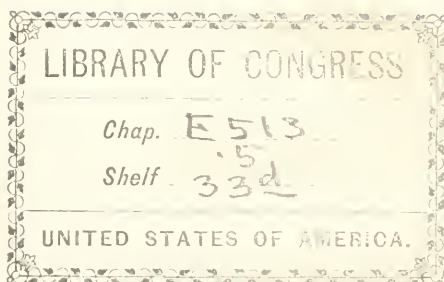


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Genl. A. J. Brier.

RECORD

OF THE

THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

FROM

AUG. 1862 TO AUG. 1865.

BY ANDREW J. BOIES.



FITCHBURG:

PRINTED BY THE SENTINEL PRINTING COMPANY.

1880.

DEDICATION.

TO

MY OLD COMRADES OF THE 33^D;

TO

ALL LOYAL HEARTS,

AND

TO THOSE WHOSE DEAR ONES DIED FOR FREEDOM,

THIS DIARY

IS INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

My object in presenting to the public the following pages is, to keep in memory some of the deeds of daring, acts of self-denial, unshrinking fortitude, patient endurance and pure patriotism of the "Brave Boys" who followed the flag upon the sanguinary fields of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Atlanta, and many other fields of blood and glory.

It aims to give a true picture of the chivalrous exploits as displayed in the army during the three years of the Rebellion. It may be called the "Corporal's Diary." The material has been gathered from only one source, and can be relied upon as authentic. The work is not perfect. Exact order is not always adhered to in the arrangement. There is much that has been left out; but with my knowledge of the circumstances of the case I can only say that the Corporal has done the best he could. Had it been my plan to write a history, the diary contains enough material which might be easily expanded, and as I do not wish to assume the position of an Author, I hold in check my pen, and content myself with the modest title of Compiler. It being difficult to please everybody, and in fact, impossible, therefore I have not tried.

These are simple facts—having been gathered while on the march and in the camp; and I present them with the humble, yet sincere hope that they may do their part in fostering a true sense of the real dignity, and the immeasurable worth of all my comrades who showed their bravery, heroism and fortitude in the hour of our country's trial; when principles, and not mere preferences, were at stake. Then :—

"With welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death for the Stripes and the Stars."

FITCHBURG, MASS.

A. J. B.

RECORD.

We struck tents on Thursday morning, Aug. 14th, at Camp Stanton, Lynnfield, arriving in Boston at 3 P. M., took up our line of march to the Providence depot, and at 5 o'clock we embarked for the seat of war, arriving at Norwich at 12 midnight. We left the cars, and to the tune of "The Raw Recruit," we marched on board the steamer Plymouth Rock, arriving at Jersey city at 9 A. M. on the morning of the 15th; rested two hours, then took the cars for Philadelphia, arriving at 12 o'clock at night. The citizens were awaiting our arrival, and gave us a grand reception. After satisfying the inner man, we marched for one mile to the depot, amid cheers and loud huzzahs from the multitude, and a hearty "God speed." Once more seated in the cars, we started for Baltimore, arriving at 10 A. M. on the 16th. Our regiment here formed a line, preparatory to a march through the city, and this being the place where the Old Sixth was assaulted, our colonel (Maggi) gave us orders to load, briefly stating to us to be gentlemanly and orderly, but if insulted, or our rights trodden upon, to fire, and shoot them on the spot. We obeyed the injunction, and everything passed quietly as we went marching on; we got a poor reception while here. At 4 o'clock we left for Washington, arriving at 6 in the evening, making the distance of 506 miles in the short space of a few hours. We then repaired to the Soldiers' Rest, partook of our first "salt horse" and coffee, then bivouacked in an old shed, upon some straw, with our knapsack for a pillow.

AUG. 19. I am tenting with Jubb, Buckley, Ackroyd and Owens, and we are as jolly a set as you would wish to see.

I have visited the Capitol—a most magnificent edifice. It is built of marble and covers seven acres of ground.

AUG. 20, through 24th. These are stirring times; all is bustle, hurry and anxiety; cleaning guns, inspecting our ammunition, adjusting straps, lightening our knapsacks, writing letters, preparatory to a move.

AUG. 25. Struck tents, this (Sunday) morning, *en route* for Alexandria, Va., arriving about dark; pitched tents, went on guard. We are among the most vile of Secessionists.

This city is a port of entry, in the District of Columbia, on the south bank of the Potomac river. It has some public buildings—such as an

Episcopal church, bank, academy and court house. Eight miles below, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, is Mt. Vernon, the celebrated seat of George Washington. Alexandria is about seven miles from Washington, in a southerly direction ; surface hilly, soil thin.

AUG. 26. Called off, to-day, to go and patrol the city. Had the pleasure of seeing some of my comrades from the 16th Regt., Mass. Vols.

AUG. 27. Practising, to-day, at target-shooting, distance 100 yards. Received a letter from home. We are under marching orders, no one allowed to leave camp.

SEPT. 3. Relieved from duty in the city. Quite stirring times with us. Went on battalion drill.

SEPT. 5. Received a letter from home. In camp and awaiting orders.

SEPT. 6. Went on guard, to-day. We are liable to march at any moment. Stonewall Jackson has not taken Washington yet, neither do I think he will. We had him "bagged" at the first Bull Run, but through the traitorism of McDowell, we lost the day.

SEPT. 7. Just five miles from the battle-ground ; can hear the booming of cannon ; slept on our arms all night ; our turn has not come yet. The 16th Mass. was in the fight and suffered badly. Callahan was wounded ; also Joseph Irish, slightly ; John Harris killed ; Capt. King a prisoner, all of Co. C.

SEPT. 8, through 13th. On duty in the city, assisting in emptying whiskey barrels and handling rough customers. Our colonel (Maggi) is one of the best men ever appointed to command. He calls us boys his "chickens," and he has the love and respect of both officers and men. We are under marching orders ; shall start soon.

SEPT. 14. Sunday morning—which finds me in good health and spirits, and in camp at Fairfax Seminary, and is just the same as all other Sundays to me.

SEPT. 15. In camp awaiting orders.

SEPT. 16. Good news from "Fighting Joe Hooker." His victorious banners wave in the setting sun from the summit of South Mountain, and we are feeling jubilant.

SEPT. 17. During all the day long can be heard the rattling of musketry, and the heavy booming of cannon, which keeps us on the alert.

SEPT. 18. Our regiment is on picket at Bull Run Bridge. Terrific fighting is going on. The 35th Massachusetts is taking an active part.

We were expecting them (the rebels) to come upon us at any moment. But we are once more made happy, as our army has turned them in another direction, towards the Potomac. Hooker is wounded in the foot; Gen. Hartsuff wounded; Mansfield is no more. Sumner's, Franklin and Sedgewick's corps did their part nobly. "Fighting Joe Hooker" has become a popular favorite with all of the boys, and though he lies upon his back in the rear, we shall soon expect to hear his old familiar voice, "Forward." We are now through for the night, but we know not what will be in store for us to-morrow. We have arrived back to camp, tired and hungry. We partook of our "hard-tack" and coffee, and were then ordered off on a skirmish tour, some distance from camp. Everything seems to be working well up to the present time, and we feel confident that all will come out right by and by. Received a letter from home.

SEPT. 19-20-21. We have just returned from a skirmish tour; distance from camp, 10 miles, in the direction of Bull Run; were absent two days. Our living consisted of corn, potatoes, peaches and apples, from the plantation of Mason, a joint heir with Slidell, when captured on their way to Europe.

SEPT. 22. Have been on camp guard all day and I feel pretty tired. Little Mac has driven them out of Maryland. They tell us we shall eat dinner at home on next New Year's day, but I can't see it.

SEPT. 23, to 29th. Been on patrol in the city for nearly a week. Nothing of importance has transpired.

OCT. 1 Still guarding the city and awaiting orders. Our prospect for guarding the city all winter looks good.

OCT. 2. Orders for to-day are, to be in readiness to march. Received a letter from home. It was like good news from a far country.

OCT. 3. Still waiting for orders.

OCT. 4. All quiet on the Potomac.

OCT. 5. Sunday—We have passed in review; services by the chaplain. Dress parade. "Yankee Doodle" by the band, etc., etc.

OCT. 6-7-8. Patiently waiting.

OCT. 9. We are all up in arms, and getting ready for the march to the field.

OCT. 10. We take the cars at 5 o'clock to join Gen. Siegel's division, and the word is, "Pack knapsacks."

OCT. 11. Saturday night—finds me at Fairfax court house. Left Camp Slough at 6 P. M., Friday, arriving at Fairfax Station at 9 P. M. Marched into a rebel field, and bivouacked for the night, in a drenching

rain. It rained in torrents all night. I arose at 3 o'clock, gathered some rails, made a fire, dried my blankets, made a breakfast on "hard-tack," salt horse and coffee.

OCT. 12. Having two hours to spare, I took a walk over the battleground and was reminded of what we might soon expect. Saw a number of graves where our brother comrades lay. Proceeded next to an old church that stood alone in an old field, deserted and forsaken. Upon entering, found the remains of an old pulpit. On the front were the letters in capitals, I. H. S. It proved to be a Catholic church. Taking my pencil from my pocket, I wrote the following :

PRIVATE A. J. BOIES,
and
CORP'L WM. CROCKETT,
Co. E, 33^d REGT., MASS. VOLS.
Oct. 12th, 1862.

Returned back to camp, slung knapsacks, marched six miles to Fairfax court house, Siegel's headquarters. We number 10,000 strong. Pitched tents, and to-night finds me 600 miles from home, in an enemy's land, and surrounded by rebels, but perfectly contented.

OCT. 13. Company drill, fatigue duty, battalion drill, and close the day with dress parade.

OCT. 14. Received a letter from home. Drill and dress parade, as usual.

OCT. 15. On guard all day.

OCT. 16. Came off guard, this morning. Nothing to do until dress parade. Drill and dress parade, as usual.

OCT. 17. Battalion drill, with a little fatigue duty.

OCT. 18. We are expecting a grand review in a few days.

OCT. 19. In camp ; laying out company streets, etc., etc. It is drill, drill, battalion drill, and dress parade. Everything is going on well.

OCT. 20. We are making preparations for a grand review by the whole five regiments, which compose the brigade under Siegel. We accordingly commenced to clean guns, brushing up and packing knapsacks, and making ourselves as tidy as possible.

OCT. 21. Arose at an early hour, breakfasted on "hard-tack" and coffee. Put on our belts, slung knapsacks, and fell into line, the 33^d taking the lead, followed by the 136th, 137th and 138th New York, and 64th Wisconsin regiments. Headed by our band, we started to the tune, "We are marching along." We passed down through the village

of Fairfax, now the headquarters of Gen. Siegel. Two of his old regiments were in line and received us with three rousing cheers and a "tiger." We then proceeded for about three miles towards Warrington. We have a strong force of our troops stationed here, and shall in all probability make an advance towards the enemy soon. We formed a line of battle and went through the manœuvres of a regular fight. We practiced for an hour or more, and having given satisfaction to the general, as well as all other officers, we took a rest of 15 minutes. We then fell in and marched back to camp, arriving at 4 P. M., pretty well tired. Now I am detailed for guard. It is quite cold and I have to walk pretty fast to keep warm.

OCT. 22. Have just come off guard. Nothing to do until dress parade. Received a letter from home. All is well.

OCT. 23-24. Lounging around camp.

OCT. 25. Saturday morning. The sun arose in all its splendor. All nature is lovely and everything seems to speak forth the praise of God. The mail has just arrived and brought me what I always love to get—a letter; welcomed, I assure you. Went on battalion drill. Detailed for picket.

OCT. 26. Sunday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Just come in to camp from off picket, having been out all night. Commenced raining about 6 o'clock, this morning. It is raining like guns. The place where I stood picket was under a large chestnut tree. Upon it I marked the following: "A. J. Boies, Co. E, 33^d Regt., Mass. Vols. On picket, Oct. 25th, 1862."

OCT. 27. Monday morning, and we are having one of the severest storms of the season, raining down in torrents, and blowing almost a hurricane; it has blown over tents, uprooted trees, and is playing the very mischief. We have a good fire and are quite comfortable. We have the promise of pay day, and I hope it may come soon.

OCT. 28-29-30. In camp. All is quiet and serene. The cannons are booming within a few miles of us.

OCT. 31. We have just received orders to march. The fight has commenced, and the word is, "Forward." We obey it cheerfully.

NOV. 1. It is nearly 9 A. M. We are all packed up, ready for a start, and we shall move to-morrow, sure. The artillery has gone on in advance of us.

NOV. 2. We left Fairfax court house precisely at 8 o'clock (Sunday), en route for Thoroughfare Gap. Here the rebels lay in large force.

Our whole division is on the move. The 33d is in company with the 1st, 11th, 13th and 16th Mass. Vols. We marched 12 miles, pitched tents, and lay down for the night.

Nov. 3. Struck tents at 8 A. M. for another day's march. About 11 o'clock we passed over the lamentable battle-ground of Bull Run. I cannot attempt to picture everything that I saw. We tramped over human skulls and skeletons that lay unburied for a mile or more. We still kept on, arriving at a place called Haymarket, Va. We halted in an open field, pitched tents, built a fire, cooked supper, and having marched 15 miles, we being tired, lay down for the night. The ground that we now occupy was held by the Rebs, yesterday, but were routed by our forces, which arrived in advance of us.

Nov. 4. Alive and well; waiting for Gens. Siegel and Sickels to come up, then we shall march onward again.

Nov. 5. Tidings are coming in every hour, telling us where the enemy is, and we are liable to move at any moment. Our whole brigade is together, viz.: 33d Mass. Vols., 134th and 136th New York, 73d Ohio, and 26th Wisconsin. Hooker's division is ahead of us. We are upon the battle-field. The regiment is sleeping upon its arms. I am on picket. Quite exciting times with us.

