance as though enjoying an after-dinner smoke in his own tent.

It is impossible to attempt a description of the various positions occupied by us during the engagement; or to mention many things worthy of notice. The men behaved splendidly, and seemed to fight, if possible, with even more bravery, coolness, and determination than ever, now that they were upon northern soil.

The rebel batteries opened at daybreak on the morning of the third, and were spiritedly answered by our own. We remained in the woods where we had spent the previous night, the shells of the enemy crashing around us, until about three o'clock, P. M., when we were hurriedly moved to the right of the scene of our engagement of the previous day in order to strengthen the front line. The enemy, baffled in his attempt to gain possession of Little Round Top on the afternoon of the second, attempted a desperate assault upon our center, hoping to break our lines. As we moved out of the woods, we witnessed the most magnificent charge that had been attempted during the war.

Pickett's Division, formed in seven lines, *en masse*, moved splendidly across an open field nearly half a mile, in the face of a most murderous fire from our artillery and infantry, which mowed them down by

scores. Their columns marched as if in review, the lines were regular, and moved with wonderful precision. From our stand-point the alignments seemed perfect. We could perceive the deadly effect of our shot and canister, and could see their thinned ranks close up without wavering. Their generals rode in front of the line, waving their swords. They advanced gallantly and our front lines wavered for an instant. The infuriated foe gave a yell of triumph, as they laid their hands upon the guns of one of the batteries that had been dealing death to them; but their joy was short-lived. Our men closed in upon them, recaptured the pieces, and all that remained of Pickett's Division. A sorry-looking set of "Rebs" they were, as we soon afterwards saw them marched to the rear as prisoners of war.

On a pasteboard band-box cover, nailed to a short stake near where we lay, at the head of a newly made grave, was afterward seen this inscription :

"Brigadier-General Barksdale,

OF MISSISSIPPI;

McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps.

Died on the morning of 3d July, 1863.

Eight years a representative in United States Congress. Shot through the left breast, and left leg broken below the knee."

Such is the reward of lawless ambition ! A United States Representative turned traitor to the country,

whose laws he had sworn to uphold, and, paying the penalty of treason by death at the hands of United States soldiers, buried in a blanket, with a pasteboard monument erected to his memory!

In this vicinity the soldiers of either army lay, a sickening and an awful spectacle, —

“—— on the embattled field,
Slain or half dead, in one huge ghastly heap
Promiscuously amassed. With dismal groans,
And ejaculations in the pangs of death,
Some called for aid neglected; some o’returned
In the fierce shock, lay gasping, and expired,
Trampled by fiery coursers! Horror, thus,
And wild uproar and desolation reigned
Unrespired.”

We were under severe shelling during most of the day, but fortunately our losses were light. The troops that held the line where the main attack was made behaved splendidly, and gallantly received the daring foe, in many instances, even upon the point of the bayonet.

The prisoners captured informed us that, when their troops were formed for the assault, they were assured that our lines were held merely by a handful of raw militia, who would run at the first yell. Too late, they discovered the well-known battle-flags of the old Army of the Potomac. They unanimously declared that their troops would never have attempted such a

desperate undertaking had they known that the veterans of the Potomac Army, instead of raw militia, awaited their onset.

At dark we received orders to be in readiness to be relieved from our advanced position; but at eight o'clock we were ordered to the extreme front to establish a picket line. Hundreds of the enemy's dead and wounded covered the field. After the line had been established, the reserves and those not on posts spent the remainder of the night in bringing in the wounded rebels, and caring for their wants. Some of them had lain on the field two days without food or water, in a scorching sun, and exposed to the fire of both armies. The moon shone brightly over the dreadful scene of carnage, assisting us in our work of love and mercy. The ground, for miles, was strewn with arms and accoutrements. By order of General Birney we exchanged our Enfield rifles for Springfields.

The morning of July fourth — "the birthday of our nation." — dawned in unusual splendor upon the ensanguined field. But few shots were exchanged during the day. Working parties were busily engaged burying the dead. The bodies, which had lain two or three days, were hideously swollen, and it was found impossible to recognize many of them by their features, so distorted had they become under the scorching rays of a July sun.

In the morning, the writer, while reconnoitering,

discovered an interesting young lieutenant of a Florida regiment, who had been severely wounded. He had lain on the ground, exposed to the fire of each army, since the second, and had undergone great pain. The writer assisted him upon his own horse, which he led into our lines, where he procured the services of a surgeon to dress his wounds. The wounded officer, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, said that he had not expected such treatment from Yankees. Although he appeared to be a young man of education and culture, he had given credence to the rebel lies which were so assiduously circulated in their army concerning Yankee barbarity, and was astonished to find any humanity under a federal uniform. He took off his sword, which was of Richmond manufacture, and presented it to the writer, begging him to accept it as a gift from a friend, and not as a trophy captured from a prisoner of war.

Wherever a few of the wounded rebels were lying, groups of our men would gather around them, and with customary Yankee curiosity ask all manner of questions. It was amusing to listen to the sentiments uttered by some of them who were strong enough to talk. Although prisoners of war, saved by us from death, after having been abandoned by their own men, they would use the most bitter and vituperative language. Others would coolly and calmly discuss with our boys the relative merits of Union and Confederate

generals, and the various successes and defeats since the war commenced. No one would imagine in listening to these friendly debates that the disputants were but a few hours before enemies in hostile array.

Nothing could be more touching than to witness the acts of kindness of our hardy men to the helpless unfortunates whom the chances of war had thrown into our hands. Not a word or taunt tending to injure their sensitive feelings, but a tender care and solicitude which an inexperienced observer would be astonished to notice in the rough-looking soldier.

At about seven o'clock, A. M., we were relieved and assigned position in rear of a battery in the second line, where the men immediately set to work, without orders, to erect a line of defensive works of wood, stone, and earth; happily they were not needed, as, save occasional skirmishing, there was no engagement during the day.

Reports from the front confirmed the belief that the enemy was hastily retreating, and the uncertainty that for three days had hung over our army was dispelled when the truth of these reports became apparent; and cheer on cheer rent the air for our glorious victory, as the brigade and regimental bands in the very front made the air resound with patriotic music.

At about one o'clock it commenced to rain, and continued during the afternoon and evening. We awoke on the morning of July fifth and found our-

selves in pools of water, our blankets and clothing completely and thoroughly saturated. Our hard marches, excitements, and sleepless nights of the past week had rendered us oblivious to such small discomforts, and we joyfully welcomed

“Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,”

although it was enjoyed under rather inauspicious circumstances. At eight o'clock, A. M., we changed our position, moving a short distance into a fine grove, where we remained all day awaiting orders.

During the afternoon the writer rode over the entire field, in company with Colonel de Trobriand, our brigade commander, the enemy having evacuated the whole ground occupied by him during the desperate fighting of the second and third days. Large numbers of the dead still remained unburied, and, in their mangled condition, their bodies much swollen and faces black and distorted, presented a most sad and awful spectacle. The effluvia arising from the field was almost unendurable. No signs of the enemy were visible for miles, save the large numbers of wounded they shamefully abandoned in their flight, and the field hospitals, which were also left to the tender mercies of the “Yankee hirelings.” It was impossible to arrive at any correct estimate of the numbers that fell into our hands as prisoners.

All day long we heard the artillery and the cavalry

following up the discomfited foe and harassing him in his ignominious retreat. Several corps moved during the afternoon and evening, and we ourselves received orders to march at five o'clock on the morning of July sixth, at which hour we were in line, and moved a short distance, but soon returned to the grove occupied by us on the fifth, where we spent the remainder of the day and night. At this place we received the intelligence of the fall of Vicksburg, and the army became very enthusiastic over the "glad tidings of great joy." General Meade's modest congratulatory order was promulgated during the day.

The total loss of the regiment during the engagement was, one officer, Lieutenant Hiram R. Dyer, and seventeen enlisted men, killed; seven officers, Captain Almon H. Fogg, Captain Milton M. Young, Adjutant Charles W. Roberts, Lieutenants Newton Whitten, W. H. Green, George W. Verrill, and Stephen Graffam, and one hundred and five enlisted men, wounded; and two only, missing.

In his official report of the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel (since Major-General) de Trobriand thus mentions the Seventeenth Maine:

EXTRACT.

" * * Still the forces of the enemy were passing around our left, and, when in proper position, their columns rushed forward on Ward's brigade, drawn in line to receive the shock. The accustomed yells of the confederates, and the intensity of the firing on my left

had scarcely announced the precise point and the violence of the attack, when I extended my left by moving the Seventeenth Maine across a wheat-field, in order to fill a gap open there, thereby reinforcing the right of General Ward. The Seventeenth Maine took a strong position, behind a stone wall, and did good service at that point."

In another portion of the same report, he again mentions the regiment:

EXTRACT.

"I found the Seventeenth Maine in the wheat-field, where it had followed the receding movement of the line on the left; and, as the enemy was pressing upon us on that side, I made a *retour offensif* with that regiment, reinforced by the Fifth Michigan, keeping the enemy at bay in the woods, until the arrival of efficient reinforcements from the Second Corps allowed us to be relieved, when our ammunition was just exhausted."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH TO SULPHUR SPRINGS, — THE BATTLE OF WAPPING HEIGHTS.

EARLY on the morning of July seventh, we were aroused by the bugle sounding reveille. It rained quite hard during the night and continued through the day. We were in line at four o'clock, and soon after on our way; and it was with a feeling of relief that we found ourselves once more "out of Pennsylvania." It was a singular fact, and to us a mortifying one, that our experiences in the borders of the Keystone State had not been as pleasant as we had been led to anticipate, and that our presence had not been hailed with the enthusiasm and welcome that we had a right to expect from a people whose homes and property we had marched so far, and undergone so much, to protect. In the section through which we passed, it seemed as though the inhabitants regarded us as a species of itinerant showmen, from whom it was their duty to

extort as much as possible for the smallest consideration. They also seemed to think that because the rebel army had passed over their farms, and burned a few fences, we were bound to pity and condole with them; that they were a much abused and unfortunate race, and we a sort of jolly crew on a pleasure excursion through their domains.

Though of course there were many very honorable exceptions, the majority of the inhabitants were coarse, vulgar, unfeeling, and miserly. The border inhabitants were not, however, regarded by us as representatives of the noble State of Pennsylvania, whose brave men have done so much in putting down the rebellion. A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Gettysburg, made some plain statements, and nearly every soldier who was present with the army can corroborate the assertions thus made, or quote instances still more barbarous and discreditable that came under his own observation.

“In the first place the male citizens mostly ran away, and left the women and children to the mercy of their enemies. On their return, instead of lending a helping hand to our wounded, and opening their houses to our famished officers and soldiers, they have only manifested indecent haste to present their bills. One man yesterday presented a bill for *eighteen rails* which our men had burned in cooking their coffee! On the streets the burden of their talk is their losses, and speculations as to whether the Government can be compelled to pay for this or that. They are almost entirely uncourteous, but this is plainly from lack of intelligence and refinement. Their charges, too, were exorbitant, — hotels, \$2,50 per day; milk, ten and fifteen

cents per quart; bread, \$1, and even \$1.50, per loaf; *twenty cents for a bandage for a wounded soldier!* I wish it to be understood that the facts I have stated can be fully substantiated by many officers high in rank, as well as by what I personally saw and experienced."

We did not regret, as we retraced our steps, the termination of our northern campaign; nor did we shed a tear upon the occasion of bidding farewell to Pennsylvania, unless to the memory of those gallant and noble sons of the north whom we left on the bloody field of Gettysburg as sacrifices to the noblest cause that ever enlisted the sympathies of a free people. We marched about seventeen miles, the weather during most of the day being damp, rainy, and disagreeable.

At five o'clock, A. M., of Wednesday, the eighth, it still continuing to rain, we resumed our march, and passed through Mechanicsville. A portion of our route lay over a fine macadamized pike, but for several miles our course was by most miserable, stony, and muddy roads, and through creeks swollen by the recent rains, which, in many instances, the men were obliged to ford where they were waist deep. The crossing of trains and artillery was attended with many difficulties. Rumors and reports reached us of the destruction of the enemy's pontoon trains and bridges, and the rise in the Potomac, rendering it unfordable at every point.

Although we had bad weather and hard marches,

the men, flushed with recent victories, were in 'most excellent spirits, and seemed sanguine of overtaking the enemy and punishing him severely ere he could re-cross the Potomac.

380 In the afternoon we once more reached the pike; the rain ceased, the clouds dispersed, and we had a very pleasant march. Remembering the glorious reception we received as we marched through Frederick, we anticipated a grand triumphal ovation, as the spires of the city came in view, now that we were returning with victorious laurels; but we were doomed to disappointment, as the main streets were so crowded with troops and trains that we were obliged to march through lanes and by-streets, where we were not gratified in seeing again the youth and beauty of the place.

In the suburbs of Frederick, a short distance from the road, a spy was seen hanging from the limb of a tree, having been tried, convicted, and punished by a drum-head court martial. Many of our soldiers recognized him as a man who had often been seen in our camps, singing Union ballads, and peddling song books and light literature. In this guise he managed to learn many important secrets and transmit them to the rebels. He was also an accomplished draughtsman, and upon his person were found plans of many of the most important works constituting the defences of Washington.

We bivouacked about two miles from Middletown at dark, having accomplished a march of about fifteen miles. Continuing our march at five o'clock on the following morning, we passed through Middletown, and encamped a short distance from the town. We pitched our tents, supposing we were to remain over night, but at five o'clock, P. M., the "general" sounding from head-quarters, dissipated our fond hopes; and we were soon again in line, and on our way "over the hills." We bivouacked on the South Mountain at about eight o'clock, having marched only about six miles.

Upon a rock near the roadside, was the simple inscription:

"Here General Reno fell."

No laudatory rhyme or fulsome epitaph would have rendered the spot, where fell one of our most gallant heroes, more sacred, worthy of notice, or befitting the sepulchre of a soldier.

During the night an alarm was occasioned by a stampede of cattle from a corral, and the hallooing of the excited herdsmen. The soldiers were sound asleep, save the sentinels on post, when the unusual noise in the dead of night occasioned the alarm. In the regiments, there was no noise, no confusion, yet in an incredibly short time every man was ready, with gun in hand, to meet the foe. Scarcely a word was spoken,

yet every one was in his place. A subdued whisper, "Fall in!" passed along the ranks, and ten thousand armed men were noiselessly in line. At a distance of fifty rods no one would have detected any unusual commotion or stir. We expected no less than a cavalry charge on our lines, but soon retired again to sleep; and not until after daybreak did we learn the occasion of the disturbance.

At sunrise on the tenth, we were again in motion, and marched to near Keedysville, where we halted until four, P. M., when we again moved forward. Crossing Antietam Creek, we encamped near the Antietam battle-field, where we had just got comfortably settled for the night, when we were again ordered forward. We marched from eight, P. M., till midnight, over a bad road, and accomplished during the day a march of about eleven miles. It was one o'clock before we lay down to sleep, and at three the bugle sounded reveille. We marched a short distance and halted in a pleasant grove, where we remained until four o'clock, P. M., improving our time in sleep, making up for what we had lost the night before.

At four o'clock we marched a short distance, and near Antietam Creek, witnessed a most magnificent sight. Several army corps had been massed near this point, and soon after our arrival we saw them deploy their masses, and in line of battle, steadily, and in admirable order, advance, and take position.—

The day was spent in getting our army into position, it being understood that the enemy was in our immediate front. It was very quiet along the line, and it seemed an ominous silence to many.

The Third Corps had lately been augmented by the addition of General French's Division from Harper's Ferry and vicinity; and by virtue of seniority of rank General French had assumed command. His division contained six regiments, who had never "smelt powder," numbering about seven thousand men, while the two old divisions of the "fighting Third Corps," Hooker's and Kearney's, numbering over forty regiments, could scarcely muster five thousand men.

On the morning of July twelfth, it was generally understood, and indeed semi-officially announced that we were to attack the enemy. Never before had it been the fortune of the writer to see the soldiers "eager for a fight;" the pretty conceits of newspaper correspondents to the contrary, notwithstanding. But here, flushed with the recent victory at Gettysburg, the good news of Grant's successes at Vicksburg, and the cheering intelligence that reached us from every portion of the Union battle-grounds, the men seemed anxious for the orders, which they felt sure would result in the discomfiture and defeat of the flower of the rebel army. Artillery firing was heard all day in the distance, and we momentarily expected the signal to advance. At twelve o'clock, M., our division was

massed under the brow of a small hill, as a support to the main line. During the afternoon a severe thunder shower came up, and heaven's artillery opened its deafening roar. It rained about two hours, and then cleared up for a while; but toward evening it again commenced to rain, and continued all night, and during the day and evening of the thirteenth.

We remained during the thirteenth without changing position, and no fighting took place in our vicinity. At about noon on the following day, we advanced in the direction of Williamsport, passing through the lines of works lately held by the enemy, and discovered that while we had lain inactive, the rebel army had effected a successful escape, and was once more safely across the Potomac.

It is not the province of the writer to discuss the action of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac; but it was palpable to all, that a deep gloom was cast over the rank and file of the army, when it was discovered that Lee had escaped. We might have successfully attacked, and routed the Army of Northern Virginia at this place; and it seemed to be the general opinion of the men, that we should have done so; but the war is over now, the "old flag floats once more from ocean to ocean, and from gulf to lake," and the discussion of the vexed problem will never result in good. Our generals and our soldiers have done as they thought best for the good of the

country, and if they have erred sometimes, let us remember that

"To err is human,
To forgive, divine."

In the hasty retreat of the rebel army we captured some two thousand five hundred prisoners, stragglers, deserters, and sick men.

We marched at daylight on Wednesday, the fifteenth, *via* Fairplay and Sharpsburg, in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and bivouacked after a march of about fifteen miles. Our route lay over the battle-ground of Antietam, and the famous stone bridge carried so gallantly by Burnside during the battle. The forest trees were full of bullets and grape shot, and all the dwellings and buildings in the vicinity were riddled with shot and shell. A single farm upon which we halted for rest contained within its limits over ten thousand graves. Friend and foe slept peacefully, side by side, and over their graves waved plentiful harvests of corn and grain. Save the bullet marks in the trees and fences, but few indications were visible of the fearful conflict that raged upon the ground less than one year before. The farmer reaped his harvest where the angel of death, ten months ago, reaped a more plentiful one. The ploughshare annihilated all traces of graves, and turned up fragments of shell, bullets, and cannon balls, with skeletons, skulls, and mouldy accoutrements.

The weather during the day was extremely sultry, but a welcome shower toward evening cooled the air, and rendered the latter portion of our march much more agreeable. We continued our march at nine o'clock, on the morning of the sixteenth, through Pleasant Valley, and encamped at about ten o'clock, near Sandy Hook, after a march of twelve miles. On our route we passed the former residence of old John Brown, whose soul, according to tradition, is still "marching on." The scenery in the valley was very wild and mountainous, but exceedingly picturesque. Maryland Heights in the distance presented a formidable appearance, surmounted by apparently impregnable works.

At four o'clock, P. M., on the following day, we struck tents in the midst of a pouring shower, and resumed our march, crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, on a pontoon bridge, to the tune of

"Carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore."

Harper's Ferry is picturesquely situated, and was once, evidently, quite a thriving and pretty place. The railroad bridge, a fine structure, the government buildings, and whole blocks and streets, even, were in ruins, having been destroyed by fire, while all the buildings were more or less dilapidated. It was nearly dark when we marched through the village, and

crossed the Shenandoah on the suspension bridge. Our column in the dim, uncertain light of a cloudy, misty evening,

“ — dragged its slow length along ”

the base of the mountain into Loudon Valley, where, at ten o'clock, P. M., after a severe march of about nine miles over muddy and rocky roads, we bivouacked for the night.

At three o'clock on the following morning, the bugles sounded reveille, and at four we were *en route*. We marched about six miles, in the direction of Leesburg, and went into camp at noon, for the remainder of the day. On the following morning we again marched at daylight, and halted near Woodville at eleven o'clock. We found the inhabitants in this vicinity decidedly *secesh*, but willing to admit that they would prefer the restoration of the Union to a continuation of war.

On the twentieth, we marched from four o'clock, A. M., until three, P. M., encamping near Upperville. The weather was very warm and sultry, and our march, a rapid and fatiguing one, of about fifteen miles. Upperville had some fine residences, and was once a pleasant little village, but, like every Virginia settlement, bore the marks of war's desolation.

We remained here during the twenty-first, and at one o'clock, P. M., on the following day, resumed our

march. Passing through the villages of Piedmont, Markham, and Thayersville, we halted at eleven o'clock near Manassas Gap, after a march of fifteen miles through a very rocky and mountainous section of country. The First and Second Divisions were detached from the corps and army, for the purpose of holding Manassas Gap. While at Upperville, details from the various regiments of the army were made, to proceed to appointed rendezvous, in each State, to recruit and bring on a sufficient number of men to fill the regiments to their maximum number. Captain Mattocks, and Lieutenants Perry and Green, were the officers selected from the Seventeenth. General Birney strongly urged the necessity of filling up the decimated ranks of the Maine regiments of his division, saying, in a letter to the Governor of the State, that "better men never pulled trigger."

At three o'clock, on the morning of the twenty-third, we were once more on the move. After marching some two miles, we formed in line of battle on an eminence overlooking the village of Linden, where we remained a short time, while our cavalry scouts and infantry skirmishers proceeded to stir up the enemy, who, we found, had quite a strong line in our front.

As a support to the skirmishers, we advanced in line of battle, over hills and through valleys, until we had driven the enemy some two or three miles from the

ground of his own choosing. The ground over which we passed was hardly available for artillery, and though we had the Keystone, and Captain Robinson's Fourth Maine, Batteries with us, they did not open fire during the day. General French, who accompanied the divisions, imagined that the enemy was in strong force in our front, and by his representations induced General Meade to move the whole Army of the Potomac to within supporting distance. At about four, P. M., we were subjected to quite a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries; but by forming our line of battle under the crest of a hill, and taking advantage of natural protections, our loss was numerically light.

Here that gallant little soldier, SERGEANT-MAJOR BOSWORTH, fell mortally wounded by an unexploded six-pounder shell. A universal favorite among those with whom he associated, "Fred" had in a peculiar degree won the love and esteem of the officers and men of the regiment, and his loss was severely felt.

At dark, the enemy was rapidly moving to his left, whether massing for an attack in that quarter, or preparing to evacuate, we did not ascertain until the following morning, when we found that he had ingloriously adopted the latter course.

The Second Division bore the brunt of the fight, which was known in official reports as the battle of Wapping Heights. Here their losses were quite severe.

During the engagement, we captured a number of prisoners, belonging to Anderson's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps.

Our division made a reconnoissance on the morning of the twenty-fourth, advancing about two miles, but without discovering any traces of the enemy in our immediate vicinity. At one o'clock we returned, and

“— marched down the hill again,”

arriving at Piedmont about nine o'clock, P. M., after a fatiguing march of fifteen miles.

Certain regiments of our division, (the Seventeenth is not included,) will never forget the day when they saluted General Ward, then commanding the division, with the cry of “Hard Tack,” as he rode by the spot where they were halted for rest.

The scenery, from our advanced position, while on the reconnoissance, was very beautiful. Front Royal, at our feet, nestling among the majestic mountains of the Blue Ridge; the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, stretching away for miles, “with verdure clad,” with occasional glimpses of the river through the foliage; the fertile fields and pleasant farm-houses, dotting the hillsides and the vale; the rugged and majestic mountains on either side, and in every direction, cloud-capped, and shutting out all, save the beautiful panorama of the valley; in the distance, the clouds of dust marking the line of march of the rebel

columns, with occasional glimpses of their white wagon-covers through openings in the forest trees ; all combined to make a picture, such as one sees but seldom in a life time, and which, once seen, never will be forgotten.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth, after rations were issued to the troops, many of whom were without enough for breakfast, we resumed our march, passing through the village of Salem, a hamlet suggestive of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and bivouacked at about six o'clock in a splendid blackberry-field, where the soldiers enjoyed an unlimited feast of that delicious berry.

On the following morning we marched at six o'clock, passing through Warrenton about noon, and encamping between this village and Sulphur Springs after a march of about eleven miles. Warrenton was a beautiful place, and contained many fine residences. In the suburbs were the plantations of many of the first families of the "Old Dominion." On Monday, the twenty-seventh, we remained all day in camp and enjoyed the rest and quiet very much. Communication with Washington, *via* Warrenton, was opened, and we received a large mail.

On Friday, the thirty-first, we marched at three o'clock, P. M., about two miles, and encamped at Sulphur Springs, which place was formerly a famous summer resort, a kind of Southern Saratoga. Though the

magnificent buildings were in ruins, the "Season," as inaugurated by a grand triumphal "March" of Birney's Division, was equal, in the number and *prestige* of its guests, to the palmiest days of Sulphur Springs, when Clay, Calhoun, and the famous statesmen of the south honored the place with their presence, and restless valetudinarians and youthful pleasure-seekers held high carnival at Virginia's famous resort.

Within a short distance of Hedgeman's River, (the north fork of the Rappahannock,) and about six miles from the beautiful city of Warrenton, our summer encampment was most delightfully located on the old Tournament Grounds, where but a few years before, the "Southern Chivalry" were wont to display their feats of skill and horsemanship to admiring belles, in mimic warfare, joust and tilt, imitating the exploits of famous knights in the old chivalric days, when chivalry was more than an empty name.

On these famous grounds the white tents of the "northern mudsills" were pitched, and their daily drills and parades presented a far more beautiful spectacle than even the best days of these Springs could boast. The large hotel, which was once capable of accommodating fifteen hundred guests, had been demolished by shot and shell; a portion of the walls, and the colossal pillars that supported the portico were still standing; and the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, was truly fine.

“Rowdy Hall,” a four-story brick edifice, was used as a hospital for our division. This building, as its name implies, was once a terror to staid old matrons and demure young ladies, and was a favorite resort of the fast blades and wild scions of southern aristocracy, who reigned supreme within its walls, and were wont to make night hideous with their bacchanalian revels and bachelor pranks.

The grounds adjoining the hotel ruins were elegantly laid out, and abounded in magnificent shade trees, beneath whose branches groups of soldiers reclined with all the *abandon* of old pleasure seekers. In the center of the ground was a magnificent fountain; but the walls of the cistern were cracked and crumbling; the grass grew in its basin, and its jets no longer sparkled in the summer sun.

The octagonal building, with its white pillars, at the foot of the main walk, covered the Springs, and thither, during *our* “season,” large numbers of the officers and men were wont to resort to drink its famed and health-giving waters. Here, reclining upon the seats which were arranged around the building, stout old ladies and confirmed invalids, the fat, the gouty, and consumptive, bright-eyed belles and gallant beaux, senators and politicians, governors and gossips, were wont to discuss the weighty affairs of church and state, politics, fashion, literature, love, and scandal; and here, perhaps, more than in any single place in the south, were concocted and devised the infamous schemes

of traitors in the seasons of 1860 and 1861. The seats were broken up, the walls were mouldy, the beautiful statue thrown from its pedestal, and so defaced that the sculptor would hardly recognize it.

Under the trees the head-quarter tents of General Birney and staff were pitched.

During our stay here, a theater was improvised, and a concert given by the men of the division, in a style that would reflect credit upon some of our most popular "stock companies" of Ethiopian delineators. The front of a cottage formed a very pretty scene; the wings were of shelter-tents; footlights were extemporized from tin fruit cans and government candles, and the whole stage and decorations reflected great credit upon the ingenuity of our Yankee soldiers.

We remained in our pleasant camps at this place until September fifteenth, during which time we performed the ordinary duties of camp life, and enjoyed a pleasant summer season, bathing, drinking sulphur water, and resting after the lazy manner of soldiers.

On the fourteenth of August, each officer and soldier of the old Third Corps, comprising the divisions once commanded by Hooker and Kearney, contributed one day's pay to purchase a carriage and horses for General Sickles, who lost his leg at Gettysburg. This was a touching testimonial from the men who had

witnessed his gallantry on the fields of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and must have been to him a most pleasant assurance of the love and esteem with which the war-worn heroes regarded their old commander.

The Third and Fifth Regiments Michigan Volunteers, the veterans of our veteran brigade, were ordered to New York, leaving but three regiments in the old brigade,—the Seventeenth Maine, the Fortieth New York, and the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

On the twenty-third of August, the division was reviewed by General Birney. The Seventeenth turned out every available man, except the camp guards, and mustered one hundred and thirty-four guns. Just one year previous, we arrived in Washington with one thousand and twenty-one rank and file! Verily,

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

On the seventh of September, the corps was reviewed by Major-General Meade, near Bealetown, distant about eight miles from our camp.

As it is possible to have even too much of a good thing, the boys began to grow dissatisfied with the indolent life we led at Sulphur Springs, and before the orders came to move, many undoubtedly would have

exclaimed with the poet, from the bottom of their hearts :

“I hate the camp ;
I hate its noise, its stiff parades, its blank
And empty forms, and stately courtesy ;
Where between bows and blows, and smile and stab,
There's scarce a moment.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH TO CULPEPPER, CENTREVILLE, AND BRANDY STATION, — THE BATTLES OF AUBURN AND KELLY'S FORD.

WE were on brigade drill, on the afternoon of September fifteenth, when marching orders were received. We at once returned to camp, packed up, and at six o'clock were in line. The shades of night had begun to gather when we bade adieu to our pleasant camp and the lovely groves and classic grounds of Sulphur Springs. Our stay at this place had been long and pleasant; yet, though with some regrets at leaving our comfortable quarters, we unanimously hailed with joy the prospect of another campaign. We marched about five miles, and bivouacked at ten o'clock, P. M., near Fox's Mills.

At six o'clock, on the following morning, we continued our march, fording the Hedgeman River where the water was waist deep, and soon after, Hazel Run, a more formidable stream even than the first. We

marched until about nine o'clock, P. M., when we halted about three miles from Culpepper. On our route we passed near the residence of Honorable John Minor Botts, in regard to whose loyalty and patriotism a variety of opinions has been entertained.

At ten o'clock, A. M., of the seventeenth, we moved about three miles, and formed line of battle, in readiness for an attack, or any emergency that might occur. On the eighteenth, the Third and Fifth Michigan Regiments rejoined the brigade, having been on detached service at Troy, New York, during the enforcement of the draft in that State.

Culpepper was, at this time, quite a large village, but rather dilapidated and shabby in outward appearance. The village was not as large as Warrenton, nor was there that appearance of wealth and refinement in the residences which we noticed in Warrenton.

On the twenty-third of September, one hundred and sixty conscripts and recruits from Maine, joined the regiment, generally a fine appearing body of men. The time until the fifth of October, was spent in drilling the new men, and the usual routine of camp-life.

On the fifth, the bugle sounding the "general" from brigade head-quarters, without any previous warning or intimation of a move, gave us the idea that the enemy was upon us. We however soon ascertained that a change of camp only was contemplated. We moved a short distance to the front, and occupied the

camps vacated by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, which had been a few days previously withdrawn from the Army of the Potomac. On the sixth, we received intelligence that Stuart's Cavalry was in our rear, and picketing Hazel River. We were ordered to sleep on our arms, and be prepared for any emergency.

Our camp at this place was pleasantly located, and was designated, in orders from regimental headquarters, as "Camp Birney."

On the eighth, a scouting party, from the regiment, of one hundred men, under Captain Sawyer, made a reconnoissance, but returned without having encountered the enemy. A circular from brigade headquarters, announced that at four o'clock, P. M., the sentence of a general court martial, in the case of a private of the First United States Sharp Shooters, would be executed in the presence of the brigade. The circular was rather indefinite, and rumors were soon afloat that a deserter was to be shot.

The regiment was formed and turned over with due ceremony to the commanding officer, who, thinking that the lesson was too good to be lost upon the newly arrived conscripts and "subs," made a short speech to the men, expressing a hope that during the solemn ceremony they would behave with becoming decorum; not omitting to impress upon the minds of the new men, the enormity of the crime of desertion, and its consequent penalties according to the stern rules

of war. With elongated faces and solemn tread, we reached the designated spot, where we ascertained that the victim was only to be drummed out of service. After the impressive and solemn remarks of our commanding officer, it struck us as being a ludicrous farce.

The officers of the old Third Corps, — “*the Third Corps, as we understood it,*” — organized an association, known as the “Third Corps Union,” for the purpose of more firmly cementing the ties of friendship between the various regiments of this old *fighting corps*, and establishing a fund for the benefit of deserving officers, wounded or disabled in the service, and also for the relief of the families of deceased members.

General French and his division of bloodless heroes, never having participated in any engagement with the Third Corps, were excluded from membership, which called forth from him, then temporarily commanding the corps, a “general order,” lauding his pets in language most ungrammatical and uncalled for, and claiming for them a right to be admitted to the association. As a literary curiosity, the following portion of the “order” cannot be withheld: —

“The general now commanding the corps of Hooker, Sickles, Berry, and, as his near friend, dares to raise the shroud of the chivalric Kearney, needs nothing further to convince the brave and intelligent soldiers of this corps, that the efforts for preference over the reputation of brother soldiers, no matter what State or what

army may claim them, when they have proved true and faithful to our Union and to our glorious flag, ought and must be admitted to the position to which by their gallantry they are entitled." (!!!)

Eight days' rations were issued to the regiment at one o'clock, A. M., of the tenth, and the men were up nearly all night drawing clothing, and preparing for a march. At eleven o'clock, we were formed in line of battle near the camp. During the day we changed position several times, momentarily expecting an attack. Firing was heard nearly all day, indicating an engagement on some portion of the line. Our last line was not distant more than two miles from our camp. We laid down to sleep with orders to be prepared for a night march. All night long a thousand axes were at work around us, and the forests rang with their hearty strokes. The roads were obstructed by fallen trees and abattis, to oppose the progress of the enemy should he follow us.

At six o'clock, A. M., of the eleventh, we commenced our march. The pontoon, ammunition, supply, and ambulance trains were all in the advance, and to our division was entrusted their safety. It was nearly dark when we arrived at Welford's Ford, on the Hazel River, where we found a pontoon bridge laid. During the day the enemy followed us closely, harassed our rear, and captured several stragglers. We formed several lines of battle, and had one or two slight skirmishes, capturing a few prisoners. At twelve

o'clock, midnight, we arrived in camp, having marched most of the time since six o'clock, A. M., but accomplishing only about twenty miles.