Nov. 6. This morning finds me about 30 miles from Fairfax court house, quite tired, but my health was never better, and I was never in better spirits. We are close upon the enemy and it will be nothing strange if we have an engagement at any moment. We have skirmished a little, to-day, and it is all in our favor.

Nov. 7. On picket, to-day. All quiet.

Nov. 8. Relieved from picket, this afternoon.

Nov. 9. Getting ready for a move.

Nov. 10. We made a march of nine miles, through a thick snow-storm, within three miles of Warrington. Here we rested for the day, it being Saturday. An order has just come to headquarters, ordering us back to the place where we started from, and while striking our tents, a despatch came post-haste, ordering us to the Gap, forthwith, as we expect to meet Gen. Lee with a strong force coming against us. We doubled up lively for three miles, pitched our tents and lay down for the night. The 33d has moved around pretty well for one week, nearly 100 miles, quick march all of the time, and some on the double-quick.

Nov. 11. To-day is Sunday. It may be the Sabbath at home. It is as beautiful as I would wish to see. We are encamped between two

mountains, which overshadow our camp. At our left, on a sloping hill, is the camp of the 136th New York. On my right is the 134th New York. To the front of us is the 73d Ohio, and to our rear is a Dutch regiment, its number I do not know, but it "fights mit Siegel." I am very pleasantly situated and my health is good.

Nov. 12. We as a company have paid our last respects to one of our dear comrades. He complained of being unwell when we left Fairfax. Upon our arrival at the Gap he grew worse, and before noon he was no more. We buried him on the south side of the Gap, beneath a wide-spreading chestnut tree. His name was Oliver B. Osborne, from Townsend, Mass., about 18 years of age. His death was sudden and unexpected to us all, as we did not think him seriously ill up to within an hour of his death.

Nov. 13. Another morning has dawned upon us, the sun is shining clear and beautiful. Our camp-fire is blazing in front of the tent. Billy Jubb, at my right, is darning his socks, while Johnny Buckley is "trying" out fat to run some candles, while I am seated upon the ground trying to pen a few lines home. All is calm and serene.

Nov. 14. On guard for 24 hours.

Nov. 15. To-day finds me in good health, though somewhat tired and lame.

Nov. 16. Last night at 12 o'clock an order came to be in readiness to march. About 200 rebel cavalry were at a place called White Plains. Our regiment was called upon to make a reconnoissance in that vicinity. At the bugle's sound we fell into the ranks. At 8 A. M., we were on the march, with high spirits, fully expecting to have a brush with the enemy. At 12 M. we had arrived on the spot and formed a line of battle. Companies F and E were detailed to go on and search a rich planter's premises. We accordingly obeyed, and with loaded muskets we proceeded for about two miles, and formed in line near the house. Our brave and valiant Capt. W. H. H. Hinds, with Lieut. W—— and four men, went into the house to search and get what information they could concerning their principles. We found them to be the strongest kind of "Secesh" and quite wealthy. They owned a beautiful plantation of about 1300 acres, a large flock of sheep and quite a number of cattle. On questioning them closely, we found four of our guns secreted in the house. We took them as our spoils. On further inquiry, we learned that two of their sons (then present) had been in the rebel army. One was wounded at Yorktown and had just received his discharge and came home; the other, a lieutenant, was taken prisoner and paroled. We

were also informed that about two weeks previous, a portion of Lee's army had encamped upon their plantation, and at this house they made their headquarters. The planter's name was Turner, and he has a brother in the city of Boston, quite wealthy, and is strong for the Union. Having a chance to question two of the slaves, we improved the time. We were informed that we were somewhat neater in dress and looked more tidy than the "Rebs." They thought we were the best looking set of men they had seen for a long time. I thought we had quite a compliment paid us by the two "gemman of color." After this interview, we started back for the regiment, sat down, made us a cup of coffee and partook of a good dinner. About 4 P. M. we started back to camp, arriving there at dark; got supper, and lay down for the night; feel kind of stiff in the joints. They say we start, to-morrow, for Culpepper, but I do not know for certain, but we shall march soon. We have enough to do of marching, and I suppose we always shall, until we march for home.

Nov. 17. It is raining hard, and has continued so all through the day. Expecting to march hourly.

Nov. 18. The bugle sounds—to arms—seizing my gun, put on my equipments and rushed into the ranks, but it proved to be a false alarm; so we stacked our guns and went back to our tents, with the order to sleep with our equipments on all night.

Nov. 19. This morning I was detailed for guard. About 4 P. M., while walking my beat, the colonel came riding up, and, with a voice both loud and clear, ordered the guard to camp, and pack knapsacks, and follow on to meet the regiment. We obeyed, and by 6 o'clock we overtook the boys, going lightning speed through mud and rain. We arrived at Haymarket at midnight and camped (which place had been burned since our march through it). It was quite a pretty village then, but as we passed through it, on our way back, nothing could be seen but standing chimneys, save one or two evacuated shanties.

Nov. 20. This morning we were up at 5. We took up our line of march, passing through Gainesville, and, marching a few miles beyond, we halted for the night, it raining down hard as ever; being pretty tired, I laid down to rest.

Nov. 21. This morning we resumed our march, passing through Centreville and over the old battle-ground of Bull Run, saw many sights which death and destruction had made. Here were graves of human beings, about half covered, with the legs and arms sticking above ground and exposed to all passers-by. About 4 P. M. we arrived at German-

town, came to a halt, pitched tents, it still pouring down as hard as ever ; tired, wet and hungry.

Nov. 22. To-day we are within three miles of Fairfax, the place from where we started three weeks ago. During that time we have marched 150 miles, with knapsacks on our backs, and yet, thank Heaven, I am in the enjoyment of good health.

Nov. 23. Seated on an old "hard-tack" box, with the cover for a desk, I am writing home. Jubb, at my left, is writing one to Comrade Jackson at Port Royal. It is pouring down in torrents, but we can say with one of old, "Though it be inclement without, there is peace within."

Nov. 24. There is a prospect of our staying here for a short time, and if we do I shall get my box, for I am greatly in want of my boots and tobacco, so good night.

Nov. 25. Nothing of importance has transpired, to-day.

Nov. 26. It is trying hard to snow and has every appearance of a severe storm. The time is not far distant for a blow to be struck, which must decide the question for one side or the other. Three divisions are looking at them square in the face. The 1st is commanded by Gen. Burnside, the 2d by "Fighting Joe Hooker," the 3d by Gen. Sumner. Burnside must strike first, then we shall follow up. We are ready for whatever may come, and if successful we shall go towards Richmond.

Nov. 27. Thanksgiving day. My mind is carried back to one year ago, and what a change. One short year ago I took dinner with my friends at home. But to-day finds me on the sacred soil of Old Virginia. And doubtless, many of Co. E will remember our Thanksgiving of Nov. 27th, 1862, how Sergt. Smith of Groton fame took the contract to serve us up a dinner of baked beans and a plum pudding. A small donation of money was made up by the company to purchase raisins. Accordingly they went to work. A hole was dug in the ground, six feet by three, a fire started to heat it, and while preparations were going on, most of the company were detailed for picket. But we had the promise that our portion should be brought to us. Many were the anxious hours that passed, longing for those beans and pudding. At last they came, and how we went for them, but had to swallow them whole, and had not our digestive organs been "bomb" proof, I think that few of Co. E would now be living to tell the tale.

Nov. 28. On picket and before a good fire. Another beautiful morning. I am homesick. It is the first time that I have felt so since I left old Massachusetts. All I have to do is to "grin and bear it."

Nov. 29. Still on picket, two miles from camp, at 10 o'clock at

night. I am seated on an old pine log before a good blazing fire. I am writing a letter home.

Nov. 30. Sabbath morning. On picket; expect to be relieved soon. Expect to move camp in a few days.

DEC. 1. Relieved from picket, this morning. Getting ready for a move. Received two letters from home. All is quiet.

DEC. 2. Went on review. Gone all day.

DEC. 3. Moved camp, to-day, to a place called Germantown, a small village, about 49 miles from W. C., Fauquier Co., Va.

DEC. 4. Off picket and off duty, with the exception of drill and dress parade. All quiet and calm.

DEC. 5. It is snowing and raining hard. I am seated in my tent before a good fire, doing some writing for the captain.

DEC. 6. Writing, to-day, for the captain. Yesterday we paid the last respects to one of our comrades—Charles E. Marshall of Townsend. He was in his 22d year. He enlisted in the 33d, July 22d, 1862, and was a member of Co. E. His career as a soldier was a short one. He was generous-hearted, always ready and willing for duty, and his many excellent traits of character endeared him to all his comrades. We buried him under military honors at Germantown, Va., Dec. 4, 1862. Peace to his ashes.

DEC. 7. Shouldered my axe and went into the woods; cut timber all day. We, as a regiment, I think, do a good share of fatigue duty, as well as marching and drilling. We expect to go into winter quarters.

DEC. 8. It is as lovely a morning as you would wish to see for December. The prospect is now that we shall soon break camp.

DEC. 9. I am in good health and the best of spirits; that means (in English) that I am rugged, tough, hearty and saucy.

DEC. 10. We have got word that we shall make a move towards Fredericksburg, or in that direction.

DEC. 11. Detailed for guard, to-day.

DEC. 12. The bugle sounded at 5 o'clock. We were upon our taps, partook of a good breakfast, drew three days' rations, packed knapsacks, struck tents and got all ready for a start. The boys seemed puzzled to know which place we were going to. At 8 o'clock our colonel was upon his horse, and the command was given, "Attention, battalion; right face, forward, march." The band struck up the soul-reviving strain, "I wish I was in the land of cotton." We proceeded five miles, halted, took our dinner, rested one hour. Took up the line of march, went five

miles (please, comrades, to remember that the colonel did measure his miles upon horseback), when sunset overtook us and we halted for the night, built our camp-fires, and lay down to rest. Some little snow upon the ground.

DEC. 13. This morning finds us up and all ready for a start, it being our turn to lead off. We went through the same routine as we did yesterday.

DEC. 14. To-day we march as the rear regiment, and we have marched through mud ankle-deep. Oh, what marching! Our knapsacks felt heavy, but we toiled on until a late hour of the night, arriving at the town of Dumfries. (Let me say here that the towns in Virginia are comprised of a barn, one out-house and a hay-stack.) The band struck up "Yankee Doodle." We were some tired, our feet cold and wet. We halted, built up a fire, partook of supper, and it fell to my lot to go on guard at the colonel's quarters for the night. Came off guard at 7 A. M. This is a small village and the seat of justice in Prince William county, Va., on Quantico creek, 32 miles south southwest from Washington, and 23 miles from Fredericksburg.

DEC. 15. Still awaiting orders, expecting to march in about two hours.

DEC. 16. Still resting, and within a short distance of the "Johnny Rebs."

DEC. 17. Finds us within one-half mile of Fredericksburg. Detailed for picket.

DEC. 18. On picket. Have talked with "Johnny." Find quite sociable boys among them, and some of our boys have already exchanged coffee with them for tobacco. A kindly feeling exists on both sides, but indications are that something of a different nature will be exchanged soon.

DEC. 19. It is roll-call, and I am just thinking of retiring. (This is a home phrase). When night overtakes us we are glad and thankful to lie down anywhere. During the past eight days and nights we have camped upon the cold snow and wet ground, the rubber blanket under us and the army blanket over us, and the knapsack for a pillow. But the best of all, I am in good health.

DEC. 20. A letter from home, just received, informs me that one of the 33d boys was to be shot for sleeping on his post. The report proved to be false, and well it might, for in answer to said letter I informed the parties that we do not have any such boys in the 33d, but

those who are able to do their duty like soldiers. We are too near the "Rebs" to go to sleep.

DEC. 21. To-day finds us within a short distance of their batteries. Our pickets extend within 10 or 12 rods of theirs. They seem to be quite friendly towards us. All is quiet.

DEC. 22. We are now encamped in or near the place from where Burnside made the unsuccessful attack, and was repulsed with heavy loss. We are anxiously waiting to see what will be done. We shall probably take part in the grand overture (which is to be performed by the whole company).

DEC. 23. I feel first-rate; am in good spirits; a "leetle" slight cold, which every one is subject to at this time of the year. Owens is by my side, reading the Boston Journal. He is the same old "Jim."

DEC. 24. Paid a visit to the 16th Mass., which lay about four miles down the river, shook hands with some of my towns-boys - George Falls, Joe Irish, Metcalf, Richards, Warren Spaulding and the two Bond boys. Found them all well. I have got to go to work on the pay-rolls of Co. E.

DEC. 25. Christmas day. I am sitting upon the ground before a good blazing fire. It is a lovely day, mild and pleasant. Many of my comrades are sitting all around in groups, and I hear them talk about home, and saying, "Oh, if I was only where I was one year ago to-night," and many other wishes, which makes me lonesome, too. We have laid here quite a while, and what is going to be done, I cannot tell.

DEC. 26. Working on pay-roll, to-day.

DEC. 27. Finished up my writing. Picked up a paper and from it I copy the following extract from a "Secesh:" "Now nothing but annihilation will bring these (Southern) States into the old Union. As long as the North propose invasion, so long will we fight, and when our ammunition is exhausted, we will fight with stones, pitchforks and scythes. We, as a people, with such a spirit as ours, can never be subdued." Now I think that if we had commenced our work in this way, we would have had this war crushed long ago. But we will abide by whatever there is in store for us.

DEC. 28. My courage is good, to-day, and I mean it shall be while I am in the army. We are within half a mile of their guns. I have been detailed for fatigue.

DEC. 29. Still awaiting orders.

DEC. 30-31. Writing for the captain.

JAN. 1, 1863. This morning is the first of another New Year. It is pleasant and lovely, and quite like a spring day. I made some resolves for the year, but I fear I shall break as many.

JAN. 2-3-4-5-6. Have passed off quietly, cleaning up camp and doing fatigue duty most of the time.

JAN. 7. On picket, three miles from camp, 12 o'clock at night, and within 20 rods of the enemy.

JAN. 8-9. Writing for the captain.

JAN. 10. Our whole regiment was aroused, this morning, with the cry of "Boxes, boxes." No sooner had the word saluted my ears, than I took to my heels as fast as I could go for about 20 yards, fetched up against an enormous great pile of about 250. All drill was laid aside, as we could not attend to anything else. As soon as my name was called I seized my box and started for the tent. Upon opening it, to my happy disappointment, everything was as nice as though it had been packed the day before. My apples, cakes, doughnuts, plum-cake and cheese were in excellent condition, my boots were nice ones and fitted to a T, my gloves were just the fit, and the comforter answered for a night-cap, to keep my head warm. A thousand thanks to the giver.

JAN. 11. Detailed for guard at Gen. Smith's headquarters.

JAN. 12. Came off guard, to-day. All is tranquil and serene.

JAN. 13. It is evening—9 o'clock. The roll has just been called. I have just partaken of a lunch—some cheese and doughnuts.

JAN. 14. I copy an extract from the Boston Journal. It is as follows: "Another Union victory. Mumfreesboro is taken. Vicksburg has fallen." But I would say not so fast, Mr. Journal. We have not got them yet. After five days' hard fighting, our forces had to retreat, leaving behind all their pick-axes, spades and shovels, besides many brave and noble comrades have fallen victims in the bloody scene. Galveston in Texas we have lost, also the steamer Harriet Lane, and another man-of-war, which our folks had to burn rather than have it fall into the hands of the "Rebs." Yet the papers cry out, "Hail Victory." We soldiers are fond of "green cheese," but we do not want the first slice. Excused from all duty, to-day, such as drill, guard, etc.; writing for the company.

JAN. 15. On picket on the banks of the Rapahannock river, three miles from camp, nearly opposite the enemy's works. I am one of six who patrol every two hours, up and down the river, keeping a good lookout in case the enemy should undertake to cross the river. I have been pretty busy through the night. It threatens hard with a storm.

JAN. 16. I have just returned, having patrolled the river for one mile and a half. Oh, how dark ! Raining hard, wet through to the skin. It is 10 P. M.

JAN. 17. I dried my clothes, to-day, and cleaned my gun, for I must perform the same duty, to-night. It is clearing off lovely.

JAN. 18. I patrolled up the river twice, last night, the first time at 8 P. M., and again at 2 A. M. All quiet. We shall return to camp, this afternoon. There seems to be a movement going on unknown to us. But I think we shall march soon.

JAN. 19. We are having beautiful weather, to-day. It is just like a spring day ; will not last long, for it is about time for our rainy season to set in.

JAN. 20. We have drawn our three days' rations and are all ready for a move, but do not know in what direction we shall go ; all is kept dark from us.

JAN. 21. We struck tents, yesterday afternoon, marched five miles, halted for the night, and slept upon our arms, expecting that at 6 A. M. the ball would begin to roll, for we shall attack the enemy's works, which are just across the river. We are in the centre, Sir John Porter is on the right, Siegel on the left. But it commenced raining about midnight and has rained in torrents till now—8 A. M.—and still comes harder and harder. We are waiting for it to clear, and when it does, in all probability, we shall go into one of the hottest contested battles that has ever been fought on the soil of Virginia, unless the All-wise Providence directs it different.

JAN. 22. We are still in readiness, and patiently waiting for the word. Quite stormy as yet ; no signs of clearing weather.

JAN. 23. It has commenced to clear, and we are ordered to be in readiness at 12 M.

JAN. 24. The regiment was drawn up into line, to-day. Our colonel came to the front, and, taking a paper from his pocket, read the following : "Officers and privates of the 33d regiment, Mass. Vols., the time has now arrived when you must make an attack upon the enemy, which will commence to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. I want you to understand that Massachusetts has never lost a color in this war, and we must not. And if you are called upon, you must do your duty, like soldiers, for our country, homes and liberty." This was signed "E. A. Burnside." For this we gave three cheers for our colonel, three for our lieutenant-colonel, three for our colors, three for Massachussets. The band favored us with "Yankee Doodle."

JAN. 25. The hour has arrived for the blow to be struck, but a heavy rain set in, which lasted three days, the mud so deep that our artillery and pontoon trains could not get up in time, and we were obliged to return back to our old camp again.

JAN. 26. Finds us back to our old quarters again, after a three days' soaking. We have spent the day in cleaning up our guns and be in readiness for another move.

JAN. 27. On picket all day.

JAN. 28. Came off picket, and enjoyed a four hours' snooze. Went out on dress parade.

JAN. 29. Lounging about camp, and shall only remain for a short time, until the roads get in condition, then we shall, in all probability, give them another try. (It was on this occasion, as the regiment was nearing the camp, that our valiant Captain Hinds cautions his company to give their undivided attention to the step, and as the ground was somewhat uneven, he commenced to call off, "Left, right," and just as he got to the third call, his toe suddenly came in contact with a slight rise in the ground, and his heels came very near going over his head).

JAN. 30-31. I am enjoying camp life. Fatigue duty and guard seem to be the order of the day. Major-General Siegel has got another command. Gen. Stahl is our commander. Burnside has resigned, and "Fighting Joe" takes his place. Our government acts queerly, I think.

FEB. 1, to 15th. Nearly all this time has been well improved, in marching, fatigue, guard and picket duty. And to-day we are in camp near Stafford court house. I am somewhat tired, having just completed my log house. Our lieutenant, G. M. Walker, left for home, on a furlough for 10 days. We are having beautiful weather, but a good share of Virginia mud. Billy Jubb, having been on the sick list, is well again and at work on his tent. Our march from the camp near Fredericksburg was hard and fatiguing, but we stood it like heroes and felt fresh at the end of it.

FEB. 16. Our captain left, to-day, for home, on a furlough of 10 days, and I do not think that we shall mourn his absence much.

FEB. 17. It is snowing hard and bids fair to be a severe storm before it is over. I am comfortably seated in my log cabin, before a good blazing fire, and am both dry and warm. Owens, Roth and Parker share with me, and they are all good tent-mates.

FEB. 18. Our snow storm of yesterday is a rain storm for to-day. Well, I have had the honor of seeing Gen. Joseph Hooker, as he rode

by us and saluted our colors. He is a good-looking man and makes a fine appearance, but carries a red face, which betokens something that I have seen at the North, which causes a great many red faces and noses—well, you know just how it is yourself.

FEB. 19. Went on picket, a distance of four miles from camp, at a place called Ball's Farm, very near Catlet's Station, where a heavy battle was fought about 10 months ago, and resulted in our favor. I had occasion to call upon what I supposed was the proprietor of this farm, and entered into conversation with him. I said, Good morning, friend. He replies with "A fine morning; a mighty fine one, I reckon; indeed it is, I reckon." I tried to ask him a number of questions, but he did not seem inclined to talk much, and I had to laugh at his "I reckon," "mighty fine," "indeed it is," etc.

FEB. 20. Have just returned from off picket—it is about 4 P. M.—rather tired, and shall retire early. Permit me to say, while it is in my mind, that I have not seen an hour's sickness since I enlisted to the present time, have not lost a moment's duty thus far. I have got a great appetite, can eat three days' rations in one. I weigh 165 pounds, have got a large lot of hair on my upper lip, and a good pair of whiskers. "How is that for high?"

FEB. 21, through 24th. Have been to work on pay-rolls for the company, so I am excused from all duty.

FEB. 25. We have had one of the toughest snow storms of the season. Snow has fallen to the depth of two feet.

FEB. 26. Went on picket. The thermometer stood—well, say 40 below zero. We could only stand 18 minutes at a time on our posts. I verily believe that I was one of the unfortunate kind, for I had a hole in the after part of my pants, and it let the cold in at the rate of "two-forty." But I stood it like a hero, and came off all right.

FEB. 27. Came off picket, this morning, at 8 o'clock; slept all day, and I am as bright as an eight-day clock. Drew a new pair of pants, and am ready for the "fray."

FEB. 28. We shall be mustered in, to-day, for our pay; shall be paid by the 10th of March two months' pay. We have had some snow and considerable rain, but we have comfortable quarters. The hardest of our work is over for a while, and we are having a pretty easy time, only camp-guard once in 10 days, and picket once in 16 days.

MARCH 1. There is quite a number of the boys going home on a furlough for 10 days, but I want a furlough, when I get it, that has no date and that will last forever.

MARCH 2. This morning is a lovely one, and finds me enjoying the best of health.

MARCH 3-4-5. We went on picket for seventy-two hours, (or three days). It has rained for most of the time, and while on my post this morning, it lightened quite sharp, (I don't remember of seeing it before in March), and at day-break the birds were warbling forth their notes of praise, and the frogs are peeping as merrily as though it was in June. It bids fair for an early spring.

MARCH 6. Returned to camp this p. m., from picket. We expected an attack from the enemy last night. They did advance upon our cavalry picket, but I have not heard the result.

MARCH 7. Lounging around camp.

MARCH 8. Waiting for the Captain.

MARCH 9. It is all a hoax about Vicksburg being taken; a battle is impending.

MARCH 10. Only one alarm given to-day, and that was by our Orderly Sergeant, and it was given at sun rise: "Fall in, Co. E., for Roll-call."

MARCH 11. Seated in my tent, all alone. I am like the boy, I have nothing to say, but I keep up "a thinking;" so I shall not be hung for my thoughts. Major Gen. Siegel has resigned.

MARCH 12. No pay-day, as yet. All out of tobacco and postage stamps, but I keep up good courage, for they promise us the stamps on the 20th.

MARCH 13-14. Writing for the Captain. Rumors come in from Vicksburg and Charleston, but nothing reliable

MARCH 15. Went on picket for three days.

MARCH 16. On picket, and it is snowing hard. An attack was made on our pickets at Banks' Ford by Stewart's cavalry. They crossed the Rappahannock river, and showed our boys fight, and of course they could do no less than return the compliment. The 1st Massachusetts cavalry with some of the Vermont cavalry, pitched into them, and killed some, took some prisoners, while the rest "skedaddled."

MARCH 17. While walking my beat, this a. m., Post 4, two guns were fired, which aroused our reserve, and we expected some fun, but to our happy disappointment it proved to be some wild hogs, instead of rebels.

MARCH 18. Came off picket, to-day. It is still raining and "muggy," but I think we shall have some "kind" of weather soon.

MARCH 19. Received a letter from home, advising me to be careful

and not get over-heated. Well, I must say that I have not seen one night since my stay in Virginia that I could call myself comfortable, with a heavy woolen blanket and one of rubber, and I need them both.

MARCH 20. After a good night's rest, I find myself in good health. I realize that I am surrounded by dangers, but it does not make me feel timid or afraid. I take my gun and talk to it, as a father talks to his child, and say to it, "Do your duty, 'slayer of thousands,'" and I expect it will, for I shall "pop" them if they don't "pop" me, bet your life on that.

MARCH 21-22-23. Have been enjoying camp life the past three days Siegel has not resigned, as reported, and we are rejoiced to have him with us. We are still in the reserve and like it much.

MARCH 24-25-26-27. Lounging in camp.

MARCH 28. I had just seated myself, this morning, to write a letter home, when the sergeant came into my tent and told me to take my gun, knapsack and all of my equipments, and report to the adjutant's quarters. I obeyed the order. The adjutant sent me to Gen. Stanwier's headquarters, and from there I reported to the ammunition train, to Sergeant Hobart of the 136th New York, who is overseer. After introducing myself, I was consigned to a four-mule team, and devoted the rest of the day to practicing in loading and driving, and by sunset I could say "whoa, gee up," as well as the best of them.

MARCH 29. I find myself, this morning, detached from my company and regiment for a season, to be a mule-driver. Well, I always thought I should be promoted, and it has come at last, and if I keep on I think I shall still go up "higher."

MARCH 30. We are loading up our wagons, to-day, preparatory for a move. The weather is fine and beautiful.

MARCH 31. No more picket duty, no more guard duty, and no more writing to do for the brave William of Groton fame.

APRIL 1. We are having a hard snow-storm ; it is nearly a foot deep, but it is not cold. I am sitting by a good warm fire, both cozy and comfortable.

APRIL 2. The lieutenant of the train paid us a visit, this morning. He inspected my team. The sergeant told me, after he had gone, that he paid me quite a compliment. He asked the "Sarg" who I was. On being told that I was from Massachusetts. he replied that I was just the chap for the business, and hoped that I would like, for he would not part with me any how.

APRIL 3-4-5. I am getting along nicely with my new business. I hear that Siegel has left us at last, and that we are under Major-General Howard. He has but one arm (having lost one in front of Richmond, under "Little Mac"), but is a good fighter. I went to my regiment, to-day, for my letters ; found the boys all well.

APRIL 6-7-8. In camp at Stafford court house, Stafford Co., Va., 47 miles from Washington and 76 from Richmond. Surface very hilly, soil sandy. We expect to move shortly.

APRIL 9-10-11. I have done nothing these few days only to look after my team. I am my own master now (and it is worth 25 cents to be "boss," you know). Brave William and myself are two ; he has nothing to do with me now and I hope he never will again.