On the morning of the twelfth, we moved a short distance, but soon returned to our camp of the previous night near Freeman's Ford.

At three o'clock, A. M., of the thirteenth, orders were received to waken the men without bugle calls, make coffee, and fall noiselessly into line. At day-break we marched, *via* the Germantown Road, the enemy still keeping close upon our rear. At five o'clock, P. M., near Auburn, we encountered him in some force, and had quite a brisk and lively skirmish, which resulted in a complete rout of the rebels. We captured some prisoners and horses; the enemy in his hasty flight, left his dead upon the field. Our loss was light, having only one man wounded in the regiment, and but about thirty in the brigade. For a time we were under quite severe artillery and musketry fire. The skirmish was a brilliant one, occupying only about two hours' time. After a parting salute to the retreating foe, we continued our march, arriving at Greenwich between nine and ten o'clock, P. M. The weather was very warm and it was a severe and fatiguing march, especially for the new recruits, who, notwithstanding, did remarkably well.

At sunrise, on the fourteenth, we received orders to "fall in" immediately, as the enemy's skirmishers

were advancing. Their demonstration, however, was but a feint and we were soon again *en route*.

Greenwich was one of the most beautiful villages that we had seen in Virginia. Most of the houses displayed the following notice :

" BRITISH PROPERTY,
PROTECTED BY A SAFEGUARD,
FROM GENERAL SIGEL."

We marched rapidly, and with but few halts, a distance of thirteen miles. The soldiers seemed to understand that it was a foot-race between Lee and Meade, Bull Run being the goal, and did their best without grumbling. We passed Bristow Station and Manassas Junction, crossing Kettle and Bull Runs, and arrived at Centreville at about four o'clock, P. M.

The Second Corps was engaged at Bristow Station, during the afternoon, and captured five pieces of artillery, and about six hundred prisoners. The enemy's loss was estimated at two thousand, and that of the Second Corps at three hundred.

At nine o'clock, A. M., of the fifteenth, we were in line and leaving

" Centreville, centre of uncertainty,"

on our left, marched to near Fairfax Station, where, at noon, we took up position behind a line of rifle pits.

At about dusk, we learned that General Sickles was

to pass our encampment. The old soldiers of the corps turned out *en masse*, by the roadside, to welcome the "Hero of Gettysburg." Cheer upon cheer rent the air, as his carriage passed between the lines of men who had seen his bravery on the field, and delighted to do honor to their beloved commander.

It seemed to be the general impression among officers and men alike, that we were to remain for a short time within the defences of Washington; but whatever visions we had indulged, or *chateaux en Espagne* erected for winter-quarters, were speedily dissipated on the morning of the nineteenth, by reveille at four o'clock, followed by the not unexpected "pack-up."

At six o'clock we were *en route*, passing Union Mills and the famed Plains of Manassas, the scene of the first Bull Run battle, covered with earthworks, erected by the once idolized Beauregard, to Bristow Station, where we bivouacked at about four o'clock, after marching a distance of fifteen miles. The enemy had destroyed all the bridges, and we were obliged to ford several quite formidable streams, waist-deep, and from two to five rods in width. He had also destroyed the rail road from Manassas to Culpepper in a most effectual manner. Every few feet the rails were placed crosswise upon piles of sleepers, which were then burned; the rails, thus becoming heated in the center, were easily twisted into every conceivable shape and rendered entirely worthless.

On the morning of the twentieth, we continued our march, following the line of the rail-road a short distance, and then moving off to the left. We halted for rest a few moments upon the battle-field of Wednesday. It was evident that the loss of the enemy was quite severe; the large number of rough headboards indicated that the enemy's force engaged was composed principally of North Carolina troops. Twenty-three dead horses, belonging to one battery, lay within a few rods of each other. As we were obliged to move upon the flank of the batteries and trains, through dense undergrowth, a portion of the way, our march was very disagreeable. We forded several runs and creeks, and the soldiers unanimously agreed that Virginia streams, at this season, were not only very *damp*, but somewhat *cool*. We encamped near Greenwich, at four o'clock, P. M., after a march of about twelve miles.

At nine o'clock, on the following morning, we were again *en route*. The weather was very warm, and the halts were few, and when at four o'clock, P. M., we went into camp near Catlett's Station, not more than one-third of the regiment was present.

Major G. W. West, having been commissioned as colonel by the governor, was mustered in on the twenty-second of October, and assumed command of the regiment.

We remained in camp until the twenty-sixth, fatigue

details being furnished daily to rebuild the rail-road destroyed by the enemy. At ten o'clock, P. M., we were aroused, and received orders to march at once. At eleven o'clock, we were in line, and after moving about four miles, bivouacked in line of battle. A number of prisoners who were captured at Chancellorsville, having been duly exchanged, rejoined the regiment here. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, we received orders to "go into camp," and to construct huts after the model of those erected the previous winter. Elated at the prospect of "winter-quarters," at this place, the men worked all day literally like beavers, for there was scarcely an ax in the regiment.

Much to our dismay, on the following morning, we received orders to march at seven o'clock. We were promptly in line, and on our way at the designated time. We halted near Warrenton Junction, where the teams were ordered up, to enable the officers to finish the muster and pay-rolls, upon which they were obliged to work all night.

The daily detail of one hundred and twenty men, to re-build the rail-road was continued. The work of destruction had been most thoroughly executed. Every bridge and culvert was destroyed, and at one point, a cut through the solid rock, for nearly a mile, was completely filled up with trees, rails, rocks, and sleepers, firmly imbedded in earth, rendering it an almost im-

possible task to remove them. The rails along the entire line of the road were wound around trees, stumps, and telegraph poles, and twisted into a variety of fanciful shapes.

On the first of November, the reports showed five hundred men present with the regiment.

The rations issued at this time were not of the best quality. The "hard-tack" had nearly all participated in the Peninsular Campaign, more than a year before, and was mouldy, wormy, and partially spoiled. So rare was it that good rations were received, that the men would give "three cheers for our hard-tack," whenever we received a lot that was not wormy. The writer witnessed a ludicrous scene one day at dinner. Two officers sat *vis-à-vis* at table, each one, without caring to mention the circumstance to the other, was breaking up his "hard-tack" into minute crumbs, and picking out the big white worms and bugs which did so abound, studiously and carefully avoiding any mention of the quality of the dinner, and apparently enjoying it hugely, when, looking up from their *pas-time*, their eyes met; human nature could stand it no longer; they burst into a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the scene, and compared notes. The colonel found the biggest and fattest worms, but the lieutenant captured the greatest variety of bugs. Worms were not regarded as particularly objectionable, unless they could be seen; but being obliged to shake them off

our every mouthful, rather tended to damage our appetites at times. The writer has frequently seen soldiers, at their meals, stop eating, and each one selecting a worm, place it in the center of a circle, and make bets on the speed of their respective racers, the one reaching the outer lines first, winning the money.

Eight days' rations were again issued to the command on the fourth of November, with orders to be in readiness to move at any hour. We marched at daybreak on Saturday, November seventh, the regiment being temporarily assigned to General Ward's Brigade. The army had been divided into two grand divisions for the movement, the right wing being commanded by Major-General Sedgwick, and the left by Major-General French.

Arriving at Kelly's Ford about noon, we found our passage disputed by the enemy, who held quite a formidable line of works on the opposite banks. Our movements were rapid and the enemy was completely surprised. Berdan's Sharp Shooters led the advance, and by the aid of our batteries on neighboring eminences, we succeeded not only in crossing, but in capturing about five hundred or six hundred North Carolina "greybacks." The prisoners assured us that our movement was a complete surprise, and that they had been making preparations for winter-quarters. They appeared jolly and happy, as they were marched

to the rear; and many undoubtedly were glad to be taken. Some, as they passed our colors, saluted the stars and stripes with uncovered heads, and congratulated themselves upon seeing the "old flag" once more, and getting "into the Union" again. Others bade adieu to Dixie and Jeff Davis, in terms more emphatic than complimentary. The pontoons were close at hand, yet the men did not wait for them to be laid, but inspired by the excitement of the occasion, although the weather was quite cool, plunged into the Rappahannock, and

"Did buffet it with lusty sinews."

We then formed in line of battle near Kellysville, and remained until dark, the bullets of the enemy's sharpshooters whistling over our heads. The shades of night put an end to their innocent pastime, and we built fires for the first time during the day, made coffee, dried our wet garments, "clinging like cerements" to our shivering limbs, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

The enemy *skedaddled* during the night, and on the following morning our passage was unopposed. We marched promptly at six o'clock, and bivouacked near Brandy Station at two o'clock, P. M., after a march of eight miles. The weather was cold and windy, and we had a slight snow squall during the day. There is, in the vicinity of Brandy Station, one

of the largest tracts of open country in Virginia, particularly favorable on this account for cavalry engagements, and the scene of many a skirmish. John Minor Botts, who resides near here, says that he has witnessed over thirty battles from his own piazza.

Having connected with the right wing of the army here, which had effected a successful crossing at Rappahannock Station, the various corps moved across this vast plain in line of battle, with batteries and cavalry in their proper positions, meeting with but little resistance from the enemy. The principal generals, and their staffs and escorts, were in plain view. Here we saw the benefit, as well as the beauty, of our corps badges and battle-flags. There the modest stars and stripes, of General Meade, indicating army headquarters; the crossed cannon of the Artillery Corps; the crossed sabres of the Cavalry; the plain circular patch of the First Corps; the trefoil, or "ace of clubs," of the Second; the lozenge, "or ace of diamonds," of our own Third, the oldest decoration in the army; and the greek cross of the Sixth, were waving in the breeze at the head of each corps, division, and brigade. The beautiful maltese cross of the Fifth Corps was not in sight. Our lines moved with as much precision as though on drill, and the scene was one of grandeur and beauty.

That the "Johnnies" left in a hurry, was evident all along our route. Their unfinished huts, upon which

they were industriously at work when disturbed by us, proved that they had expected to spend the winter at this place, undisturbed. In many of their camps their personal baggage had been abandoned in their hasty flight. Dough, yet unbaked, was left by the side of fires unextinguished, and everything combined to show that they had anticipated being "let alone" severely, for the balance of the season.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aglay."

On the ninth, the army lay very compactly together. At dark we moved about half a mile and bivouacked for the night. The organization of the army into two columns was broken up, and corps commanders returned to their respective corps.

On the tenth, we again moved a short distance into a nice pine grove, in which the rebels had commenced to erect their winter-quarters, and where we found some fine huts and chimneys ready for our occupancy.

We received orders to provide comfortable quarters for man and beast, and the men set themselves willingly to work to erect huts and chimneys, the autumn weather beginning to render life in the open air or shelter tents uncomfortable.

Details were furnished to John Minor Botts, to rebuild his fences, which had been destroyed by the rebels. In our camp we found many trophies of reb-

eldom, such as official documents, books, blanks, orders, and tools.

A detail of fifty men was sent to Bealton Station, on the thirteenth, to escort the paymaster to the army, who, on the fifteenth, paid the regiment for the months of September and October.

On the eighteenth, the men were again provided with eight days' rations, and advised to suspend work on the camps.

Colonel De Trobriand, our brigade commander, was mustered out of service on the twenty-third, and returned to New York, — Colonel Egan, of the Fortieth New York, assuming command of the brigade.

On the twenty-fourth, orders were received to march at seven o'clock. It rained very hard, but we packed up, and struck tents, standing in the pouring rain until about nine o'clock, when we were instructed to "await further orders." We accordingly pitched our tents again, and remained in camp all day.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLES OF LOCUST GROVE AND MINE RUN.

IN most of the loyal States, Thursday, November twenty-sixth, 1863, was observed as Thanksgiving-Day ; but little cared the soldier of the grand old Potomac Army, as he buckled on his knapsack, and fell into the ranks on the morning of that day, in obedience to the bugle calls. For him no sumptuous repasts, no holiday relaxation from the stern realities of war. A long march over rough and frozen roads, a hard-tack, a slice of raw pork, and a dish of black coffee, by the roadside, for his thanksgiving dinner, and a cheerless bivouac on the frozen ground, awaited him.

We marched with the division at eight o'clock, arriving at Jacob's Ford at dusk, where we found a pontoon bridge had been laid across the Rapidan. Our cavalry had, during the day, made demonstrations at other points, and the enemy had left this ford almost unprotected. The few rebel cavalry-men, that guarded

it, "skedaddled" at our approach, without firing a gun. At this place the river banks, upon the southern side, rose abruptly and almost perpendicularly for a distance of more than a hundred feet, up which, heavily laden as we were, we clambered with no little difficulty, by the light of the rising moon. Mounted officers found it impossible to ride up the precipitous banks, and horses and mules were literally pulled or pushed up the rugged steep. The trains and artillery were all sent to another ford, some two or three miles distant. With a much inferior force the enemy might easily have held the ford and prevented our crossing, so admirably was the position adapted by nature for defence.

We bivouacked a short distance from the river banks, and on the following morning the bugles sounded reveille at three o'clock. Our column, however, was not in motion until eight. We changed position several times during the forenoon, but marched only a short distance. Rapid skirmishing, occasionally swelling into volleys of musketry, and frequently interspersed with salvos of artillery, was heard in our front, and we moved gradually as a support to the line. At three o'clock, P. M., the Third Division, which was in the advance, became warmly engaged, and we were moved rapidly forward and formed in line of battle in their rear, where we received orders to "load at will."

The Third Division, known throughout the corps as "French's pets," were veterans in *service*, but this was their first *fight*, and, from a lack of proper officers to command, they had become somewhat "demoralized" under the fierce fire to which they were subjected. While we lay in their rear, the division broke, and portions of the troops came rushing back in great disorder. We were accordingly ordered forward to relieve their line, and advanced in good order through the dense forest. We found the troops, we were to relieve, lying on their faces, and after we had marched over them in splendid style, and taken a new position under a galling fire, they rose to their feet and gave us three hearty cheers.

Owing to the density of the forest, we were unable to get even a glimpse of a butternut uniform; and could only ascertain the position of the enemy's line by the flash of his muskets. The men, however, stood up gallantly, and soon had "peddled out" their forty rounds. In order to encourage the new recruits, and keep them in confidence, the veterans bandied jokes, and were in the best of humor generally, while comrades were falling fast around them, and the leaden messengers of death were whistling over their heads.

As the troops on the right failed to make a proper connection with our line, the enemy, taking advantage of the thick undergrowth, succeeded in getting upon our right flank and rear, when he delivered a destruc-

tive enfilading fire upon our line. In consequence of this, the loss in the right companies was more severe than in the left wing of the regiment. Our lines were but a few rods apart, and had it not been for the protection afforded by the dense growth of trees our losses in the regiment would have been far greater.

We held the line until dark, when, our ammunition being exhausted, we were relieved by a portion of the Sixth Corps, and fell back a short distance to procure a fresh supply. Here we were subjected to a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries, which continued to shell the woods, with but little effect, however, until late in the evening.

Having made coffee, and replenished our magazines, we again moved to the front and sent out skirmishers. The enemy was found to be in our immediate front in strong force. From prisoners captured, we learned that the engagement was upon the farm of Mr. Harrison Paine, and that the woods in which we fought were known by the inhabitants both as Locust Grove and Orange Grove. The former name was adopted in the official reports of the battle. Colonel West, in his report, paid the following tribute to the recruits: "The conscripts did themselves great credit, and can claim high rank as fighting men. This was their first engagement."

Our losses during the day were, one officer, Lieutenant James M. Brown, temporarily commanding

Company E, and six enlisted men, killed ; two officers, Captain Ellis M. Sawyer, acting field officer, and after his death commissioned major, and Lieutenant Frederick A. Sawyer, and fifty-two enlisted men, wounded. Captain Sawyer was mortally wounded, and died during the night.

The writer has avoided the too prevalent custom of eulogizing officers, who have fallen in action, yet he cannot refrain from paying a tribute, in this place, to the memory of Captain Sawyer, in whose death the regiment lost a splendid soldier and a gallant officer, the country a devoted patriot, and society a valued member.

The weather was intensely cold, and although the lines were in close proximity, the men made small fires, around which groups remained all night, endeavoring to keep warm. Those who attempted to sleep were not at all displeased at being roused at three o'clock, on the morning of the twenty-eighth, to cook coffee and partake of as warm a breakfast as could be improvised on the occasion, preparatory to a move.

At daybreak we ascertained that the enemy had left our front during the night. We withdrew our pickets, and at seven o'clock were again on the move. Soon after we started, it commenced to rain, and continued during the forenoon.

We marched through most villainous mud and forded

swollen streams, until sunset, when we encountered the enemy in force, drawn up behind formidable works. We established our line of battle, threw out skirmishers, but were warned not to fire, or attempt to bring on an engagement.

The rebels, contrary to their usual custom, swarmed upon their works, which presented a terrible array of artillery, and thronged the field between their rifle pits and skirmish line, performing all sorts of derisive antics, and inviting us "to come over and take them." It was very chilly during the evening, and, as our clothing was completely saturated by the rains and the creeks we had forded, we passed an uncomfortable night.

At three o'clock, on the morning of the twenty-ninth, after having made coffee, and eaten our breakfast, we changed position, moving a short distance, and remained during the day in line of battle, in full view of the enemy, who had been busily engaged strengthening his works and planting new batteries. It was intended to make a general advance of the entire line during the afternoon, but the preparations not having been completed, it was postponed. Rations were issued during the day, with orders to economize and make them last full time. The smoke from the innumerable camp-fires, as the weather was very cold, was almost insufferable.

On the thirtieth, the day it was intended to assault

the enemy's position, we were aroused at three o'clock, and at nine moved a short distance from the woods, into an open field, where we were assigned position, supporting the Fourth Maine Battery, Captain Robinson.

As it became evident that no general assault would be made, the following burlesque "notice" was circulated in the regiment:

"NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY!

The mammoth Show, advertised for this day, has been postponed *sine die*, on account of miscalculation on the part of the managers.

It is hoped that our kind patrons, at the north, who evince such a deep interest in our welfare, and wonder 'why the army does not move,' will overlook the present disappointment, and rest assured that the managers will endeavor to prevent any similar occurrence in the future. Due notice will be given of the next performance, so that *all* may avail themselves of the opportunity to be present.

G. G. MEADE,

R. E. LEE,

Managers of the 'Great American Show.'"

During the day, the firing of artillery and musketry was intermittent, and no attempt was made to advance. The enemy were unable to reach us with any effect, and their spent shot rolled among us, the men jumping out of the way to let them pass. The weather was extremely cold, and many soldiers were so badly frozen on picket during the previous night, as to lose limbs, and more than one instance is known where Union soldiers perished from cold at their posts.

The assault was ordered by General Meade, and the necessary dispositions were carefully made. General Warren, with twenty-eight thousand men under his command, on the extreme left, was to give the signal. He was to charge the enemy's right, and the attack was to be made general from left to right, taking the cue from him.

How anxiously the Army of the Potomac waited for the signal cannon of Warren! The position held by the foe was carefully chosen, and strongly entrenched, and we knew that it was a fearful task to charge across that wide plain, over Mine Run, and upon the fierce array of bayonets that glittered behind the enemy's works; yet every man was determined to do his duty.

General Warren, with a bravery that won for him the love of his soldiers, declared that he would prefer being cashiered for disobedience of orders, to sacrificing so many lives. He dared to disobey the commander-in-chief, preferring to incur the penalties of insubordination to the self-consciousness of being a wholesale murderer. All honor to him. General Meade wisely abandoned the project, which would have cost him so many lives.

The artillery firing gradually ceased, as if by mutual consent; but the sharpshooters and skirmishers kept up an incessant fire during the day. The chaplain of the Second United States Sharp Shooters,

Reverend Lorenzo Barber, with a target rifle, climbed a tree, and picked off the "Johnnies," as they showed their heads above their works; he was severely wounded in the leg during the day.

It was so intensely cold on the night of the thirtieth, that many of the men preferred to sit up all night and keep huge fires burning.

On the morning of December first, we moved back a short distance into the woods, where we found it less bleak. Artillery was passing to the rear during the day, and long before the orders came for a forced night march, the men became well aware that the army was to retreat. Reminiscences of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville came unbidden to many a soldier; but every one seemed disposed to make the best of an unavoidable "bad fix."

At seven o'clock, leaving our bivouac fires burning brightly, we moved stealthily and cautiously to the rear. After marching an hour, a halt was made to enable the corps to mass, during which time some of the boys, unmindful of the peril of the situation, amused themselves by burning two or three houses near by. Once on the march, however, there were no more halts. The roads had been badly cut up by artillery and trains, but providentially they were frozen hard, which rendered our march more comfortable than it would have been knee deep in Virginia mud. A portion of our route was by the plank road. At

seven o'clock, A. M., of the fifth, we crossed the Rapidan once more, having marched twelve hours, and a distance of twenty-three miles, *without a halt*. Never was a more appropriate selection than that made by the brigade band, which, as we filed into line and stacked arms for a rest, after arriving on our own side of the river, struck up the well-known air—

“Aint we glad to get out of the wilderness!”

We marched about eight miles on the second, and, at six o'clock, P. M., halted in a grove for rest and coffee, where we were told we should remain an “hour or two.” Many unrolled their blankets, and prepared to take a short *nap*. We remained until midnight, when we resumed our march, and at seven o'clock, A. M., of the third, we reached our old camp, which we immediately occupied. Tired, footsore, and almost worn out, we hailed with joy the prospect of a brief rest in our comfortable quarters.

Among all the reports, official and unofficial, letters from “our own” and “specials,” despatches, and statements concerning our campaign, the following extract from “Dunn Brown’s” correspondence, seems to the writer to be the best yet:

“DECEMBER 3, 1863.

We have just returned from our little excursion over the Rapidan; and as one might expect from such a miserable, barren, wasted, and desolate country, as we have visited, we have returned, no whit richer than we went away. Why, we find that not even laurels grow there

at this season, and so didn't pluck one, so far as I can learn. We have just dropped over, unceremoniously, to call upon Lee, and found him making so much fuss to receive us, over-doing the thing, in fact, that we wouldn't stop; but retired in disgust. We don't want too much parade made on our account. When we found that he was cutting down all the trees in his front door yard, to make an uncommonly high fence, and even digging up a large part of his farm into mounds and ditches, and such like ornamental works, over our arrival, we wouldn't countenance the thing, and came away before putting him to still more trouble."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAMP AT BRANDY STATION,—RECONNOISSANCE TO RACCOON
FORD AND JAMES CITY.

FXHAUSTED by our marches and exposures during the brief but tedious campaign to Mine Run, we retired early on the night of the third of December, and were just comfortably nestled in the arms of Morpheus, when the bugle sounding the “general,” started us as though a shell had burst in our midst. We speedily “turned out,” packed up, and at ten o’clock tents were struck, baggage loaded, knapsacks slung, and the line ready to march. The cause of the sudden movement was unknown; but it was soon rumored that the enemy had followed up our retreating column, and was about to attack us on our own ground. At midnight the marching orders were countermanded, and we slept soundly until morning.

On Saturday, December fifth, we moved about half a mile, and the men returned to the old camp, to bring

away the logs so laboriously collected for houses. A Pennsylvania regiment had taken possession of the ground, and objected to our boys carrying away their timber. The consequence was, a hand to hand engagement, in which the Seventeenth proved victorious, and bore off the spoils in triumph. About noon, the bugle from head-quarters, sounding the "general," arrested their labors. The division was speedily in line, in heavy marching order, awaiting the "advance," but at dusk we received orders to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

Rev. Mr. Lovering, our new chaplain, arrived and reported for duty on the sixth.

Appearances indicated that we should remain a short time at this place, and the men set themselves to work stockading their tents and building chimneys, by which means we soon had a very comfortable camp. We remained here, furnishing details for corduroy roads, drilling and performing picket duty, with the usual routine of camp-life. Our encampment was upon the grounds of John Minor Botts, who owned (nominally) all the neighboring farms. We were forbidden to use wood from his place, and consequently were obliged to "tote" it nearly a mile.

It appeared to be the opinion of the troops, unanimously, that J. M. B. was an "unmitigated fraud." Several complaints were made by him to General Meade, and it was finally decided to move our camps.

Accordingly, on the morning of January tenth, 1864, we marched about three miles, and encamped in a fine oak grove. The snow was two or three inches deep, and the weather quite cool, but the men worked with a will, and we soon had a model camp. The brigade head-quarters were established at the Bennett House, distant from Culpepper Court House about three miles.

Orders were received on the twelfth, allowing leaves of absence to officers and furloughs to enlisted men.

On the thirteenth, a reunion of the officers of the division was holden at General Birney's Head-Quarters; and Mr. Bullock, of Philadelphia, presented to the General, for the soldiers of his division, seven thousand pairs of mittens.

General Birney inspected the camps of the division on the twenty-fourth, and expressed himself highly pleased with our encampment. In a report of the inspection, made in a general order, he reprimanded the commanding-officer of one regiment, and ordered him to "immediately reconstruct his camp, taking for his model the best one in the division, that of the Seventeenth Maine."

On the twenty-fifth, a gay scene was witnessed in the Third Corps:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And *Brandy Station* had assembled then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright

The lights shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily : and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The officers of the Third Corps had made arrangements for a grand ball, to which distinguished officers and numbers of ladies from Washington were invited. A spacious hall ninety-six by thirty-six feet, covered with wagon covers, and tent flies, had been erected, adjoining a once elegant mansion, and beautifully decorated with flags and evergreen. The effect was decidedly fine, as the gay couples moved in the mazes of the dance. Three bands were in attendance, and the hall was brilliantly illuminated. It was a new thing to see sentinels, with fixed bayonets, on duty in a ball room.

Large numbers of northern ladies visited the army during the winter ; and nearly all the head-quarters were blessed with female society. Reviews and parades were witnessed by hundreds of ladies, who, by their presence, made glad the hearts of the soldiers.

On the second of February, we were visited by a severe shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning, rather an unusual phenomena for the season.

On the morning of the sixth, we were aroused at four o'clock and ordered to be ready to march promptly at seven. Not having anticipated any movement,

and being so comfortably situated, we did not at first relish the idea of another campaign at this season. When, however, at nine o'clock heavy firing was heard in the direction of the fords, the men seemed anxious to "go in." Though soldiers are seldom "spoiling for a fight," yet when they are all ready and begin to "scent the battle from afar" there are but few who do not grow impatient to have it over.

We did not move until dark, when we proceeded *via* Culpepper, in the direction of the Rapidan, and bivouacked at ten P. M., after a march of about seven miles. The weather was unfavorable for a protracted campaign, as recent rains had rendered the roads very muddy. At daybreak, on the seventh, we moved a short distance to near Raccoon Ford, where the division massed and remained a short time, when we again moved a few miles to the rear, where we expected to remain. We pitched our tents and made preparations to pass the night, but at dark were ordered to return to camp. As the march was quite rapid, the column straggled considerably.

The result of the reconnoissance, on our part, could readily be summed up in the old couplet:

"The king of France with twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill,—and then marched down again."

On the fifteenth we were ordered to be in readiness to march to the support of the picket line, as the ene-

my was reported to be moving on our right; but as no demonstrations were made, we remained quietly in camp.

A new stand of beautiful colors, for the Seventeenth, presented by the merchants of Portland, were received on the twenty-second and the old battle-worn colors were sent home.

On the twenty-eighth of February, we broke camp at seven o'clock, A. M., and proceeded *via* Culpepper Court House, to "James City," a distance of about seventeen miles. The roads were in excellent condition, the men in the best possible spirits, the day remarkably fine, and our march consequently was a very pleasant one. The brigade occupied James City, a thriving municipality of some dozen or twenty inhabitants,—old men, women, and children. The soldiers were very mischievous, and, immediately upon arrival, declared a war of extermination upon pigs, chickens, and all manner of live stock.

On the twenty-ninth, the troops were mustered for pay. All day long the camps were in a continuous uproar; and every possible device, imaginable, was brought into requisition that would promulgate fun. Two old farm wagons were confiscated, logs of wood mounted on the wheels, and an artillery duel fought, with each movement and command as seriously and carefully executed, as though they were regular batteries on drill. A winnowing machine, found incapa-

ble of separating stones from chips, was condemned and burned. Several agricultural implements, after similar trials, were destroyed. A hundred soldiers with a long rope, and a primitive looking plow, turned the sod of a garden, in the most approved style; after which, there being no further use for the plow, they subjected it to a series of chemical experiments, to ascertain if it would burn. A carpenter's shop was occupied, a turning lathe put in running order, a dull instrument, to be used as a chisel, was sharpened on a fine grindstone, which was unshipped and rolled down a steep hill, after all the handsaws in the shop had been ground, and the stone ruined. Another party visited a tannery, took all the leather from the vaults and manufactured it into shoe strings, set the buildings on fire, but agreed to save them if the indignant owner, an octogenarian, would give three cheers for the Union.

A saw mill was put in motion, but the boys did not like the running of the saws. They accordingly *set* them with the aid of two stones, breaking out every other tooth; and disarranged the machinery generally. In a grist mill near by, they ground what grain was in the building, then tried pebble stones and chips, after which they put the stones into the mill-pond. A complaint being made to the commanding-general, induced him to send a detail of men to put the stones back, as the owner asserted, with tears in his eyes, that there

were not able-bodied men enough in the county to replace them. The detail, however, knocked the props and timbers from under the building, and left it in a very rickety condition. Soon after, it *accidentally* caught fire and was destroyed. In fact there was no sort or species of mischief possible or imaginable that the soldiers did not perpetrate.

On Tuesday, March first, it rained and snowed all day, and we remained in the "city," occupying buildings of every possible description.

On the following day we returned to camp, where we arrived about two P. M., without having seen a "Johnny," or meeting with any particular adventure; the boys deciding unanimously that they had had a pleasant trip and a "bully time."

During the winter, a band was organized from the drum-corps and enlisted men of the regiment, and made fine progress.

A theatre was erected, near the division head-quarters by details from the division, under the supervision and direction of Lieutenant Leigh of General Ward's staff. Although constructed of logs, it was neatly built, and was capable of seating comfortably eight hundred persons. It was roofed with wagon-covers. The stage was quite capacious and well arranged.

Over a foot of snow fell on the twenty-second of March. The soldiers entered into the sport of snow-balling with the zest and enthusiasm of children. On

the twenty-fourth, General Grant arrived at Culpeper and established his head-quarters there.

Long expected and dreaded, (though for months we had hoped against hope,) the order was received on the twenty-fourth, breaking up the old and honored organization of the Third Army Corps. The divisions of Hooker and Kearney were, however, permitted to retain their badges. The first corps organized at the outbreak of the rebellion, showing the most famous record for gallantry, it seemed hard to many of us that the organization that had furnished the country such men as Heintzelman, Kearney, Howard, Berry, Hooker, Sickles, Richardson, Birney, Whipple, Jameson, Robinson, and a host of others, should lose its identity for the gratification of personal feeling. The re-organization of the army was effected on the twenty-fifth, and the old First Division of the Third Corps, became the Third Division of the Second Corps. General Birney retained command of the division, and the following regiments composed the Second Brigade, under command of Brigadier-General Alexander Hayes :

Fourth Maine, — Colonel Walker.

Seventeenth Maine, — Colonel West.

Third Michigan, — Colonel Pierce.

Fifth Michigan, — Lieutenant-Colonel Pulford.

Sixty-Third Pennsylvania, — Lieutenant-Colonel Danks.

Sixty-Eighth Pennsylvania, — Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow.

Fifty-Seventh Pennsylvania, — Colonel Sides.

One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania, — Colonel Craig.

First United States Sharp Shooters, — Major Mattocks of the Seventeenth Maine, commanding by assignment.

On the morning of March thirty-first, we changed camp, moving into those vacated by the Third Division of the old Third Corps, which had been transferred entire to the Sixth Corps. Our camp was upon low, marshy ground, and outrageously filthy. Our first orders were to police as thoroughly as possible. The number of soldiers' graves in the vicinity of our camp, was a sad comment on the sanitary condition of the troops that had lived (and died) there before us. We, however, policed and drained the grounds, as best we might, fixed up the "shebangs" as comfortably and as neatly as possible, and thanked our lucky stars that the season was fast approaching, when we could exchange the miserable log shanties for a life in the open air.

On the ninth of April, orders were received to send all surplus and extra baggage to the rear, and for all citizens and sutlers to leave the army prior to the sixteenth instant.

Wednesday, the thirteenth, the division was reviewed on the grounds in front of the residence of John Minor Botts. Major-Generals Meade, Hancock, Humphreys, and Birney, and Brigadier-Generals Gibbon, Mott, Carr, Hays, and Ward, and several foreign

officers of distinction were present. The troops had long been preparing for this review, at which it was expected our new commander, Lieutenant-General Grant would be present; and probably a finer spectacle was never witnessed in the field. Nearly every soldier wore white gloves; the condition of arms, clothing, and accoutrements was faultless, and each man vied with his comrade in personal appearance and military bearing and deportment.

On Friday, the twenty-second of April, the Second Corps was reviewed by Lieutenant-General Grant. The starry shoulder straps were out in goodly numbers, but General Grant was the "observed of all observers." This was the first opportunity our men had had of seeing their new commander.

On the twenty-sixth of April, the division moved out of their "winter quarters," and encamped in an open field near Stevensburg, in shelter-tents, without chimneys,—a precautionary sanitary measure, that the change to active campaigning might be less severely felt.

Indications of an approaching move were everywhere apparent; but no one could guess when or in what direction it was to be made. Previously it had been customary, even for the rank and file, either officially or in some manner, to know the nature and object of movements of the army; but not an intima-

tion was now given of the probable destination of the Army of the Potomac. Orders were received, that, during the approaching campaign, no bugle calls would be sounded, or music by bands or drum-corps allowed, without special permission.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLES OF THE WILDERNESS — TODD'S TAVERN, AND
PO RIVER.