APRIL 12. Our colonel (Maggi) has left us and is at home. Doubtless the boys will miss him much, for we all loved him. Owing to his ill-health, he was unable to take the command of the regiment. But wherever he goes, one thing we do know, he will always remember his "chickens."

APRIL 13. Another beautiful day has dawned upon me, and I am in good health and spirits.

APRIL 14. In all probability we shall make a move, and when we do I think we shall go towards Richmond. We have just received marching orders and part of our train goes with the 1st brigade.

APRIL 15-16-17. I have been on a trip of three days, as far as Kelly's Ford, distance 60 miles ; rode upon horseback. It is where our folks contemplate making an attack, if the weather proves favorable.

APRIL 18. Have just returned from my three days' tour, and expect to have to start off again shortly ; the whole army will move in a day or two.

APRIL 19. There are 36 men, two sergeants and one lieutenant in our train—Lieut. McCall from the 73^d Ohio regiment, Sergt. Houghton from the 33^d Mass. regiment and Sergt. Hobart from the 136th New York regiment, all perfect gentlemen. We expect busy times for a while.

APRIL 20. I have just been over to the regiment ; the boys are all well, and seem to be in good spirits. In the move which we are about to make, if our officers do their duty, the boys will do theirs. The papers speak loudly of our movements, but there is not a particle of reliance to be placed in what they say.

APRIL 21. This morning finds me in the enjoyment of good health.

Made a call over to the regiment, this forenoon. Little Jubb has been promoted to corporal.

APRIL 22. To-day with me is like all other days. I am patiently waiting, hoping and trusting that better days are coming, and that the time is not far distant when peace will reign triumphant over this country, and the head of the serpent that is now putting forth his rebellious sting will be crushed with the heel of "somebody's boot," and that the Abolitionists will have been made happy in having their darkies free.

APRIL 23. News comes to us, this morning, that Gen. Stoneman has taken possession of Gordonsville. If this be true (for I greatly doubt it), it is good news, for it is this side of Richmond, and will cut off all communication from the Rebs. I can only hope it is so.

APRIL 24. It has been raining all day and is still coming down. Sergt. Hobart is by my side, and says that I am a P. B.; (that means "perfect brick").

APRIL 25. Received a paper from home, to-day. It speaks of our gunboats going into Charleston harbor, but I guess they came out full as quick as they went in. We seem to get defeated quite often, yet I believe we shall give them a sound "drubbing" yet.

APRIL 26. The papers say that we are on the move, but we have not crossed the Rappahannock, nor will not for some time. The mud is so deep that it is impossible, and we shall not make a move before the middle of May, if we do then.

APRIL 27. Owens called upon me, to-day, and handed me a package which was brought from home by the politeness of Comrade Sullivan of Co. II. The contents were two bunches of envelopes, one quire of writing paper and a miniature. I could only say, God bless the giver. They tell us that we shall have pay-day soon.

APRIL 28. We have been quite busy, to-day, getting ready for a start.

APRIL 29. Orders have come in to be in readiness any moment for a move.

APRIL 30. We shall move in the morning towards the enemy, but in what direction I cannot say.

MAY 1. Broke camp, this morning, at 8 o'clock. The boys seemed to be in excellent spirits and confident of success.

MAY 2-3. We have done some tall marching. We are now headed for Chancellorsville.

MAY 4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14. I can only give a synopsis from the 4th to the 15th. The fighting commenced on Wednesday afternoon,

one mile from Fredericksburg Heights, and was kept up until Monday noon of the following week. Sunday morning we had the hardest time of any, for we took possession of the ground which we had been driven from the (Saturday) night before, a distance of six miles, from Kelly's Ford to Banks' Ford. It was here that Longstreet came in with forty thousand, to help Jackson. They arrived Saturday night, and on Sunday morning they commenced on our centre, expecting to break through. But as it happened, luckily for us, we were already up and dressed, and were a match for them. The battle raged hot for four hours, and when hostilities ceased we held the field, which was covered with their dead and wounded. The 33^d was all through it, and came off lucky, losing nine killed and wounded, though at one time (Saturday night) the whole regiment came very near being prisoners. They managed to crawl out through a loop-hole, leaving their knapsacks and blankets for "Johnny's" benefit. Lucky boys to come off so well. Our loss is stated to be 6000 killed, wounded and missing, while that of the enemy is 18,000. We commenced falling back in the afternoon, and through the night. Our train (ammunition) crossed on the morning of the next day, headed for our old camp near Stafford court house, arriving on the 14th, after a siege of 12 days and nights of hard marching and fatigue. Went to see the boys; found them well and cheerful. We expect to march again soon. It is war times with us now, and we have to be up and doing.

MAY 15. Spent a portion of the day with the boys of Co. E, talking over the adventures of the battle-field, of what we did and what we saw, and conclude that we got off very fortunate, all things considered.

MAY 16. I am 27 years old, to-day, and am pleasantly situated on "Uncle Sam's farm." I am thinking of the loved ones at home and of the many happy times I have enjoyed in by gone days, and I hope before long, if it be the will of a kind Providence, that I may enjoy some more of those happy seasons.

MAY 17. I am in the enjoyment of good health and good courage. Our weather is lovely and it is hotter than love in "hayting time." The sun is pouring down like coals of fire. I am seated in my tent, barefooted, and minus of all except drawers and shirt.

MAY 18. It may be a curiosity to many how the soldier lives while in the service of his country, and I will attempt to give a description of the house that "Jack built." Well, I have two logs, five feet long, for the sides, then I have sixteen poles of the same length, about two inches through. I lay them upon the ground and this answers for the floor.

My carpet is some five or six old grain sacks, which includes my bed also. I have three rafters and a ridge-pole, upon which rest my flies, or tent covers. Now, perhaps you would like to know how my house is furnished. My knapsack serves me for a pillow by night and a clothes-press by day. I have an ammunition box for a cupboard. In this I keep my pork, coffee, sugar and "hard-tack." My set of dishes consists of a frying-pan, tin dipper, knife, fork and spoon. My canteen serves me for a water pail. Thus you have a description *verbatim-et-literatim*.

MAY 19. No news of importance, to-day. "Fighting Joe" is pretty cute. It is hard to find out any of his plans and it is hard to tell what the next move will be, until we have done it. But one thing is sure, he out-generalled Robert E. Lee, and took the wind from "Stonewall" Jackson. We showed them what we could do, and that their lead was no better than ours. All praise to "Fighting Joe." He is the general for the "Army of the Potomac." I was under their fire and came off safe.

MAY 20. I have just got through with my dinner, viz.: a piece of boiled pork, cup of coffee and a piece of soft bread. Jubb and Buckley are out on picket. Capt. Hinds talks of resigning; it will be a small loss. Our lieutenant-colonel is now Col. Underwood, and the boys are much pleased with him. I do not know how long we shall stay in camp. It may be for some time.

MAY 21. I am blessed with good health, excellent spirits and the best of courage. I am neither killed, wounded or missing, but am right side up with care. I have stood by the flag for nearly 10 months, and am willing to ten more, if it need be.

MAY 22. To-day is "awful" hot. I am bare-footed and am sitting under an old Virginia pine, writing a letter home.

MAY 23. A letter that I have just received informs me that a draft has taken place for more men, and among the number was the name of Andrew J. Boies, and when the parties called at the house to give me notice of the fact, to their surprise they were informed of my whereabouts and were very glad to know that I had been, lo, these ten months, a soldier.

MAY 24-25-26. These three days have passed off pleasantly, nothing to do but look after my team. This requires about four hours a day. The rest of my time has been spent in loitering around camp.

MAY 27. The news of to-day is that Vicksburg is taken, and the capture of Jackson, Mississippi. But I will wait and see before I hurrah.

MAY 28-29-30-31. We have not done much for some time past. Lee is across the river and threatens us pretty hard. We are well fortified for seven miles. If he attempts it he may become an "angel" and with the angels stand, but I do not think that he will be so unwise as to trap himself. They say now that Vicksburg is about to fall. During my short stay in the army I have made the acquaintance of several Mr. "Say So's." They are not very reliable.

JUNE 1. I have been over to the regiment, to-day; found the boys all well. Have written a letter home.

JUNE 2-3-4. All quiet along the Rappahannock the past three days.

JUNE 5. And so it was until 6 o'clock, to-night, and we have received marching orders. We hear the cannon booming. Our forces are trying to cross at Fredericksburg, and we shall in all probability be called upon to march sooner or later, so we stand in readiness (our mules are in the harness) at a moment's notice.

JUNE 6, through 12th. Well, all of these days have come and gone, and I am seated in my tent and the sun is pouring down upon me lovely. I little thought I should be here in camp, to-day. We had received marching orders and stood in readiness to go at any moment, but the next day we got orders to go to Aquia Creek for ordinance stores, and on my return I was surprised to find the 33^d had gone. They have had a pretty hard skirmish and the best of praise was given them for their bravery and courage. They have been gone seven days. Our pay-master is here, and we shall be paid as soon as an opportunity offers itself. Hooker is eyeing Lee, as a hawk does a hen.

JUNE 13-14-15. Everything is all on the "stir," getting ready for a start.

JUNE 16. We broke camp, this afternoon (Friday) at 3 o'clock, drove a distance of 10 miles, halted for the night at a place called Heywood Church.

JUNE 17. On our taps at 6 A. M., drove all day, a distance of 22 miles, and camped for the night at Catlett's Station.

JUNE 18. We were on our way bright and early, this morning, and marched to Bristow. From here we went to Bristow Station. We marched all night, through Mannassas, to Mannassas Junction, and crossed Bull Run Creek at 4 o'clock in the morning, arriving at Centreville at half-past 6 A. M., making the distance, from Friday up to Monday, of 86 miles.

JUNE 19. Am within five miles of Fairfax court house and four miles from Germantown. We expect to move again at any moment, but in

what direction I cannot tell. I went over to the regiment, saw the boys—Jubb, Buckley and Owens. They are all well. The 33d has had a pretty tough time of it, but stand it bravely.

JUNE 20. Feeling pretty tired, but my health was never better. We expect to move, to-night, from the place where we have halted for a rest. It is Goose Creek, Va.

JUNE 21. Started, this morning, at 3 o'clock and proceeded towards Leesburg. We passed over quite a number of plantations that are now evacuated by their owners, and are in a state of barrenness, yielding nothing that was any benefit to its owner. Here we found some nice grass, which we confiscated for our "mules." We went on, and arrived at Gum Springs at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

JUNE 22. Here we watered and fed our teams, took a "cold bite" (raw pork and tack) and proceeded for about four miles, arriving at a place that I shall call "Zion's Hill." It yields a great quantity of "Seceshism," and I have had the opportunity of seeing it displayed among the women, as they would stand by the roadside, and as we passed by they would taunt us with the pleasant sound of "Oh, the Yankee cowards are coming," but we took it from whence it came. Here we halted, cooked our coffee, partook of some fresh beef, etc., and went on, arriving at Leesburg late in the afternoon, and halted for the night.

JUNE 23. Here we are, this morning, awaiting orders, and shall see a change in the programme before long. Lee is ahead of us with forty thousand strong. Our boys captured (yesterday afternoon) a rebel train of cars with its mail. I have been the distance of one mile or more to the regiment; seen the boys; they are all well and hearty.

JUNE 24. I have laid in my wagon all day, and slept about all the time.

JUNE 25. A portion of our train (myself included) left, this morning, for Fairfax Station for supplies, about 1 o'clock. I passed through Shantilly, Germantown and Fairfax court house. These places looked quite natural to me, as they were my old camping places, last fall, before I left to go to Falmouth. During my absence, another hard battle has been fought. It commenced yesterday (Sunday) morning about sunrise and lasted until 5 P. M., and resulted in our favor. We drove the enemy 10 miles. I have not heard what the loss is on either side, as I have just returned from the Station. The 33d was not in this fight, but expected to have been called upon every moment.

JUNE 26. It is all quiet here, to-day, but will not be so long. A report had been received at home that I had been struck by a ball on the

battle-field. but it did not injure me. I will only say that it is not so, for the balls out here are apt to jar a fellow in case they should hit him. I will admit that the shells have come pretty near, but I have escaped thus far, and hope I always may, kind Providence permitting.

JUNE 27. The enemy is now on our soil. The fate of Maryland and Washington is about to be decided. Homes and firesides are involved. Millions of hearts will be filled with pride and joy at our success. Our boys have fought well heretofore and we believe that they will now fight better than ever. Our failure to do so will give us a poor welcome. Now, as I have had but little sleep for the few days and nights past, I shall lie down and take a snooze.

JUNE 28. Started, this morning, from Leesburg, drove as far as Edward's Ferry, crossed over on pontoons and found ourselves upon "Loyal soil." Good old Maryland! How different everything seemed. The beautiful fields of wheat, rye, barley and oats, the green fields of grass, the splendid mansions of the wealthy, made me homesick when I compared it with that of Virginia, on which soil we have tramped for more than 10 months. Not a spear of grass could be seen, not a fence or a rail could be found. All was a scene of devastation, destruction and havoc, for such are the horrors of war. After lunching, we proceeded on for a distance of 23 miles, and the day closed, finding us making our beds at a place called "Point of Rocks," near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

JUNE 29. To-day we passed through Poolsville, a handsome and thrifty town. Here I felt homesick when I saw the school-house, and the scholars were playing and jumping rope. But on I went, willing to be patient. Our next place was Monocco River (an Indian name). We crossed over a handsome bridge into the village of Monocco and came to a halt; took dinner and proceeded on our way (it raining quite hard), up hill and down, arriving at the town of Jefferson about 3 P. M. This was a very pretty place. As we passed through the town we beheld the stars and stripes swinging in full array from a number of houses, and as we beheld the smiling faces which greeted us, and wishing us God speed and a glorious victory, this gave us new courage and put fresh vigor into all our bones. We still kept on our way, arriving at Middletown about 5 o'clock, and went into camp, where I find myself in good spirits and shall wait for further orders.