AT eleven o'clock, P. M., of Tuesday, May third, 1864, the Army of the Potomac broke camp and prepared for a march. At sunset of that day, the enemy from his signal station on Clark's Mountain, beheld the camps of the "Yankee army," with wagon parks and batteries undisturbed and tranquil, as though no movement was anticipated. As soon as the shades of night shut them from view, all was bustle and confusion. No unusual bonfires were kindled, no sound of bugle or drum was heard, yet in an almost incredibly brief period, the entire army, with its immense trains of ambulances, ammunition, and supplies, was on the move. So suddenly and unexpectedly came the orders to us, that there was no possibility of the enemy receiving intelligence of our movement, before, from his signal station on the following morning, he beheld

the deserted camps around Culpepper. Every division, brigade, and regiment had its allotted position, and moved punctually at the appointed time.

The Seventeenth Maine, under command of Colonel West, commenced the campaign with twenty-one commissioned officers, five acting officers, and four hundred and thirty-nine enlisted men in the ranks. Lieutenant Colonel Merrill was absent, on duty in Portland, Maine, and Major Mattocks was commanding the First Regiment of United States Sharp Shooters; having been assigned thereto by orders from Major-General Birney.

Shortly after daybreak, of the fourth, the division crossed the Rapidan on a Pontoon bridge, at Ely's Ford, without meeting with any resistance from the enemy. Halting half an hour for breakfast, we continued our march, a portion of which was by the Plank Road, and at two o'clock, P. M., halted on the battlefield of Chancellorsville, on the very spot occupied by our division during the memorable action of Sunday morning, one year before. The field still showed signs of that desperate conflict. Skeletons and skulls of men and horses, fragments of shell and cannon balls, with all the incidental debris of a fiercely contested battle, lay strewn upon the ground. Many of the bodies of our brave union soldiers, with their knapsacks and clothing still clinging to their skeleton forms, lay where they fighting fell. Some of them were rec-

ognized by comrades, but others afforded no clue whatever to their identity. Every rod of that battle-field seemed to possess peculiar interest, and suggested many a sad tale of the disastrous fight, as groups of soldiers in every direction collected to relate their experiences of that bloody and terrible day.

Here a soldier tells his comrades where he received a wound ; here fell a comrade ; there we made a charge. Here fell our gallant JOHNSON ; there the noble LORD lay with his fractured limb, refusing to be borne from the field ; and, as we charged by him, brandished his sword in air, and despising the pain, gave words of cheer and encouragement to the boys. Here GOLDERMAN and MERRILL received those wounds which disabled them for further service ; there the spot where BROWN was wounded. Others revisit the narrow road, the scene of our midnight charge, which resulted in the death of the famous rebel general, Stonewall Jackson.

The tent of the writer was pitched but a few rods from the spot where, one year before, his horse was killed under him by a shell. The skeleton of the noble animal, recognized by the fractured ribs and missing leg, lay where he fell ; the saddle and equipments had gone to help some needy rebel, and even the horses shoes had been pulled off, and were undoubtedly doing duty in the army of the rebel confederacy.

Not far from our bivouac, fell the idol of his men, Maine's noble son and hero, Major-General BERRY.

On the morning of the fifth, we marched at five o'clock, *via* the Plank Road, passing the "Furnaces," memorable as the scene of our battle of Saturday, of the previous year, when our division was cut off from the army by the disgraceful breaking of the eleventh corps.

On arriving at Todd's Tavern, a line of battle was formed, skirmishers sent forward, and such information received as decided the commanding general to change the direction of our march; and with the brigade we marched by the left flank to near the junction of the Plank and Brock Roads, where a line of battle was formed.

As the writer was on duty at the head-quarters of the First Brigade, during the time the Seventeenth composed a portion of the Second, for a more accurate report of the part taken by the regiment during this time, he has quoted *passim* from the official report of Lieutenant Colonel Merrill.

"The Brigade (Second) was then hastily placed in position, and this regiment was carried to the extreme right of the Second Corps, moving by the left into the dense woods skirting the road, with orders from General Hays to connect with the Sixth Corps on the right.

"After repeated attempts to discover the troops, with whom the connection was to be formed, had failed, the regiment was advanced in line to meet

“ the enemy. Flankers were thrown out and a skir-
“ mish line established. At this time the regiment
“ was in advance of the brigade, and came upon the
“ enemy with whom they at once engaged.

“ The right of the regiment was then thrown for-
“ ward, the enemy falling back, leaving their dead
“ and wounded on the field. About thirty prisoners
“ were taken from the enemy. Night coming on, and
“ the supply of ammunition failing, no further advance
“ was made, but the position was held till fresh troops
“ arrived, when the regiment joined the brigade at the
“ rear. The casualties of the regiment in this engage-
“ ment were two officers wounded, eleven enlisted men
“ killed, sixty-five wounded, and one missing.”

Major Charles P. Mattocks, in command of the regiment of Sharp Shooters, was ordered to withdraw his skirmish line, which had been actively engaged. The main line had retired, but the Major hearing the crack of Sharp's rifles still in the front, and supposing some of his men had not heard the order, rode out to bring in the remainder, where he found some half-dozen of his “ green breeches,” and speedily sent them to the rear. By these men he was informed that there were more men across a small brook, to the right and front. The Major at once crossed the brook, and just as everything appeared most favorable, found, much to his chagrin, that the enemy had previously taken advantage of a break in our lines,

and now appeared to the right, and actually in rear of the point which the line of skirmishers had just occupied. In this disagreeable situation, he was unceremoniously "gobbled" by the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, of the old Stonewall Brigade, and at once sent to the rear, to undergo a ten months' incarceration in the prison pens of chivalric rebellion.

Brigadier-General Alexander Hays, the gallant commander of the Second Brigade, was killed early in the engagement. Although, until recently, a stranger to our division, his name was familiar as household words; and, although we had never followed him before, all placed the utmost confidence in his bravery, skill, and judgment.

"Well, let him sleep, the gallant hearted;
Sleep in a nation's honored grave.
His name was traced ere he departed,
Amid the records of the brave;
And if we grieve to tell the story,
'Tis for ourselves we breathe the sigh,
Not for the soldier crowned with glory,
Who died as heroes love to die."

Colonel Crocker, of the Ninety-Third New York Volunteers, now assumed command of the brigade.

The engagement, which was a general one, was very severe. Owing to the nature of the ground, level and covered with a dense forest, artillery was

used but very little. The woods were almost impassable even for individuals, and it was impossible to see from one end of the regiment to the other. Colonel Merrill thus narrates the events of the following day :

“ On the morning of the sixth, the regiment was
“ formed on the right of the brigade, and at about
“ four o’clock the whole line moved forward, and soon
“ became engaged with the enemy, driving them as
“ far as the Plank Road, and capturing many prison-
“ ers. The enemy, having gained a position on the
“ Plank Road, opened upon our lines a most deadly
“ fire, both with musketry and artillery, so that the
“ advance was checked. The Fourth Maine Regi-
“ ment (Colonel Walker) on the left, and the Seven-
“ teenth were disconnected from, and in advance of the
“ brigade line. At this point, while at the head of his
“ command, Colonel West was wounded by a musket
“ ball through his leg, his horse having previously
“ been shot from under him, and was taken to the rear.
“ Colonel Walker of the Fourth Maine, then assumed
“ command of both regiments; but was unable to
“ hold the position, as it was flanked by the enemy,
“ and the command was forced to retire. Had sup-
“ port been at hand, the result of the day might have
“ been far different. The brigade retired, and took
“ position on the Plank Road.

“ At four, P. M., the enemy renewed the attack, but
“ was repulsed with great loss. The casualties for the

“day in the regiment were two officers, Lieutenants
“Doe and Parker, and twelve enlisted men, killed ;
“eight officers, Colonel G. W. West, Captain J. A.
“Perry, Lieutenants Geo. A. Whidden, F. A. Sawyer,
“Wellington Hobbs, F. C. Adams, H. L. Bartels, J.
“S. Hobbs, and seventy-four enlisted men, wounded,
“and eleven, missing.

“It may not be inappropriate here to speak of the
“gallant and lamented General Wadsworth of New
“York, who fell mortally wounded during the en-
“gagement. His presence on the field, under the
“hottest fire, inspirited and encouraged the men, and
“they will ever cherish with pride the memory of the
“chivalric bravery exhibited by him in this battle.”

* * * * *

During our advance in the morning, we succeeded in driving the enemy about one mile, capturing several hastily thrown up lines of defence, and many prisoners. Owing to the density of the forest, the lines had become more or less disorganized, and, after repeated desperate struggles, the whole line was forced to retire to the works we had thrown up along the Brock Road.

General Hancock had made his dispositions, and issued the orders for his corps to attack the enemy at six o'clock, P. M. ; but he was anticipated by General Longstreet, who attacked us at about four o'clock. This was one of the fiercest charges of the war. Line

after line was hurled successively at us, with a fury that proved the desperate nature of the undertaking, but they were as repeatedly repulsed.

The enemy had not expected to find us entrenched, and his loss in this assault was fearful. Hundreds were shot within a yard of our breastworks; and others, after they had gained a footing on the parapet, fell dead among our men. Some, even, were received on the point of the bayonet. On the left, a portion of the breastworks occupied by our Fourth Division, General Mott, took fire; the flames and smoke rendering them untenable, the troops that occupied them fell back to the second line. A portion of our division, seeing this, and not knowing the cause, feared that the enemy was flanking us, and for a moment our lines wavered in hesitancy and doubt, and a portion of the division fell back in disorder; but those who were left nobly held their position; the day was saved and what seemed, at one time, almost a rout, proved a glorious victory. Although the enemy fought with a stubbornness and desperation rarely equalled, our boys stood firm, and hurled back the assaulting columns with fearful loss.

A section of Dow's Sixth Maine Battery, posted at the junction of the Plank and Brock Roads, did most excellent service, and is duly entitled to a large share of the credit of repulsing the fierce and desperate charges of the enemy. The officers and men nobly

stood at their guns, while the enemy were but a few feet distant and poured volley after volley of double shotted canister into his ranks.

We captured many prisoners, and several stands of colors during the fight. The large number of the enemy's dead and wounded in our front attested the valor and discipline of his troops.

Probably never before was there a battle of such magnitude, fought under such circumstances. A correspondent writing from the spot says :

"There is something horrible, yet fascinating, in the mystery shrouding this strangest of battles ever fought,—a battle which no man could see, and whose progress could only be followed by the ear. It is, beyond a doubt, the first time in the history of war, that two great armies have met, each with at least two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and yet placed in such circumstances as to make this vast enginery totally useless. The combat lasted three days ; but it might have been prolonged a fortnight longer, and still left the issue undecided."

On the seventeenth the regiment took part in a reconnoissance made by the brigade, in which our loss was three enlisted men killed, five wounded, and one missing.

No field officers being present with the regiment, Major Moore, of the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was assigned to the temporary command of the Seventeenth, by orders from Major-General Birney.

At six o'clock, P. M., the division marched about

three miles down the Plank Road, when we received orders to return again to the Junction, where we took up position in the second line, with orders to be ready to march as soon as the Sixth Corps had passed.

Soon after our return, the enemy made a vigorous attack, but was again handsomely repulsed. The men were kept on the *qui vive* all night, expecting every moment to move, but the progress of the Sixth Corps was very slow, and it was not until sunrise on the morning of Sunday, May eighth, that we were fairly on our way. We marched about six miles, to near Todd's Tavern, where we formed a line of battle, and threw up a strong line of works. Through the afternoon there was quite severe musketry on our right, but in our immediate front no serious engagement occurred. The skirmishers were engaged during the afternoon, and we were subjected to quite a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries. General Hancock notified the division and brigade commanders, that an attack at sunset was anticipated on our front; and the men worked very industriously at the rifle pits, which long before dark were sufficiently formidable to enable us to resist an attack, even though made by a much superior force. Hill's Corps was found to be in our front. The anticipated attack, however, was not made, and we bivouacked for the night behind our works.

To the great delight of the weary and almost ex-

hausted soldiers, an order from General Meade was promulgated, on the morning of the ninth of May, announcing that the army would rest that day from offensive operations ; but at one o'clock, P. M., it having been ascertained that the enemy had left our front, we were ordered to move in pursuit. Accordingly we marched *via* the Spottsylvania Road, until about four o'clock, P. M., when, from the banks of the Po River, we caught sight of the trains of the enemy, moving by a road on the opposite side. General Birney immediately ordered two batteries to take position on a commanding eminence, and, while we formed in line of battle, parallel with the river, and sent troops across on a reconnoissance, our artillery shelled them vigorously. Finding but a slight force on the opposite banks, left as a rear guard, the division forded the Po, and bivouacked, after a march of about eight miles, at nine o'clock, P. M., between the rivers Po and Ny, where a portion of the Seventeenth was detailed for picket.

On the tenth the picket line was attacked and driven in by the enemy, with a loss in the Seventeenth of ten enlisted men wounded, and two missing. The remainder of the Second Brigade was not engaged during the day. The First Brigade, General Ward, was moved out in the afternoon, to the river banks, to cover the crossing of Barlow's First Division, which was effected in splendid style. At six o'clock, P. M., Ward's

Brigade made a charge on a portion of the enemy's works, which they gained, and even planted their colors upon them; but not being supported, and being exposed to a terrific enfilading fire, they were subsequently forced to retire with severe losses, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the ground, and in the hands of the enemy.

On the following day, while works were being erected in the rear, the regiment supported a skirmish line, and lost one officer, Captain S. S. Richards, and one enlisted man wounded. Heavy cannonading and musketry on our right, during the entire day, proclaimed that other portions of the army were engaged.

CHAPTER XIII,

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

DURING the day and night of May eleventh, a perfect tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain swept over the army as it lay behind the strong works confronting the rebel hosts.

Taking advantage of the darkness, General Hancock quietly moved his command from the entrenchments. At eleven o'clock, P. M., leaving our camp fires burning brightly, we fell into line and noiselessly and cautiously retired. In a drenching rain and heavy mist, through muddy fields and tangled underbrush, we marched to the left, passing around the camps of the Sixth Corps, and at one o'clock the two brigades of Birney's Division were formed, each in double lines, without a loud word spoken, or command given above a whisper. The Seventeenth, forming a portion of the second line, was ordered to rest until morning, but without fires or noise.

At the first glimmer of dawn, the men were aroused, the lines noiselessly formed, bayonets fixed, and the order given to advance without a cheer or shout, until the enemy's works were gained. The lines moved forward in as good order as the nature of the ground would permit, for our course lay through tangled underbrush, slashing, swamps, morasses, and ditches, nearly waist deep in some places.

At the edge of the wood, upon the crest of a small hill, we encountered a rifle pit occupied by the enemy's pickets, approaching which, our men, supposing it to be the main line of the enemy, gave such a yell as might well have struck terror to the hearts of the foe. Firing hardly a shot, the pickets fled and abandoned the line, which we immediately occupied, when, lo! about two hundred yards in advance, we discovered a most formidable work. It was now too late to hesitate. Though the enemy had received notice of our approach, and poured into our ranks volley after volley of musketry, case shot, and canister, our boys, undaunted, pushed forward, and clambering up the steep sides of the work, by the aid of their bayonets or whatever was available, planted the stars and stripes on the ramparts.

The enemy, thoroughly panic-stricken and surprised, threw down their arms and surrendered by regiments. They abandoned their guns, which fell into our hands, to the number of forty, with caissons, limbers, horses,

and ammunition. Here the experience of our fort life came into requisition, and we at once turned their own guns upon them. In this, the Seventeenth Maine was particularly active, and afforded the greatest service.

The rebel commander of a division, Major-General Edward Johnson, was captured at this place by Sergeant Frank Haskell and private John F. Totman of the Seventeenth. General Stuart, of the rebel army, was also captured during this assault.

The number of prisoners, that actually surrendered themselves that morning, could not have been less than twelve thousand or fifteen thousand ; but as they were permitted to pass to the rear unguarded, many availed themselves of the opportunity, afforded by a piece of woods on our left, to pass around our flank, and thus back into their own lines again.

The scene in the works, was one of a most intensely exciting character, and beggars description. Our lines had become broken during the advance, and in scaling the works ; and squads and individuals " went in " on their own responsibility, regardless of regiments or divisions. Wherever a stand of colors was seen, a crowd would gather around, and make a rush for a gun or a body of prisoners.

An attempt was made to capture the second line by assault, but the enemy having been strongly reinforced, and our ranks more or less disorganized, it failed, and

we fell back to the captured line, which we busied ourselves in turning and strengthening.

The enemy made several desperate endeavors to recapture the line, but was repulsed with severe loss.

It commenced to rain shortly after we had gained the works, and continued during the day. About noon we were reinforced by the Sixth Corps, but still remained in the works. The roar of musketry, along our front, was incessant during the entire day and night.

Some of the guns, which the enemy had abandoned, remained between the lines, and it was impossible for either side to get at them, owing to the sharp musketry fire during the day. During the night the enemy attempted to secure them; but we kept up an incessant fire and held him at bay. The ground, the next morning, was thickly strewn with rebel dead, proving how hard they had tried to gain possession of the coveted property.

The losses of the Seventeenth during the action of the twelfth, were three enlisted men, killed; one officer, Captain Edwin B. Houghton, (acting Inspector-General of the brigade), and forty enlisted men, wounded, and ten missing.

The morning of the thirteenth, found us still in possession of the captured works; the enemy having retired, just before light, to his second line. The scene, in our front, was one of the most horrid and

revolting that it was ever our fortune to behold ; the dead and wounded of both armies, literally covered the ground for miles. Words are inadequate to convey any idea of the horrid spectacle. Some of the bodies were riddled with musket balls. Parties were engaged in burying the dead nearly all day ; but very few wounded were found, for those, who at first received but slight wounds, were unable to get off the field and obliged to remain on the ground, and be shot again and again by the bullets of both friend and foe.

A correspondent, writing from the spot, thus describes the scene of horror :

“ The angle of the works at which Hancock entered, and for the possession of which the savage fight of the day was made, is a perfect Golgotha. In this angle of death, the dead and wounded rebels lie this morning literally in piles ; men in the agonies of death, groaning beneath the dead bodies of their comrades. On an area of a few acres, in the rear of their position, lie not less than a thousand rebel corpses ; many literally torn to shreds by hundreds of balls, and several with bayonet thrusts through and through their bodies, pierced on the very margins of the parapet, which they were determined to retake or perish in the attempt. The one exclamation of every man, who looks on the spectacle is, ‘God forbid that I should ever gaze upon such a sight again.’ ”

Skirmishing was continued in our front during the day, but no general engagement occurred. On the fourteenth and fifteenth, the regiment was not engaged but remained in the works with the brigade under the fire of the enemy.

On the sixteenth, Lieutenant Colonel Merrill rejoined the regiment, and assumed command, relieving Major Moore, of the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who had very ably and acceptably filled the post since the seventh of May.

On the seventeenth, we moved into the front line of works, relieving a portion of the Third Brigade. About dark the enemy made a vigorous attack on the front occupied by the First Brigade, (formerly Ward's but commanded since the twelfth by Colonel Egan, Fortieth New York Volunteers,) but was handsomely repulsed.

At midnight, of the seventeenth, the writer witnessed a singular and uncommon scene. The "Corcoran Legion," a new brigade from the "defences of Washington," which had been assigned to the First Division of the Second Corps, took position, preparatory to making an attack in the morning. As they marched out they were halted near the "Landon House," and a priest, passing in front of each regiment, bestowed a blessing and a benediction on the men. To those who were of the faith, the scene must have been one of interest. There, beneath the pale light of the moon, those rough and hardy soldiers reverently bent to receive the benediction of their priest, while on every side the sharp crack of the rifle of the pickets, and the various preparations for an approaching conflict, added to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene,

and rendered it one long to be remembered, even by a careless observer.

On the morning of the eighteenth of May, an attack was made by the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps, our division, the Third, being held in reserve. We occupied a portion of the line of works, and though under fire both of musketry and artillery, fortunately suffered no loss during the day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLES OF FREDERICKSBURG PIKE, TAYLOR'S BRIDGE, AND TOLOPOTOMY CREEK.

BIRNEY'S Division, having been constantly in the front since the commencement of the campaign, was relieved at midnight of May eighteenth, and at two o'clock, we marched to the left and rear, where, at daylight, we were massed near the Anderson House, and ordered to pitch tents. We hailed with joy the prospect of a day of rest, undisturbed by the music of bullets and shells; and pitched our shelters in a beautiful clover field, took off our equipments, and listening to the distant roar of cannon from the front, devoted the day to sleep until five o'clock, P. M., when we were ordered to "fall in" at once, without knapsacks, and to leave our tents standing. Heavy and rapid firing had been heard during the afternoon on our right.

Our line was speedily formed, and, at a "double quick," we marched in the direction of the Fredericks-

burg Pike, where the enemy, — Ewell's Corps, — had attacked our supply trains, and made a desperate attempt to get in our rear. Arriving upon the scene of action, we found that the First Maine and First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Regiments, fresh from the defences of Washington, had been engaged with severe losses. This was their first experience under fire, yet they behaved with great gallantry, checking the enemy and holding him at bay, until the arrival of "Birney's Flying Infantry." Immediately upon arriving, we made a charge through the woods, advancing beyond and relieving the lines of the "*Heavies*," and driving the enemy in confusion before us.

The ground was literally covered with the dead and wounded of the heavy artillery regiments. Not having experience in fighting, they had neglected the precaution that veterans take, and, instead of lying down or taking advantage of the ground, they had chosen their position on the crest of a hill, where they stood erect and furnished most admirable targets for the enemy, who fought as usual in the woods and behind fences.

Colonel Merrill, in his official report of the campaign, thus briefly describes the part taken by the Seventeenth in the engagement:

"The brigade, under the immediate supervision of Major-General Birney, was formed into two lines; the second, consisting of the Ninety-Third New

“York and this regiment, was placed under my command. An advance was ordered and we marched in line into the dense woods; here we became separated from the first line. I sent out messengers to ascertain, if possible, its position. Not meeting with success, I ordered the command to advance toward the firing in our front. We soon found the heavy artillery brigade engaged with the enemy. Moving to the front, we relieved a battalion of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, forming a connection with the First Brigade, Colonel Egan. Night coming on, a picket line was established in our front, and we remained in position exposed to the fire of the enemy. Earthworks were thrown up for protection, the men using tin plates and bayonets for the purpose. At daylight of the twentieth, the whole line advanced, and, in connection with the First Brigade, captured a large number of prisoners; the main body of the enemy having withdrawn, and re-crossed the river. We then re-joined the Second Brigade and returned to camp.”

Although it was after midnight when we were ordered to “sleep in rear of our stacks,” we were aroused before three o’clock, and ordered to advance. In the gray dawn, we moved forward, meeting with no resistance from the enemy, who we found had retired during the night.

The Twentieth Indiana Regiment was deployed as

skirmishers in our front, and, advancing through the woods, captured many prisoners, who informed us that Ewell had made a forced march in order to take us unawares, and that the men were well nigh exhausted. The woods were filled with stragglers, who had dropped out of the ranks, when the order came for another night march ; and, without firing a shot, we picked up between six and seven hundred prisoners. As it was impossible to distinguish, in the darkness, the rebels from our own men, many amusing dialogues occurred, when our skirmishers encountered individuals or squads wandering through the forests. Several "Johnnies," supposing our skirmish line to be the rear guard of their own corps, fell in and marched along with us till they discovered their error, when they surrendered with good grace.

One non-commissioned officer, of General Johnson's Division, which we had captured entire on the twelfth of May, was among the number of prisoners taken. He had just returned from a furlough, and as his regiment was not to be found, he had been transferred to another one in Ewell's Corps. When taken, he expressed his joy at being able to proceed to Washington, as his furlough required him, at its expiration, to "report to his regiment at Orange Court House, or wherever it then may be, or be considered a deserter."

We returned to our camps, in the forenoon, where we rested for the remainder of the day, and until

midnight of the twentieth, when we again marched to the left. We halted at eight o'clock on the following morning, at Guinney's Station, near the house, where one year before, the rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, breathed his last, having been mortally wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville.

Continuing our march, we passed through Bowling Green, which was quite a large village. The stores were all closed and nearly empty, and the houses were in a very shabby and dilapidated condition. The soldiers broke open many of the stores, and *bought* quite a quantity of tobacco, sugar, etc. An apothecary's shop was "cleaned out" by some of the men, on account of objectionable "chin music" from the proprietor. The jail was broken open, and two prisoners, a colored gentleman and a white man, liberated on their individual paroles. The heat and dust were very oppressive, and our march severe and fatiguing. The bands of the division favored the citizens with Union music, as we marched through the village.

At two o'clock, P. M., we halted for rest and dinner, between Bowling Green and Milford Station, on the farm of Colonel Fauntleroy, at whose house the writer was entertained with *true* southern hospitality. At the outbreak of the rebellion, Colonel F. held a commission as Colonel of the First United States Dragoons, but having a lingering love for his native State, stronger than his love of country, he resigned

and settled in this place, taking no part in the war on either side. Among our generals he found many old comrades, and seemed delighted to renew the acquaintances of former days.

Continuing our march, we passed through the very pretty little village of Milford, and, at four o'clock, bivouacked a short distance from the station, having marched, notwithstanding the dust and heat, about twenty miles.

On the following morning, we advanced our lines, and built splendid entrenchments, in anticipation of an attack. As no enemy appeared, we remained all day in the works. During the night, a portion of Egan's Brigade made a reconnoissance in the direction of Polecat Station, and met with several ludicrous adventures, without, however, encountering the enemy.

For a report of the part taken by the Seventeenth, in the glorious charge at Taylor's Bridge, the writer is again indebted to the official report of Colonel Merrill :

“ On the twenty-third we started at daylight, and in
“ the afternoon formed a junction with the Fifth Corps
“ near the North Anna river. The enemy were found
“ in force at the different fords, and strong earthworks
“ had been erected by them at Taylor's Bridge. A
“ portion of the Third Division was immediately or-
“ dered up, and to Colonel Egan, First Brigade, was
“ assigned the duty of driving the enemy across the
“ river and securing the possession of the bridge. The

“ line of the Second Brigade, under Colonel B. R.
“ Pierce, was formed in a belt of woods about an
“ eighth of a mile from the river. The enemy occu-
“ pied the crest of a hill in our front sloping toward
“ the river. At the word of command the whole line
“ on the right moved forward in splendid order. The
“ enemy broke and ran. A battery on the opposite
“ side of the river, swept the field across which we ad-
“ vanced, but our line kept on till we came to the riv-
“ er, which at that point was not fordable. We held
“ the position till after dark, keeping up a continuous
“ fire upon the enemy. Our whole supply of amuni-
“ tion was exhausted. There was no brigade com-
“ mander on the line. I sent messengers to the rear
“ to notify the brigade commander that the amuni-
“ tion was exhausted, and to ask for a new supply or
“ that we might be relieved. Failing in this, I again
“ dispatched a messenger, and Colonel Egan, Fortieth
“ New York Volunteers, commanding First Brigade,
“ relieved our portion of the line with the Eleventh
“ Massachusetts Volunteers, under command of Lieu-
“ tenant-Colonel Tripp. During the whole affair both
“ officers and men behaved with great gallantry. The
“ casualties were one officer and three enlisted men
“ killed, and seventeen men wounded. Among these
“ I have to mention Lieutenant James S. Roberts, Co.
“ B, who fell mortally wounded in the charge, and
“ died on the next day. He was a brave and good

“soldier. I would also mention with praise the color-guard as conspicuous for bravery and good conduct.”

This affair, which was witnessed by Generals Hancock, Birney, and others, was pronounced by them one of the most brilliant of the campaign.

During the night, the enemy succeeded in firing the southern end of the bridge, but happily the flames were extinguished before material damage was done. We remained during the night on the northern bank of the North Anna, and, on the following morning, were subjected to quite a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries across the river. To Egan's Brigade was again entrusted the duty of effecting a crossing and dislodging the enemy from his strong position on the opposite banks. Under a severe fire, they crossed the bridge, and charged upon the redoubts held by the enemy, who hastily fled. At ten o'clock, the Second Brigade crossed the river, and occupied the works, remaining until afternoon, when the lines were advanced, and we built a new line of works, under a severe shelling from the enemy.

During our crossing we were subjected to a severe artillery fire, directed upon the bridge; with but little effect, however, save to accelerate the movement of the troops in crossing. Lieutenant Walter F. Noyes, in charge of the Brigade Pioneer Corps, was killed by a shell while superintending the erection of the new

line of works, and was buried near the spot where he fell.

In this vicinity was the Fox House, once a beautiful mansion splendidly situated and elegantly furnished. The owner, a Baptist clergyman, fearing the approach of the Yankees, had followed the retreating rebel army, and left his house unprotected. The soldiers "went through it," and completely destroyed everything destructible. Pianos were demolished, and elegant paintings and family portraits made to do duty in the breastworks. A fine library, containing some very rare and valuable works, was distributed through the corps. Chemical and philosophical apparatus was destroyed, clothing confiscated, beds ripped open, and, in fact, every piece of mischief, that the ingenuity of man could devise, was perpetrated. The walls of the house were ornamented with caricatures of Davis and the rebellion, and embellished with choice and pithy advice to our "erring sisters." Such acts of vandalism were not countenanced by the commanding officers, although frequently committed by the men.

Toward evening we had a very severe thunder storm, which purified and cooled the sultry and oppressive atmosphere. We remained in the works we had constructed, until about midnight of the twenty-sixth, when we

" — folded our tents like the Arabs,
And as silently stole away."

At daybreak, before the enemy was aware of our designs, the troops had all re-crossed the North Anna, and Taylor's Bridge was burned to the water's edge. On the following day, we marched at about eleven o'clock, A. M., passing through a very pleasant section of the country, *via* Concord Church. The heat and dust rendered our march a very fatiguing one. We proceeded about seventeen miles, and at midnight bivouacked in line of battle, whereabouts to the writer unknown.

At six o'clock, A. M., of the twenty-eighth, we resumed our march, crossing the Pamunky on a pontoon bridge at Nelson's Ford, at two o'clock, P. M., and halting at four o'clock in line of battle near the Elliot House, having marched about ten miles during the day. Here we threw up a line of breastworks, behind which we remained all night.

Mr. Elliot, near whose residence we bivouacked, was a very intelligent and sociable gentleman; and the writer is indebted to him for the following list of prices, which he had actually paid in Confederate money for the articles enumerated, within a few months:—

Flour, — four hundred dollars per barrel.

Butter, — thirty dollars per pound.

Ham, — fifteen dollars per pound.

Shoes, — sixty dollars per pair.

Boots, — two hundred and fifty dollars per pair.

Hogs, — two hundred dollars each.

Sunday, the twenty-ninth of May, was a beautiful day; and in the morning a Sabbath silence reigned in our front. In the afternoon, General Barlow's Division of the Second Corps, made a reconnoissance, and we were ordered to be under arms and in readiness to move out to their support in case of need. At four o'clock, the orders were countermanded, and it was announced that we would remain for the night; but we were, however, soon again *en route*, marching in the direction of the Mechanicsville Pike. After moving about four miles, we bivouacked in the vicinity of Tolopotomy Creek. On the following morning we threw up a line of works, under a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries, and a destructive fire from his sharpshooters at short range.

At about dark, our artillery, and a mortar battery, which had been placed in position in our new line, opened a brisk fire on the enemy's works across the creek. This was the first time that cohorn mortars had been used during the campaign, and they proved very effective. This description of shell has a decidedly demoralizing effect on troops, dropping into their ranks and causing them, in the expressive, if not elegant language of the soldiers, to "git up and git." Some picket firing occurred in the evening, and at intervals during the night.

Egan's First Brigade, on the following day, was again ordered to assault and capture the enemy's

works. They gallantly crossed the creek, and through a formidable abattis, charged up a steep hill, and drove the enemy from his entrenchments, capturing many prisoners belonging to Breckenridge's command.

On the first of June, the Seventeenth Maine was transferred to the First Brigade, Colonel Egan commanding. The brigade was composed of the following regiments:

Second United States Sharp Shooters.

Fortieth New York Volunteers.

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York Volunteers.

One Hundred and Forty-First Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Twentieth Indiana Volunteers.

Eighty-Sixth New York Volunteers.

Third Maine Volunteers.

One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Seventeenth Maine Volunteers.

At noon we moved out as a support to the Second and Third Brigades, where an attack was anticipated; but at dark returned to the second line, which we were ordered to hold until the other troops had withdrawn.

CHAPTER XV.

COAL HARBOR, — MARCH TO PETERSBURG, — HARE HOUSE.

AT midnight of June first, the troops occupying the front lines having been successfully withdrawn, we were ordered to move at once. Leaving our pickets, to be relieved by the division officer of the day, we marched until nine o'clock on the following morning, when we arrived at Coal Harbor, at which place we found the Eighteenth Army Corps already arrived. On our route we passed the old homestead of STEP. HOPKINS, of Revolutionary fame. A neat white cottage, occupied by descendants of the "signer," and standing near the site of the old Hopkins mansion. The house where the patriot lived, was in ruins, only a pile of brick and stone remaining to indicate the spot where it stood.

During the day we marched about ten miles, and at night were assigned position on the extreme left of the army. Early on the morning of the third, we

changed position, moving with the brigade to the front and right, where we were held in reserve, supporting the First Division. Here we were under quite a severe shelling, and lost several men. Soon after, our division was ordered to the right, to fill a gap between the Fifth and Eighteenth Corps, which had been held merely by a skirmish line. During the evening, the enemy made a spirited attack on General Gibbon's front, and we were ordered under arms, to hold ourselves in readiness to move to his assistance if necessary. Our services, however, were not required, as Gibbon handsomely repulsed the enemy.

During the afternoon, much to the joy and relief of the men, the following order was promulgated :

" HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
June 3, 1864, 1.30 P. M. }

" ORDERS :

For the present, all further offensive operations will be suspended.

Corps commanders will at once entrench the positions they now hold, including their advanced positions ; and will cause reconnoissances to be made with a view to move against the enemy's works, by regular approaches, from the advanced positions now held.

Should the enemy assume the offensive, and succeed in breaking through any point of our line, the corps commander nearest to the assaulted point will throw his whole force upon the enemy's column making the attack.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

(Signed)

S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant-Adjutant-General."

On the afternoon of the fourth, being relieved by General Burnside's troops, we moved with the division about two miles to the left, re-joining the other two divisions of the corps, and taking position in the second line.

At this place, the Third Maine Regiment, its time of service having expired, received orders to report at Augusta to be mustered out. All the recruits and enlisted men whose term of service had not expired, were transferred to the Seventeenth, which gained by this consolidation one hundred and twenty-nine effective men present for duty.

After dark, on the fifth, we moved a short distance to the left, connecting with the First Division, and establishing a new line, running toward the Chickahominy, which we fortified immediately upon arrival. On the following day, the men strengthened the works they had constructed during the night. The pickets in our front were within talking distance; but by a mutual arrangement, they ceased firing altogether.

An incident occurred on the picket line, on the afternoon of the seventh, which, although irrelevant to the present purpose, will serve to illustrate the keen sense of honor existing between the subalterns and the enlisted men of both armies.

Lieutenant Crawford, of Colonel Egan's staff, with two field officers of the brigade, while examining the position, advanced too far toward rebeldom, and

the three very unexpectedly found themselves within a few rods of the enemy's outposts. A rebel officer perceiving them, sent out an unarmed man to caution them to come no further. They thanked the representative of the Confederacy, tendering him at the same time civilities in the form of a paper of solace, and sent their compliments to his officer. While talking with the man, another rebel soldier, with arms, approached, and, apologizing for the interruption, informed the officers from yankeedom, that they might consider themselves prisoners of war, — or, — return immediately to the United States. They accordingly lost no time in getting back into the Union, after again thanking the polite *Johnnies* for their courtesy.

Such instances were not rare, and when the picket lines were near together, unless the orders from headquarters were imperative to *fire*, the "*rebs*" and "*yanks*" invariably made treaties, and were on the best terms imaginable.

We remained in the works until the night of the twelfth; and although the pickets in our front did not fire during this time, we were annoyed considerably by rebel 'sharp-shooters' posted along their works, or perched in trees in rear of the picket line proper.

At nine o'clock, on Sunday, June twelfth, we moved cautiously and noiselessly to the left. It was bright moonlight, and the utmost caution was necessary that the enemy might not discover our intentions. We

moved *via* Barker's Mills, halting there until eleven o'clock, when we resumed the march, and with very few and brief rests continued on our way until day-break of Monday, the thirteenth, when we halted at St. James's Church, for breakfast and rest.

Here we remained about two hours, and again resumed the march, crossing the railroad at Despatch Station, at about seven o'clock. At noon, we arrived at the famed Chickahominy, which we crossed at a point known as "Long Bridge." The bridge itself, had been destroyed by the enemy, and our crossing was effected on pontoons. Our route lay *via* St. Mary's Church and Charles City Cross Roads, (historic ground,) in the direction of Charles City Court House. We arrived near Wilcox Landing, at nine o'clock, P. M., after a hard march of about twenty-five miles, and at eleven o'clock moved a short distance, and formed in line of battle, where we received orders to construct a line of works. Soon after, the orders were countermanded, and we bivouacked for the night. On our route we passed several fine residences, all of which were deserted, the inhabitants having fled to Richmond.

At nine o'clock, A. M., of Tuesday, the fourteenth, we marched to Wilcox Landing, on the James River, which, after a brief delay, we crossed in the steamer "Eliza Hancox," The brigade was then massed in a beautiful clover field until dark, when we moved out and formed in line of battle.

At eleven o'clock, A. M., of Wednesday, the fifteenth, having been delayed until that time by an endeavor to procure rations, we marched toward City Point. As heavy firing was heard in the direction of Petersburg, we deviated from our original course, and marched in the direction of the firing. As we neared the city, we met a number of wounded colored soldiers, and learned from them that General "Baldy" Smith's (Eighteenth) Corps had been engaged during the day, and had driven the enemy some distance, capturing many prisoners, sixteen pieces of artillery, and a very formidable line of fortifications, constituting the outer defences of the city.

At nine o'clock, P. M., after a march of about twenty miles, we connected with General Smith, and bivouacked behind the works which had been captured by his corps. Had Hancock arrived earlier, so as to have followed up the successes achieved by General Smith, we should have undoubtedly occupied Petersburg, with a demoralized foe flying before us.

At early dawn, on the morning of the sixteenth, we were aroused by the shells of the enemy exploding in our midst, and in most uncomfortable proximity to our couches of down,—(in the mud). Before we had opportunity to form the regiment, and move to a more secure position behind the works, we had lost one officer and several men. Among the number, Captain John C. Perry, who at the time was in com-

mand of the regiment, was wounded in the knee by a fragment of shell.

The brigade was soon moved to the front, and the Seventeenth Maine, in connection with the Twentieth Indiana, formed an assaulting column, and made two separate charges on the enemy's works, across a wide open field, where the artillery and musketry of the enemy was very effective, and the losses were quite severe. After the second attempt, which was unsuccessful, owing to the distance we had to advance in the face of a murderous fire, the strong position held by the enemy, and the overwhelming force opposed to us, the idea was abandoned. Later in the day, one of the most gallant divisions in the army was repulsed, being unable to carry, advancing in seven lines, the position which these two regiments so gallantly attempted.

Colonel Egan, commanding the brigade, received a severe wound during the charge, and Colonel Madill, One Hundred and Forty-First Pennsylvania Volunteers, assumed command. The casualties for the day in the regiment, were nine enlisted men, killed; two officers, Captain J. C. Perry and Lieutenant J. M. Hall, and forty-three enlisted men, wounded; and five enlisted men, missing. At five o'clock, P. M., we were relieved, and took up position in rear of the forts captured by the Eighteenth Corps.

It was intended that our brigade should join in a

grand general assault on the enemy's works at sunset; but as we were not relieved in season, we were ordered to hold the rear line. This was the first time since our regiment entered the service, that we had been permitted to witness or listen to a battle, being ourselves actually in reserve.

At sunset, the roar and sharp rattle of musketry commenced along our front, and for an hour it was terrific,—sublimely awful. Nearly the whole army was simultaneously engaged, and seldom, if ever, before, during this war, had there been so severe musketry, and for so long a period.

On the morning of Friday, the seventeenth, we moved to the front, relieving a portion of the Eighteenth Corps, in the works captured by them from the enemy, in the attack of the previous evening.

Captain Benjamin C. Pennell, (Company B,) temporarily commanding the regiment, was killed by a sharp-shooter, while using a rifle borrowed from one of the men.

The new lines of rebel works were not more than two hundred yards from the position held by us, and were very formidable. Heavy *abattis* and strong *chevaux de frise* gave them a most saucy and defiant appearance.

We remained during the day in the works, under a fire, which, from the proximity of the lines, rendered it impossible for a man to show himself without being shot.

At about dark, a charge was made on our left, and the firing, which was very heavy, continued until a late hour in the evening. From our position, we could trace the lines of the contending parties, by the flash of their guns. At one point our forces drove the enemy three times from his works, and were twice driven back themselves.

At ten o'clock, P. M., the enemy made a demonstration on our right. We were under arms and prepared for an attack on our front, but the firing soon ceased, and no attempt was made on our position. Occasional firing on the skirmish line continued all night.

At daybreak, of Saturday, June eighteenth, the brigade was ordered to charge the enemy's works in our front. We advanced with the brigade, expecting to meet with stubborn resistance, but found that during the night, his position having been rendered untenable on account of the success of the assault of the previous evening, the enemy had withdrawn, leaving only a skirmish line in the works, which, at our approach, fled, and we occupied the line without the loss of a man.

The brigade was then formed in two lines; the first, of which we formed a portion, advanced to a new position, driving the rebel skirmishers, and leaving the second line, to turn and remodel the works we had so easily secured. We could see the enemy very busily engaged in throwing up a new line of defences.

Had not the orders been imperative to advance no further, we might, undoubtedly, have driven him from his unfinished works.

Major Gilbraith, of the Twentieth Indiana Volunteers, was assigned temporarily to the command of the Seventeenth.

On the right of our line, was an elegant residence, formerly occupied by Mr. O. P. Hare, a southern sporting gentleman of wealth, who was "not at home" when we arrived. The men, in their customary style of protecting *secesh* property, procured some very elegant horse-trappings and equipments from his establishment. His house, and the adjacent buildings, were completely riddled with shot and shell. His furniture was sadly "demoralized," and soon distributed along the works. Costly stuffed chairs, and sofas of plush and damask, furnished yankee soldiers luxuriant repose; and a fine rosewood piano, which a rebel shell had "played upon," was made to do duty in a portion of the works we had thrown up across his garden.

The initials of this gentleman's name furnished some wag with an opportunity to perpetrate a joke, which no soldier can resist, even though under fire. On one of the walls of a room had been inscribed, for the information of the curious, the following line:

"The proprietor is OPH."

At three o'clock, P. M., the brigade was formed in column by regiments, (making ten lines of regimental front,) near the Hare House, for the purpose of making an assault on the enemy's works, in connection with the Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel Chaplin, of the First Maine Heavy Artillery. At four o'clock, both brigades advanced, and were met by a most destructive and disastrous fire from the enemy, both of musketry and artillery. A barn, which was between our column and the enemy's works, afforded too tempting a shelter to the men of the brigade; and, after they had become satisfied that the assault was impracticable, the larger portion of the troops soon congregated in disorder behind it; and the attempt to storm the position was abandoned.

The First Maine Heavy Artillery formed the van of the assaulting column of the Third Brigade, and with gallantry, almost unparalleled, stood boldly in the very jaws of death, charging nearly up to the enemy's works. When the historian of the war shall seek an instance of noble daring, and unflinching bravery, let him point to the memorable charge of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, on the eighteenth of June, 1864. With nine hundred and fifty-five officers and men, that regiment advanced to the charge, and in five minutes' time, without having fired a shot, its loss, on that bloody field, was six hundred and thirty-eight officers and men, dead or wounded.

“ They that had fought so well,
Came thro' the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,”—

and the assault was abandoned.

The casualties in the Seventeenth during the charge were six enlisted men, killed, and eighteen, wounded.

Captain Dow's Battery did good service, being in position near the Hare House. The Captain was highly complimented by General Birney, then commanding the corps, for the part taken by him in the action. After the lines were broken, and the assault abandoned, Dow's Battery was actually in advance of the picket line.

After the brigade was reformed, we retired to the line of works that had been captured in the morning; and, after dark, moved to an advanced position, and threw up a line of entrenchments across an oat-field, in close proximity to the enemy's works, from which, during the next day, we were much annoyed by his sharpshooters, rendering it advisable to “ lie low.” While occupying these works we lost one man, killed, and four, wounded.

On the evening of the nineteenth, a “ coehorn ” mortar battery, near the Hare House, gave us a very brilliant display of pyrotechnics, which was, undoubtedly, enjoyed more by our men than by the rebels, as the shells dropped into their works with great accuracy.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE PETERSBURG, — THE AFFAIR OF THE TWENTY-SECOND
OF JUNE, — DEEP BOTTOM.

IN the morning of the twentieth of June, we received orders to prepare to march ; but owing to the proximity of the opposing lines, and the consequent impracticability of “relieving” in the daylight, we remained in the works through the day, losing one man, killed, and one, wounded, by the fire of the enemy’s sharpshooters.

At eleven o’clock, P. M., we were relieved by Colonel Thomas’ Brigade of colored troops, of the Ninth (Burnside’s) Corps ; after which we moved about two miles to the rear, where we bivouacked for the night. Having been continually in the front for so long a period, it was supposed that we were sent to the rear for a temporary rest ; but at nine o’clock, A. M., of the twenty-first, we were again *en route*, marching in the direction of the Weldon Railroad. The weather was

oppressively warm, and the roads, from want of rain, had become very dusty.

At five o'clock, P. M., after having marched and countermarched about ten miles, we were assigned position in the second line of battle. We were just fairly asleep, when we were ordered to relieve one of General Barlow's Brigades in the front. Our new line was established at one o'clock, A. M.

We were in readiness to move at daybreak, on the following morning; and at ten o'clock, we marched a short distance to the right, relieving the Second Brigade, which advanced half a mile to the front, to construct a new line of works.

All was quiet during the day, until about five o'clock, when we were surprised to see our front lines falling back in great disorder, with but very little firing, and no apparent cause. Indeed there was so little firing, that we were at a loss to understand the meaning of the panic; but soon ascertained, however, that the enemy had succeeded in flanking General Barlow's Division; and before our men of the first line were aware of it, the rebels were fairly in their rear, and without exchanging a shot. Portions of the First, Second, and Third Divisions, of the Second Corps, were in the front line, and many prisoners were captured by the rebels. We formed promptly behind the second line of works, and prepared to meet the enemy. Had he been fully aware of his advan-

tage, and how completely panic-stricken and demoralized our troops were, he would most assuredly have followed up his success, and could have inflicted severe damage on us.

He, however, made no attempt on our second line, save by bringing up a section of artillery to the edge of the woods in our front, and shelling us a little. The loss in our brigade was very light, but in the corps it must have been quite severe. McKnight's Battery, and one or two entire regiments, of the Second Division, were captured.

The enemy occupied the unfinished line, vacated by our troops in such haste, and secured two or three wagon loads of entrenching tools, besides many small arms.

At dusk, the Second Brigade made an attempt to re-capture the line, but was repulsed with loss.

At daybreak on the morning of the twenty-third, we were ordered to charge upon and re-take the works. We had witnessed the repulse of the Second Brigade the previous evening, and expected to meet with a similar reception. In our front was a level, open field, across which we moved in splendid style, in a single line of battle, momentarily expecting a volley from the enemy; but we were soon gratified at the discovery that our wary foe had abandoned the line, during the night, and we occupied it without firing a shot, or the loss of a man.

Immediately upon gaining the line, we commenced to strengthen the works, and advanced our skirmishers well to the front. Large numbers of our dead and wounded covered the field. The dead had been completely stripped of every article of clothing, even to shoes and stockings, and the wounded were all robbed of their valuables, and in many instances, even of their coats and blankets. We discovered the body of one man stripped of every article, — whose head bore the mark of the butt of a musket. He had been first wounded in the leg, and afterwards cruelly murdered by some *chivalric* Confederate, for the sake of his clothing and trinkets. The sight was sickening and horrible enough to make the veriest copperhead cry out for vengeance. Such atrocities and barbarities were, thank God, rare, even among the most bitter and destitute of the rebels; yet similar instances have more than once fallen under the observation of our soldiers.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth, we were relieved from our advanced position, and withdrawn about a quarter of a mile to the rear, where we commenced to construct another line of entrenchments. At noon orders were received to cease work, return all entrenching tools to the wagons, and hold the command in readiness to move. We remained, however, all day behind our half finished works, and enjoyed a much needed rest. The weather was extremely hot,

and the dust was almost suffocating. Water was very scarce at this point, there being none fit to drink nearer than two miles. Wells were soon dug by the men, which afforded them an abundant supply. We remained here until about eight o'clock, P. M., of the twenty-seventh, enjoying our rest as best we might in such a hot and unwholesome place.

During the night of the twenty-seventh, we moved forward to connect with the line of the Fifth Corps. Owing to the darkness, we were unable to discover their line of battle; and, at midnight, had succeeded only in connecting with their picket line, while our entire force was in a position that, should the enemy open upon us, we would have been subjected to a complete enfilading fire. We were ordered to strengthen the works, and construct heavy traverses for our protection.

On the following morning, we were ordered to return to our former camps, leaving one-fifth of the command to hold these hastily constructed works.

In the afternoon of the same day, we received orders to move our camp a short distance. The afternoon was devoted to policing the new grounds; and on the following morning, we moved to the designated spot, and had got the camp partially laid out, when we were again ordered to the front, to relieve Colonel Brewster's Brigade, and connect with the Brigades of Generals Mott and Pierce.

On the morning of the thirtieth, the troops were mustered for pay. How many, alas! who, two months before, had answered to their names, standing proudly in the ranks upon muster day, were now sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, or suffering in the hospitals of the north; or, still worse, pining in the prisons of rebeldom. What a sad list of "remarks" disfigured the muster rolls. Sad, but yet glorious! showing as they did records of bravery, of suffering pain, and martyrdom, such as posterity will appreciate, and delight to honor!

Every night, during our stay at this place, we were aroused by sharp musketry or artillery upon our right, where these nocturnal demonstrations seemed to be very popular. They were of sufficient duration and importance to keep us on the *qui vive*, and prepared for any emergency.

The "Fourth of July" passed off very quietly, although many expected a severe engagement. There was hardly as much powder burned in the army as in some of our northern cities.

On the afternoon of the eighth, the enemy discovered that we were constructing a new fort at the right of our brigade, and at once opened their batteries upon it. They also commenced a sharp musketry fire in our front, and we fell in behind the works, in readiness to meet and resist an attack.

As there had been, up to this time, no firing in our

immediate front, the sutlers of the various regiments of the brigade, had moved their tents into the very first line of works. This unexpected fusilade created quite a panic among these bloodless heroes, and most of them abandoned their tents in haste, deeming their stocks of less importance than their precious lives. The soldiers, notwithstanding the severe shelling and shower of bullets, helped themselves from the abandoned tents, and made profitable investments in edibles and wearables.

We were ordered to be in readiness to march at noon, on the eleventh, as the enemy was reported moving on our left. We, however, did not change position during the afternoon. About dark a little rain served to cool the atmosphere somewhat. At ten o'clock, P. M., we received orders to level all the works in our front very quietly, and prepare to march.

The demolition of the breastworks created another panic among the sutlers, and they sold their goods at "greatly reduced prices," or gave them away to the soldiers.

At three o'clock, A. M., the breastworks were all leveled, and we took up the line of march. After moving two or three miles to the left and rear, we massed near the Williams House, on the Jerusalem Plank Road.

A force of cavalry, with Barlow's Division, of the Second Corps, made a reconnoissance in the direction

of the Weldon Railroad, while we leveled another line of earthworks, which had been thrown up by the Sixth Corps.

On the thirteenth, we moved a few miles, and went into camp in rear of the line. It was understood that the Second Corps was detached from the Army of the Potomac, to be held in readiness to move to the defences of Washington or Baltimore, if needed. The Sixth Corps had already embarked from City Point.

General De Trobriand, having been assigned to the Army of the Potomac, was ordered by General Meade to report to General Birney, by whom he was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, which he assumed on the sixteenth. General De Trobriand was well known in the old "red patch division," and his return was hailed with joy by the Seventeenth, which had, previously, been twice under his command.

During the night of the fourteenth, the brigade was engaged in leveling the rebel line of fortifications which were captured by General Smith's command, on the day of our arrival before Petersburg.

At midnight, of the eighteenth, we received information, through rebel deserters, that Longstreet's Corps intended, during the night, to attack the lines in our front, held by the Fifth and Ninth Corps. We were ordered to be under arms immediately, if firing was heard, and from three o'clock until sunrise. We

remained under arms, as ordered, but the attack was not made.

The brigade was detailed for fatigue duty, every two days, and occupied in constructing a covered way to the forts on the front line. These covered ways were for the purpose of allowing teams to reach the advanced points, with ammunition, and being constructed so as to allow an army wagon to pass without being seen by the enemy. They were twelve feet in width, and four feet deep, with the earth all thrown out on the side nearest the enemy, making a wall of earth four feet high. They were, of course, built in a zigzag manner, rendering it necessary to traverse two or three miles, to gain a distance of a quarter or half a mile.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, we received orders to march at four, P. M. The day was occupied in issuing rations, and making the usual preparations for a move. At five, P. M., we were *en route*, marching in the direction of City Point.

At Point of Rocks, we crossed the Appomattox, on a pontoon bridge; and at two o'clock, A. M., rested on the banks of the James, at Jones' Neck. Soon after, we crossed the James, on pontoons, to Deep Bottom, where a brigade of the Nineteenth Corps, (in which we found the Thirtieth Maine Regiment,) was encamped.

At daylight, of the twenty-seventh, we moved into

a grove, which sheltered us from view, and sent out skirmishers to ascertain the position of the enemy. Our skirmishers moved across a wide, open field, and discovering the enemy, in a thick wood, engaged him. On the left of our brigade, he opened a battery, which did some execution until silenced by the left of our skirmish line, and captured by Barlow's Division. It proved to be a battery of twenty pound Parrott guns, which was captured from the Union forces just two months before at Drury's Bluff. The enemy soon had another battery in position, in our immediate front, and shelled us quite severely, until two of our batteries were brought up, and silenced them.

At three o'clock, P. M., the line on our left, having advanced some distance, our brigade was deployed as skirmishers, protecting the right flank of the infantry, and extending to the river.

We remained on picket during the night of the twenty-seventh, and until dark on the following day, when we were relieved by General Barlow's Division. Immediately after, we took up the line of march, and re-crossing the James, moved rapidly in the direction of our former camps.

Ours was the only division that re-crossed, and we made a forced march. Staff officers from General Ord, to whom we were ordered to report, were continually arriving to hasten the column forward. The march was rapid and fatiguing, and when, at daylight,

of the twenty-ninth, we arrived near the line of works occupied by the Eighteenth Corps, but a small proportion of the command was present, so many had fallen out, overcome by fatigue during the march. We were massed under the brow of a hill out of sight of the enemy, where we remained during the day.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MINE, — SECOND DEEP BOTTOM, — IN THE TRENCHES, —
REAMS' STATION.

RUMORS were circulated in the army, that a mine had been successfully completed under one of the enemy's most important forts. Although no one pretended to know its precise locality, or the time when it was to be sprung, we imagined that our forced march from Deep Bottom, formed, in some way, a portion of the programme.

At dark we moved into the trenches, in the front of the site of the Hare House, a locality not wholly unfamiliar to us, and memorable as the scene of our disastrous and unsuccessful charge of June eighteenth. The spot was, however, hardly recognizable, as the works had been advanced, and strengthened, and the Hare House, with all its outbuildings, had been destroyed, and all the landmarks obliterated.

To relieve the troops, was a slow and delicate task,

owing to the proximity of the lines to the enemy's works. We moved up in single file, through narrow covered ways, which were, in reality, nothing more than ditches of about eighteen inches in width, approaching the front in a zigzag direction. During the time occupied in relieving the troops, we were subjected to a severe fire, both of artillery and musketry.

We were in position at midnight, occupying a series of bomb-proofs, which were constructed of large logs, and covered with several feet of earth, as a protection against the artillery of the enemy, and particularly of his cohorn and mortar batteries, which threw their deadly missiles into our lines with most uncomfortable accuracy. The enemy, evidently aware of some sort of a movement in our lines, shelled us incessantly during the night. The troops relieved by us, a division of the Eighteenth Corps, moved to the left, to participate in the assault on the following morning.

We were under arms before daylight, of the thirtieth, and anxiously awaited the explosion of the mine. At about four o'clock, a flash, a terrific explosion, and a mass of red flame, mingled with timbers and earth, like the sudden eruption of a vast volcano, proclaimed that Burnside's mine was a success.

The explosion of the mine was the signal for the entire artillery, along the line, to open fire. Siege guns and light pieces, coehorns and mortars, fired by batteries, and were promptly answered by the enemy.

During the day, a dispatch from General Burnside to General Meade announced that the enemy had left his front, and evacuated the line of works before Petersburg. General Meade, acting upon this information, which he deemed reliable, ordered, through his corps commanders, a general advance.

Our brigade and division commanders were positive that the enemy was in force, on our front, and planned a bit of strategy to prove the fallacy of General Burnside's assertion. In our brigade, we made a show of preparing for a charge, and, by raising our caps above the works and shouting, succeeded in drawing from the enemy's lines a volley, which demonstrated to a certainty that any attempt to advance would be alike disastrous and futile.

Colonel McAllister, commanding the Jersey Brigade, on our right, adopted a similar plan. Placing himself in the centre of his line, he gave the orders in a loud voice, so as to be heard by the enemy. "Take, arms! fix, bayonets! shoulder, arms! charge, bayonets! the third, the battalion of direction! forward, double-quick, march!" As the advance was sounded by the bugle, the men elevated their caps and coats on their muskets, and gave a loud yell, when a perfect shower of bullets greeted them, and convinced the General that the rebels had not evacuated the works in his front.

Heavy firing continued all day, from that portion of

the lines where the mine was exploded ; and sharp picket firing, and heavy musketry, also, was kept up in our own front.

• The mine itself, was an unequivocal success, but the infantry attack following it was a humiliating failure.

After severe losses, among all the forces engaged, our troops returned to their former positions, leaving large numbers of their dead and wounded in the enemy's hands ; and sunset found our line of the morning unchanged.

Various explanations have been made, of the cause of the failure, of what at first promised to be a magnificent victory. These the writer will not discuss, but merely repeat what was the common remark, not only of the men of our own corps, but of the entire Army of the Potomac, — that, had the affair been entrusted to Hancock, with his veteran corps, the result would have been vastly different.

At dark, we were relieved by the same troops that held the works before us, and at midnight, arrived at our old camp in the pine woods, where we were ordered to hold the command in readiness to move at short notice.

We had received the intelligence of the rebel raid into Pennsylvania, the burning and sacking of Chambersburg, and other outrages, and expected daily to be summoned to Washington. It was currently re-

ported, but extensively doubted, that the Second Corps had been ordered to proceed to Washington.

The corps was under arms from half-past three o'clock until daylight of August third, but the object was not apparent. Probably an attack on some portion of the line was anticipated.

While greatly enjoying our twilight siestas, on the evening of August fifth, we received orders to fall in at once with arms. We were immediately in line, and moved out towards the front; but, after marching about one mile, we moved, by the "right about," back to camp. The alarm was occasioned by an attempt of the enemy to spring a mine under one of our forts. Their mine exploded, but, as it was some fifty feet in front of the fort, no damage was done, save by the heavy artillery firing which the attempt provoked.

The weather was very hot and sultry at this time, and the flies were even a greater inconvenience than the heat. The air was filled and literally black with them.

On the afternoon of the ninth, we heard an explosion, which we at first supposed was another mine of the enemy, but subsequently learned that it was the arsenal at City Point, distant about ten miles.

At twelve o'clock, noon, of August twelfth, we received orders to march at once. At two o'clock we were *en route*, taking the direction of City Point, at which place, after an easy march, although the weather

was very sultry, we arrived at about eight o'clock P. M. No artillery or wagons accompanied the columns, and appearances indicated that we were to embark. A thousand surmises and rumors were afloat as to our destination.

At noon, the brigade embarked on the steam transports, "Kent," "Swan," "Highland Light," "Juniaata," and "Perit." The fleet steamed *down* the river, to opposite Light House Point, during the afternoon, the bands playing, and colors flying; while the enemy's scouts, upon the opposite banks of the James, regarded the movement with the same degree of curiosity that was felt by the men on board. Not even the general knew what was our destination. At ten o'clock, P. M., a steam-tug came along side, with orders to sail immediately for Deep Bottom, *up* the river again.

At two o'clock, A. M., we disembarked near the pontoon bridge. The brigade was massed near the river, while a reconnoissance was made by a portion of the force, which found the line of works, which had been erected by Gibbon, near the "Potteries," during our last visit, unoccupied. The troops were accordingly moved into the works, and the skirmishers thrown well forward, as far as the New-market Road,—our left resting upon Four-mile Creek. Some skirmishing occurred during the day, but our losses were light.

We drove the enemy into his works, he using some artillery, but our gunboats from the river opening on him, soon silenced his batteries. The gunboats throw fifteen-inch shells, and make most excellent shots. The noise of these immense shells, passing over our heads, was very peculiar, and resembled a heavily loaded wagon passing over a bridge.

Our landing was evidently a complete surprise to the enemy. We captured a large quantity of ammunition and a battery of sea-coast howitzers, (ugly looking guns,) which had been placed in position to bear upon our gunboats; they, however, had never been used for that purpose.

On the fifteenth, we moved, with the brigade from the works to near the New-Market Road, where we were detailed for picket. In the afternoon, we were ordered to make a demonstration, to divert the attention of the enemy. Our picket line was upon the crest of a hill, running parallel to the enemy's works. Just in rear of the picket line, we gave loud commands to imaginary battalions, to give the enemy the idea that we were forming troops, preparatory to an attack. Then at a command given in a loud tone, the skirmishers advanced, with yells and shouts, and delivered one or two volleys and fell back.

These demonstrations were repeated, with slight variations, during the afternoon, and were successful in keeping the enemy upon the alert, and preventing

him from sending troops to reinforce his left, where it was expected that General Birney would make an attack.

On the following day, we were ordered to keep up an incessant fire from the picket line, and harass the enemy at all possible points. Heavy firing was heard during the day in Birney's front, and toward evening the enemy made a demonstration in our own front.

Brigadier-General John R. Chambliss, of the rebel army, was killed during the fight on the fifteenth, and his body was brought into our lines and interred near the Potteries.

On the seventeenth, it was very quiet during the day; but little firing going on, save when some adventurous and hungry "yank" or "reb," in search of roasting ears, in the cornfield between the lines, would approach too near the vidette posts of the opposing army.

Colonel Chaplin, of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, commanding the picket line, was killed by a shot from a rebel sharp-shooter during the afternoon.

August eighteenth was the second anniversary of the muster into service of the Seventeenth Maine. How many of the goodly number that answered to their names, on the eighteenth of August, 1862, have since been mustered on the rolls of immortality!

Toward evening, the enemy made another demonstration in our front, and advanced their picket lines

a short distance. The firing for a while was rapid. A few pieces of artillery opened, but did little execution.

We were relieved during the evening, and marched in the direction of our former camps, and at daylight, of the nineteenth, halted near the Dunn House, having marched all night. After an hour for breakfast, we proceeded to relieve General Potter's Division, of the Ninth Corps, then in the trenches.

The opposing works, at this point, were not more than two hundred yards apart, and the picket lines were within easy conversing distance. There had been no musketry firing in this front for over six weeks; and, although intercourse with the enemy was strictly forbidden, the men were on the most friendly terms, conversing amicably and exchanging papers, tobacco and coffee.

It was a singular sight, to see the pickets of two great hostile armies—walking unconcernedly within a few yards of each other, their bayonets sticking in the ground, bantering and joking together, exchanging the compliments of the day, and even saluting the officers of the opposing force, with as much decorum and respect as they would use towards their own. Few wars can furnish a parallel. The keenest sense of honor existed among the enlisted men. It was no uncommon thing for our boys to visit the enemy's lines, and play cards, or "pool in" their coffee and sugar against "Johnny Reb's" bacon and corn-bread, for a social meal.

We were formed in a thin line, of only one rank, to hold the works. The enemy shelled us frequently, but his artillery practice did but little damage. Deserters came in every evening, and were sent to brigade head-quarters. Finnegan's Brigade of Mahone's Division, composed principally of Florida troops, was in our front. Close watch was kept by the enemy, to prevent desertion, but after dark each day the men would often succeed in getting across to our lines, by crawling along the ground. Our boys, never omitting an opportunity for a joke, sent a letter one evening, after several deserters had come in, to General Finnegan, desiring him to come over and take command of his brigade. The deserters coming during the night, it became quite an annoyance to the officers, at head-quarters, to be obliged to wake up every hour to receive them. The adjutant-general of the brigade, accordingly sent a polite message to General Finnegan's adjutant-general, requesting him to have his *details* report promptly at nine o'clock.

The enemy opened with all his batteries, at two o'clock, A. M., of the twenty-first, and shelled us vigorously, until eleven o'clock, when we again resorted to strategy. We marched and counter-marched by companies, behind the works, giving the enemy the impression that we were being reinforced, when he ceased his cannonading, and quiet was once more restored.

We discovered that the enemy was mining one of

the forts occupied by our brigade. We countermined sufficiently to ascertain the whereabouts of these operations, and then made such dispositions, as would result in the capture of the assailants, in the event of their springing the mine, and charging upon our works. They, however, abandoned the mine soon after, whether from the fact that they struck a vein of water, or discovered our intentions, we did not ascertain.

On the twenty-fifth of August, a severe engagement occurred at Reams' Station, in which two divisions of the Second Corps were badly cut up. The enemy captured sixteen pieces of artillery, five of which were subsequently retaken. We were held in readiness to move at a moments notice. A portion of our division was sent to reinforce Hancock, but arrived too late to be of any assistance. One-third of the command was kept awake, under arms, and on the alert at all times day and night during the time we occupied this line. We were daily in receipt of letters, and enquiries from the enemy's picket line, as to what disposition was made by our government of deserters from the Confederate service.

Notwithstanding the imperative orders against holding communication with the enemy, the men would manage to traffic, and it was really amusing to witness the manner in which this *international* commerce was conducted. "Johnny Reb" watches an opportunity, when his officer is otherwise engaged, steals cautious-

ly out to a point equidistant from the two lines, sticks a note on a twig or bush, expressing his wishes, lays down a package of tobacco, a southern paper, or whatever commodity he may have to dispose of, and returns to his post. Immediately a "Yank" glides cautiously out, brings in the package or the note, which is, for instance, to the effect that "Johnny" would like cheese, sugar, coffee, a "nife," or "ennythink" else for his "terbackker." "Yank" computes the value of the tobacco, and makes up a package of its equivalent worth, (deducting of course a liberal Yankee percentage for commission,) carries it out, and returns to his post, when "Johnny" again emerges from his pit, and receives his merchandise. Not a word is spoken; and this trading is continued day after day, with the best of feeling, and the very soul of honor. Frequently they would send in greenbacks, to purchase luxuries from our sutlers. Of course "Yank" would see that "Johnny" never received too much for his money.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FORT HELL,—THE TRENCHES—ATTACK ON THE PICKET LINE,—
BATTLES OF PEBBLES FARM AND HATCHER'S RUN.

THE line of entrenchments occupied by our brigade, from the nineteenth of August to the first of October, 1864, extended from the Jerusalem Plank Road, on the left, to the City Point and Petersburg Railroad, a distance of about one mile. The Seventeenth held that portion of the line immediately on the right of Fort Sedgwick, or "Fort Hell," as it was generally and familiarly known, not only throughout our own army, but by the enemy, and by newspaper correspondents, many of whom believed it to be the proper name. This fort was situated on the Jerusalem Road, and was an irregular, but very strong work, and in closer proximity to the enemy than any other fortification upon our line.