JUNE 30. In camp, and our orders are to march about noon. Saw some of the 33^d boys. They are all well. We broke camp at 1 o'clock, passing through Middletown; met with a *fair* reception; saw some of

the "Secesh" spirit manifested (but it did not alarm us much), went for a distance of 10 miles and camped near the city of Frederick about 11 o'clock at night. At 3 o'clock, this morning, we were on our taps, and at 4 we were on the double-quick. We passed through the quiet little towns of Hagerstown and Creigstown. These are both pretty places, and we took them by surprise. We could hear the young folks say, "Don't the soldiers look pretty," and I heard an old lady exclaim, "I never seed sich a sight in all the world; so many people; why, where did they come from?" I answered, "From the North." "They are a mighty smart lot of men, indeed they are." Onward we marched for the distance of 23 miles and came very near to Emmettsburg. Here we went into camp for the night, to await orders; saw some of the 33^d boys as they were going out on picket.

JULY 1. This morning we are waiting for orders. Our mules are hitched into the wagons. We expect to see some fighting before the day closes. No mail has come to us since we left Goose Creek. I stepped over to the regiment and got a letter dated June 21st, and got back just in time to start with my team. We drove 10 miles, arrived at the town of Gettysville. Fighting had commenced. I was ordered to the front with my load of ammunition, to supply the boys. Went as far as the foot of Cemetery Hill, worked lively and "scooted" back. Our forces are marching to the "fray" from all directions. It is a sight to behold. The fighting will be desperate, but we feel confident of success. May God grant it. Gen. Lee has advertised that his "troupe" will perform in Pennsylvania for a short time, but I think he will have to dance to just such tunes as we see fit to play for him, but I will not "crow" until I am out of the woods. It will be a hard struggle. Hooker is not in command now. Gen. Meade has taken command. He assumes this responsible position without a moment's warning, and issues the following circular to the army:

The Commanding General requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers address their troops and explain to them the immense issues involved in the struggle. The whole country looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails to do his duty at this hour.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

The 11th corps started at an early hour, this morning, from Emmettsburg, a village in Frederick Co., Md., 18 miles from Gettysburg, under the command of Gen. Reynolds, neither corps knowing the proximity of the other. Buford's cavalry had reached the town the night before.

Upon the arrival of the 1st corps, they were instantly engaged, and almost the first volley, our noble Reynolds fell dead. But the battle went on, and about noon the 11th corps came up. Gen. Howard took command of the field. He held Steinwehr's division and Weidrick's battery for support, the rest of the 11th corps formed in the open fields beyond the town, and soon were engaged with the "Rebs." There was a general engagement for about three miles in length. Our line was broken about 4 P. M., and our boys were driven back through the town to Cemetery Hill, losing many in killed and wounded. I have delivered one entire load of ammunition to the boys, to-day.

JULY 2. About all of last night was spent in examining our position, as far as it could be done in safety, and arranging for the troops that are coming to our aid. The 2d corps is just marching by—time 6 A. M. Gen. Meade and staff arrived at midnight; about 1 A. M., Doubleday, Hancock and Sickles are on the spot with their commands, all in battle array, waiting for the cry of "Forward," sooner or later. Hunt's battery is at our right, what is called "Little Round Top." At my left is Gen. Slocum's headquarters, on what is called Powers' Hill. The 5th corps has arrived and are held in reserve. This line is formed on a ridge, extending southerly and resting on Emmettsburg road. Much hard fighting has been going on, and neither side has gained much as yet. Was on the field most of the day, giving out ammunition.

JULY 3. We have passed through two days of terrific fighting, and each commander is feeling the importance of to-day's issue. Our lines have been reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops. About 4 o'clock this morning, fire opened for about an hour. Our boys advanced, and at 11 o'clock, to-day, the whole line was re-established, and for two hours past it has been quiet. During this lull the "Rebs" were determined to end the battle, come weal or woe. About 1 P. M., the artillery fire opened, the ceaseless roar of 200 cannon lasting for over two hours. The earth trembled, the sun grew dark in the battle cloud, shouts and shrieks mingled in the din, and we knew that death was reaping down our brave boys with frightful rapidity. When it closed the rebels advanced like an avalanche across the plains, but we met them with solid shot, shell and cannister. Still on they came, up to our very works, behind which lay the "boys in blue," and for a moment of terrible suspense, victory hung trembling in the balance. Line after line of battle moved out and came grandly on, and as they rose from the valley, our guns, from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, sent among them showers of cannister, and our braves dealt them a deluging shower of lead which laid them

down by thousands. At length there came a lull, and then a shout along the wearied bleeding line. The enemy was repulsed and the day won. Lee is in full retreat, leaving all of his dead and wounded behind him. At 5 o'clock, this afternoon, while I was munching some fried pork and a "hard-tack," I was ordered to go to Westminster for a load of ammunition; arrived about 9 P. M.

JULY 4. What a change, when compared with the Fourth of July of one year ago! All that can be heard in this quiet little village is rattling of wheels, such as army wagons and artillery, going to and fro through the streets, conveying provisions and munitions to our brave boys who are so nobly standing in front of the enemy and are trying to break the bars of traitorism and rebellion. I have seen hundreds of prisoners, to-day, as they passed through the village en route for Washington. They were dirty, ragged-looking grey-backs. The 11th corps has won for itself a name that will last to the end of all future time. It fought bravely and nobly, and never "flinched." The 33d was through it all. I have not seen the boys since the morning of the first day's fight and may not be able to see them for several days. We are having a beautiful and refreshing shower.

JULY 5. I am still in the village of Westminster, waiting for my load of ammunition. I shall start very soon for the front.

JULY 6. I left Westminster at 8 by the clock, this morning, with the intention of going to the battle-field, proceeded as far as Union Town, a distance of six miles, went on for about three miles further, when we received word that Stewart's cavalry was close upon us, so we had to about face and go into a piece of woods and camp. We were all furnished with guns and equipments to protect our train. Stood on guard most of the night and Stewart did not come.

JULY 7. This morning was a pleasant one, and we were on our taps and drove through the towns of Liberty, Johnsville and Mount Pleasant, arriving at the city of Frederick about 4 P. M., and went into camp. Quite a Union sentiment prevailed in each of these places, if the stars and stripes bespoke them, as from about every house we could see them displayed. A short distance from our camp can be seen suspended from a tree the body of a man (I am informed that he was a rebel spy). Upon his person was found quite a sum of confederate scrip and green-backs. In his boots were found plans drawn upon paper of the fortifications around Washington and Baltimore, showing the enemy our position, and how to capture our trains. But he has met with his just deserts.

JULY 8. I have stopped all day in Frederick, waiting for a load of ammunition, but got none.

JULY 9. I had to take a load of supplies, as I could not get ammunition, and at 12 M. I started, and drove seven miles, arriving at Middletown; drove four miles beyond and camped for the night.

JULY 10. I started, this morning, at 9 o'clock for the rest of the train; overtook it just two miles beyond Boonsboro, a nice little town. Here we followed in the rear of the whole army.

JULY 11. In camp two miles beyond Boonsboro, with the rest of my comrades. I found them well, and they were glad to see me on my return from Westminster, having been gone just one week. I have heard from the 33^d, this morning. It has fought nearly every day for a week or more. Truly it has been lucky thus far, and I hope it always may be. My company (E) had a number wounded, viz.: James Hosley of Westford lost an arm, Charles Pierce of Groton an arm, George Stevens of Pepperell shot through the head, the ball entering his right eye, Frederick Cutter of Charlestown in the head, Edward Battles of Littleton in the leg, Ralph W. Parker in the stomach; the ball struck his belt between the letters U. S.; Billy Jubb had a bullet go through his canteen and into his haversack, but did not know about it until he was making him some coffee for dinner; he found it lodged in the coffee-bag. Buckley and Owens are all right up to this present time, and I hope they may always be so lucky. I am in hopes to see the regiment soon and get more particulars.

JULY 12. Well, we have given them (the "Rebs") a sound thrashing upon "loyal soil," and now to cap what we have done, Vicksburg is ours also. It seems that the tide has turned in our favor. Oh! Jeff, where are you now? Where is your Stone-wall, and your Long-street, and your Barks-dale, with your "legion," who came upon the Northern soil to whip the "cursed Yanks?" But the Army of the Potomac met them, gave them battle, and is now in full pursuit of the retreating foe, and echo answers, their "Stonewall" has tumbled down, their "Longstreet" has become a short one, and their "Barksdale" has found that he barked up the wrong tree, while many of their "legion" are prisoners and many are lying dead upon the blood-stained field of Gettysburg.

JULY 13. In camp near Funkstown, Maryland. It is raining hard and keeps the Potomac high. Poor Lee is in a tight place. Nearly 100 prisoners were taken, to-day. A rebel officer was among the number. Our boys are all in good spirits and feel confident of success. They think a good deal of Gen. Meade, but give me "Fighting Joe" yet.

JULY 14. Broke camp, this morning, and started for Williamsport, a distance of 10 miles, arrived at dark. Here we found that Robert (Lee) had given us the "slip."

JULY 15. Well, we had to about face and take the back track towards Dixie, passing through Hagerstown, over Beaver Creek, and through the small village of Myersville, arriving at Middletown at 11 P. M., and camped.

JULY 16. We started again at 7, this morning, en route for Harper's Ferry. We arrived at Mount Pleasant, or Pleasant Valley, distance six miles, and within two miles of the Potomac river, and went into camp. We have received news that Fort Hudson has surrendered to Gen. Banks, also that Sherman has given Joe Johnston a whipping. Now, if all this be true, with the flogging we have given Lee, we ought not to be discouraged. All this has been accomplished within the space of one month and a few days. We have weakened their force greatly, to say nothing of the territory we have gained from them, which is considerable.

JULY 17. We are still in camp at Pleasant Valley. It is raining hard, but our pontoon bridges are laid, and the cavalry and artillery are crossing. I think that Lee will not pay another visit to Pennsylvania, nor will he sing the song of "Maryland, My Maryland," as he called it, for this voyage is a sick one to him. I went over to the regiment, this forenoon, saw the boys; they are well.

JULY 18. We left the pleasant town of Berlin, Md., near Pleasant Valley, arriving at the pontoon bridge just at dark, crossed over all safe, and camped for the night. It was just 12 o'clock; partook of supper, consisting of fried beef, coffee and "hard-tack;" went to bed.

JULY 19. Sunday morning, 4 o'clock, and we are on our "taps," and by half-past 5 we were double-quicking along the road of Old Virginia, leaving the Potomac and the scenes which we had passed through far in the rear. We passed through the town of Lovettsville, Loudon county, arriving at the town of Waterford. It was in this place that the first regiment of cavalry was recruited for the war, also the first infantry regiment, both Union, this being the boundary line between East and West Virginia. So we are in a loyal place and among good loyal people. We proceeded on and arrived at camp about noon, made a halt for the night. I have seen Jubb and Buckley.

JULY 20. Up at 4 o'clock, took breakfast, and at 5 we were headed for Middleburg, just 17 miles to travel; 3 P. M., and we are within two miles of it and gone into camp for the night; so far, so good.

JULY 21. In camp all day, and went blackberrying; picked three quarts.

JULY 22. In camp, to-day; went for some more berries. The inhabitants call this place Mountsville, or "Mudtown." I think it very appropriate. It is a real hot-bed of "Secesh."

JULY 23. Up and on the move at 5 A. M. for Warrington, passing through the "Secesh" village of Middleburg, wending our way up hill and down, and arrived at White Plains about 1 P. M., baited our teams, made ourselves some dinner. This is the place where the 33d regiment made a reconnoissance while we lay at Thoroughfare Gap, of which I have spoken before. It looked quite natural, but I little thought that I should visit it so soon again. We started again on our way and came within a mile or two of the Gap, and turned to the right on the Warrington road, arriving at New Baltimore (best known to our boys as "Camp Mutton," where we confiscated so many sheep, hogs, hens and turkeys, and rolled honey as a sweet morsel under our tongues), took care of our teams, ate a good supper and lay down for the night.

JULY 24. This morning finds me in good health and spirits. We are within five miles of Warrington and awaiting orders.

JULY 25. We left New Baltimore at 3 o'clock, to-day, for Warrington Junction, passing through Catlett's Station, and arrived about 6, to-night. Shall probably make a stop here for some time. Went over to the regiment, found the boys well. Received a letter from home, the first one since I left Maryland. If you want a soldier to be full of life and energy and good courage, just write him a letter from home, and he will forget all about dull care or discouragements; it puts life and vigor into us and animates both soul and body.

JULY 26. I had a surprise, this morning, in the shape of a package, that came through the politeness of Comrade Dinsmore. He received a box from home, and as he gave me that portion which belonged to me, I hastened to examine the contents, viz.: One box of mustard, one pound of tobacco, a paper of needles and a "hank" of thread. Truly, I thought the day of Jubilee had come. All was safe and in good order, with the exception of a bottle of whisky, which got broken, and some got into the mustard, and some on the tobacco. Now the boys know I never drink, neither do I intend to, but if I happen to get "tight" on my mustard and tobacco, of course they will forgive me.

JULY 27-28-29. In camp and awaiting orders. All is quiet, calm and serene, and in the language of Daniel Webster, I would say, "I still live."

JULY 30. Friday morning The sun is shining beautiful and clear. My health is good, but after all, to own right up, I do feel lonesome at times, but I do not give up to these thoughts.

JULY 31. Expect to move soon, and in all probability shall keep moving until this "cruel war" is over, and I hope and desire that it may close soon.

AUG. 1-2. We are camped at "Cedar Creek," and I am seated in an old building, which we now occupy as a barn for our mules. I have many thoughts which are running through my brain, but yet both spirits and courage are good, and my patriotic feelings are like unto this :

"We are twenty millions still,
With the *heart* and with the *will*,
Our whole *duty* to fulfil."

"And though I am a *Soldier boy*,
And far away I *roam*,
In every letter I *receive*
There is a *world of Home*."

AUG. 3. It is move, move ; we are always in motion. To-day finds us at Catlett's Station. How long we shall stop, I cannot tell. The paymaster has arrived.

AUG. 4. We were paid, to-day, for four months, and it was acceptable to all parties ; so say the boys.

AUG. 5-6-7-8. We have moved our camp one mile from Catlett's Station, on to a hill, which I shall call the "Hill of Zion." I give it this name myself, and will describe it as well as I know how. It is not the hill that yields a thousand sacred sweets, that the poet speaks of, but it does yield all kinds of weeds and not much grass. The station is on the right of the hill, while Warrington is at our left. At the north of us is a vast wilderness of trees, and to the south of us is a beautiful creek of water, which affords us a good chance to water our mules, as well as for bathing purposes, and as cleanliness is next to godliness, we improved it. The hill is high, which gives us a splendid view of all that is going on. The Warrington, Alexandria and Washington railroad runs to the left of the hill and divides us from the station. The 11th Corps is guarding the railroad, the gallant 11th of which you have heard so much, and to which I have the honor to belong. The 33d regiment is called the "Flying Infantry." It was given to the regiment by its colonel, for by their fast marching they have killed one horse for him. He was not able to stand the fatigue. I am told it was a nice horse, but alas ! they can beat horse-flesh, so we derive the name, "Flying Infantry." A short distance from our camp is the headquarters of Gen. Steinwehr, our division

general. It has once been the residence of a wealthy slave-holder, but, to-day, it is in a dilapidated state, and the rebellion has been the cause of it. It is quite a large plantation of 1300 acres, a splendid orchard; has been worth in the day of peace \$20,000. Such is war and its consequences. The general and staff occupy the whole of the main part of the house, while the front yard is filled with tents and occupied by officers who perform other duties throughout the division. Upon the gate can be seen a large blue flag floating to the breeze, and in the centre is a white crescent, and this crescent represents the 11th corps. Now I have given you a description of the "Hill of Zion" and its surroundings, hoping that it may be interesting to some who helped enact the scenes of 1863.

AUG. 9. It is a delightful day for Sunday, but it is like all other days—work, work, work, all the time, and I have concluded to think that it is about as the good Book says, "The way of transgressors is hard."

AUG. 10. We have had, to-day, what makes the heart of every soldier glad if they once get their eyes upon it, and it is the loaf of "soft bread." We were obliged to dispense with it for nearly 10 weeks, during which time we have nibbled "hard-tack," cracked jokes, done some "tall marching," through storm, through sunshine, through conflict, to victory. Thus we go on our way rejoicing, happy in the thought that makes us exclaim: "Who would not be a soldier?" Such luxuries! How delicious, coffee without sugar! Well, please change the subject.

AUG. 11-12-13-14. Well, the 11th of August has rolled around, and with it one year of my service has been spent in battling for my country and my home. I will not attempt to describe it further, for time and space will not permit me to do it. But let me forget the hardships and what I have passed through and say that I am thankful to my Heavenly Father, who has been with me through the past year and protected me from all harm, blessed me with good health and strength, has brought me safely through dangers, both seen and unseen, and still how unthankful I have been. And ere another year shall have passed, I trust that this wicked rebellion may have ceased and that peace, truth and righteousness may prevail, and that war may be known no more in our land; but what the future may bring forth is entirely unknown to me. I have been to the regiment; the boys are well and seem to be in good spirits, and so am I. I am now driving a six-mule team. It is a pleasant kind of work, but sometimes hard, and requires much patience, and the saying is, "Time, Patience and Industry are the grand masters of the world."

AUG. 15, through 19th. We have done nothing to speak of for the few days past but to look after our teams; expecting to move again soon.

AUG. 20. We are in camp, to-day, at Bristow Station. It is a good thing to have a plenty of exercise. The enemy keep trying to see if they can get through our lines, but it is of no use. I think that they will be satisfied before long that we are enough for them.

AUG. 21. We do not stay long in a place, but keep changing around, and how long we shall stay here is more than I can tell. This is the place where the rebels surrounded Gen. Pope's train of cars one year ago, and burned them. Both sides of the railroad for quite a distance are scattered with debris and fragments of boilers and pieces of cars; a hard-looking sight. It is a nice tract of country, but since it has been occupied by troops it is but one vast waste and desolation. On the right of our camp can be seen the ruins of a once splendid mansion, and at our left is another mansion, nearly all torn to pieces, and all that you can see for miles around is cellars and standing chimneys, with now and then a lone hut, occupied by negroes, whose masters are, to-day, in rebel ranks fighting against us. Poor deluded mortals! Like Esau of old, they have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. While sitting in my wagon, which is close by the commissary's quarters, I behold three young women who have come for three miles to ask for something to sustain life. They are the wives of Secesh soldiers who are now in the army fighting against us. I could tell of many other just such cases, but time and space will not permit of it. I have been over to the regiment; seen Jubb and Buckley; both are well.

AUG. 22, through 28th. To-day is warm and pleasant. We have had during the past 23 days the warmest weather that I ever experienced. It has been uncomfortable, so much so, that I have worn nothing but shirt and pants, and then sometimes I would almost give up, the heat was so intense. When the boys marched from Warrington Junction to Brentsville—it was Aug. 9th—the heat was so intense that many of the regiment fell out and lay down, unable to walk, and they told me it was the first time for them since they enlisted to fall out of the ranks, so you can judge from this that we are seeing some warm weather. But from the 24th, if you could only see the change!—it turned out to be as cold as it had been warm. It has driven us all around the fire, and caused us to put on the overcoat, and for two days it has not been uncomfortable, but to-day it seems a little more pleasant, with cool nights and mornings. We are having "soft bread" issued twice a week. Mondays

and Fridays, and I am thankful for that. The ground upon which we are camped has been occupied for the past two years by our troops, and it is just as bare as the seat on which I am sitting while penning these lines—a “hard-tack” box. There is not a spear of grass nor a fence rail for nearly 10 miles; only stumps and shrubs can be seen.

AUG. 29, to 31st. Has been spent in camp, and our orders are to be in readiness for another move.

SEPT. 1. We left Bristow Station at 4 o'clock, this morning, and went back to the old place of camp, “Zion's Hill,” of which I have given a description. About 10 A. M. I went to the regiment, saw Jubb and Owens; they are well. I am now camped six miles from them and cannot tell when I may see them again. I am only allowed the privilege of going to my regiment once a week now, for orders are very strict. Rumor says that we are to be detached from the Army of the Potomac and despatched to Chattanooga to reinforce Rosecrans, who is heavily pressed by Bragg. We have turned over our teams and ordered to report to division headquarters.

SEPT. 12. We have been in camp for the past 12 days, during which time several changes have been made. I have been transferred from the ammunition train to the Pioneer corps. This is a company numbering about 75 men, taken from different companies and regiments in the division, and are called Division Pioneers. We are commanded by Capt. Lucas. He is from the 73d Ohio regiment. While on the march we go ahead of the division, cut down trees, lay bridges, remove obstacles, etc., etc. Now, while I am filling out my diary, my attention is called off to a comical-looking sight. As I am seated in my tent, I behold an old Virginia farm wagon, drawn by one yoke of oxen. The load consists of five persons—the mother, two daughters, a little child and “black Susy.” The old man sits straddle of the nigh ox, and with whip in hand drives fast or slow, just as the occasion may require. They have made a stop at headquarters for their rations, (so I am informed). It looks hard, but nevertheless, if they will persist in destroying the Union, they must suffer the consequences. A heavy shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning and high wind, has refreshed us some and it is now clear and lovely as a bell.

SEPT. 13. We are having soft bread, fresh beef, pork, dried apple, beans and coffee, with other things too numerous to mention; surely, this indicates a move.

SEPT. 14, to 23d. We have been in camp for nine or ten days, ex-

pecting that something will turn up. Rumor says one thing, and then another, but no one seems to know what we shall do.

SEPT. 24. Orders have been received, to-day, to be in readiness to march. We are busy packing up and getting ready for a move. We start, to-morrow, for Chattanooga, sure "pop;" we shall bid farewell to the Army of the Potomac ere another sun shall rise.

SEPT. 25. This morning at 4 o'clock, we Pioneers had our tents struck, and went marching along, arriving at Mannassas Junction about 8 o'clock. Here we found the cars awaiting our arrival. After having got aboard and nicely seated, the word was given, "All aboard," the whistle sounded, the bell rang, and we found ourselves on the move, bound for the "Land of Dixie." It was not long before we found ourselves in Alexandria; stopped one hour; were not allowed to leave the cars. We then proceeded on our way and arrived at Washington, D. C.; here we made a stop until sunset, when we began to move forward, night having come on. I lay down upon the car floor and was soon in "dream-land."

SEPT. 26. I awoke at 6 A. M., and, looking out of the car door, we were crossing the bridge at Harper's Ferry. It is a splendid piece of work, all iron, built upon stout stone pillars for its foundation; it is 100 feet high and one mile long. It was destroyed twice by the "Rebs." As we passed through the town I could only see the ruins of tottering walls and a few shanties, lately erected for a covering for those who were left houseless by the invaders. We kept moving on, arriving at the town of Martinsburg, West Virginia; here we were treated to a good breakfast of hot coffee, bread and meat by the citizens, who welcomed us gladly. After partaking of breakfast, we were soon in motion, and all along through the town we were saluted from the windows with handkerchiefs, towels, the stars and stripes and aprons, which were shaken to the breeze to cheer us on to victory. We returned the compliment with hearty cheers as we passed along. The next town that welcomed us was New Creek, and the next was Piedmont; here we stopped one hour and waited for the mail-train to pass. It being night, I lay down to rest.

SEPT. 27. As I awoke, this morning, I found myself still moving along. We passed through several small towns, by mountains and through valleys, which presented as grand a scene as one would wish to behold. On and on we went for miles, seeing nothing but cliffs which overhung on both sides of us. A few miles further on, and the whistle announced that we were approaching the town of Brentwood, and the last of Virginia soil. Here we got out of the cars and marched across

the river upon pontoon bridges, and arrived in the State of Ohio, halting at Drayton; here we met with a hearty welcome; they gave us hot coffee, bread and meat, with many rousing cheers from the multitudes of spectators that crowded the banks of the river. Our 33^d band favored them with some very nice music, which pleased them much. The hour is up and the bugle's voice is heard, and the word is, "Fall in," which we accordingly did, and marched to the cars; and it was not long before we were moving at the rate of 25 miles an hour. We passed through the farming portion of this State (Ohio), which would do anybody's eyes good to behold. It now became dark, and I lay down for the night and dropped off to sleep.

SEPT. 28. At 4 o'clock, this morning, I awoke in the beautiful town of Zanesville. I could see but few white complexions, but any quantity of black ones. We made a stop just long enough to wood and water up, and proceeded on our way. Our next place was Columbus, a nice city, and we were welcomed with cheers on cheers. On we travelled until night overtook us, and lay down to rest.

SEPT. 29. This morning at 2 o'clock I was awakened by the sound of a voice like unto this: "Fall out and change cars." This was quickly done, and I found myself at Jefferson. We marched for a mile or more and came to the river; crossed it in a ferry-boat. Our band played "Dixie" and "When will this cruel war be over," and we were soon landed "on the other side of Jordan;" oh, no, but in the beautiful city of Louisville, Kentucky. We marched to the Soldiers' Home, partook of a good breakfast of bread, meat and coffee. From here we went to the cars, and went jogging along through a portion of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and arrived at Bridgeport, Alabama, about noon. After getting out of the cars and we were getting into line, quite an eruption of fireworks in the shape of a "magazine" commenced blazing away, shooting forth quantities of powder, ball and solid shot, many of the pieces of hot shell falling around us, and full near enough to be comfortable. The explosion was accidental, caused by the falling of a box of torpedoes, which ignited other combustibles, hence the explosion. No lives were lost.

SEPT. 30. In camp and resting; awaiting for orders.

OCT. 1. Busy, to-day, laying out streets, but liable to move at any moment.

OCT. 2. We have had a severe rain-storm since our arrival; it commenced on the night of the same day and kept on pouring down in torrents until this morning; it has commenced clearing and the sun is out

lovely and the mud is drying up fast. Our camp is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Tennessee river, overhung with beautiful oak and hickory trees ; how long we shall remain here is uncertain. Our cavalry had a severe fight about 12 miles from here, last night, and were victorious over the enemy. All seems to be quiet around Chattanooga, where Rosecrans now is.

OCT. 3, to 16th. Nothing of much importance has transpired. We have seen nothing but mountains on all sides of us, divided by the Tennessee river, with the exception of now and then a shanty, as far as the eye can behold. We are just on the verge of four States—Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky. We are building a fort to protect the railroad. This (Bridgeport) was once a flourishing little town, when the Union was as it used to be, but the inhabitants thinking that it would be better to follow the paths of their "Secesh" leaders, are now repenting for their foolishness by being left in poverty and rags. I was told by a friend whose acquaintance I have made while I have been at work here (he belongs to the 7th Tennessee cavalry) that as we shall go further towards Chattanooga we shall see farmers who were once happy and prosperous, lived at their ease and never knew what hard work was, but are to-day poverty-stricken and perfectly destitute, and are dependent upon our commissaries for the food which they eat. This is the place where Rosecrans flanked Gen. Bragg on the 30th day of July last, and drove him and his whole army beyond Chattanooga, where they remained until within a short time, for they have rather got the better of "Rosa," and he, like the one of old, gives a Macedonian call for us to come down and help him, and that is why we boys are here to-day. I rather like being in Dixie, better than Virginia, and I hope that if I have to give the remainder of my time in the service of "Uncle Samuel," I may spend it down here. We came just in the right time of the year ; it was cool, and when we get acclimated it will be more healthy for us. We are 1200 miles from Virginia, 1600 from Boston. The 33d is at Stevenson, guarding the railroad. I am at the front, 14 miles from them.