But few, even of the soldiers, were aware of the origin or derivation of its popular name. By many

it was supposed to be called "Fort Hell," because it was the *hottest* place on the line; and when the enemy opened upon it, with their mortars, the comparison did not seem far-fetched. But the true origin of this peculiar appellation was this:—before it had been named in orders, "Fort Sedgwick," an ambitious colonel, commanding the brigade which garrisoned the fort, caused a sign to be placed over the entrance, bearing his own name. To avoid personalities, we will suppose his name was Smith. General Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, a brave and skillful officer, but outspoken and plain in manner, was one day visiting the lines on a tour of inspection, when he noticed the sign, and as he reined up his horse, and read the imposing name of "Fort Smith," he exclaimed, with a contemptuous sneer, "Fort Hell!" Some soldiers overheard the soliloquy, and thereafter Fort Sedgwick was known only as "Fort Hell" in the army.

For nearly a month, although there was no picket firing in our front, the enemy shelled us vigorously by day and by night at intervals; but, as the men occupied a series of bomb-proofs, or, as they were familiarly called, "gopher holes," their fire did but little execution. Along a portion of the line, cells were constructed, under the breastworks; these "gophers" were proof against musketry and artillery, as well as fragments of mortar shells; there were but

few, however, that would not *cave* under the pressure of an unexploded shell striking it.

During the intervals of quiet, the men would remain in the open air; or, thron^g the *parapets*, to watch the enemy in his works. Whenever too large a group would congregate, the enemy would open his batteries, when the cry of "gopher" would be raised, with the accompanying warning, "hunt your holes;" and the men would rush to their bomb-proofs, where, watching the shells bursting around them, they would laugh at danger. In the night, it was not a difficult task to avoid the shells, as they were readily traced in their paths through the air; but during the day, the noise, a peculiar *whir-r-r-r*, would be the only warning they would give. Our men soon learned to dodge them, and, therefore, but little damage was done by these cannonades.

We were frequently favored, during the evening, with brilliant pyrotechnic displays by the mortar batteries. Their shells, in their passage through the air, resembled rockets describing luminous curves. On our right, General Birney had an immense thirteen-inch mortar, from which he threw a species of Greek fire into the city of Petersburg. The scene, when all the mortars were firing, was beautiful, and the men would leave their "gophers," at risk of their lives, to watch the display. The shells from the large mortar of General Birney would ascend some two miles, and

then, with a graceful curve, descend into the city, and, as they exploded, light up the surrounding scenery. The smaller mortars and coehorns would fire by battery, and at times the air was filled with their shells, tracing their fiery paths in the darkness.

The enemy had a band opposite our line, which every evening discoursed fine music, much to the delight and edification of our men, (as well as their own,) who would throng the parapets to listen; the distance being just sufficient to lend enchantment to the sound.

On the evening of September fourth, official notice was received of the capture of Atlanta, by General Sherman. A national salute, of thirty-six shotted guns, was fired at midnight, in honor of the victory, by each battery bearing on the enemy's works. The rebels were much alarmed at being so unceremoniously roused at the witching hour of night. They regarded our demonstration as the prelude to an attack, and replied to our fire quite briskly. The noise, in the dead hour of night, was terrific, and the sight, one of grandeur. The air was literally filled with bombs, whose fiery trails, with the flash of artillery from either side, was grandly sublime. Two deserters, who came in during the night, informed us that our sudden salute created quite a sensation within their lines.

In the immediate front of Fort Hell, the enemy's pickets were distant not more than eighty yards, and

occupied a crest, from which they were able to look directly into the interior of the fort. To occupy that crest ourselves, and compel the enemy to fall back nearer his own works, it was decided to surprise him at midnight, on September ninth, and capture his line.

To the Second United States Sharp Shooters, Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania, and the Twentieth Indiana Volunteers, was entrusted the duty of making the attack; while the entire brigade was ordered to stand under arms, from midnight until sunrise.

The three regiments were noiselessly formed in front of the works, and, at precisely one o'clock, the signal was given to advance; when, with a yell which in the dead calm of the night seemed almost demonic, the men rushed forward, and gained the enemy's pits before he was aware of the nature of the unusual disturbance. He was so completely surprised, that only a few shots were fired, before we had the entire line completely at our mercy.

We had been so long "at peace" in our front, that the pickets of both armies had grown careless and lax in the discharge of their duties. Those of the enemy, who were awake and on duty, fired their pieces and ran. Two-thirds of the picket detail were asleep, and were "gobbled," many of them before they were awakened. Every man, of the attacking party, was supplied with entrenching tools, and they

immediately set themselves to work reversing the line of pits captured from the enemy.

Daybreak found us occupying the line which the enemy had previously held. Some of our men, by mistake, had advanced too far, and held some old pits which had been abandoned, and which were far in advance of our own line. This brought them so near the enemy's new line, that they could not stand up, or get back to our lines. Several remained all day in these pits, and crept back during the night under cover of the darkness.

The enemy after two or three ineffectual attempts to recapture the pits, formed a new line, and opened a fierce fusilade along our front. In addition to the artillery, we were now under a severe fire of musketry, and all day the bullets whistled through our lines. It was dangerous for a man to stand erect or show his head above the parapet. Several men were wounded, behind the works, by these random shots. Lieutenant Joseph S. Hobbs, of Company H., was wounded while forming his picket detail in the afternoon.

Our lines were not properly connected, and, owing to the severe firing, it was impossible to change them during the day. At night, however, the picket detail was busily engaged in correcting the line, and at daybreak, of the eleventh, the connection was made on the right and left.

Sunday, the eleventh, was set apart by the President of the United States, and generally observed, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, for our recent victories at Atlanta and Mobile.

Picket firing was now resumed along our entire front, and we daily lost men, either on the picket line or from random shots into the works.

Wednesday, September twenty-first, was ushered in by a grand salute of shotted guns, from all the batteries bearing upon the enemy's works, in honor of the brilliant victories of Sheridan in the valley.

The soldiers on picket would occasionally make private arrangements for a truce or armistice, to enable them to stand up and walk around, but the rebel officers would invariably give orders to commence firing. At such times, the "Johnnies" would always give timely warning to our men, to get into their pits. The common expression was "Hunt your holes, 'Yanks,' we have got to fire;" and they would never commence until the "Yanks" had all retired to their pits. Sometimes, when their orders were imperative to keep up the firing, they agreed with each other to fire in the air. When occasional shots would come too near either party, they would shout "Fire higher, you seoundrel, you will hit somebody." Incidents of like nature occurred every day, and served to prove that among the private soldiers of the two armies no enmity existed.

Deserters from the enemy came in every night. On the evening of September twenty-eighth, the enemy made quite a demonstration in our front, but did not leave his works. At about nine o'clock, we received orders to be in readiness to march at four o'clock, on the following morning, but we remained in the works until the morning of October first, when the brigade was relieved, and massed near the railroad bridge.

It rained during the night, of September thirtieth, and all day of the first of October. We remained *en masse*, and in a pouring rain, without being allowed to pitch our tents, until two o'clock, when we embarked on a special train of cars, and arriving at the terminus of the military railroad, near Yellow Tavern, we marched to near Poplar Spring Church. Just after dark, orders were received to move out to meet a force of the enemy reported advancing. It proved to be a false alarm, and the orders were soon after countermanded.

On the following morning, we moved out at nine o'clock, as a support to General Pierce's Brigade, which charged the line held by the enemy, and captured it with small loss. We then moved out beyond the captured line met the enemy, and after slight skirmishing, drove him to another line of works. General Pierce's Brigade made an assault upon this line, but owing to the severe artillery fire, to which they were subjected, they were obliged to retire and abandon the project.

It was deemed inexpedient, to again attempt an assault, and as the object of our movement (viz: a reconnoissance to ascertain the position and force of the enemy at this point,) had been accomplished, we moved into and occupied a line of works near the Peebles House. We had succeeded in developing the enemy's position, learned the topography of the country, and extended our lines three or four miles, to the left.

On the third, we remained quietly in our works. Brisk picket firing was heard in our front and on our right, supposed to be a reconnoissance of the enemy, for the purpose of ascertaining our strength and position.

During the third and fourth we were detailed for fatigue duty, and constructed a new fort at the left of the Peebles House. At dark, on the fourth, we marched back towards the right, and at eleven o'clock reached the Jerusalem Plank Road. The Seventeenth was selected as a portion of the garrison of Fort Hell, and at midnight we had relieved the troops, and taken up our quarters in the fort. As we moved up the Jerusalem Plank Road, on our way to the front, the minnie balls whistled a *lively* air for our reception.

On the twelfth of October, Colonel West returned from a leave of absence, on account of wounds received in the Wilderness, and took command of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Merrill having tendered his resignation, received notice of its acceptance by the War Department.

The regiment was relieved from Fort Hell on the fifteenth of October, and encamped on a sandy hillside, near brigade head-quarters, in compliance with a special request made by Colonel West, who desired to fully equip and discipline the regiment, which it was impossible to do in the fort.

On the twenty-fourth, three officers, Lieutenant Wellington Hobbs, Company H, Lieutenant George A. Whidden, of Company I, and Lieutenant George B. Dunn, Company C, were wounded on the picket line. Lieutenant Hobbs survived but a short time. He and Whidden were both wounded by the same bullet.

The remainder of the brigade having been relieved from the works, on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, we marched about three miles to the rear, massing near the Southall House, where we remained until the afternoon of the twenty-sixth. All the trains of the army were ordered inside of the fortifications, at City Point, and the teamsters were armed, equipped, and organized into a provisional brigade, to defend them. The entire army was under marching orders. General Hancock was in command of the expedition, which consisted of the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps, with a force of cavalry. Orders were issued that "nothing with wheels" (except artillery,) should accompany the column.

We marched about five miles, and at dark bivouacked near the Vaughan House, where we received

orders to light only very small fires, and to march at half-past two o'clock on the following morning. At half-past three o'clock we were *en route*. The morning was dreary and rainy, and dark as Erebus. Our course lay by the Wyatt House, which was a fine, large mansion, surrounded by a colony of outbuildings and slave huts.

At daylight, General Egan, commanding the Second Division, and in the advance, met the enemy, and commenced skirmishing with him, driving him steadily some three or four miles, our brigade being held in reserve, and following the movement of the line at supporting distance. As we reached the Boydton Plank Road, we formed with the brigade, in line of battle, facing to the left, and remained in this position, our line extending across a small open field, until about three o'clock, P. M., subjected meanwhile to quite a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries. .

We were listening to the rapid skirmish firing of Egan's Division, and feeling quite exultant over the fact that he was steadily driving the enemy, when, suddenly, we were surprised at a fierce volley in our rear, and that peculiar rebel yell that announces a charge. Egan had encountered a strong line of battle, that had been concealed, and, in waiting for him, his lines had become broken and irregular in the advance through the underbrush and uneven country. Unable to withstand the onslaught of a compact and

well-defined line of battle, Egan was forced back in some disorder, while the enemy was pressing him with exultant yells and shouts. The "rebs" were in our exact rear. Hurried orders came to countermarch the regiments, and to make a counter-charge. We changed front, and advanced to a rail fence, where we were halted, and ordered to await the arrival of the advancing foe, and receive him, if need be, upon our bayonets. A portion of the brigade charged and took position near a small house, in front of the line.

The enemy, not expecting a line of battle at this point, wavered and fell back in disorder at our well-directed volleys. The Seventeenth was moved to the right of the open field, and being fortunately under cover of the woods, lost not a man in the entire engagement, while the loss in every other regiment of the brigade was severe. The artillery and cavalry of the expedition were all concentrated in this small field. The cavalry was dismounted, and did splendid service at various points. Our artillery was aimed in every direction; for the rebels completely surrounded three sides of the field; and, so closely had they encompassed us, that many of their shells passed over our troops, and into their own lines upon the other side of the field. The musketry and artillery of the enemy did fearful execution, and the loss in our division was heavy.

As soon as the advance of the enemy had been

checked, we were ordered to throw up a line of works along a narrow by-road. We had commenced to construct a breastwork from rails and logs, when another attack was made in our immediate rear, by the division commanded by Wade Hampton. Gregg's cavalry, dismounted, were promptly moved to the point, and, though with great loss, held the enemy at bay. It was now nearly dark. Sharp firing was going on in our front and rear, and on our left flank, and for a while our chances looked anything but bright. General Hancock was at all times at the post of danger, and gave his personal attention to affairs. He directed us to continue our work on the narrow road, and to throw up a line of breastworks that we could use from either side, — anything but a cheering aspect of things to us.

Colonel West's wounds rendered it impossible for him to remain with the regiment, and during the day the command devolved upon Captain Hobson.

At eight o'clock, the regiment was ordered to escort the ambulance train to the Gurley House, in the dark and rain, not a very enviable duty, but which was duly accomplished.

As soon as possible after dark, the remainder of the troops availed themselves of the only outlet that remained, to escape from the trap, into which they had been inveigled, and marched cautiously out by the road through which they advanced in the morn-

ing. Many wounded, and all the dead were left upon the field.

The Seventeenth was peculiarly fortunate in this engagement, which was, at least for the division, one of the severest of the campaign.

We rejoined the brigade at noon of the twenty-eighth, as it passed the Gurley House, and night found us once more in our old camps, near the Cheeves House, where we pitched our tents and retired, but not without a feeling of thankfulness that we had escaped so fortunately from the "bull pen" at Hatcher's Run.

The engagement was known, in the official reports, both as Hatcher's Run and Boydton Plank Road.

CHAPTER XIX.

FORT RICE, — ELECTION DAY, — MARCH TO THE LEFT, — THE
APPLE-JACK RAID.

WE commenced, immediately on our return to camp, to police the grounds, and erect suitable stockades for our tents; but at dark, on the thirtieth of October, in obedience to orders, we relieved the garrison of Fort Rice. This fort was a finely constructed work, and far superior to Fort Hell. It mounted six guns, which were under command of Captain Rhodes, of the First Rhode Island Artillery. A portion of the regiment was stationed in the fort proper, and the remainder pitched their tents just outside the works.

We were about to relieve the pickets in our front, when orders were received to turn out the entire command, under arms, as the enemy had "gobbled" the picket line on the left of the Plank Road. We prepared for an attack, and for a while the firing in our

front was sharp and rapid. The enemy, however, did not leave his works. The line was re-established about midnight, and we retired.

Picket firing along the entire front continued almost incessantly, night and day, with but little perceptible effect, save to discourage desertions from the enemy.

On Monday, November seventh, we voted for President of the United States, and for Governor of Maine. The polls were opened at nine o'clock, A. M., under the supervision of the three senior officers present. The picket detail for the day came in from the picket line, and exercised their right of suffrage, thus depositing not only their bullets but their ballots in favor of the Union. Ammunition-boxes were used as ballot-boxes; and the election passed off very quietly. No riots occurred, and there was but little electioneering. The vote stood, for President Lincoln, two hundred and one; for McClellan, forty-seven; for Governor Cony, two hundred; for Howard, two.

On the evening of the ninth, a furious fusilade called the troops to arms. The firing was occasioned by a dispute between the pickets of the opposing armies, as to the relative merits of Lincoln and McClellan. After a spirited debate, degenerating, as political debates usually do, into bitter personalities and blackguard taunts, the Union soldiers gave three cheers for "Honest Abe," the rebels responding with

three for "Little Mac." This was the signal for our men to give them a volley, which was returned by the enemy, and, passing along the lines, both sides were soon blazing away, without knowing the cause, while the artillery commanders, thinking an attack was being made, opened furiously along the entire front.

Our life, during our stay in Fort Rice, was monotonous, and yet not altogether unpleasant. Occasional fusilades and night attacks on our right and left, occurred; but no attack on our immediate front or upon our fort was made. Scarcely a day or night passed, that we were not under fire of the enemy's mortars; but their shells, although they dropped into the fort with great accuracy, did but little harm, as, during the shelling, the men would remain in the bomb-proofs.

On the twenty-ninth of November, we were relieved at dark, by a detachment of the Ninth Corps, and marched with the brigade to near the Southall House, where we bivouacked in mass, and received orders to move at daylight on the following morning. At seven we were *en route*, and, after marching about six miles to the left, were assigned position in the line of works, at the left of the Peebles House. The lines at this point were constructed to cover and protect the left flank of the army, and formed a curve to the rear, bringing our line nearly at right-angles with the main line in the front of Petersburg. Our division was on the extreme left of the army.

The men immediately commenced remodeling the old camps, and constructing comfortable huts. At this place our pickets were not in sight of the enemy, and many of the men grumbled at the change, and complained at doing picket duty where there was no danger; where they could stand up and walk around, and where there was not sufficient excitement to keep them awake at night. They vastly preferred the excitement, notwithstanding the dangers, of the picket lines at Forts Hell and Rice.

Rumors of an extensive infantry raid were circulated, and it was considered a matter of course, that the "red diamonds," or "Hancock's Flying Infantry," would be called upon in such an event; nor were we disappointed, for, on the evening of the sixth of December, orders were received at division head-quarters, for General Mott to report, on the following morning, with the division, to Major-General Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, to whom was entrusted the management of the expedition, which consisted of the Fifth Corps, the Third Division of the Second Corps, and a force of cavalry. We were accordingly in line at daylight, and at seven o'clock marched in rear of the Fifth Corps, *via* the Jerusalem Plank Road. At half-past four, P. M., we arrived at Hawkinsville, or Hawkins' Tavern, and halted for rest and dinner.

The tavern consisted of a series of old buildings, in a dilapidated condition, inhabited by a few "poor

white trash," and surrounded by negro huts. The negroes were frightened at the appearance of the Yankee army, and it was with much reluctance that they could be induced to come within speaking distance. As soon, however, as they discovered that Yankees were human beings, they became less shy, and entering into conversation, gave some important information of the rebel cavalry scouts that had lately been in that section. They said that they had been told by their owners, and that they actually believed, that Yankees had horns and hoofs, and that "niggers" formed a portion of their regular diet. That they really believed this, unreasonable as it may appear, the writer has not the slightest doubt, as their conversation and conduct proved it conclusively. Thousands of soldiers in the army can also testify that this is not exaggeration, and that the slaves, and even many of the ignorant whites of the south, really imagined the Yankees to be a species of demon, and totally unlike the chivalry (?) of the south.

At dark we resumed our march, crossing the Notaway River, on a pontoon bridge, and bivouacking about one mile from the river, after having marched during the day about twenty-two miles. We were now fairly in the enemy's country, cut off entirely from our base, and from communication with the remainder of the army. Seldom, if ever before, in the annals of the war, had so large an infantry force at-

tempted a raid into the interior of the enemy's country, without any base of supplies or prospect of forming a new one. The soldiers, however, hailed with joy the prospect of fun and novelty, and were in most excellent spirits.

On the following morning, we resumed our march, the Seventeenth, with the brigade, being deployed on the flanks protecting the wagon-train. Sussex Court House, through which we passed, was a dilapidated village, consisting of a fine large brick court-house, a jail, and several black wooden houses; there was no store or church, nor a single evidence of thrift or enterprise. On our route was Coman's Well, a very elegant plantation settlement. In the afternoon, we halted for rest upon the Chambliss Farm, the former residence and property of the rebel general Chambliss, whose body was interred at Deep Bottom.

The soldiers foraged extensively during the day, and procured good supplies of chickens, turkeys, pork, mutton, honey, sweet potatoes, apple-jack, and sorghum molasses. At nearly every house were found large quantities of apple-jack, or apple brandy. Notwithstanding the provost guards were ordered to destroy all that they found, nearly every soldier, who wished it, had his canteen filled with this palatable, but powerful stimulant; and many were so far intoxicated as to be obliged to drop out of the ranks. A large proportion of the cavalry, in the advance, felt

“happy as lords,” and many rode their horses with difficulty.

The cavalry skirmished with small forces of the enemy during the day, driving him at every point, and our progress was not delayed. At about five o'clock, P. M., we marched two miles in the direction of Jarratt's Station, and bivouacked for the night. The weather was intensely cold, but by building large fires we made ourselves quite comfortable.

At daylight of the ninth, we again took up the line of march, and at eight o'clock reached the railroad, a short distance south of Jarratt's Station, where we were formed along the line of the road, stacked arms, and received orders to tear up the track. The rails were riveted together, and at first it puzzled the boys, somewhat, to know how to tear them up without tools of any description; but Yankee ingenuity soon devised a plan, which proved satisfactory. The regiment was deployed along the line of the track, in a single line, one man at each sleeper. At the signal from the right, each man raised his end of the sleeper, and the track, sleeper and all, turned a complete summersault. The effect was very pretty. As soon as the track on the right was on edge, and commenced its descent, the remainder turned gradually, like the threads of an enormous screw or gimblet, and was very easily overturned. As it struck, the twist and the shock would break the rivets, separate the rails, and

detach them from the sleepers. The rail-fences on the road-side, furnished excellent kindling wood, the sleepers made rousing fires, and the rails were placed cross-wise upon the piles, until they became sufficiently heated to be pliable, when they were bent and twisted into every conceivable shape, wound around trees and telegraph poles, or made into devices, showing the form of the various corps-badges. The boys enjoyed the sport, although it was hard work. It is a noticeable fact, that the bump of destructiveness of a soldier increases as he advances into the enemy's country.

During the day, we destroyed the railroad, for twice the length of the regimental front in single ranks, and bivouacked for the night near the road; but at seven o'clock, we were ordered to leave tents standing, with a small camp guard, and move out and destroy "a little more railroad." We remained out until midnight, and, in quite a severe and disagreeable shower of rain and hail, returned to our camp, and rested until the next morning.

At the fine residence of Rev. Mr. Bailey, near our camp, the soldiers burned a cotton gin, containing, as he said, fifty thousand dollars' worth of cotton. This value was, of course, computed in Confederate money. The object of the expedition, having been accomplished, (viz: the destruction of the railroad, from the Nottaway River to Bellfield,) we received orders, on the morning of the tenth, to return.

Although the infantry had done no fighting, the cavalry was skirmishing almost continually, after the Notaway was crossed. General Warren had destroyed over twenty miles of the enemy's most important railroad, and burned all the stations and bridges. General A. P. Hill's Corps, marching by nearly parallel roads, arrived at Bellfield a little in advance of us, and took a strong position at that place, to intercept our column on its way, as he supposed, to North Carolina. As that, however, formed no portion of our programme, these precautions were productive of no good to the enemy.

Our route, on our return, was marked by a continuous line of fire. Every house, barn, and building, hay stack, corn crib, and granary, were burned to the ground. Several of our soldiers, who were unable to keep up with the column from sickness, fatigue, or over-indulgence in apple-jack, during our rapid march to the railroad, and had fallen out by the road-side, were found on our return, *murdered*, their throats cut from ear to ear, their bodies stripped of every article of clothing, and left where they would be found by us. This was the work of the citizens, who, at our approach, had taken to the woods, leaving only women and children at their houses; and, after the passage of the column, had come out and murdered the stragglers and sick men.

We protected their houses, when we advanced, but

on our return, after witnessing the inhuman acts of the inhabitants, we fired every building on the route. Some innocent persons undoubtedly suffered for the guilty, but that is one of the inevitable consequences of war. It was a sad sight to see houses burned over the heads of women and children, but the provocation seemed to justify the act, and there was no way of discriminating between the innocent and guilty.

One old lady whose house had been destroyed, was running around, almost frantic, with a pillow saved from the wreck, and with a face expressing the most supreme disgust and hatred of the Yankees, inquiring of every passer by, "Is this what you call subjugating the South? Is this the way you intend to subjugate the noble South?"

We bivouacked at six, P. M., after a severe march, as the roads, owing to the rain and hail of the previous night, were in a very bad condition. On Sunday, the eleventh, we again marched promptly at daylight. As on the previous day our route was marked by fire. The elegant residence of Colonel Hargrave, and all the buildings at Sussex Court House, were burned to the ground. Several more of our murdered men were found along our route. Arriving at the Nottaway River, we found that General Meade had become a little alarmed for the safety of the expedition, knowing that Hill's Corps had followed us, and, as he had received no tidings from us, since we crossed the river,

he had moved a division of the Ninth Corps to the crossing, with additional pontoons, to assist us in case we were in trouble.

To our division was entrusted the duty of protecting the crossing of the troops, and the proper dispositions were made by General Mott. After the Fifth Corps had recrossed, the General at once ordered a section of artillery to open on the woods, for the purpose of giving the "Johnnies" a parting salute, and keeping them at a respectful distance, and of driving up what stragglers yet lingered. We then recrossed the river, continued our march, and at half-past eight o'clock, P. M., we bivouacked near the Jerusalem Plank Road, and about three miles from the river. Hawkinsville was in flames, as we passed it on our march, and not a vestige, save the chimneys, remained to show where once it stood. "*Ilum Fuit!*"

The weather was very cold, during the night, and when, on the following morning we continued our march, mounted officers were obliged to dismount and lead their horses to keep from freezing. At noon we arrived near Fort du Chesne, and received orders to go into camp outside the works, and "on the right of the Halifax Road, with a view to comfort and defence."

The expedition was christened, by the soldiers, ever ready with suggestive names, as the "Apple-Jack Raid," and as such, will long be remembered by the troops who participated.

CHAPTER XX.

SECOND HATCHER'S RUN, — ON THE LINE, — FORT STEADMAN.

REPARATIONS were made, as soon as the ground was designated for our regimental camp, to erect suitable huts and shelters for winter-quarters. As it was uncertain whether we should be permitted to enjoy them for two days or two months, more attention was paid to comfort than to architectural display. The camp, however, was laid out with as much regularity as the nature of the ground would permit, and the "shebangs" were very comfortable.

Leaves of absence to officers, and furloughs to enlisted men, were granted in extreme cases, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the north. It was surprising to notice the great number of "extreme cases" that arose after the order was promulgated. Scarcely an officer or man in the army but had severe sickness in his family at home. Many amusing and witty subterfuges were adopted by the

homesick ones. One officer received a telegram urging him, if he wished to see his wife alive, to come home at once. The dispatch was annexed to an application for a leave of absence, and in less than twenty-four hours the officer was on his way rejoicing, and his wife met him in New York. Of course he wished to see her *alive*! General Meade was particularly indulgent to such as wished to visit the north for the purpose of fulfilling matrimonial engagements, and the mania for getting married increased at a fearful rate. Not a few married men, succeeded in procuring leaves of absence upon this very plea.

One ingenious old bachelor cut from the New York Herald, a portion of the police court reports, noticing the sentence to Blackwell's Island of a woman bearing his own name, and, of course, *presumed* to be his wife. This was affixed to an application, and a leave was procured to allow him to go home and provide for his children.

The amount of property at the north that required the immediate personal attention of the soldiers was truly alarming. The old proverb, that "all is fair in love and war," served as an excuse for these deceptions. Soldiers, who had performed their duty in the field through all the campaigns and engagements of the Army of the Potomac for two or three years, certainly had a right to use a little strategy, in order to procure the enjoyment of visiting their friends at home, from whom they had been so long separated.

Brevet-Brigadier-General West returned on the eighth of January, 1865, and was assigned to the temporary command of the brigade, during the absence of General De Trobriand. The latter, however, returned on the twenty-third, and General West was assigned to the Second Brigade.

Captain William Hobson was commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel, *vice* Mattocks, whose commission had been revoked on account of his being a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and consequently unable to accept the position. Colonel H. was mustered into his new grade on the eighteenth, and in the evening received callers and congratulations.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth of January, the officers of the regiment, in a body, visited General West, and presented him, through Lieutenant-Colonel Hobson, a beautiful set of horse equipments complete.

Orders were received in the evening of February fourth, to march at seven o'clock on the following morning, at which time the line was formed and ready to move. The weather was cold, damp, cloudy, and cheerless. The Second Division moved out by the Vaughan road, in the advance, and we immediately followed. Arriving at the picket line, the order of march was reversed, and we took the head of the column. The small picket posts and videttes of the enemy fled at our approach, without firing a gun. Continuing our march, we soon after reached Hatcher's Run, where we

encountered the enemy in some force, posted behind strong entrenchments, and prepared to resist an advance. The sharpshooters were deployed as skirmishers in our front, and, advancing, soon provoked a sharp musketry fire.

The Ninety-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Regiments, were sent down the run about half a mile, to charge across and surprise the enemy at that point. They advanced in good order, with cheers, and crossing the run, occupied the line held by the enemy, who fled precipitately at their approach. Their loss was insignificant.

As soon as the division had effected a crossing, our line of battle was formed in the form of a crescent, and a picket line established. We remained all day in the position we had so easily gained, and until two o'clock, A. M., of the following day, when we were relieved by General Griffin's Division of the Fifth Corps, and marched back across the run, and to the right, where we were massed, just before daybreak, in rear of General McAllister's Third Brigade, as a reserve to his line.

An assault was expected at this point, as the enemy had, on the previous day, made three ineffectual attempts to break through our lines here. No attack, however, was made and a portion of our brigade, that was sent out to reconnoitre, discovered that the enemy had retired to his works.

The weather was very cold and dreary during the day, on the seventh, and heavy firing was heard on our left. In the afternoon we were ordered to the left, to reinforce that portion of the line occupied by General Warren, who had all day been hard pressed by the enemy. We marched rapidly in the direction of the firing, and arriving once more at Hatcher's Run, were met by Major-General Meade, who ordered us to return to our former position. A cold, dismal storm continued during the eighth, and rendered our position anything but enviable.

General Warren attacked the enemy during the afternoon, and recovered a portion of the ground which had been taken on the previous day. Our lines remained unchanged, and no fighting took place in our immediate front.

At nine o'clock, A. M., on the ninth, we moved to the right, and, taking up a new position, received orders to entrench. The men worked with a will, and by night we had erected a sufficiently formidable work to render our position very secure in case of an attack. Our soldiers had learned the value of breast-works during the campaign, and, however indolent they might be upon other occasions, they seldom "sogered" much when a rifle pit was to be constructed in the vicinity of the enemy.

We remained in the works we had built until March twenty-fifth, without any particular incidents worthy

of notice. The division was paraded on the seventeenth of February to witness the execution of a deserter from the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York Volunteers.

The Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps, were reviewed by Generals Grant and Meade, on the afternoon of March eleventh, on the Cummings Farm. The troops were in excellent condition, the weather remarkably fine, and the review passed off very satisfactorily.

On the evening of the fourteenth, the sutlers were ordered to the rear, at the earliest possible moment, and various indications were visible of an approaching move.

Saint Patrick's Day was generally observed throughout the army. The Irish regiments and brigades gave entertainments, and several races took place which were largely attended.

A deserter from the Eighth New Jersey Volunteers was executed in the presence of the division on the eighteenth. Scarcely a Friday passed during the winter and spring, without a similar scene in some division of the army. The number of desertions among the substitutes and bounty-jumpers, sent by the north during the latter portion of the war, rendered it necessary to make examples of such as were found guilty, and no doubt the severity of the punishment prevented many from deserting, who had enlist-

ed solely for that purpose, and received the large bounties that were paid.

A review of the Second Corps, on the afternoon of the twentieth, was witnessed by a large number of ladies and distinguished officers.

At daylight of the twenty-fifth, we were awakened by a severe cannonading on our right, which we soon after ascertained was occasioned by an attack of the enemy upon that portion of the line held by the Ninth Corps. The assault was so sudden and unexpected, that the troops occupying Fort Steadman were completely surprised, and the enemy succeeded in capturing the fort and many prisoners. It was, however, subsequently retaken, and the enemy forced to return to his own line, with severe losses. Our generals, supposing that the enemy had weakened his line in our front, for the purpose of sending troops to assist in the assault on Fort Steadman, caused a reconnoissance to be made by a portion of our brigade.

The enemy was reported to be still in force behind his works; but later, two regiments, the Twentieth Indiana and Seventy-third New York Volunteers, were moved out, and, by attacking the enemy, succeeded in capturing his entire picket line, with some two hundred prisoners. At two o'clock, P. M., the whole brigade advanced; but, before the lines were formed, we were attacked by a small force of the enemy, which we handsomely repulsed. Our line of

battle was then formed, with the Second Brigade in our rear as a support. At half-past three o'clock, the enemy attacked in force the line of the First Division, but was again repulsed. A fierce fire was, however, kept up until dark.

During the day the enemy also attacked the line occupied by one of the regiments of our brigade. Without the loss of a man, they not only repulsed him, but captured one entire rebel regiment, the Fifty-ninth Alabama, with its colors, and one hundred and sixty-five officers and men. No determined attack was made upon any other portion of our brigade line, and our losses during the engagement were comparatively light.

In the evening we established a strong picket line in our front, and the remainder of the troops returned to camp.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, we were again turned out under arms, by sharp and heavy firing on our right. It soon ceased, however, and we spent the remainder of the day in quiet.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND,—BATTLES OF AMELIA SPRINGS AND LITTLE SAILOR'S CREEK,—SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

ORDERS were received during the evening of Tuesday, March twenty-eighth, 1865, to hold the command in readiness to move at six o'clock on the following morning, at which time we broke camp, fell into line, and were soon on our way.

The plans of General Grant had been carefully matured, and the hour had come to strike the death-blow of rebellion, and extinguish the demoralized remnant of Lee's army. The Second Corps crossing Hatcher's Run, advanced, by the Vaughan Road, in the direction of the Boydton Plank Road, upon which rested the right of the rebel army. The Fifth Corps connected with the Second, and the cavalry of Sheridan was massed still farther to the left, in readiness at the proper time to strike the right flank and rear of Lee's

army. The day was spent in taking positions, and advancing slowly in the direction of the enemy's line. We halted at dark, and throwing up a hasty line of breastworks, sent out our skirmishers, and remained on the alert through the night.

At six o'clock on the following morning, we advanced in line of battle more than a mile, through a dense swamp, and encountered the enemy's skirmishers within sight of his main line of works. At our approach the enemy opened upon us with artillery, with but little effect, however. We were again halted, in order to enable the left of the line to get into position, and threw up another line of rifle pits.

At two o'clock, A. M., of Friday, the thirty-first, we marched to the left, halting on the right of the Boydton Road, and near the scene of our battle of October twenty-seventh. The Fifth Corps and the cavalry were engaged during the day, but it was comparatively quiet in our front.

Major Mattocks, who had been a prisoner in the hands of the enemy since the battle of the Wilderness, rejoined the regiment, and reported for duty at this place, "just in time for Lannigan's Ball."

During the night there was an incessant cannonade on the lines in front of Petersburg, and severe musketry on our left. We made no forward or offensive movement on the first of April; but during the night orders were received for the Ninth and Sixth Corps, and

the Second Division of the Second Corps to attack the enemy at half-past four on the following morning.