OCT. 17-18-19. We have had another severe rain-storm ; the river is quite high ; the sun is shining lovely once more, and clear weather again.

OCT. 20. Nothing of importance has transpired since our arrival to the Army of the Cumberland. Bragg will not be impatient to attack us ; if he does, *let him come*. The Army of the Potomac have fell back on to the defences of Washington. I think that if Robert E. takes any more *Meade*, he will not go into Pennsylvania for it. It would upset

him entirely, and he will not get back to Richmond as well as he did from Gettysburg. I have all confidence in Gen. George G. Meade. As commander of the Army of the Potomac, he won a world-wide fame by his defeat of Lee. He was Hooker's right-hand man in the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, and, after the removal of the former from the head of the army, was put in his place. His appointment at the time took us boys by surprise, as but little had been heard of him. His words of encouragement to the boys of the Potomac will never be forgotten: "The enemy is now upon our soil. The whole country looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Homes, firesides and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore and it is believed that it will fight more bravely than ever." He is a good as well as a great man, and well deserves the fame he has so nobly won.

OCT. 21. I am out of the Army of the Potomac and am glad of it. I have marched and re-marched over Virginia soil enough, and now here I am in the Army of the Cumberland. The climate seems to agree with me better. We have been to work around headquarters, making things look neat. We have finished the fort that we have been building to protect the railroad bridge. It is opposite what is called "Raccoon Mountain." It is 50 feet by 60. It is intended for —— battery. This battery is the one that did such execution at Chancellorsville in the fight of May 3d and 4th, 1863. When the "Rebs" charged to take it, the captain ordered it to be loaded with cartridges, such as the infantry use; so they put in one box at a time and let "her went," mowing them down by scores. It is a splendid battery and numbers six pieces (brass).

OCT. 22. We are now at work on railroad bridges, having one nearly completed. The first one is 110 feet in length, 25 feet high; the "sills" and caps are 12x14. It is heavy work. The other is a much larger one. They are on the road that runs to Chattanooga, which conveys troops and supplies to the army. It has rained for the past 20 days most of the time and is raining to-day. The river is high and still on the rise. The 33d is still at Stevenson. There is a change about to take place, but I know not what it is.

OCT. 23-24-25. Still at work on railroad bridge; shall finish, to-day. We shall go to the front soon.

OCT. 26. We received marching orders to-day.

OCT. 27. I arose at 4 A. M., partook of coffee, fried pork and "hardtack," struck tents and slung our knapsacks on our backs, and axes on

our shoulders, and went marching along in the following order : Pioneer company in front, followed by the 73^d Pennsylvania, 134th, 154th and 136th New York regiments ; next in order came the 33^d Massachusetts, 73^d and 55th Ohio, commanded by Gen. Steinwehr, "Fighting Joe" taking the lead of us all. We proceeded for seven miles, arriving at a place called Shellmount. At this place we found a cave where the "Rebs" manufactured salt-petre, which was worth dollars to them, but old "Rosa" made them "get up and get" to the tune of double-quick ; he captured nearly 500 Johnnies who were employed in making gunpowder. This he accomplished on or about the 30th of July. Here we rested for an hour or more, and with some of my comrades I took a survey of the cave. It goes into the mountain for several miles. In this cave there is a river, called by those who have explored it, the "Unknown river." Upon the outside of this cave is a spring of water which comes from under the solid rock. I drank from it ; it was delicious and cool. At the word, "Fall in," we obeyed and went on ; we marched slow and cautiously, up hill, down hill, across brooks, over rocks, and upon the mountain sides, with overhanging crags high above our heads, presenting a fine view. The country is rough, with a few scattering log huts. The occupants were mostly women and children, looking out of the door as we were passing along ; not a man could be seen and we concluded that they must be in the army, for everything seemed to be in a state of demoralization ; in fact, thought I to myself, how do they live ? Thus we passed along until night overtook us, and having marched 15 miles, we bivouacked for the night ; made my bed upon four fence rails and had a good night's rest.

OCT. 28. At four o'clock, this morning, the drum announced to us to get ready for another day's march, and at daylight we were on our way with slow and cautious step, for we did not know what might be in store for us, as there were any quantity of "Rebs" and "Bushwhackers" awaiting to receive us. We went on until noon, stopped for dinner and a rest. At the word "Forward" we proceeded on, but it was not long before we pioneers were ordered to the rear, and an advance guard was sent on ahead, followed by the 73^d Pennsylvania. About 3 P. M. they were received very coolly by the bursting of a shell over their heads, giving them to understand that something must be "did." We came on to a camp of "Rebs," quite a sharp skirmish took place, which resulted in routing and driving them before us. On we went, they still falling back ; we killed a few, took some prisoners. As we were nearing the valley we were welcomed by solid shot and shells that came over our heads from the top of Lookout mountain, and am glad to say that no harm was done

us during the day with the exception of Sergeant Adams of Co. F, 33d regiment, who was killed by a bursting shell. We succeeded in gaining the road which they (the "Rebs") refused to give, and all praise is due to "Old Joseph," the hero of battles. We proceeded on up the valley for about two miles, where we surprised a force of the enemy: here we formed two lines of battle, drove them through the woods so fast that we hardly got an opportunity for a shot at them; they set on fire and destroyed the railroad bridge on their retreat. We soon reached the foot of Lookout, which gave us a good sight of their "Long Tom," which was anything but pleasing, but its immense height at which it was placed (1400 feet above the level) rendered their shot and shell almost harmless. We still kept on for about two miles beyond, and went into camp for the night, much fatigued by the march over the rough roads, and we hoped for a good night's rest. Here we prepared our coffee and "tack," spread our blankets and lay down for the night in old Tennessee, among strangers and the enemy, expecting that on the morrow another hard day's work for us was in store. During all this time the "Rebs" had succeeded in gaining a foothold upon a ridge near the scene of our afternoon skirmish, and after dark threw up a line of rifle-pits which threatened us seriously. About midnight we were awakened by the beating of the "long roll" and a cry made, "To arms." The enemy had attacked our pickets, and it was true a battle had commenced. It fell to the lot of the "Iron Brigade," as Hooker calls it, which was immediately ordered out, and before 1 o'clock was marching back with orders to carry and hold the ridge at all hazards. Upon their arrival it was found to be a steep declivity of nearly 200 feet, so thickly wooded and covered with underbrush as to almost render it impassable; but it must be done before daylight, or the consequences would prove serious. To the 33d Massachusetts and 73d Ohio was assigned this perilous duty of charging up that steep mountain side and driving the enemy from the top, and how well it was done, the result will prove. The 33d regiment had only seven companies present, the other three having gone on a secret expedition. At the word "Forward," the boys took as quick a step as the nature of the ground would permit, and slowly worked their way up the steep side of the ridge, not knowing what might be in store for them upon their arrival at the top, determined to do or die. The 33d was on the right, the 73d Ohio on the left. Arriving near the top and but a short distance from the pits, a few shots were fired by our men, when the "Rebs" commenced their old game, crying out, "Don't fire on your own men." It being so very dark, our boys did not know but such might be

the case, and the firing ceased. One of our officers inquired, "Is that the 73d?" "Yes," was the reply, "what regiment is that?" Upon being answered, "33d Massachusetts," they poured into us a terrible volley from right to left. Our men gave them shot for shot, but the loss in our regiment was fearful. Adjutant Mudge fell dead at the first fire, Col. Underwood fell, dangerously, and as we supposed, mortally, wounded. It being impossible to advance the regiment further, in its disordered state, it fell back to the foot of the hill and quickly formed for the charge, and as they now knew what they had got to contend with on their way up, and the disposition of the occupants at the top, they started slowly and cautiously, with orders not to fire, but drive the enemy out entirely with the point of the bayonet. Once more gaining their former position, they were received with a murderous fire. The men, with knapsacks on, kept pushing and climbing for the top, which was finally reached, and then commenced a scene of heroism and bravery seldom equalled in this war. Over the bank and into the pits, with the enemy, was but the work of an instant, and at it they went, charging with the bayonet, dealing each other blows over the head with the musket, slashing and cutting with swords, until the whole scene resembled a grand knock-down, our boys reaching over the pits and dragging out the "Rebs" by the collar. This was too much for them, and they seemed amazed and confused, and finally gave way and started over the opposite side of the hill at a fast pace, our boys giving them the contents of their muskets as fast as possible, leaving the 33d in possession of the hill, about 100 prisoners, a large number of guns and all of their intrenching tools, which were speedily given into the hands of the pioneers, and in a short time we had a formidable line of pits thrown up on the other side of the ridge. Then we had a little time to look over and see how much this gallant act had cost us in the loss of officers and men. Out of 238 men and officers who went into action, the 33d regiment lost 87 killed, including eight commissioned officers, colonel, adjutant, two captains and four lieutenants. The 73d Ohio did bravely and fought nobly, losing a number of good boys. Our brave Colonel Underwood is dangerously wounded in the groin, and the thigh bone shattered; Adjutant W. P. Mudge killed instantly, shot through the head; Lieut. James Hill shot through the heart; Lieut. Jones shot through the back, spine broken. The other officers are wounded more or less serious, but are not considered dangerous. Co. E, killed: Corporals John Mayo, Eliab Churchill and George L. Whitcomb of Townsend, and William Crockett of Groton. It was a fact, though remarkable, that these four had a strong presenti-

ment that they would be killed. Previous to this, they had always been full of life and mirth, but on each occasion that I saw them during our march up the valley, they appeared gloomy and despondent; and Crockett remarked to me that he thought some of them were going into their last battle; and, poor fellows, their presentiment proved true, as I saw them, this morning, lying nearly side by side as they had fallen. Privates T. J. Hutchins of Westford, Franklin Wright and David Wares of Townsend were among the killed. They were within 10 feet of the enemy's works. I saw them, this morning, sleeping their last sleep, having fought their last battle, and looking as natural as in life. May we ever cherish their memory and remember that they died true to the old flag and for their country they loved so well. Peace to their ashes. Sergeant Williams of Groton and Private Evander Wright of Townsend were among the wounded. One incident among the many was the heroic conduct of Sergeant John F. Buckley of Co. E. During the second charge of the regiment, Corporal Jubb went over the rebel works and was collared by a stalwart "Reb," who attempted to stab him with his dirk, and while in the act, Buckley brought him (the "Reb") a blow over the head with the butt of his gun, knocking him senseless, and, there being nine more in the pit, he demanded them to surrender, which they accordingly did, and threw down their arms. He then collared his prisoner and ordered the others to follow. As he proceeded down the hill, he met Major Lamson, who ordered him to take them to the provost guard, which he did, and delivered them up for safe keeping. The next morning, each one commenced telling of their midnight adventure to the boys, and after a little explanation, it was found that Jubb was the man whose life had been preserved by Sergeant Buckley. When Buckley unrolled his blanket it was riddled with bullet holes.

OCT. 29. This morning finds us occupying the pits on the top of the ridge. A large force of the enemy is in our front, and from old Look-out's battlements they continually belch forth at us their deadly missiles, and as far as injury is concerned, no one has been injured as yet. A solid shot struck within 10 feet of our fire, upon which we were preparing our morning meal, overturning our dippers of coffee and filling our eyes with dirt, causing a sudden change of base. The 33d feel proud of last night's doings, it being their first charge, and it is pronounced by all a daring and gallant feat. Gen. Hooker says it is the greatest charge of the war, but no more than he expects of Massachusetts troops. Done at the hours of midnight, up a steep mountain side, it was a brave and gallant act. Coming from the Army of the Potomac into the Army of the

Cumberland, and this being our first engagement, the Western boys are delighted and show their friendship with a hearty shake of the hand. Massachusetts is represented in the Army of the Cumberland by two regiments only, the 2^d and 33^d.

OCT. 30. All is quiet, this morning, and our work goes bravely on. We miss our colonel, our adjutant and those of our fallen comrades. The enemy still remind us of their presence by a shell that comes whizzing over our heads. I have worked all day with pick and shovel, throwing up works as a protection for the boys in case the enemy might attack us again.

OCT. 31. We started, this morning about 1 o'clock, for Edward's Ferry, two miles from Chattanooga and four miles from the troops; we arrived about sunrise and went to work building a wharf for the steamer to land at and pile freight.

NOV. 1. Have been at work hard all day; two steamers have arrived with rations for the boys, and the pontoons will be laid across the river at short notice.

NOV. 2. All is going on lovely and in our favor.

NOV. 3. I have been hard at work all day, and am some tired; have seated myself and by the aid of a piece of candle I have written a letter home; have just received five, bearing dates of Sept. 21st and 28th, Oct. 5th, 12th and 19th.

NOV. 4-5. All has been quiet for two days; our pickets are very close to the enemy, and it will not be surprising to me if a fight takes place any moment.

NOV. 6. The climate of Tennessee is beautiful; the nights are somewhat cool, but comfortable, the trees are green, and to-day is just like summer. We are having our rainy season. I am better pleased with this part of the country than I was with Virginia.