At the appointed hour "the ball opened," commencing on the right. The cannonading along the entire line was terrific and continuous, and the musketry was very fierce. Soon the rebel lines were pierced, and the Sixth Corps pressed forward, sweeping the astonished and panic-stricken foe before them.

A reconnoissance in our front, developed the fact, that he was hastily leaving his works, and we accordingly advanced and occupied them without opposition, taking many prisoners. We continued our advance up the Boydton Plank Road and in the direction of Petersburg. On the outskirts of the city, the enemy had constructed and held menacingly a strong line of entrenchments. Connecting with the Sixth Corps, we built breastworks and remained quiet during the night.

We were under quite severe shelling during the day, but with our telescopic rifles we soon succeeded in silencing the batteries that annoyed us.

On the morning of Monday, April third, there was no enemy to be seen in our front, and we learned, to our joy, that the Ninth Corps had taken possession of the city of Petersburg. The men were very jubilant over the good news, and signified their delight in various ways. We marched twenty miles during the day, and the soldiers seemed to think that they were

for once in a fair way to tie up that famous "*Bag*," which the army of the Potomac had so long been preparing for the reception of Lee's army.

Official intelligence was also received during the day, that the negro soldiers had taken possession of the long coveted city of Richmond. The joy that gladdened the hearts of all, at the intelligence of the fall of the proud and arrogant head-quarters of treason, was not diminished by the fact, that the pride of the great southern metropolis had been humbled, and that it had been reserved for the colored soldiers to capture the rebel capital.

Large numbers of deserters came into our lines, and the number of *voluntary* prisoners was large. They were most thoroughly disheartened, and seemed to regard the last days of the Southern Confederacy near at hand.

On the fourth. the regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hobson, with two others from the brigade, was sent back a short distance to corduroy the roads.

On Wednesday, the fifth, we marched nearly all day, taking position on the left of the Fifth Corps.

On the following day, we marched to Amelia Springs. Soon after passing the springs, we formed in line of battle, — the Seventeenth being assigned temporarily to the First Brigade, and forming a support to the left of the brigade line.

During the first part of the engagement, Brevet-Major-General Mott, commanding the division, was wounded, and the command devolved upon Brigadier-General De Trobriand.

We advanced slowly at first, but soon encountered the enemy in force, behind a formidable line of rifle pits and breastworks. Between our lines and those of the enemy was a ridge upon which were a few buildings. Under a severe fire from the enemy, we charged to the ridge, and gained the cover of the houses, from which we opened fire with good effect. After firing a few moments, the rebels were discovered to be giving way on our left.

Major Mattocks, with the colors, and as many of the regiment as could keep up, charged with a yell, rushed over the breastworks, and captured about one hundred men, ten or twelve officers, and one battle flag, (the regimental color of the Twenty-first North Carolina,) besides killing and wounding a large number of the enemy.

The artillery, and about three hundred rebel soldiers, with two battle-flags, escaped before we reached the lines. With the exception of a very few, all who remained to fight it out, were either killed, wounded, or captured. One rebel caught up the colors of his regiment, and, mounting a horse, bore them off under a heavy shower of lead.

While hesitating at the breastworks, and during the

last charge, our losses were quite severe. Just previous to the charge, Lieutenant-Colonel Hobson was wounded by a musket-ball in the leg. Lieutenants Usher and Webb were also wounded, about the same time. Lieutenant Usher died of his wounds the next day.

We halted a brief time, to get breath, as every one was nearly exhausted. The rebel wagon-train was now in sight, some three or four miles distant, and soon the whole line was ordered forward. We advanced about two miles, to a position where the enemy had made another stand. On we rushed at a double-quick, and gained the cover of a house and out-buildings, about a quarter of a mile from the coveted train. Here we received a heavy fire, and delivered a few shots ourselves. General Pierce, placing himself in front of the Seventeenth, then on the right of the brigade and connecting with the First Division of the Second Corps, ordered a charge. With a yell, that struck terror to the hearts of the foe, the Seventeenth gallantly charged, nor stopped until it had rushed by the wagon-train, across the stream beyond, and to the wooded ridge, which the panic-stricken foe precipitately abandoned.

The charge was so rapid, that not more than one hundred of the men followed the colors. Captain Dunn and Lieutenant Duncan were both wounded during this charge. The colors were bravely carried dur-

ing the day by Sergeant Bishop, of Company B, and Corporal Miller, of Company A. After Lieutenant-Colonel Hobson was wounded, Captain Green acted as field officer. At the wagon-train, and beyond, we captured one piece of artillery and about fifty prisoners. During the charge, the regiment was under a heavy fire of artillery as well as musketry.

The rebels, or many of them, did not deserve to be taken prisoners. Crouching behind fences, rocks, or other hiding places, they would fire upon our men, until within ten feet of them, and then throw up their hats as a signal of surrender. Yet these miserable villains were taken and kindly treated as honorable prisoners of war.

From the wagon-train we took many valuable and interesting trophies and curiosities, such as officers' baggage, dress uniforms, books, swords, spurs, shot guns, etc.

The loss of the regiment during the engagement of the day, was one officer, Lieutenant Scollay G. Usher, and four enlisted men, killed; four officers, Lieutenant-Colonel William Hobson, Captain George B. Dunn, Lieutenant James M. Webb, Lieutenant E. A. Duncan, and twenty-three enlisted men, wounded. The proportion of casualties, among the officers, was one in five; in enlisted men, one in ten.

Corporal A. F. Haines, of Company H, who captured the rebel flag, received for his gallantry a fur-

lough of thirty days, and was recommended for a medal of honor.

General Pierce complimented the regiment very highly for the part performed by them during the day, as did also General De Trobriand, commanding the division. In a private letter received from him by the writer, he thus refers to the regiment :

“ In my report of the battle of Deatonville, (April sixth 1865,) as division commander, the Seventeenth Maine is mentioned several times among the regiments that charged, and carried the enemy's works, and also as having reached and occupied the most advanced position, with the Fifty-ninth Pennsylvania, beyond the stream, where we had captured part of the enemy's trains, towards sunset.”

On Friday, the seventh, we again advanced and overtook the enemy, at two, P. M., and at once threw up a line of breastworks, under a light fire of the skirmishers. One man was slightly injured by a fragment of cap from his own gun, and another who had straggled and been *drafted* into another regiment, was wounded in the foot.

On Saturday, the eighth, we abandoned our line of entrenchments, and marched all day, without rations, passing through the village of New Store. The enemy were in full retreat before us, and throughout the entire rebel army great demoralization was apparent. Their leaders were evidently much perplexed, and were now, verily, hunting for the famous “ *last ditch.*”

The wagon-train captured by us on the sixth, and through which we marched, was a sorry sight. The enemy left in such haste that many of the poor horses were still in harness, those of their drivers who were not killed having hastily escaped or surrendered. The wounded still remained in the ambulances, and many of the poor fellows had been a second time wounded during the engagement.

For a distance of five miles we had fought through an open country, nearly all day, and it was rare sport to see the enemy running before us, in such disorganized and demoralized mobs.

Our troops were all in most excellent spirits, flushed with recent victories, and of course fought nobly.

SUNDAY, APRIL NINTH, 1865,

will live in history. Just as the Second Corps was again advancing to the attack, we were halted by the glorious intelligence of the surrender of the Rebel Army of Northern Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee, to the forces of the United States, under Lieutenant-General Grant. The surrender took place near Patterson's Farm in Appomattox County. The troops were wild with excitement — cheer after cheer, from thousands of loyal hearts, rent the air, throughout the entire lines of the Union Army. Speeches were made, songs were sung, the various bands of the army discoursed patriotic and national airs, cannon opened

with blank cartridges, and every demonstration of joy, that could possibly be made, was exhibited by the boys in blue, who had so long opposed the flower of the rebel army.

Wednesday, the tenth, we rested all day from our labors, celebrating the event and exchanging congratulations over the glorious victory.

On the following day we started on the "back track," and reached New Store, in Buckingham County, marching about thirteen miles. Continuing our march on the twelfth, we halted at night near Farmville, having marched about fifteen miles. We arrived near Burkesville at night on the thirteenth, where new clothing and shoes were issued to the troops.

Large numbers of paroled officers and men, of Lee's army, accompanied the column on the march, on their way to their homes. As a general thing they did not hesitate to acknowledge that they were heartily glad that the war had virtually ended.

The news of the assassination of President Lincoln cast a deep gloom over the army, and seemed to fall upon all with increased sadness after our recent successes. April twenty-fifth was set apart as a day of rest and devotion, in honor of our late President. Minute guns were fired, and in many regiments appropriate religious exercises were held. Chaplain Lovering delivered an eloquent and touching address to the Seventeenth.

An order was received from superior head-quarters, requesting a list of recommendations for brevet appointments, for gallant conduct during the recent operations. The following is a copy of Major Mattocks' report:

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH MAINE REGIMENT, }
NEAR BURKESVILLE, VA.. April 20, 1865, }

TO LIEUTENANT C. W. FORRESTER, A. A. A. GENERAL, SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, SECOND CORPS.

LIEUTENANT:—

In accordance with a circular from superior head-quarters, calling for recommendations for brevet for such officers as may have distinguished themselves during the recent operations, I have the honor to submit the following statement, in relation to this regiment;

In the action of the sixth of April, near Amelia Springs, the Seventeenth charged three times, under heavy artillery and musketry fire, carrying a line of rifle pits, capturing a great number of prisoners, colors, a portion of a rebel wagon-train, &c, as already reported. I consider the success of the regiment due, in a great measure to the gallantry of the following named officers:

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. GREEN, Company G.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. STURGIS, Company B.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. MATHES, Company A.

SECOND LIEUTENANT EDWIN A. DUNCAN, Company D.

Captain Green acted as field-officer, and by his gallantry in placing himself *in front*, in making these charges, incited the officers and men under him to bravery.

Upon the second charge, Lieutenant Sturgis more than any other line officer, was instrumental in carrying the rifle pits and capturing the colors.

Lieutenant Mathes was hardly less worthy, in all the operations of

the day. In the charge upon the wagon-train, he placed himself far in advance of his company, and by his gallantry conducted greatly to our success.

Lieutenant Duncan, after being severely wounded in the first charge, refused to leave the field, and remained with his company and participated in the movements of the regiment, until actually forced to go to the rear from weakness and loss of blood.

As an apology for mentioning so many as four officers, I would state that the regiment engaged the enemy with twenty-one officers, and of this number lost one, killed, and four, wounded, — the loss of officers being twice the loss of men in proportion to the number engaged.

I mention these officers, not with expectation that brevets will be awarded to *all* of them, although I consider *each* worthy of it.

I therefore have the honor to recommend to your favorable consideration, the following named officers, as being worthy of brevets :

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. GREEN, Company G.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. STURGIS, Company B.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT H. MATHES, Company A.

SECOND LIEUTENANT EDWIN A. DUNCAN, Company D.

In this connection I would respectfully call attention to the fact, that the three first have been in every engagement of the regiment, from Fredericksburg up to the present time. Lieutenant Duncan has never been absent but twice, and then by reason of wounds and sickness.

In all these engagements these officers conducted themselves with uniform courage and gallantry.

The above are the only recommendations of line officers, for brevet, that have ever been forwarded from these head-quarters.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
 (Signed) CHARLES P. MATTOCKS,
Major, Commanding Regiment.

It is gratifying to the writer, to record that brevets have since been awarded by the President of the United States, as follows :

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. GREEN, to be Major by Brevet.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. STURGIS, to be Captain by Brevet.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT H. MATHES, to be Captain by Brevet.

SECOND LIEUTENANT EDWIN A. DUNCAN, to be First Lieutenant by Brevet.

In addition to this list, upon the urgent recommendation of Generals Pieree, De Trobriand, and Humphries,

MAJOR CHARLES P. MATTOCKS, to be COLONEL by Brevet.

The following congratulatory order was promulgated to the regiment on the twenty-second :

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH MAINE REGIMENT, }
NEAR BURKESVILLE. VA., April 22, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDERS. No. I.

The major commanding, avails himself of the first opportunity to express to the officers and men of this regiment, his gratitude for their gallant conduct in the action at Amelia Springs on the sixth instant.

You advanced nearly five miles in line of battle, driving the enemy at every point. You charged him fiercely three times, under heavy fire, carrying a strong line of rifle pits, capturing one hundred and fifty prisoners, two colors, one piece of artillery, forty or fifty loaded wagons and ambulances, with a large number of horses, mules, and much valuable property.

All this was accomplished with the loss of five officers and twenty-

seven men. But while we rejoice over our success, let us remember that it was gained with the loss of valuable lives.

If this is to be, as I trust it is, your last fight, all can remember it with pride and heartfelt satisfaction.

Once, again, I return to you my thanks for your perseverance and gallantry, to which alone your success is due.

(Signed)

CHARLES P. MATTOCKS,

Major, Commanding Regiment.

Company and battalion drills were held daily at this place, and a marked improvement in the bearing and general appearance of the regiment was apparent.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MARCH TO ALEXANDRIA.

WE remained in the vicinity of Burkesville, performing the ordinary duties of camp-life, until the afternoon of May second, when we took up the line of march for Richmond. The sensations of the soldiers can but feebly be imagined, and words are inadequate to describe them, as, after years of campaigning, fighting, and hardships, they once more turned their faces toward home. They realized that the war was over, that the old flag, for which they had battled, risking life, and facing danger, once more floated over an undivided country; and that their toils and privations were ended, and nothing now remained but to return to home and friends, and, resuming the pursuits from which they had been called at the voice of duty, enjoy the blessings of the government they had sustained, and rescued from the hands of traitors.

With light hearts, we fell into line, and commenced our march. The roads were in excellent condition, and the day remarkably fine; nature seemed to rejoice with us, that our labors were over, and everything combined to render our march pleasant and agreeable.

We bivouacked at Jetersville, after a march of ten miles, on the very ground occupied by us while in pursuit of Lee's army, on the night of April fifth.

On the following day, we marched about eighteen miles, and encamped on the north bank of the Appomattox River. The third day of our homeward march, we bivouacked at Falling Creek, where during the night, a drizzling, uncomfortable rain set in, which continued during the next day, with all the disagreeable features and characteristics of a southern storm.

Friday, May fifth, was the anniversary of some of the most sanguinary battles in which the army of the Potomac had been engaged, and we could but mark the contrast, as we now retraced our steps, with victory perching on our tattered banners, while thousands of the once powerful foe were dependent on us for their daily food, as they sought their homes, — sorry fragments of the great Army of Northern Virginia.

Recollections of Williamsburg, in 1862, Chancellorsville, in 1863, and Wilderness in 1864, crowded upon us, as, after passing through Manchester, we went into camp for the night in plain view of the city of Richmond, whose church spires we had frequently

beheld under other circumstances, but over which now floated the star-gemmed ensign of the republic.

On the sixth of May, the Second Corps, following the Fifth, marched in triumph through the late rebel capital. The correspondent of the New York Herald, thus noticed the march of the veterans of the old Third Corps through the city of Richmond :

“ As the column passed by, no one element was more noticeable than that of decimation. For instance, — the old and honored Third Army Corps (now merged) appeared reduced to a single and small division, wearing its own “ square patch ” as an *insignium* rather than the trefoil of its later affections. These goodly men, who under their old and original organization, had been gallantly and nobly led by Heintzelman, sainted Dick Richardson, gallant and daring Kearney, universally accepted Joe Hooker, generous and impetuous Sickles, lamented and able Birney, and the ever reliant French, still bore earnest traces of their veterancy, and received plaudits to the echo whenever and wherever recognized. Though now forming part of the Second Corps, yet not in the least derogating from the lustrous and never fading glories of that organization, they still justly remember what has been accorded them for heroism at Gettysburg, and their saving grace at Chancellorsville, where they earned the honors of the day because they indisputably preserved it to our arms.”

Castle Thunder and Libby Prison were on the route ; but, thank God, no longer prison-pens for Union soldiers. Rebel soldiers now peered at us through the same grates and bars which but a few weeks before confined hundreds of our noble officers and men, and, with their iron fastenings, held them in all the miseries of “ chivalric ” starvation and barbarity. Even

the old prison-keeper himself, — the notorious Turner, — now eked out a miserable existence in one of the darkest cells of the “Libby,” where he had, we trust, ample opportunity for reflection upon the outrages, which under the direction of Davis and his cabinet, he had perpetrated upon the helpless victims consigned to his relentless guardianship.

The conquered city, as a whole, presented a better appearance than one could expect. There were no marks of violence, no traces of desolation, nor had a single act of atrocity been committed, such as is usually unavoidable in a hostile city, which has stubbornly withstood a protracted siege, but lies at last at the mercy of a victorious foe. With the magnanimity of true bravery, our soldiers desisted from any acts of violence, or brutality, and even treated the city and its inhabitants with a degree of respect which one would suppose impossible within the stronghold, which, through long years of war, had afforded protection to the rebel congress and its minions; and at the same time held within its traitor limits thousands of our noble soldiers, to die of starvation within the loathsome walls of “Libby” and Castle Thunder, or to perish from cold in the prison-pens of Belle Island.

Although the right of property had been respected to a degree unknown in our marches through other, and perhaps less disloyal portions of Virginia, yet we could but notice that a deep gloom enveloped this once

defiant city. In the wealthy portions of the town every door, every window, every blind, was closed; and it seemed as if some evil spirit had suddenly snatched away the haughty owners and occupants of the stately mansions, that graced our route, with their green lawns and thrifty hedges. At times, we could catch a glimpse of some sallow and demoralized soldier of the late confederacy, keenly eying us from a convenient lamp-post or fence-corner, and rejoicing, perhaps, that he would be compelled to welcome no more "northern hirelings to hospitable graves." The more curious of our men, did not fail to see faint traces of fair damsels, peeping cautiously through the blinds at the solid columns of Union soldiers, as they passed by in all the pride and pomp of victory.

The negroes and the poorer classes, generally, did not hesitate to come out, and openly express their joy at our arrival, and were not backward in contributing to our wants. In the more aristocratic localities, but few men, and not any women, were seen upon the streets; and such was the utter absence of vitality, that we were glad to reach the suburbs of the city, and leave behind us the long coveted prize, which at last, after years of patient endurance and manly courage, our soldiers had wrested from the convulsive grasp of a dying foe.

The Twenty-fourth Army Corps was paraded in honor of the day, and our column was reviewed by Major-Generals Halleck and Meade.

We encamped for the night about five miles north of the city, near Yellow Tavern.

We marched at six o'clock, on the morning of the seventh, our division leading the column. Our route lay over fine roads. We crossed the Chickahominy at Winston's Bridge, and the Pamunky at New Page Bridge, on pontoons. Halting for a brief rest near the fine residence of the rebel General Rosser, we continued our march, and bivouacked for the night about one mile distant from the Pamunky.

On the following day we resumed our march northward, passing Concord Church, and bivouacking on a small creek in the vicinity of Mount Carmel Church, which was used by our division as a hospital, in the previous May, during our battles on the North Anna.

On the ninth, we marched, *via* the Telegraph Road, in the direction of Fredericksburg, crossing the South River, the Mat, and the Ta, and bivouacking on the southern bank of the Po, on the ground occupied by the rebel line of battle one year before. Four rivers, named respectively, the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and Ny, in this vicinity, unite in forming the river as their names do the word, Mattapony.

We marched again on the following day, passing Massaponax Church, crossing Massaponax creek, and passing through Fredericksburg and Falmouth, bivouacking about four miles from the Rappahannock. A portion of our route was by very rough and hilly roads.

The city of Fredericksburg furnished a sad commentary on the blessings of secession, and will long remain a monument of the ravages and havoc of war. The buildings were riddled with shot and shell, and an air of decay and desolation hung over the once beautiful and prosperous city. Falmouth was scarcely less favored, and was in a very dilapidated and ruinous condition.

During our march, we passed within sight of the "old pine tree," which stood on the hillside near Camp Pitcher, and beneath whose shade slumbered so many of our comrades.

“ Under the Winter snows,
 Shielded from harm,
 Past all the pain that knows
 Battle's alarm ;
 Safe from all mortal foes,
 Free from all earthly woes,
 Sleeping in sweet repose,
 Death's holy charm :

Under the Summer sod
 Still shall they sleep,
 Called to thy peace, O God !
 Tranquil and deep.
 Naught may disturb their rest,
 Mansioned among the blest ;
 Them shall the Shepherd's breast
 Tenderly keep.

Theirs is no troubled night,
 Vexed with its grief;
 Watch they no morning light,
 Wait no relief.
 Not to their slumbers come
 Voices of fife or drum;
 Hushed and forever dumb
 War's tumult brief.

What matter where they lie,
 Nameless, unknown?
 Better beneath His eye
 Than beneath stone
 Carved with an empty name,
 Speaking a craven's shame,
 Voicing a coward's blame
 When life has flown."

On the eleventh, we marched about fourteen miles, and bivouacked on the Franklin Farm. The weather during the day was extremely warm.

On the following morning, taking an early start, we resumed our march. Crossing the Occoquan, we passed Burke's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, forded the Accotink Creek, and, after a march of sixteen miles, bivouacked near Armadale, distant about seven miles from Alexandria.

Remaining here during the next day, we received the news of the capture of Jeff. Davis, and again the soldiers were jubilant over glad tidings of great joy.

On the sixteenth, we moved about four miles, and went into camp near Bailey's Cross Roads, distant from Washington some four miles, and near the spot where the Seventeenth first joined the Army of the Potomac, in the autumn of 1862.

Major Charles P. Mattocks, having been commissioned by the governor, was mustered in as colonel on the fifteenth of May.

We remained quietly in camp at this place, without any incident of note or importance, until the orders for the muster out of the regiment were received.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, — THE MUSTER-OUT OF THE SEVENTEENTH, — RETURN TO MAINE, — RECEPTION AT PORTLAND, — FINAL DISCHARGE FROM SERVICE AT CAMP BERRY.

GENERAL Orders, number twenty-six, from the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, directed the immediate muster-out of all troops in the army, whose term of service expired prior to October first, 1865.

On the twenty-third of May, the grand drama, in which the Army of the Potomac had for more than four years been recognized as the chief actor, closed, with a magnificent and imposing tableau in the city of Washington. In the presence of their beloved leader, Lieutenant-General Grant, the President of the United States, and the chief dignitaries, civil, military, and naval, of the government, and countless thousands of enthusiastic spectators, drawn thither to witness the final parade of that great and glorious

army. With their tattered banners waving in the breeze, and their thinned ranks attesting their valor on many a hard fought field, the heroes of the Peninsula, Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Richmond, Amelia Springs, and scores of other sanguinary fields, marched in review to the enlivening strains of martial music, and received the plaudits they had so dearly and so nobly won.

Any attempt at description of the memorable occasion would be alike futile, and foreign to the purposes of the present work.

On the following day, Sherman's Army, comprising the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps, was reviewed, and the officers of both armies immediately commenced the preparation of the muster-out rolls.

On the thirtieth, the Second Corps was reviewed by Major-General Humphreys. Generals Meade, Hancock, and other officers of distinction, were present.

On the third of June, the muster-out rolls of the Seventeenth Maine, were completed, and on the fourth, the regiment was mustered out of the United States service, by Captain Charles H. Hayes, commissary of musters.

In accordance with provisions of special orders, number one hundred and forty, head-quarters Army

of the Potomac, the officers and enlisted men of the Seventeenth Regiment Maine Volunteers, whose terms of service had not expired, were transferred, with the proper muster and descriptive rolls, to the First Regiment Maine Heavy Artillery, Colonel R. B. Shepherd. The number thus transferred was, three officers, Captain Isaac S. Faunce, First Lieutenant Fayette M. Paine, and Second Lieutenant, Daniel H. Chandler, and four hundred and twenty-nine men.

It was with extreme reluctance that our late companions in arms saw themselves compelled to remain still longer in the field while we were preparing to return to our homes and enjoy the flattering reception which we knew awaited us. The enlisted men who were transferred by this order to the First Maine, were the recruits of 1863, but the officers were members of the Seventeenth from the first. Existing orders of the War Department required all officers mustered in a new grade within six months of a regiment's muster-out, to be transferred with the recruits of old organizations. We were sorry to leave any of our old comrades behind, but a soldier's duty is obedience, and we cheerfully acknowledged the necessity of the order, especially as we who were going home, did not suffer from its severity.

The remainder of the regiment, under command of Colonel Charles P. Mattocks, left Washington on the sixth of June, and without any incidents worthy of

notice, arrived in Portland at six o'clock, P. M., of the eighth, where a magnificent reception awaited them. The Twentieth Maine Regiment, which had arrived a few hours previously, were waiting at the station to share the reception.

As the train entered the depot, a salute was fired, and the cheers of thousands rent the air. A procession was formed, and moved in the following order:—

PLATOON OF POLICEMEN.

Cavalcade of ex-members of the regiment, wearing the red diamond upon their breasts.

Band of the Seventeenth United States Infantry.

Portland Commandery of Knight Templars.

CITY AUTHORITIES.

Delegation of Burns Club, in Highland costume.

American Hose Company.

Ocean Engine Company, number four.

Company D, Thirteenth Veteran Reserve Corps.

Wounded of the Seventeenth and Twentieth Regiments, in carriages.

Band of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment.

SEVENTEENTH MAINE REGIMENT.

Band of the Twentieth Maine Regiment.

TWENTIETH MAINE REGIMENT.

The procession moved through some of the principal streets of the city, and on the route the veterans were everywhere received with demonstrations of en-

thusiasm and cheers of welcome. The citizens were profuse in their display of bunting; nearly every residence displayed the American colors and many devices and mottos of welcome. The public buildings, engine houses, and stores were decorated; the streets were crowded, and the city wore a gala day appearance.

At the new city buildings an immense banner was suspended from the balconies, bearing the names of the following principal battles in which the regiment had been engaged:

“FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE, CEDARS, GETTYSBURG, WAPPING HEIGHTS, AUBURN, KELLY’S FORD, LOCUST GROVE, MINE RUN, WILDERNESS, TODD’S TAVERN, PO RIVER, SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG PIKE, NORTH ANNA, TOLOPOTOMY CREEK, COAL HARBOR, PETERSBURG, HARE HOUSE, DEEP BOTTOM, SECOND DEEP BOTTOM, PEBBLES FARM, HATCHER’S RUN, SECOND HATCHER’S RUN, CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG, AMELIA SPRINGS, LITTLE SAILOR’S CREEK.”

The regiment carried six tattered colors, (two of them presented by the merchants of Portland,) which bore ample proof that they had seen service in the department where bullets whistle, and which called forth the most hearty cheers along the entire route of the procession.

Arriving at the new City Hall at eight o’clock, we found a generous collation provided by the city fathers, to which the hungry veterans did ample justice. The

hall was elegantly decorated with flags and streamers, and the ladies had contributed magnificent bouquets of flowers for the tables. Divine blessing was asked by Rev. J. J. Carruthers, D. D., and speeches of welcome were made by Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, Ex-Governor Washburn, and others, followed by brief responses from Chaplain Lovering, Colonel Mattocks, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrill, of the Twentieth, and Colonel Roberts.

The regiment was quartered in the old City Hall for the night, and on the following morning, marched to Camp Berry, there to await its final payment and discharge.

On Saturday, June tenth, 1865, the regiment was paid by Major George B. Dudley, the arms and equipments, regimental colors and records, were turned over to the proper authorities, and the

“SEVENTEENTH MAINE,”

as an organization, ceased to exist.

[APPENDIX.]

Commissions issued by the Governors of Maine

TO THE

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT

MAINE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

- THOMAS A. ROBERTS**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Colonel, August 19, 1862. Discharged on account of
physical disability, June 3, 1863.
- GEORGE W. WEST**,.....*Fort Kent.*
Promoted from Major, October 2, 1863. Wounded at battle of Wilder-
ness, May 6, 1864. Discharged for disability, October 1, 1864. Restored
by War Department. Appointed Brevet Brigadier General, for merito-
rious conduct at battle of Wilderness. Resigned April 17, 1865.
- CHARLES P. MATTOCKS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Major, May 9, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June
4, 1865.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

- CHARLES B. MERRILL**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, August 19, 1862. Wounded at battle of Chancellorsville, (Cedars) May 2, 1863. Resigned, October 3, 1864.
- CHARLES P. MATTOCKS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Major, October 20, 1864. Not mustered on account of being a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Commission revoked.
- WILLIAM HOBSON**,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from Major, January 13, 1865. Wounded at battle of Amelia Springs, April 6, 1865. Mustered out, June 6, 1865.

MAJORS.

- GEORGE W. WEST**,.....*Fort Kent.*
Commissioned Major, July 25, 1862. Promoted to Colonel.
- CHARLES P. MATTOCKS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Captain Company A, December 11, 1863. Assigned to the command of the First Berdan's United States Sharp Shooters by orders from Major-General Birney, March 25, 1864. Captured by the enemy at battle of Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and held as prisoner of war until March 22, 1865. Appointed Brevet Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct at battle of Amelia Springs. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.
- ELLIS M. SAWYER**,.....*Cape Elizabeth.*
Promoted from Captain Company E, October 2, 1863. Killed at battle of Locust Grove, November 27, 1863. Not mustered.
- WILLIAM HOBSON**,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from Captain Company I, October 20, 1864. Not mustered, as no vacancy occurred. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.
- EDWIN B. HOUGHTON**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Captain Company H, May 24, 1865. Not mustered. Mustered out, June 11, 1865.

ADJUTANTS.

- CHARLES W. ROBERTS**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Adjutant, July 30, 1862. Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Leg amputated. Mustered out for disability, December 23, 1863.

PUTNAM S. BOOTHBY,.....*Biddeford.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company K, January 4, 1864. Mustered out for disability, October 31, 1864.

GEORGE A. PARKER,.....*Lewiston.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company F, January 13, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

QUARTER-MASTERS.

JACOB T. WATERHOUSE,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Quarter-Master, July 17, 1862. Died at Washington, October 20, 1862.

JOSIAH REMICK,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Commissary Sergeant, October 20, 1862. Acting Assistant Quarter-Master on Brigade Staff. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

SURGEONS.

HENRY L. K. WIGGIN,.....*Auburn.*
Commissioned Surgeon, August 11, 1862. Resigned, on account of physical disability, January 31, 1863.

NAHUM A. HERSOM,.....*Sanford.*
Promoted from Assistant Surgeon, Twentieth Regiment Maine Volunteers, March 2, 1863. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

WILLIAM WESCOTT,.....*Standish.*
Commissioned Assistant Surgeon, July 29, 1862. Discharged December 5, 1863.

PASCHAL P. INGALLS,.....*Cusco.*
Commissioned Assistant Surgeon, September 6, 1862. Commission declined.

LOUIS E. NORRIS,.....*Hampden.*
Commissioned Assistant Surgeon, April 10, 1863. Resigned, on account of physical disability, October 1, 1863.

NATHANIEL B. COLEMAN,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Hospital Steward, November 10, 1863. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

- CYRUS D. TUCK**,.....*Brunswick.*
Commissioned Assistant Surgeon, January 4, 1863. Commission declined.
- JAMES G. STURGIS**,.....*Standish.*
Promoted from Hospital Steward, October 20, 1864. Commissioned Surgeon of Second United States Sharp Shooters. Regiment mustered out, and Dr. Sturgis returned to the Seventeenth, as Assistant Surgeon. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

CHAPLAINS.

- REV. HARVEY HERSEY**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Chaplain, August 23, 1862. Discharged for disability.
- REV. JEREMIAH HAYDEN**,.....*Raymond.*
Promoted from private, Company C, March 26, 1863. Resigned, on account of physical disability, August 28, 1863.
- REV. J. F. LOVERING**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Chaplain, November 10, 1863. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY A.

CAPTAINS.

- WILLIAM H. SAVAGE**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Captain July 31, 1862. Resigned on account of physical disability, December 4, 1862.
- CHARLES P. MATTOCKS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company A, December 13, 1862. Promoted to Major.
- ISAAC S. FAUNCE**,.....*Lewiston.*
Commissioned Captain January 4, 1864. Transferred to Company F, First Maine Heavy Artillery June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- CHARLES P. MATTOCKS**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant July 31, 1862. Promoted to Captain.
- JAMES M. BROWN**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company A, December 13, 1862.
Killed at battle of Locust Grove, November 27, 1863.
- JAMES S. ROBERTS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company B, December 11, 1863. Killed
at battle of Taylor's Bridge, May 23, 1864.
- ROBERT H. MATHES**,.....*Durham, N. H.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company A, June 28, 1864. Ap-
pointed Brevet-Captain, for gallant and meritorious services at battle of
Amelia Springs. Mustered out with regiment June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- JAMES M. BROWN**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant July 31, 1862. Wounded at battle of
Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company A.
- EDWIN B. HOUGHTON**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Sergeant, December 13, 1862. Wounded at battle
of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant Com-
pany H.
- GRENVILLE F. SPARROW**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Sergeant, June 13, 1863. Promoted to First Lieu-
tenant Company B.
- ROBERT H. MATHES**,.....*Durham, N. H.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company K, December 11, 1863. Wounded,
November 27, 1863, at battle of Locust Grove, while Sergeant. Promoted
to First Lieutenant.
- EDWIN EMERY**,.....*Sanford.*
Promoted from Sergeant Company F, June 28, 1864. Wounded twice at
battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1863, while color Sergeant. Mustered
out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY B.

CAPTAINS.

- GEORGE W. MARTIN**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Captain, July 31, 1862. Resigned, April 27, 1863.
- BENJAMIN C. PENNELL**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, August 15, 1863. Killed in action before Petersburg, June 7, 1864.
- GRENVILLE F. SPARROW**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, June 28, 1864. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- WILLARD M. JENKINS**,.....*Fryeburg.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, July 31, 1862. Died, November 10, 1862.
- BENJAMIN C. PENNELL**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, December 5, 1862. Promoted to Captain.
- WILLIAM H. GREEN**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, August 15, 1863. Promoted to Captain, Company G.
- GRENVILLE F. SPARROW**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company A, December 11, 1863. Promoted to Captain.
- WILLIAM H. STURGIS**,.....*Standish.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company C, June 28, 1864. Appointed Brevet Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at battle of Amelia Springs. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- BENJAMIN C. PENNELL**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant.

- WILLIAM H. GREEN**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Sergeant, December 5, 1862. Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- JAMES S. ROBERTS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Sergeant, August 20, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company A.
- WILLIAM H. STURGIS**,.....*Standish.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company H, December 11, 1863. Transferred to Company C. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company B.
- EDWARD G. PARKER**,.....*Kittery.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company K, April 30, 1864. Not mustered. Killed in action, May 6, 1864, at battle of Wilderness.
- GEORGE B. DUNN**,.....*Poland.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company C, June 28, 1864. Wounded before Petersburg, October 24, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company I.
- FAYETTE M. PAINE**,.....*New Vineyard.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company A, October 20, 1864. Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, while First Sergeant. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company G. Transferred to First Maine Heavy Artillery.
- DANIEL J. CHANDLER**,.....*Lewiston.*
Promoted from First Sergeant, Company D, April 29, 1865. Transferred to First Maine Heavy Artillery.

COMPANY C.

CAPTAINS.

- AUGUSTUS GOLDERMANN**,.....*Minot.*
Commissioned Captain August 18, 1862. Wounded at battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Mustered out for disability on account of wounds, August 19, 1863.
- EDWARD MOORE**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, November 10, 1863. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- OTHO W. BURNHAM**,.....*Poland.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 18, 1862. Resigned, February 1, 1863.
- EDWARD MOORE**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company H, March 2, 1863. Promoted to Captain.
- GEORGE W. VERRILL**,.....*Norway*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, November 10, 1863. Promoted to Captain, Company E.
- EDWARD H. CRIE**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company E, April 21, 1864. Promoted to Captain Company H.
- EDWIN A. DUNCAN**,.....*Kittery.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company D, May 24, 1865. Not mustered. Wounded, April 6, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- JOSEPH A. PERRY**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, July 21, 1862. Appointed mustering officer for the regiment at Camp King. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company F.
- GEORGE W. VERRILL**,.....*Norway.*
Promoted from First Sergeant, March 2, 1863. Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- GUSTAVUS C. PRATT**,.....*Oxford.*
Promoted from Sergeant, November 10, 1863. Wounded, as Sergeant, three times at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company D.
- WILLIAM H. STURGIS**,.....*Standish.*
Transferred from Company B. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company B.
- HANNIBAL S. WARREN**,.....*Norway.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company F, June 23, 1864. Not mustered on account of disability occasioned by wounds received in action.

SUMNER W. BURNHAM,.....*Norway.*
Promoted from Sergeant, January 20, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY D.

CAPTAINS.

ISAAC S. FAUNCE,.....*Lewiston.*
Commissioned Captain, August 19, 1862. Resigned on account of physical disability, January 7, 1863. Subsequently re-commissioned as Captain Company A.

JOHN C. PERRY,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, May 23, 1863. Wounded, June 16, 1864, before Petersburg. Discharged for disability on account of wounds, September 14, 1864.

GUSTAVUS C. PRATT,.....*Oxford.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, January 13, 1865. Not mustered as Captain. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

MILTON M. YOUNG,.....*Lewiston.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Promoted to Captain, Company K.

JOHN C. PERRY,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, October 21, 1862. Promoted to Captain.

NEWTON WHITTEN,.....*Portland.*
Promoted Second Lieutenant. Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps on account of wounds, December 23, 1863.

GUSTAVUS C. PRATT,.....*Oxford.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, April 21, 1864. Promoted to Captain.

JAMES M. WEBB,.....*Westbrook.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company K, January 13, 1865. Wounded at battle of Amelia Springs, April 6, 1865. Leg amputated. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

EDWIN A. DUNCAN,.....*Kittery*.
Promoted from Second Lieutenant. Transferred from Company C.
Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

JOHN C. PERRY,.....*Portland*.
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Promoted to First
Lieutenant.

WILLIAM C. WINTER,.....*Lewiston*.
Promoted from Sergeant, October 21, 1862. Died January 24, 1863.

NEWTON WHITTEN,.....*Portland*.
Promoted from Sergeant, February 5, 1863. Promoted to First Lieuten-
tenant.

STEPHEN GRAFFAM,.....*Portland*.
Promoted from Sergeant, May 22, 1863. Wounded at battle of Gettys-
burg, July 2, 1863. Discharged, Nov. 23, 1864.

EDWIN A. DUNCAN,.....*Kittery*
Promoted from Sergeant, January 13, 1865. Wounded at battle of
Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, and at Amelia Springs, April 6, 1865. Ap-
pointed Brevet First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious services at
battle of Amelia Springs. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company C.

CHARLES G. HOLYOKE,.....*Yarmouth*.
Promoted from Sergeant-Major, May 24, 1865. Not mustered. Mustered
out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY E.

CAPTAINS.

ELLIS M. SAWYER,.....*Cape Elizabeth*.
Commissioned Captain, August 18, 1862. Promoted to Major.

GEORGE W. VERRILL,.....*Norway*.
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company C, March 10, 1864. Mustered
out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

WILLIAM H. GREEN,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, December 11, 1863. Transferred to
Company G.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

GEORGE W. FICKETT,.....*Cape Elisabeth.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 8, 1862. Died Sept. 24, 1862.

CHARLES E. HUBBARD,.....*Hiram.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Fifth Maine Volunteers, October 14, 1862.
Transferred to Company G. Discharged for disability, August 19, 1863.

FREDERICK A. SAWYER,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, November 10, 1863. Wounded at
Locust Grove, November 27, 1863. Discharged for disability, Septem-
ber 24, 1864.

CHARLES C. COLE,.....*Hiram.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, October 20, 1864. Promoted to
Captain, Company I.

DEXTER W. HOWARD,.....*Leeds.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, January 25, 1865. Transferred to
United States Colored Troops.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

WILLIAM ROBERTS,.....*Yarmouth.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Transferred to
Company G.

FREDERICK A. SAWYER,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Sergeant, February 11, 1863. Promoted to First Lieu-
tenant.

HERMAN Q. MASON,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Sergeant, November 10, 1863. Commission de-
clined.

EDWARD H. CRIE,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Sergeant-Major, February 15, 1864. Promoted to First
Lieutenant, Company C.

CHARLES C. COLE,.....*Hiram.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company I, April 21, 1864. Promoted to
First Lieutenant;

- DEXTER W. HOWARD,.....*Leeds.*
Promoted from Sergeant, October 20, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- EDWIN W. SANBORN,.....*Hallowell.*
Promoted from Sergeant, January 25, 1865. Transferred to United States Colored Troops.

COMPANY F.

CAPTAINS.

- ALBION HERSEY,.....*Augusta.*
Commissioned Captain, August 19, 1862. Resigned, December 20, 1862.
- URIAH W. BRIGGS,.....*Augusta.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, December 30, 1862. Resigned, March 19, 1863.
- JOSEPH A. PERRY,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, August 15, 1863. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- URIAH W. BRIGGS,.....*Augusta.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Promoted to Captain.
- JOSEPH A. PERRY,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company C, March 2, 1863. Promoted to Captain.
- SUMNER S. RICHARDS,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company I, August 15, 1863. Promoted to Captain, Company K.
- HENRY L. BARTELS,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, March 10, 1864. Wounded at battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Discharged for disability on account of wounds, October 3, 1864.
- PARLIN CRAWFORD,.....*Gardiner.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company G, October 20, 1864. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- JAMES M. SAFFORD**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Resigned.
- DANVILLE B. STEVENS**,.....*Paris.*
Promoted from Sergeant, March 2, 1863. Resigned May 19, 1863.
- HENRY S. BARTELS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Sergeant-Major, August 15, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- JORDAN M. HALL**,.....*Casco.*
Promoted from Sergeant, April 21, 1864. Wounded before Petersburg, June 16, 1864. Discharged for disability on account of wounds, October 1, 1864.
- GEORGE A. PARKER**,.....*Lewiston.*
Promoted from Sergeant-Major, October 20, 1864. Promoted to Adjutant.
- ASA G. CHARLES**,.....*Norway.*
Promoted from Sergeant Company F, January 13, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY G.

CAPTAINS.

- EDWARD I. MERRILL**,.....*Farmington.*
Commissioned Captain, August 19, 1862. Wounded at battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Arm amputated. Transferred to Invalid Corps, December 11, 1863.
- WILLIAM H. GREEN**,.....*Portland.*
Transferred from Company E. Appointed Brevet Major for gallant and meritorious conduct at battle of Amelia Springs, April 6, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- BENJAMIN G. AMES**,.....*Phillips.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Resigned, November, 20, 1862.

- WILLIAM ROBERTS**,..... *Yarmouth.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company E, December 1, 1862. Discharged for disability, August 5, 1863.
- JOHN N. MORRILL**,..... *Strong.*
Promoted from Sergeant, October 2, 1863. Wounded, May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Discharged for disability occasioned by wounds, October 20, 1864.
- GEORGE B. DUNN**,..... *Poland.*
Transferred from Company I. Promoted to Captain, Company K.
- SCOLLAY G. USHER**,..... *Saco.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company I, January 25, 1865. Killed in action at battle of Amelia Springs, April 6, 1865.
- FAYETTE M. PAINE**,..... *New Vineyard.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company B, April 29, 1865. Transferred to Company D, First Maine Heavy Artillery, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- PRESCOTT NEWMAN**,..... *Phillips.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Discharged for disability, December 29, 1862.
- HIRAM R. DYER**,..... *Farmington.*
Promoted from First Sergeant, February, 11, 1863. Killed in action at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
- WALTER F. NOYES**,..... *Jay.*
Promoted from Sergeant, October 2, 1863. Killed in action, May 24, 1864.
- PARLIN CRAWFORD**,..... *Gardiner.*
Promoted from Sergeant, June 28, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company F.
- ALBERT L. BRADBURY**,..... *Avon.*
Promoted from Sergeant, October 20, 1864. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY H.

CAPTAINS.

- ALMON L. FOGG**,..... *Westbrook*.
Commissioned Captain, August 19, 1862. Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Died from effect of wounds, July 7, 1863.
- EDWIN B. HOUGHTON**,..... *Portland*.
Promoted from First Lieutenant, November 10, 1863, Acting Assistant Inspector General on Brigade and Division Staff. Wounded at battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Promoted to Major.
- EDWARD H. CRIE**,..... *Portland*.
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company C, May 24, 1865. Not mustered. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- DUDLEY H. JOHNSON**,..... *Presque Isle*.
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Killed at battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
- EDWIN B. HOUGHTON**,..... *Portland*.
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company A, June 13, 1863. Promoted to Captain.
- WELLINGTON HOBBS**,..... *Norway*.
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, March 10, 1864. Wounded at battle of Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Promoted to Captain, Company I.
- JOSEPH S. HOBBS**,..... *Falmouth*.
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, October 20, 1864. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- EDWARD MOORE**,..... *Portland*.
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company C.
- RALPH H. DAY**,..... *Westbrook*.
Promoted from Sergeant, March 2, 1863. Resigned, May 26, 1863.

- GEORGE A. WHIDDEN**,.....*Westbrook.*
Promoted from Sergeant, August 15, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company I.
- WELLINGTON HOBBS**,.....*Norway.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company F, December 11, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- JOSEPH S. HOBBS**,.....*Falmouth.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company A, April 21, 1864. Wounded at battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Wounded before Petersburg, September 10, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- WILLIAM H. COPP**,.....*Waterville.*
Promoted from Sergeant, Company E, October 20, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Company I.
- HORACE B. CUMMINGS**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Corporal, February 9, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY I.

CAPTAINS.

- WILLIAM HOBSON**,.....*Saco.*
Commissioned Captain, August 19, 1862. Promoted to Major.
- WELLINGTON HOBBS**,.....*Norway.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company H, October 20, 1864. Not mustered. Killed in action, October 24, 1864, before Petersburg.
- CHARLES C. COLE**,.....*Hiram.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company E, January 25, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- PUTNAM S. BOOTHBY**,.....*Biddeford.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Resigned on account of physical disability, November 30, 1862. Subsequently re-commissioned as First Lieutenant, Company K.

- JAMES O. THOMPSON**,.....*Portland.*
Transferred from Company K. Promoted to Captain, Company K.
- GEORGE A. WHIDDEN**,.....*Westbrook.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company H, December 11, 1863.
Wounded in action before Petersburg, October 24, 1864. Promoted
to Captain, Company K.
- GEORGE B. DUNN**,.....*Poland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, October, 29, 1864. Wounded in
action before Petersburg, October 24, 1864. Transferred to Company G.
- WILLIAM H. COPP**,.....*Waterville.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant Company H, February 9, 1865. Mus-
tered out with regiment, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- JAMES O. THOMPSON**,.....*Portland.*
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Promoted to First
Lieutenant, Company K.
- SUMNER S. RICHARDS**,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from Sergeant, December 13, 1862. Promoted to First Lie-
utenant, Company F.
- FRANKLIN C. ADAMS**,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from Sergeant, November 10, 1863. Promoted to First Liea-
tenant, Company K.
- NEWTON W. PARKER**,.....*Lewiston.*
Promoted from Sergeant, April 21, 1864. Killed in action at battle of
Wilderness, May 3, 1864.
- GEORGE B. DUNN**,.....*Poland.*
Promoted from Sergeant, June 28, 1864. Transferred to Company B.
- SCOLLAY G. USHER**,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from Sergeant, October 20, 1864. Promoted to First Lieuten-
ant, Company G.
- THOMAS SNOWMAN**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Sergeant, January 25, 1865. Mustered out with regi-
ment, June 4, 1865.

COMPANY K.

CAPTAINS.

- ANDREW J. STINSON**,.....*Kittery.*
Commissioned Captain, August 19, 1862. Resigned, October 3, 1862.
- MILTON M. YOUNG**,.....*Lewiston.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company D, November 1, 1862.
Wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Died of wounds, July 13, 1863.
- JAMES O. THOMPSON**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company I, November 10, 1863. Discharged, February 23, 1864.
- SUMNER S. RICHARDS**,.....*Saco.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company F, March 10, 1864. Wounded in action, May 11, 1864. Discharged for disability, October 1, 1864.
- GEORGE A. WHIDDEN**,.....*Westbrook.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company I, October 20, 1864. Not mustered owing to disability occasioned by wounds received in action. Discharged for disability, January 28, 1865.
- GEORGE B. DUNN**,.....*Poland.*
Promoted from First Lieutenant, Company I, January 25, 1865. Wounded at battle of Amelia Springs, April 6, 1865. Mustered out, May 15, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- JOHN P. SWASEY**,.....*Canton.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Resigned, November 16, 1862.
- JAMES O. THOMPSON**,.....*Portland.*
Promoted from Second Lieutenant Company I, December 1, 1862. Transferred to Company I.
- PUTNAM S. BOOTHBY**,.....*Biddeford.*
Commissioned First Lieutenant, February 11, 1863. Wounded at battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Promoted to Adjutant.

- FRANKLIN C. ADAMS**,.....*Saco*.
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, Company I. Wounded at battle of
Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Discharged for disability, October 1, 1864.
- LLOYD W. LAMOS**,.....*Berwick*.
Promoted from Second Lieutenant, October 20, 1864. Mustered out with
regiment, June 4, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- MADISON K. MABRY**,.....*Hiram*.
Commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862. Resigned, Novem-
ber 16, 1862.
- THOMAS W. LORD**,.....*Auburn*.
Promoted from Sergeant, February 11, 1863. Wounded at Chancellors-
ville, May 3, 1863. Discharged for disability occasioned by wounds, Sep-
tember 8, 1863. Subsequently appointed Lieutenant in Invalid Corps.
- BENJAMIN DOE**,.....*South Berwick*.
Promoted from Sergeant, Company A, December 11, 1863. Killed at
battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
- LLOYD W. LAMOS**,.....*Berwick*.
Promoted from Sergeant, June 28, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant.
- JAMES M. WEBB**,.....*Westbrook*.
Promoted from Sergeant, Company H, October 20, 1864. Promoted to
First Lieutenant, Company D.
- CHARLES H. PARCHER**,.....*Biddeford*.
Promoted from Sergeant, January 13, 1865. Mustered out with regi-
ment, June 4, 1865.

ORIGINAL ORGANIZATION.

AUGUST 18TH, 1862.

FIELD AND STAFF.

THOMAS A. ROBERTS,	Colonel,	Portland.
CHARLES B. MERRILL,	Lieutenant-Colonel,	Portland.
GEORGE W. WEST,	Major,	Somerville, Mass.
CHARLES W. ROBERTS,	Adjutant,	Portland.
JACOB T. WATERHOUSE,	Quarter-master,	Portland.
HENRY L. K. WIGGIN,	Surgeon,	Auburn.
WILLIAM WESCOTT,	Assistant Surgeon,	Standish.
PASCHAL P. INGALLS,	Second Assistant Surgeon,	South Boston, Mass.
HARVEY HERSEY,	Chaplain,	Calais, Vermont.
HENRY L. BARTELS,	Sergeant Major,	Portland.
CHARLES W. RICHARDSON,	Quarter-master Sergeant,	Portland.
JOSIAH REMICK,	Commissary Sergeant,	Portland.
NATHANIEL B. COLEMAN,	Hospital Steward,	Portland.
JOHN C. MCARDLE,	Drum-Major,	Paris.

COMPANY A.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

William H. Savage.
 Charles P. Mattocks.
 James M. Brown.

SERGEANTS.

Edwin B. Houghton.
 John Yeaton, jr.
 Grenville F. Sparrow.
 Fayette M. Paine.
 Benjamin Doe.

CORPORALS.

Albert H. Andrews jr.
 Jesse A. Stone.
 George B. Grover.
 Alvin F. Blake.
 Robert M. Low.
 Jeremiah L. Pratt.
 Anson T. Ward.
 Joseph F. Lake.

MUSICIANS.

Henry B. Berry.
 Samuel D. Roberts.

WAGONER.

Monroe Boynton.

PRIVATEES.

Allen Henry C.
 Armstrong Jacob L.
 Barker Jeremiah M.
 Barker Alonzo J.
 Bent Orin.
 Bodkin Peter B.
 Burns Michael.
 Brown Jacob C.
 Boyle Cornelius.
 Berford Benjamin.
 Berkley James.

Boucher George.
 Blackstone Charles O.
 Bosworth Frederic W.
 Brown Daniel W.
 Cloudman John W.
 Cole Alpheus S.
 Cole Francis H.
 Chick William H.
 Crie Edward H.
 Dresser Albion K. P.
 Delihanty Thomas.
 Emery George W.
 Everett Francis.
 Earl John.
 Fabyan Edward.
 Flint John W.
 Goodnow Charles.
 Hamilton Robert.
 Hale Charles R.
 Hardy George F.
 Hatch Edwin.
 Heald Alvin.
 Herrick Ira J.
 Hobbs Joseph S.
 Hodsdon Joseph A.
 Ingraham Octavius C.
 Jones George T.
 James John W.
 Joy Granville W.
 Milliken Charles.
 McDonald Charles R.
 McDonald Peter.
 Miles John B.
 Miller Alonzo.
 Merrill Benjamin F.
 McGrath Patrick.

Marston Joseph S.
 Marston Horace G.
 Marston Edward H.
 Merrill Melville C.
 McGurk Peter.
 Nason Daniel.
 Pettengill Leonard A.
 Pettengill Albion C.
 Pray Ivory.
 Paine Obed W.
 Pierce George.
 Robinson Samuel.
 Reynolds Jonas.
 Roberts Byron P.
 Ridgeway Joseph E.
 Sawyer Henry H.
 Sawyer Alonzo W.
 Sweetsir William.
 Spaulding David M.
 Spaulding James S.
 Skillings Franklin.
 Sawyer Mark H.
 Taylor George H. M.
 Totman John F.
 Todd Charles R.
 Tucker George W.
 Tucker John E.
 Vaughan Augustus.
 Waterhouse Robert.
 Wentworth Charles.
 Walker Oliver.
 Wilkinson Frederic N.
 Wilcox Daniel.
 Wait Oliver.
 Yeaton Joseph N.

COMPANY B.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.		Cole James B.	Morton Stephen T.
George W. Martin.		Doughty John jr.	Moulton George F.
Willard M. Jenkins.		Drew Frank.	Nelson Henry L.
Benjamin C. Pennell.		Drew Joseph.	Nevers Alonzo J.
SERGEANTS.		Duran George E. H.	Norton George L.
Marshall L. Babb.		Elliott William S.	Noyes Alvin A.
Joseph C. Walker.		Elliott Moses A.	Pike Elias.
William H. Green.		Emery Moses D.	Quint Monroe.
James S. Roberts.		Fabyan Charles H.	Rice John O.
Horace A. Smith.		Flannegan James.	Richardson Albion.
CORPORALS.		Foster Robert G. W.	Ring Samuel.
Edwin J. Hawks.		Grover Alpheus.	Roach George W. H.
Bernett T. Trueworthy.		Holden Samuel C.	Roberts James R. S.
Samuel C. Davis.		Holt James G.	Roberts Edward A.
Cyrus M. Hall.		Hooper Orlando.	Sastroff Stephen C. S.
Charles E. Carruthers.		Howe Simeon O.	Silsby Samuel E.
Samuel E. Evans.		Hubbard Aaron.	Smith Daniel jr.
Daniel Gookin.		Jones George W.	Snow Ivory F.
David C. Saunders.		Jones Eugene E.	Stanley Samuel C.
MUSICIANS.		Kelley William.	Stevens John F.
James F. Bartlett.		Kelley Edward.	Stuart Francis M.
William H. Colley.		Kimball Augustus A.	Stewart Walter O.
WAGONER.		Kneeland Thomas W.	Thomas Alfred E.
George S. Milliken.		Lawless Patrick.	Thorne Edwin G.
PRIVATEES.		Lehane John.	Trickey Henry S.
Abbott Aldridge B.		Libby Samuel B.	Waldron S. H.
Barker Webster.		Libby Seth B.	Walker Alden B.
Bishop Samuel.		Long Francis A.	Westcott Joseph.
Brackett Byron.		McCullough John A.	Whitehouse Charles P.
Burnham Samuel.		McInnis Daniel.	Whitney Eli jr.
Buxton Samuel.		McIntire George A.	Whitham John.
Chamberlin Henry.		McKeen James.	Wiley Joseph.
Charles Frank C.		McKenzie Mathew.	Wiley Gardiner B.
Charles Moses L.		Merrill Charles H.	Winn Andrew.
Charlton John.		Morton Sidney G.	Woodsum Freethe S.
Cobb George B.		Morton William B.	

COMPANY C.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	Chipman Edward S.	Lane Franklin.
Augustus Goldermann.	Churchill Allen M.	Mayberry Enoch.
Otho W. Burnham.	Cobb Cephas B.	Meserve Daniel B.
Joseph A. Perry.	Cobb Charles J.	Mills Fessenden M.
SERGEANTS.	Daisey Charles.	Mills James M.
George W. Verrill.	Davis Leander F.	Noyes John.
Isaac McLellan.	Davis Samuel jr.	Packard Thomas M.
Jordan M. Hall.	Day Seth B.	Pattee Andrew J.
Asa L. Downs.	Day Lewis M.	Penley Charles F.
William F. Morrill.	Dean Abraham, jr.	Perkins George F.
CORPORALS.	Dockham Charles M.	Pierce Virgil L.
Edward H. Fuller.	Donald James T.	Potter William.
Josiah G. M. Spiller.	Downs Orin.	Pratt Addison B.
George E. Perry.	Dunn Chester J.	Record Elhanan W.
Jeremiah Berry.	Dunn George B.	Ricker Wentworth P.
Joseph M. Atwood.	Duran Josiah.	Ryerson Jonathan B.
Cyrus T. Pratt.	Durgan George A.	Sawyer George F.
James F. Strout.	Dyer John.	Soper Preble.
Gustavus C. Pratt.	Evans John B.	Spiller Orin B.
MUSICIANS.	Faunce William.	Strout Albert.
Edwin G. Parsons.	Fuller James L.	Strout Collins.
Stephen W. Gammon.	Graffam Henry.	Strout Elias.
WAGONER.	Gooch Isaac A.	Strout Charles W.
James E. Fulton.	Gurney Edwin P.	Strout Amos S.
PRIVATEs.	Hackett Elmer D.	Symonds Orasmus.
Allen Joseph A.	Hall Franklin O.	Thurlow David S. N.
Allen Edward R.	Hamlin Enoch B.	Verrill Richard.
Berry James.	Harris Albert W.	Waterman Tillson jr.
Black Lawson S.	Haskell Samuel F.	Wardwell Robert E.
Brackett Charles E.	Hawley John.	Welch Stephen S.
Bridgham George G.	Hayden Jeremiah.	Wight James C.
Brown Elias.	Hersey William H.	Witham Henry.
Brown Horace J.	Jackson George W.	Whittemore Orin.
Bryant Eliab R.	Jordan Hezekiah.	Wood Charles H.
Burnham Sumner W.	Jordan Roscoe G.	Woodward William H.
Campbell Alexander.	Knowlton Hosea.	

COMPANY D.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.		Currier George O.	McCarthy Charles.
Isaac S. Faunce.		Dalton Richard L.	McCarthy Thomas.
Milton M. Young.		Davis Melvin.	McDonald Frank A.
John C. Perry.		Dennett Thomas M.	McDonald Michael.
SERGEANTS.		DeWitt Charles A.	McGaar Thomas.
William C. Winter.		Dwelle Samuel L.	McMaster William.
Stephen Graffam.		Dunlap Albert.	McNulty Martin.
James W. Leslie.		Dunn Aaron.	Mea John.
Daniel J. Chandler.		Dunnels Abial.	Mills Joseph N.
John F. Putnam.		Fall Melvin.	Moses Andrew J.
CORPORALS.		Faunce Gilman.	Newman John E.
Levi Willard jr.		Field Edmund D.	Parker George I.
Artson K. Dennison.		Fowler Levi.	Parker George A.
Bernard Hogan.		Gammon Samuel H.	Peasley Charles W.
Newton W. Parker.		Gatchell Woodbury P.	Penley Henry H.
Newton Whitten.		Gillis Andrew.	Pettingill Acadius jr.
George S. W. Moses.		Golden Isaac S.	Pinkham Charles H.
Oliver D. Smith.		Goodwin Henry G.	Reed John A.
George Lothrop.		Groves Charles H.	Richardson Joshua G.
MUSICIANS.		Groves La Forest.	Rogers Ezra P.
Joel M. Sawyer.		Haley Thomas C.	Rounds Isaac.
Edmund Q. Goodhue.		Hanna George F.	Sawyer Alonzo W.
WAGONER.		Hanscom Proctor A.	Skillin Hiram B.
Frank C. Houghton.		Harmon Elijah P.	Small Charles E.
PRIVATES.		Hays Charles H.	Small William B.
Austin Joseph.		Hogan John.	Smith John N.
Baker Edwin G.		Holt John.	Simpson Sylvanus R.
Bickford Nathaniel G.		Hulme James.	Stevens Bradford.
Bodge William.		Jackson Lemuel.	Stewart William.
Brackett Edward.		Jordan Andrew L.	Sweeney Michael.
Brackett Charles E.		Jordan John S.	Tibbetts Isaac.
Butler Warren S.		Joy William H.	Tindall William.
Burchill Richard.		Lane William N.	Toole Thomas.
Campbell John.		Maddox Ivory.	Trafton Waterman.
Chadderton Joseph.		Maloon George H.	Whittemore Franklin I.
Cobb Daniel.		Mason Isaiah G.	Winter Amos G.

COMPANY E.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	Blanchard Homer E.	Lovell David V.
Ellis M. Sawyer.	Brown John N.	Marston Greely E.
George W. S. Fickett.	Bruce Rufus T.	McKinney Moses N.
William Roberts.	Burbank George E.	Meserve Vincent.
SERGEANTS.	Colley Charles.	Milliken Samuel.
John S. White.	Dolley Jeremiah P.	Mitchell Orrin H.
Frederic A. Sawyer.	Doughty George W.	Mitchell Tristram P.
George S. Jordan.	Duncan Charles C.	Mitchell James E.
James H. Doughty.	Dyer George S.	Oakes George P.
Herman Q. Mason.	Goff Lucius S.	Osborne Woodbridge G.
CORPORALS.	Gore William H.	Pargarde Cheri.
George F. Small.	Greeley Charles.	Parker Samuel.
Sylvanus S. Mitchell.	Hale Francis H.	Pillsbury Tobias.
Andrew B. Jordan.	Hall James H.	Plyman Oliver.
Alvin S. Dyer.	Harmon Arthur A.	Pride Frederick M.
Peter T. Dunsloo.	Hatley Joseph.	Pullen David P.
Charles H. Waterhouse.	Hayes David P.	Reed Standish P.
Herbert Soule.	Hayes Francis E.	Rideout Reuben.
Charles F. Vanhorn.	Hodgdon Aaron.	Rideout Joseph M.
MUSICIANS.	Holyoke Charles G.	Rideout Royal P.
Charles A. Dyer.	Howard Henry.	Roberts William F.
Edward N. Coolbroth.	Huff Samuel jr.	Ross George E.
WAGONER.	Johnson Albert A.	Seabury Ammi.
Lewis W. Lombard.	Johnson Cyrus.	Seabury Frank.
PRIVATEES.	Jordan Eben.	Simpson Lewis A.
Adderton Josiah M.	Jordan Oliver E.	Soule George O. D.
Allen Albion.	Jordan Andrew W.	Sparks James E.
Anthoine James W.	Jordan Lewis E.	Stacy George W.
Anthoine Edwin E.	Jordan Simon.	Tenney George F.
Baker Albert O.	King William H.	Tedford John.
Baker Charles W.	Knight Noah B.	Thompson Charles H.
Barker James M.	Leighton Andrew.	True Hollis.
Barston Jeremiah R.	Lincoln Clinton.	Turner Josiah M.
Blackstone Jordan.	Lombard John T.	Wheeler William.
Blake Elijah.	Loring William M.	Whitney William J.
Blanchard Solomon L.	Loring Joseph H.	

COMPANY F.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	Clifford Giles K.	Morton Melville.
Albion Hersey.	Cooper Melville H.	Moulton Reuben S.
Uriah W. Briggs.	Cole Dennis.	Murch Samuel P.
James H. Safford.	Curtis Oliver G.	Murdock Eliab W.
SERGEANTS.	Day William H.	Newcomb Charles A.
Danvill B. Stevens.	Day Henry jr.	Newhall Eugene P.
Charles C. Cole.	Deering L. Melrose.	Noble Charles D.
Hannibal S. Warren.	Downs William H.	Osgood Isaac E.
Frank L. Berry.	Dyer Otis H.	Packard Asa D.
Scott Stuart.	Estes Joshua P.	Parker Henry W.
CORPORALS	Farnham Luther B.	Parker Isaac.
Zephaniah E. Sawtelle.	Farr Solomon.	Pratt Levi.
Albert C. Gammon.	Fogg John.	Ricker Dustin B.
Edwin N. Haskell.	Fogg David S.	Robinson Arthur O.
Wellington Hobbs.	Gannon William.	Rowe Webber.
George R. Fickett.	Grant Dana B.	Ryerson Albert F.
Cyrus S. Tucker.	Grey William H.	Sanborn Freeman H.
Luther K. Rogers.	Guptill Benjamin F.	Shaw Wentworth H.
Woodbury Cummings	Hanson Ephraim E.	Small Isaac A.
MUSICIAN.	Hanson Austin.	Spencer William.
John C. McArdle.	Harding William F.	Stone Henry F.
WAGONER.	Hill Frank W.	Thorne Edgcomb N.
Nathaniel Le Barron.	Holt Calvin.	Thorne Barnett.
PRIVATEES.	Jackson Charles P.	Thorne William H.
Albee John.	Jordan Porter G.	Trafton George E.
Allen George H.	Judkins Alvin.	Twitchell Charles H.
Allen Hosea R.	Kenniston George G.	Wadsworth Seth.
Ames Willard O.	Knapp James H. F.	Wardwell Elisha S.
Andrews Hiram,	Leighton Peltiah.	Washburn Alden B.
Batchelder George W.	Libby Richard L.	Washburn Linas G.
Brett Henry M.	Lurvey Richard L.	Washburn Almon T.
Brown Ephraim H.	Marr Alvin H.	Whitcomb Levi.
Bumpus Edward W.	Merrill William D.	Whitman George W.
Burgess Joseph.	Morse Moses H.	Woodman John M.
Carter Lemuel B.	Morse Edward F.	
Charles Asa G.	Morse Charles H.	

COMPANY G.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	Deland Ephraim J.	Perry John W.
Edward I. Merrill.	Dill Cyrus H.	Phinney Lincoln.
Benjamin G. Ames.	Dunnell Alvah L.	Phinney Spaulding S.
Prescott Newman.	Dyke Sydney B.	Pinkham Francis.
SERGEANTS.	Eastman George A.	Plaisted John.
Hiram R. Dyer.	Fogg Charles E.	Pfaisted Leonard F.
John M. Morrill.	Frederic George A.	Pray James E. S.
Walter F. Noyes.	Goodwin James F.	Purrington Jacob.
James Snowman.	Gowen George R.	Rand Charles M.
Charles M. Bean.	Grover Daniel M.	Roberts Ebenezer.
CORPORALS.	Hackett Sumner S.	Roberts Stephen H.
Albert L. Bradbury.	Ham Charles H.	Roberts James A.
Johiel B. Blethen.	Hamlin John A.	Robinson James B.
George W. Phillips.	Hanscomb Eben B.	Rollins Albert G.
Charles A. Morrill.	Heath Eaton.	Rowe Seth W.
Jeremy P. Wyman.	Horn John B.	Sanborn Thomas G.
Joseph Ellis.	Hosmer George L.	Sawyer Isaac D.
Albert H. Perry.	Houston Elbridge L.	Strout Oliver A.
MUSICIAN.	Huff Benjamin F.	Stearns Albert M.
George P. Connor.	Hurd Francis E.	Thompson John.
WAGONER.	Jennings Asa.	Tyler Ebenezer.
Leonard T. Vosmus.	Kannady George H.	Vaughan Sylvester.
PRIVATE.	Kannady Warren.	Vaughan John.
Arnold Edward W.	Keene George W.	Walker James M.
Bean Nelson O.	Kimball John H.	Walker Robert jr.
Bean Francis O.	Laird William H.	Wallingford George.
Blaisdell Lewis G.	Lander Jason.	Waterman John H. jr.
Bubler Charles.	Lane James.	Wentworth Henry R.
Buker Nathan A.	Lawrence James B.	Wheeler Ezra H. jr.
Butler George.	Lamos Lloyd W.	Whitehouse Charles T.
Butterfield Abraham.	Lowell Jophanus J.	Whitney Benjamin M.
Butterfield Augustus F.	Manson John S.	Wilder Silas.
Childs Luther.	McLaughlin Joseph L.	Witham John E.
Colomy Elbridge.	Merrill Gideon S.	Wormwell Andrew K.
Conant Daniel A.	Nevens Frederic H.	Wright Charles L.
Copeland John W.	Norton Oliver D.	

COMPANY H.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	Cobb Uriah.	Morse Franklin E.
Almon L. Fogg.	Cobb Solomon.	Morton Van R. ;
Dudley H. Johnson.	Crosby Leonard E.	Morton John H.
Edward Moore.	Cummings Horace B.	Moses Alonzo.
SERGEANTS.	Day Alfred.	Noble Thaddeus J.
Ralph H. Day.	Davis Albert S.	Noyes Charles W.
George A. Whidden.	Davis John S.	Pennell George A.
Stephen P. Hart.	Donnell Samuel.	Plaisted Joseph M.
William H. Sturgis.	Dyer Roscoe G.	Plaisted Trafton S.
Charles J. Bond.	Elder Joseph G.	Pride Leonard.
CORPORALS.	Emery Thomas D.	Rackliff George W.
Albion P. Stiles.	Estes Sylvanus B.	Rand Freedom D.
Napoleon B. Abbott.	Fellows James L.	Rand Royal.
Daniel P. Horr.	Garrison Oliver R.	Robinson David H.
Sumner Winslow.	Hall Luther E.	Sanborn Charles W.
James Webb.	Hanscomb William S.	Sands Thomas.
Thomas H. Jordan.	Haskell James E.	Saunders Andrew.
George Barrows.	Haskell Daniel W.	Scott John G.
Robert B. Whitcomb.	Hatch Royal S.	Scribner Bourdon.
MUSICIANS.	Hatch Henry C.	Small Oliver F.
Joseph H. Tole.	Hicks Ephraim.	Smith Eli N.
Samuel P. Stuart.	Hodsdon Giles W.	Sweet William H.
WAGONER.	Jones Edward H.	Spear Alphonzo A.
Benjamin A. Dow.	Jones John.	Spurr Llewellyn.
PRIVATEES.	Larrabee Andrew J.	Staples Jeremiah.
Adams Frank.	Larry Meshach P.	Stiles Stephen W.
Allen Leonard.	Lewis Augustus J.	Stuart Wentworth.
Babb Josiah.	Libby Major J.	Sturgis James G.
Barber William.	Libby Elias H.	Thomas Manuel.
Bond Benjamin F.	Libby Darius S.	Thomas Charles W.
Brackett Horace N.	Little Paul E.	Warren Charles A.
Brown Stephen.	Loring James H.	Weston Edward F.
Burnham John.	Mariner Jabez.	Wight Hannibal H.
Chaplin Cyrus.	Martin Ira L.	Winslow Nathaniel P.
Chute Charles A.	McKinny Alonzo F.	Winter Charles.
Chute Curtis.	Meserve Charles R.	

COMPANY I.

COMMISSIONED, OFFICERS.	Bryant Stephen.	Moody Moses.
William Hobson.	Buker Cyrus.	Patterson Hiram.
Putnam S. Boothby.	Chase Zenas S.	Perry William.
James O. Thompson.	Clark Thomas.	Perkins Thomas F.
SERGEANTS.	Clark James S.	Pillsbury William H. H.
Sumner S. Richards.	Daland Francis S.	Pillsbury Nahum H.
Franklin C. Adams.	Emerson Thomas W.	Powers William.
John C. Libby.	Foss Daniel.	Richardson George A.
Charles C. Cole.	Goodrich Joseph H.	Ripley Eliphaz.
Oliver D. Blake.	Goodwin Charles E.	Roberts John H.
CORPORALS.	Grant John.	Rounds Walter.
Charles J. Goodwin.	Grant Isaac.	Ross Benjamin P.
Samuel E. Jenness.	Guptill Newell.	Saunders Thomas B.
Alpheus C. Parkhurst.	Haley John.	Sawyer Charles F.
Charles H. Parcher.	Harmon Andrew J.	Simpson John H.
Jonathan Boothby.	Hill Joseph.	Small Benjamin.
Elijah W. Tibbetts.	Hill Daniel C.	Small Joshua W.
Aurelius A. Robertson.	Hodsdon Wallace S.	Small Edwin.
Joseph M. Paine.	Hodge Alvin.	Small Winborn A.
MUSICIANS.	Holmes Hiram G.	Smith Jere F.
John P. Atkinson.	Irish Mellville.	Smith Alvin H.
William H. Atkinson.	Jacques Edwin D.	Stacy Owen.
WAGONER.	Jordan Charles A.	Strout William E.
Edward Sweetser.	Jose James W.	Sturtevant Josiah H.
PRIVATEES.	Kendrick John W.	Sweetair James F.
Abbott Allen H.	Kenney Ambrose.	Tasker George F.
Allen Levi D.	Kilham John A.	Usher Scollay G.
Benson Robert.	Kimball George.	Warren Thomas R.
Blaisdell Thomas.	Lamberton William.	Waterhouse Winfield S.
Blaisdell James C.	Leach John E.	Wentworth John.
Boothby Isaac M.	Libby George W.	Wentworth David A.
Brown James B.	Libby Henry H.	Whitney Lewis G.
Brown Joseph M.	Libby John G.	White Charles M.
Bradbury Augustus F.	McGrath Michael.	Whitten George jr.
Bradbury Thomas C.	McKenney Jerry.	Wildes John F.
Brand Thomas.	Mitchell Frederick A.	

COMPANY K.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	Bunker Daniel B.	Lyon George W.
Andrew J. Stinson.	Burnham John C.	Lyon William H.
John P. Swasey.	Chase Enoch S.	Maxfield Wallace.
Madison K. Mabry.	Churchill Robert J.	Miller Addison A.
SERGEANTS.	Clark Hiram.	Morey Francis D.
Isaac O. Parker.	Conley John H.	Moore William S.
F. Augustus Butland.	Cotton John H.	Nason Chandler.
Thomas W. Lord.	Crocker John M.	Niles Albion S.
Horace Lunt.	Crosby Harry.	Niles Nahum.
Charles A. Beals.	Danforth Rufus.	Packard Stephen S.
CORPORALS.	Delano Charles G.	Parker Edward G.
Adolphus P. Wilson.	Delano Daniel D.	Pease John T.
Charles W. Peckham.	Gammon Cyrus.	Penny Leonard R.
Andrew J. Miller.	Goodwin Valentine H.	Phillips Hiram B.
William H. Neal.	Golden William J.	Rand Weston S.
Alfred King.	Gould William.	Randall Oliver E.
Robert H. Mathes.	Grace Andrew J. jr.	Read George F.
Pliny L. Wyman.	Hacking Robert.	Read Frederick D.
Edwin A. Duncan.	Hall Elisha.	Remick John H.
MUSICIANS.	Hall Silas P.	Rounds Dana.
Wesley D. Rowell.	Harris Samuel R.	Sanborn John.
Orrington Hanscom.	Hart William P.	Shackford Charles E.
WAGONER.	Hatch Samuel O.	Small David.
William H. Wyman.	Hewey John F.	Storah Thomas.
PRIVATEES.	Holden John.	Stowell Linus B.
Achorn Casper.	Holt George H.	Strout George J.
Andrews Hiram.	Hoyt Henry.	Stuart Moses.
Andrews Melvin M.	Hussey Daniel H.	Taming John.
Atwood Alfred E.	Jackson Thomas.	Usher Samuel S.
Atwood Hiram.	Jackson Joseph J.	Verrill Edwin.
Austin Robert W.	Jenkins Benjamin F.	Wardwell Cyrus T.
Ayers Henry T.	Keath Augustus H.	Willard Greenleaf D.
Bennett James A.	Libby Abraham.	Wright Charles H.
Bonney Cyrus.	Lord Nathan B.	Young Augustine.
Brown James.	Lord David.	
Brown Almond E.	Lord Oren.	

LIST OF MEMBERS

WHO JOINED AFTER ORIGINAL ORGANIZATION.

FIELD AND STAFF.

CHARLES P. MATTOCKS,	Major,	Portland.
WILLIAM HOBSON,	Lieutenant-Colonel,	Saco.
PUTNAM S. BOOTHBY,	Adjutant,	Biddeford.
JEREMIAH HAYDEN,	Chaplain,	Raymond.
JOSEPH F. LOVERING,	Chaplain,	Nantucket.
L. E. NORRIS,	Second Assistant Surgeon,	Hampden.
GEORGE A. PARKER,	Sergeant-Major,	Lewiston.
CHARLES G. HOLYOKE,	Sergeant-Major,	Yarmouth.
ANSON T. WARD,	Quarter-master Sergeant,	Portland.
JAMES E. S. PRAY,	Hospital Steward,	Berwick.
FRANK CHELLIS,	Principal Musician,	Newfield.
OSGOOD W. STEVENS,	Principal Musician,	Saco.

COMPANY A.

Andrews George C.	Barnes Francis H.	Kelly Henry.
Ayers Chandler.	Buckman Samuel jr.	Lunt Ira.
Atkins Jeremiah B.	Bent Henry F.	Leith George.
Avery Riley B.	Brown George.	Lowe John.
Abbot Oscar F.	Burns Hugh.	Mathes Robert H.
Ames Dudley jr.	Bradley John.†	Maxim Charles H.
Avery Dexter.*	Beans Amos G.‡	Millett Albert P.
Ambrose James W.*	Branch Byron.†	Morgan Patrick.
Ames William D.*	Crummett Oren M.	Noyes Nelson P.
Atkins Nath'l A.*	Carter Josiah H.	Plaisted Lafayette.
Adams John Q.*	Carter Albion T.	Potter John.
Ames Thomas J.*	Crooker William F.*	Pickett James.
Beal Charles.	Cram Ansel H.*	Paine Simeon C.
Babb Edwin.	Cohan Daniel.	Pollis John.
Boynton Monroe.	Colby Josephus C,*	Pinkham Josiah.
Boobier Edwin G.*	Cram Marcellus.	Packard Lyman.
Brown George W.*	Cooly Daniel.†	Roberts James S.
Boyd David L.*	Clifford Benjamin A.	Read Roswell.
Bates Warren jr.*	Campbell Thomas.	Randolph Walter H.
Burpee Charles.*	Dean Luther.‡	Russell Michael.
Bennett Charles E.	Dill Josiah.	Shaw Henry H.
Burgess George H.	Douglass Clement H.	Spaulding Daniel.
Buck Charles,	Donnell Henry S.	Stone William M.
Brazier Daniel C.	Emery Augustus F.	Smith Daniel.
Berry Allen.	Emery Edwin.	Starbird Almond D.‡
Babb George G.	Faunce Isaac L.	Thornton Lewis.
Bradley Charles.	Flye James.	Taylor Henry P.
Black Henry.†	Fuller Charles W.	Temple Josiah A.
Booker George W.	Fitzgerald Michael.	Tuttle John F.
Berry David.	Gonyea S. W. G.	Verrill Otis G.
Bonney Isalah.	Gammon James M.	Walton Winfield S.
Beal Charles H.	Houghton George M.	Wilder James M.
Brown Moses.	Hennessy James.	Wilcox George H.
Bragg Lewis,	Knowlton A.‡	Waddell Matthew.

*These men were assigned to, but never joined, the company. They were mustered out at Portland, April 28, 1865. †Not shown on company returns. ‡Not accounted for on muster-out roll. §Never joined the company.

COMPANY B.

Alexander Charles.	Clark Charles.*	Grant John F.
Axtell Willard S.	Connor Lawrence.*	Hamilton James R.
Adams William.	Cronan Dennis.*	Hatch Edwin P.
Berry Giles G.	Chadbourne J. F.	Hodgkins George.
Beaty Francis W.	Cooley Charles B.	Jones Thomas K.
Bean James H.	Clarke Charles E.	Marston Josiah A.
Bates Marcus W.	Corcoran James.	Maxim Benjamin F.
Bryan Frank.	Campbell Charles H.	Mears Josiah H.
Castle William.	Clark John T.	McGrath Joseph.
Christmas Benjamin.	Curtis John N.	Nason Samuel B.
Chandler Moses R.	Chadwick Augustus.	Oliver Alvarado R.
Cummings Moses.	Chandler Samuel G.	Parker Simon S.
Curtis Rufus G.	Clark Henry.	Pratt Gustavus C.
Coad Joseph.	Cofren Seba F.	Payne Fayette M.
Collins William.	Dunn George B.	Reed John.
Cleaveland Llewellyn.	Dolan Patrick.	Sparrow Granville F.
Cutler Stephen P.	Davis Richard A.	Sturgis William H.
Chick Philander L.	Douglass George F.	Sullivan John O.
Coombs Arthur L.	Doyle Henry L.	Snowman Thomas.
Cooke William.	Donnell Henry S.	Smith Benjamin W.
Cookson Josiah jr.	Durgin Joseph P.	Stevens C.
Chandler Daniel J.	Dunlap Samuel.	Tripp Luther.
Chipman Julius G.*	Derborne Charles H.	Tibbetts Samuel L.
Cillea John.*	Dwyer Franklin S.	Thomas Marcellus.
Colby George.*	Danford Dunton.	Thompson Charles A.
Carpenter Ezra T.*	Davis James M.	Thompson George A.
Cunningham Orr.*	Davis David.	Waugh George H.
Clark Albert P.*	Ford Alvin A.	Wheeler Henry.
Chase George W.*	Fish William I.	Worcester Horace L.
Chadbourne Andrew I.*	Gannett Charles E.	

*These men were assigned to, but never joined, this company, and were mustered out at Portland, Me.

COMPANY C.

Bickford Albert.	Frost William F.	Hull Jordan M.
Balley David.	Ford Alvin A.	Hern James F.
Berry A.	Fletcher Oliver S	Howard Levi F.
Bucknam Henry C.	Fulsom Nathan.	Higgins Samuel H.
Boynton Wilbert.	Fernald Timothy	Hill Albert Q.
Blake Edward L.	Fuller John.	Irwin George.
Brown Charles W.	Frost L. B.	Johnson H. C.
Beverly Warren L. J.	Fletcher William T.	Leary Arthur O.
Bartlett Jason B.	Flemming William.	Moore Edward.
Crie Edward H.	Frost Joseph F.	Madden James.
Crosby George E.	Fifield Hiram W.	McCallister Silas.
Chellis Frank.	Furbush A. G.	Mowey Charles D.
Clay Warren C.	Furbush Mark W.	Mann Elisha K.
Crockett John B.	Foss William.	Mitchel James M.
Chase Thomas J.	Foster George W.	McNulty Patrick.
Campbell Willard E.	Frost Curtis.	Osborn Thomas.
Clark John C.	Furgerson H. H *	Parks John E.
Curtis George W.	Flagg James P,	Piper David.
Courson William H.	Guthrie Peter W.	Pennell Edwin W.
Carr William L.	Garland Andrew M.	Perkins George.
Clifford Nathan.	Gresser George.	Plemidor Thomas.
Davis John H.	Glidden John O.	Richards Charles W.
Downs Alpheus.	Goss Charles W.	Richards Stephen.
Dearborn Charles.	Gilkey Edward.	Russell William O.
Dean Abraham J.	Gale Marcellus.	Raines Thomas.
Davis Luther G.	Garcelon H. H.	Robbins Albert A.
Donovan John.	Getchell E. T.	Rounds John H.
Duffy Arthur.	Gilpatrick C. W.	Stanley John.
Decroin Joseph S.	Galloin William.	Soper William F.
Doe Hadley P.	George Samuel S.	Savage Mandred O.
Doe William.	Gibson Alvin G.	Smith John.
Dillingham George E.]	Gordon W. C.*	Stearns M. W.
Edwards Shepherd.	Gerrish Luther M.	Sturgis William H.
Eaton Daniel W.	Goodwin George W.	Warren Charles H.
Esty Isaac H.	Goodwin A. B.	White Frank.
Emerson Cyrus W.	Gray Benson.	Weston Leonard.
Elliott C. B.	Gould Tobias jr.	Whitten Alexander.
Eastman Charles.	Herrin William.	Wood Elias.
Eldridge Shepherd.	Hennigan James H.	Young Daniel.
Elder William.	Hubbard William H.	
Eddy Benjamin,	Howard Dexter W.	

* Not accounted for on the muster-out rolls.

COMPANY D.

Bliss George F.	Gilman Ellis A.*	Hersom Milford.
Brown John R.	Given Lincoln.*	Hourd George.
Bumpus Sylvester.	Gilpatrick Samuel S.*	Hughes John.
Butterfield Lyman E.	Gross Alfred N.*	Hall Howard C.
Burk George G.	Howard Charles H.	Hill Reuben.
Buswell Prentice M.	Harrington Edward D.*	Harrington Martin.
Barrett Elwin.	Hoyt Gilman A.*	Hines Samuel F.
Cummings James.	Hanly William.*	Jones Frank.
Crabtree John F.	Hardy Martin A.*	Knight Daniel.
Coney John.	Hubbard Gorham P.*	Kane John.
Crawford George.	Haney Greenlief.*	Morrison Alonzo J.
Chase Francis W	Hurd Thomas S.*	McCarey Daniel S.
Canwell Amos B.	Hamilton Thomas B.*	McIntire Tallman L.
Chellis Frank.	Hill George W.	Nason George W.
Cochran Andrew.†	Hinton Laforest.	Pratt Gustavus C.
Carman Charles W.	Hayes Thomas.	Packard Horatio M.
Cox George T.	Holt Granville.	Patten Charles H.
Craique William W.	Hanscomb Seth O.	Pearson John.
Dalton John C.	Hartnett Patrick F.	Russell George G.
Duncan Edwin A.	Hall Samuel.	Sibley William A.
Ervin Charles.	Heath Bethuel.	Smith Charles.
Early Patrick.	Humphrey Abel.	Stevens Osgood W.
Ellsworth Michael.	Hatch George W.	Thompson James H.
Fall Sylvester.	Holden Francis.	Webb James M.
Farrar Joshua L.*	Herr George.	Watson Stephen L.
Frost Joseph jr.	Hutchinson Jona jr.	Webber George W. jr.
Grant Marshall A.	Higgins Charles W.	Wilcox Isalah.
Grant Daniel W.	Hunt Edward L.	Warren Tristram H.
Goodhue William H.	Hardy Frederick.	Williams John.
Grant Albert.*	Hatch Joshua.	
Goss Moses.*	Hunter Benjamin.	

* These men were assigned to, but never joined, this company, and were mustered out at Portland, Me., by general order No. 77, dated April 23, 1865.

† Not accounted for on the muster-out roll.

COMPANY E.

Abbott John G.	Hoyt A. D.	McCarroll Charles.
Austin Orrin.	Jameson John J.	McDonald Daniel.
Blake James M.	Jones Edward E.	McDonald John.
Ballard John.	Jones Hiram.	Merrill Thomas.
Bent William.	Jones John W.	McDonald Samuel.
Britten James.	Johnston John F.	McGregor Robert.
Burgess John F.	Joy Horatio N.	McCough Andrew J.
Bachelor Charles M.	Jewett Elbridge.	McLennon Wilson.
Copeland —	Jordan Emery O.	Merrill Joseph.
Copp William H.	Jordan Thomas D.	McFadden William.
Crummett George L.	Johnson Tobias E.	McLeod Charles.
Crie Edward H.	Jackson Wilmot.	Morrison Henry C.
Cannell John S.	Josselyn John A.	Mitchell Ezra.
Crowley Davenport.	Kiasser George W.	Murch Alden F.
Carlin Frank.	Kimball Charles.	Murphy James.
Crowley James C.	Kilgore Levi W.	O'Connell John J.
Cole Corydon L.	Kingsbury John W.	Peterson John.
Cole Charles C.	Kilgore Leander D.	Pond Edwin M.
Decker Horace.	King John.	Ridlon George W.
Delaney James.	Kitridge Orrin A.	Rodgers Lorenzo D.
Dunbar Oscar.	Lockhart Wesley.	Russell George G.*
Emery Eliphalet.	Langley William A.	Sanborn Edward W.
Foster Sanford.	Land William.	Sanborn Isaac W.
Hatch Hartwell.	Lewis Solomon B.	Simpson John H.
Hall Henry.	Lewis William*	Smith Edward L.
Hall Lorenzo.	Lapoint Lewis.	Smith Bennett P.
Haley John E.	Larrabee Thomas.	Smiley Charles H.
Howard Dexter W.	Lord Charles D.	Sturtevant Joseph O.
Hodgkins James.	Lapwait Theodore.	Verrill George W.
Hayman Edward H.	Lowell Charles E.	Wilson George H.
Hart Nelson.	Lafley John.	White John.
Harding Atwood W.	Lord George H.	Williams Barney.
Hodsdon William L.	Landers James.	

* Not accounted for on the muster-out roll.

COMPANY F.

Allen Edward.	McAvery Patrick.*	Otis Charles.
Augustus John.	McPherson John.*	Parker George A.
Bartels Henry L.	Marden Nathan L.*	Putnam John.
Barrows James P.	Maxwell Thomas P.*	Philbrook Daniel C.
Bolton William.	McFarland Eben J.*	Plummer Joseph L.
Brown William A.	Merrifield Del'sdanier.*	Pease Josiah.
Barrows Cyrus A.	McPhetres Archibald.*	Perry Charles O.
Condon Elijah.	Moody Albert A.*	Perry Joseph A.
Crawford Parlin.	Morang Erastus G.*	Plummer Daniel B.
Cummings James A.	Manning Henry.*	Pettingill William H.
Cuff Bartholomew.	McAllister James.	Perkins Thomas B.
Devine John A.	McClure Augustus A.	Pushard Joseph.
Davis Frank.	McKone George.	Potter William B.
Doughty Nelson P.	Merrill Hiram O.	Pratt John T.
Emery Edwin.	Monteith Joseph.	Richards Sumner S.
Frazier Ahira S.	Myrick Richard E.	Russell Joseph H.
Frink John P.	McKay Jacob M.	Roach Henry J.
Getchell Charles.	Morrison Charles.	Shephard Marcellus N.
Gray Samuel J.	Moulton Joseph O.	Shorey John.
Hall Jordan M.	Mero George E.	Smith Ira N.
Huntress Henry.	McKenney Granville A.	Thompson George H.†
Holbrook John O.	Mace Everett.	Tasker Albion K.
Jackson Austin.	Merrill Thomas H.	Thompson Edwin.
Leavitt Frederic C.	McMahon James.	Tuck Charles H.
Long Alonzo.	McArdle John C.	Taylor John.
Lyons Patrick.	Neil Harrison W.	Warren George.
Lakin John.	Noyes Harlan P.	Ward Nehemiah A.
Lowell Emery E.	Nevells Horatio N.	Wannofsky Samuel.
Mulliken Orlando.	Noyes Henry F.	Winslow Josiah.
McPhetres Archibald S.*	O'Neil James.	

*These men were assigned to, but never joined, this company, and were mustered out at Portland, Me.

†Not accounted for on the muster-out roll.

COMPANY G.

Ambrose Richard.	Hubbard Charles E.	Paekard Almond J.
Bradbury James O.	Harrington George.	Preble William I.
Bragg Thomas J.	Hussey John M.	Perry Edward K.
Black George M.	Herring George D. B.*	Patten Thomas.
Billings Thomas W.	Haines Fred M.*	Parker John B.
Barron John I.	Huckins Clifton C.*	Piper Cornelius.
Bacon John H.	Jellison George F.	Pillsbury Emerson.
Brown Alden N.*	Jennings George.	Paine Fayette M.
Bennett Lucius C.*	Keenan John.	Quimby A. H.
Crawford Parlin.	Keef George	Rollins John.
Cook Frederick.	Kelly William D. F.	Ryerson George W.
Crosby Reuben H.	Kneeland Calvin.	Rogers Frank H.*
Curtis Alfred S.	Legrow David.	Russell Thomas.
Curtis Timothy.	Leighton George H.	Randlett Charles.
Curtis William H.*	Langdon James.	Rediker Bartlett.
Cook Charles O.*	Maxwell Charles N.	Rowe Calvin H.*
Cochran Randall N.	McPheters Moses.	Riley Michael.
Coleman Samuel B.*	Malligan Thomas.	Russell Eben E.
Dexter Rufus F.	McLain Simon.	Raynes Samuel.*
Dunn George B.	Miller L. F.	Russell Patrick.
Estes Benjamin.*	Murphy Michael A.	Robinson John.
Elsmore William H.	Mudgett Andrew W.	Richardson Isaac.
Forbes Zadoc.*	Murch Jephtha C.	Ritche William.
Fogg Benjamin C.	McFarland Eben.	Randall Alonzo E.
Fallen John.	Morey Albion.	Richardson Almond C.
Fuller John.	Merrill Joseph A.*	Rogers Orrin.
Francis George A.	Mudgett Wilson.*	Ross James.
Forge Charles F.	Nichols Joseph B.*	Sibley George B.
Goodenow Charles F.	Newell Joseph.*	Sawyer Lyman A.
Getchell Otis J.	O'Brien Frederick.*	Seeley Samuel A.
Getchell Jethro S.	Ordway George.*	Stephenson John.
Green William H.	Preble Hamon L.*	Stephens John.
Goodwin Frank.	Perkins William.*	Stewart Charles.
Getchell Edwin P.	Philbrook Isaac H.*	Smith Stephen R.*
Gray Haskell H.	Pierce Horatio.*	Sturdivant Warren.
Hodgkins Albion.	Phipps Thomas H.*	Shorey Benjamin F.
Hammons John G.	Peake William G.*	Sawyer Charles H.
Huntress Erastus.	Partridge Ichabod F.*	Schipler J.
Hannagin David.	Page Leander.*	Usher Schollay G.
Howley Michael.	Packard Cyrus A.*	Whitney Thomas O.
Heath Solon B.	Plaisted Lafayette.*	Weaver Joseph.

* These men were assigned to, but never joined, the company, and were mustered out at Portland, Me., by general order No. 77, War Department.)

COMPANY H.

Alterton Frederick.	McIntire Josiah B.	Sibley Albert.
Austin Samuel.	Morton Charles.	Southard David.*
Brookings Daniel.	Messing Charles.	Shapleigh Joseph H.*
Bickford Carroll G.	Meade Charles.	Sidelinger Hilton W.
Buswell Albert S.	Murphy Michael.	Strickland Moses L.
Blanchard Benjamin F.	McLaughlin John.	Strickland Daniel.
Corey Shepard.	Moody Lucius.	Spencer Joseph H.
Cann James B.	Nason Lewis A.	Stewart Edward A.
Coleman George.	Otis John.	Smith Silas M.
Copp William H.	Perkins Melville A.	Spaulding Hollis B.
Crosby George.	Pettengill John.	Spaulding John H.
Courson James.	Primrose John.	Sprague Charles.
Carrigan John.	Patch Charles.	Sharp George J.
Card William R.	Philbrook John A.	Smith Roscoe.
Emerson Stillman.	Plummer Gershom.	Sweeney Owen.
Esancy John F.	Paul Frank.	Sullivan John.
Fisher George H.	Ranney Moses jr.*	Smith Charles.
Fairbanks Thaddeus H.	Rich Roswell W.*	Sargent Joseph W.
Haley Benjamin.	Rollins Willis A.*	Shannon James.
Haynes Asbrey F.	Roberson Thomas.*	Sullivan Patrick.
Hamilton Cyrus S.	Reed Archibald.	Sullivan John.
Hanson Jason.	Russell William O.	Titcomb Benjamin B.
Hobbs Wellington.	Stewart George S.	Thompson George H.
Hobbs Joseph S.	Stevens Jesse F.*	Towie Constantine.
Houghton Edwin B.	Smith George O.*	Thompson James P.*
Higgins Dennis.	Smith Jeremiah.	Trull Phineas A.
Johnson James.	Stevens Edward L.	Thomas Benjamin.
Jones Thomas K.	Stanton Henry.*	Temple Charles W.
Kelly J. S.	Smith William.*	Turner Iddo B.
Kimball Benjamin.	Sweetland Frank.	Taber William H.
Kelly Patrick.	Strout Miles W.	Towle Peter.
Kneeland Royal M.	Sprague Elijah.*	Trask Charles H.
Lewis Charles H.	Sanford Charles L.*	Welch Benjamin F.
Lindsley Edwin.	Smith Wilson O.	Wheeler Henry.
Lewis Charles.	Stevens John H.*	Witham George L.
Leighton Curtis M.	Scribner Newell.*	Weston George F.
Mitchell John W.	Stoneman Charles.*	Wilson John.
Merrill Hiram.	Smith Albert E.	York Edward.

* These men were assigned to, but never joined, the company, and were mustered out by general order No. 77, War Department.

COMPANY I.

Abbott Sylvester.	Osgood James.	Thompson William C.
Allen John E.	Peters George W.	Thompson Henry H.
Brine John.	Pierce A. R.	Townsend Lysander P.
Berry Charles F.	Richardson Darius.	Turner Joseph O.
Berry Ira J.	Reed Horatio N.	Tripp Mark.
Bachelder Joseph S.	Richardson Joseph.	Tubbs John L.
Brown Daniel.	Reynolds Austin.	Tibbetts Greenlief A.
Bragg Robert C.	Sawyer John.	Vanness Joseph.
Bragg Jefferson.	Stackpole Eugene.	Verrill Abner C.*
Brown John 2d.	Shorey Richard.	White William,
Barnes Isaiah.	Sullivan William.	Woods John.
Clark Francis M.	Snowman Thomas.	Whidden George A.
Colby E. B. F.	Stackpole Lowell B.	Waite Edward F.
Cole Charles E.	Skates Stephen M.	Webber Oliver.
Chadbourne Joseph F.	Silk Stephen.	Wall Amos H.
Cole Charles C.	Smith James C.	Wellman Charles.
Copp William H.	Spruce John W.	Wescott Dixon B.
Davis R. C.	Smith Asa F.*	Webster William.
Douglass Isaac M.	Stearns Amos B.*	Willett Baptiste jr.
Emery Samuel F.	Sylvester Daniel W.*	Wakefield Stephen D.
Gleason James.	Stevens Albion.*	Wedgewood George S.
Harris Charles.	Souther Joseph.*	Wilber Lorenzo D.
Hubbard George W.	Stone Samuel E.*	Williams Frank.
Hutchinson Albion F.	Swett Orville.*	Whitney Thomas O.
Joy Lewis B.	Titus Levi C.*	Washburn Daniel.
Lambert Lewis P.	Thomas William.*	Weed Henry S.
Loring Frederick H.	Twombly Isaac L.*	Welch Martin.
Lisbon Charles.	Taylor James W.	Wells Walter.
Marble Alonzo.	Touns Elisha.	Williams Thomas.†
Mason James S.	Touns Elijah C.	Ward William A.†
McKenney Frederic.	True John E.	Wentworth Tristram G.
Monroe George E.	Thing Charles H.	White Charles S.
Miller Caleb L.	Towle Charles S.	Whitney Timothy.*
McElroy Martin.	Thayer John G.	White Lyman F.*

* These men were assigned to, but never joined, the company, and were mustered out by general order No. 77, War Department.

† Not accounted for on the muster-out roll.

COMPANY K.

Adkins Henry D.	Gordon Sumner K.	Snow Wilber F.
Benway Charles.	Horne Hiram.	Sherburn E. George.
Blanchard Thomas.	Hutchinson Eleazer,	Scammel Timothy.
Bowker George A. W.	Hubbard Philander S.	Tufts Joseph S.
Brown George H.	Hodsdon Martin L.	Thompson James O.
Boothby Putnam S.	Hartford Stephen.	Thompson George H.
Brown Freeman.	Howley Michael.	Wilton Bernard.
Boynton George F.	Hamilton Henry C.	Woods Nathan M.
Bridgham John S.	Hamilton Henry C. jr.	Warren Edwin A.
Bancroft Lambert.	Hammon Richard.	Webb James M.
Brazeet Emanuel.	Hawes Hadley O.	Wakefield Jeremiah.
Blanchard Lowell.	Hurd Henry H.	Welch Charles H.
Bean William.	Hamilton Orchard S.	Wilson George H.
Bean David F.	Hopkins Granville V.*	Whitcomb Albert.
Bartlett William C.	Jones William.*	Wheeler Acton.
Cross Carlostin.	Kelly R. S.	Warner John.
Craig John S.	Kennison Albion.	Williams Thomas.
Chambers James.	Lane David R.	Wing Samuel B.
Chadbourne Cornelius.	Lambert Nathaniel F.	Wagner Thomas E.
Caswell Lloyd B.	Lamos Lloyd W.	Wier Robert.
Doyle William.	Murray Andrew.	Wilson John F.*
Doan Ferdinand.	Moore Nathan W.	Wilson Dennis E.*
Dunn Thomas.	Moran John.	Whitney Alonzo B.*
Dunn Geo. B.	McIntosh Elisha.	Woodbury Royal S.*
Doe Benjamin.	Miller William B.	Wing P.*
Dixon George.	Nye Darius C.	White Matthew C.*
Dougherty John.	Nason Daniel P.	Washburn James jr.*
Darrington Patrick O.	Nixon John.	Woodard Benj. J.
Emery Franklin W.	Parcher Charles H.	Young Daniel.*
Eaton James R.	Packard Otis K.	Young Charles L.*
Fitzpatrick Cornelius.	Phinney John W.	Young Eugene H.
Farrell James.	Quimby Joseph W.	York George W.
Faden James L.	Ripley Orrison.	Young Joseph.
Foster Charles F.	Riley James.	Young Orville.
Green Henry.	Richards Sumner S.	Young Levi.
Gould Charles C.	Savage Stephen D.	

* Discharged by general order No. 77, War Department, dated April, 1865.

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