NOV. 7. I paid a visit to the hill that the 33^d Mass. and 73^d Ohio now hold, though they paid dearly for it. I can look over at Chattanooga, a distance of two miles, and as far as the eye can see the ground is covered with tents, and all of them are occupied by the boys in blue. Opposite the hill is Lookout mountain, and upon its extreme end projects a high cliff or rock, and upon this rock is the rebel gun, which belches forth its murderous fire at our boys who lay in their rifle-pits below. With all of their "barking," they have done us no harm as yet. They shell our trains occasionally, but as they cannot range their guns low enough, we can laugh at them for their foolishness.

NOV. 8. I am now at Kelly's Ferry, close beside the Tennessee river,

four miles from Lookout mountain and about the same from Chattanooga ; we have two steamboats running all the time, bringing supplies to our army. Two weeks ago, to-day, the rebels held this place, but 'Fighting Joe' made them skedaddle.

Nov. 9. I expect the coming struggle will be a hard one, but we know our strength, and if everything turns out as we expect, the "Confederacy of America," as Jeff Davis calls it, will go down in confusion and despair, to their bitter discontent. I trust the "God of battles" will give us the victory over our enemies ; we are confident of success. It is our country that calls and its sons are fighting, so we will both nobly and boldly strike for freedom ; we will show to other nations that we love our banner ; it is an emblem of the free. We have those at home who weep and those whose hearts are sad, those who breathe forth sighs, but not in vain, for when peace and happiness crowns our toils and hardships which we are now undergoing, if spared, what a happy meeting it will be !

Nov. 10. It is a beautiful day ; the sun is shining clear and lovely ; it is just like a summer day down here in old Tennessee. We are just on the eve of another battle ; everything looks encouraging and we hope for a glorious victory.

Nov. 11. I am still at Kelly's Ferry waiting for orders. We hear that Meade is doing well, and also Burnside, and as for Hooker, we know that he has done well ; the boys all like him and we place confidence in him. Rosecrans has been removed, and Grant, the "Hero of Vicksburg," has taken his place ; I think it for a good purpose. We all seem to be well satisfied, so if we do our duty as soldiers, the confederacy will go down. Then we can sing :

"Down with the traitors,
Up with the Stars,
We'll rally round the flag, boys,
And shout the loud Huzzas."

Nov. 12. It rains, to-day, and I cannot do much outside, but have worked some ; in good spirits and good courage. No battle yet, but look for one at any time.

Nov. 13. And still it rains ; have quit work and come to quarters. I have not seen any of the 33^d boys for several days. I have just finished my dinner, and for the benefit of all whom it may concern, I would like to have them know what a good dinner is. Recipe : 1st—Take a quart dipper and put in one spoonful of coffee, one spoonful of sugar, fill to the brim with water ; put it on the fire and boil ; this is coffee.

2d—Take a frying-pan, cut three slices of fat pork, fry to a crisp. 3d—Take five “hard-tack,” soak them in cold water 10 minutes, place them in the pan with your pork, fry 10 minutes; having done this, your dinner is ready; then sit down upon the ground, take your knife—your fingers will serve as a fork—then eat hearty. This is what may be called a good dinner and a cheap one, and this recipe should be carefully preserved.

Nov. 14. It has cleared off beautiful again; the sun is out and shining bright. All nature is lovely, but the leaves are falling from the trees, and as the cool breeze wafts through our camp, betokens autumn at hand. All is quiet along the line.

Nov. 15. Another beautiful day. Everything is quiet; some prisoners coming in; a group of 65 have just marched aboard the boat for Washington; they are satisfied that the “Yanks” are too much for them.

Nov. 16. I have labored hard all day; everything is quiet. The boys seem to be in good spirits; there is fighting going on in the rear of Bragg’s army. We can hear heavy cannonading, which indicates that something is being done. There seems to be a quiet time in the Army of the Potomac. A number of paymasters arrived to-day, on the boat to pay off the troops; ours did not come, but we expect he will put in an appearance soon. Quite a number of families who have lived in “rebeldom” for the past two years and have entertained high hopes, and have a republic of their own, and thought it would be a nice thing to belong to C. S. A., with Jeff Davis for their leader, have lately come to the conclusion that their hopes are all blasted, that their homes are reduced to poverty, and they themselves are without houses or homes, and are now thrown upon the world without friends, and their children will eventually be as outcasts: such a scene I have witnessed. to-day, as some six families went on board of the boat to go North to find shelter and a home among strangers. God pity them, was all I could say. The furniture that they had with them consisted of two or three chairs and one table; some with only one blanket, and all the clothes that they were possessed of were upon their persons. What suffering I see from day to day, as I pass along through the South! I visited a house where some soldiers (rebel) who were wounded were lying, and it was a sight to behold. I can only say, may God have mercy on those traitors who have caused so much misery, poverty and degradation.

Nov. 17. We left Edward’s Ferry, to-day, and have returned to the valley once more.

Nov. 18. We have been quite busy, to-day, building some log houses for our own comfort; they are quite cozy.

Nov. 19. I received a letter from home, and the question is asked, "How do you spend your Sabbaths in the army?" I answer—having been in the service nearly 17 months—I can remember of but four Sundays that I have had the privilege of resting. We hardly know what a Sabbath is. All days are alike with us. I can remember the day of the week, but as a general rule, our heaviest marching and hardest fighting has been on Sunday, and the saying is, "The better day, the better deed."

Nov. 20. Our regiment was paid off, yesterday, and the boys are feeling grand, to-day. Our good Colonel Underwood left for home, last week; he thinks a great deal of the boys of the 33^d, and I assure you that we think a good deal of him.

Nov. 21-22. We have been busy the past two days in preparing for action; something is in store for us, and we are ordered to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. I am very comfortably seated upon my knapsack before two or three burning embers, taking observations. The first that meets my eye is the numerous throngs of soldiers that go to make up the Union army, and yet they are but few, comparatively, when I view the army in general. They all seem to be in good spirits and ready for that duty which may be enforced upon them at any moment, in a cause which is both sacred and dear. The next that meets the eye is Lookout mountain, whose top attracts the attention of all eyes. Upon its summit is placed a huge monster in the shape of a cannon, which belches forth missiles of death and destruction to all who may happen in its way, and though it has tried hard to hurl shot and shell into our ranks, very few casualties have occurred. The rebel General Bragg seems to be its present owner, and his force—either large or small is entirely unknown to me—extends for several miles, covering a large tract of territory, including what is called "Missionary Ridge." Their encampment is quite plain to our view, and portends a large gathering, and they seem to be active on both left and right. It may result in a battle, as everything has a tendency that way.

Nov. 23. It is now 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and our line of battle is formed; the boys are marching to and fro, but everything seems favorable for our side. 3 P. M. The peace is broken and the fighting has commenced. Fort Wood is speaking in tones of thunder at my right, hurling shot and shell upon the heads of the enemy and has a telling effect. 5 o'clock, and hard fighting on the left; we are doing bravely; our forces advance slow and sure; now darkness has overtaken us and firing has ceased. 9 o'clock. We (pioneers) started to repair a bridge;

we returned at 11 and lay down. At 1 o'clock we are aroused and go to the front.

Nov. 24. Cloudy and misty. Skirmishing has commenced at our centre and grows more brisk as the day-dawn appears. Sharp skirmishing this forenoon, and we have succeeded in turning their left. A charge was made by the 73^d Ohio and drove them from their pits, taking 13 prisoners from a Mississippi regiment. In the meantime, and while this work goes on, Gen. Sherman arrives with a force just above our left, and forms a connection with the 11th corps, and quiet prevails. Now the right has begun in good earnest. Joe Hooker is there and all is well. 2 o'clock, and a charge is made, and from the mouths of Fort Negley and Woodrick's battery are speaking volleys, which make consternation and havoc among the "Rebs," and cause them to fall back; they form and make another attempt, but in vain; they break and rush from their hiding places, and our flag goes bravely up the mountain side and is planted upon Lookout. In a white house just under the brow of the mountain is "Joe's" headquarters, and cheer upon cheer is heard all along the line for "Fighting Joseph." The shades of night have come upon us and some fighting is still going on upon our left.

Nov. 25. Fighting commenced. The enemy show themselves, but Sherman flanks them upon the left, and Hooker has them on the right, while the centre is pressing them hard. They respond to our fire and gain but little. It looks as though a retreat was favorable to their cause. We have met with the best of success up to this time. 12 o'clock, noon. We have captured 3000 prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery. Everything is lovely.

Nov. 26. The "Rebs" are in full retreat and we are after them. They have burned all their commissary stores and the road is strewn with broken wagons and all kinds of debris.

Nov. 27. They still keep on the run and we are close to their heels; we press them so fast that I have not time to learn the names of the places which we pass through.

Nov. 28. We started, this morning, and went as far as Red Clay Station, arriving just at sunrise, and then you ought to have seen the 11th corps walk in. We tore up five miles of railroad, burning the ties, and twisting the rails in the form of a letter S. We burned all the public buildings. This was on the Knoxville and Atlanta railroad, where Longstreet got his supplies, but we "Yanks" shortened the street for him. We returned back to camp, arriving about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, and lay down in an old corn-field; rested about three hours,

rose at 5, and marched to the top of a high hill, built our fires, cooked breakfast, and then went to work repairing the road for the troops; we worked all day, ate some fried salt pork and "hard-tack" for supper, then we worked all night, until sunrise of the morning of the 30th. We started to the assistance of Burnside, marched rapidly all day, as Bragg and Longstreet with a large force are marching on Knoxville.

DEC. 1-2. Have been on the move both days, having had but little rest and only stopping long enough to eat our rations.

DEC. 3. We have followed the railroad about all the way, passing through Cleveland, a shabby-looking place; had no time to take notes. Our next place was Charleston; here they had cut away the pontoons and partially destroyed the bridge. We followed so close to them that we captured five car loads of flour and a quantity of salt and meal. We are living high and bake our own "hoe cake." We have worked all night and rebuilt the bridge that crosses the river. Our next place was Riceville—nothing worth mentioning here—then Athens. We entered this town, our band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." The women waved their handkerchiefs; the sight of our army was a new birth to them. We halted for a short time and then proceeded on, passing through Midway, Sweetwater and Philadelphia, arriving at Loudon about sunrise, and came to a halt. We cannot go any further, as they have destroyed the pontoon bridge, also the railroad bridge that crosses the Tennessee river. We have gone into camp, pretty well beat out, but we are using them up. "Glory be to God."

DEC. 4. Our tired army is ordered to rest; said order is much appreciated by the "b'hoys." The scene at our rear is one of desolation, Bragg's army having burned the depot and heaped the meal and corn in huge piles, which they had set fire to, and the road is strewn with broken wagons, abandoned caissons and guns, carriages, pieces of pontoons and all manner of things, burning and broken. Such are the horrors of war. It was here that I congratulated myself on confiscating a pillow-case of flour. I carried it on my shoulder nearly two miles, when one of the battery boys offered to relieve me by carrying it to camp, and he did relieve me most effectually, for I have never seen it since. Our orders are to be in readiness to march in the morning.

DEC. 5. We took up the line of march at an early hour, this morning, and proceeded up the river about six miles. Here we found the river quite deep and the water freezing. A bridge had to be built and we had no tools except axes, spades and picks. We gathered all the wagons that we could find from the citizens, besides the unoccupied

buildings of the place. We sank them in the river, about 10 feet apart ; upon these we laid plank, boards, fence rails, etc., and then made wooden "hosses" and sank them for a quarter of a mile. We worked all night, until 3 o'clock in the morning, and at 5 o'clock all of our cavalry, artillery and infantry had crossed over in safety and were moving rapidly on to the assistance of Burnside, who must have aid, and have it in a few hours. It was on this occasion that myself and three other comrades volunteered to sink those "hosses." It was a bitter cold night, snow on the ground, and the current was running at the rate of nine miles an hour. A rope was put under my arms and I was lowered into the water ; could only stay about 10 minutes at a time, (stark naked at that) ; after being pulled out would run to a fire built of rails to be well rubbed, and then try the same over again. Three times in succession this was done, in order that our army could pass over, as all the bridges had been destroyed by Bragg's army and Longstreet's corps.

DEC. 6. We have marched all day, passing through Unitia and Friendsville, two small villages ; no time to take observations.

DEC. 7. Up bright and early and on our way ; passed through the village of Lenoir ; saw one building having on its sign, "Post-office ;" the surface was level ; good marching, and we are moving on at a rapid rate.

DEC. 8-9. Marched both days, passing through Woodsville and Concord, besides a number of other places that I did not learn the names of. The roads were villainous, but we pressed on through mire and wet, across brooks, until we arrived at Louisville at 8 o'clock in the evening, tired, hungry and completely worn out. I built a fire, spread my blankets under a tree and for the first time during my soldier's life, I fell asleep without my supper. As the Ohio boys say, I was "done gone." We are within 12 miles of Knoxville.

DEC. 10. Sunday morning. We are allowed a day to rest, and how glad I am ! We got news from Burnside that he gave Longstreet a sound thrashing and that our services were no longer wanted, and that we must return to our old quarters at Lookout valley once more. All things seem to progress finely. A word for Burnside. At the first call to arms, he entered the service as colonel of the First Rhode Island volunteers. In the battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade ; for his courage and bravery he was made brigadier-general of volunteers and assisted McClellan in re-organizing the army. His great victory at Newbern raised him to a high place in the popular estimation, and soon after was made major-general. Shortly after this he took up his position

at Fredericksburg, where he remained until the close of Pope's campaign. The invasion of Maryland by Lee brought Burnside again into the field. He took part in the battle of South Mountain, and in the great decisive fight that followed at Antietam, he was given command of the left wing, but failed in the movement assigned him. At all events, he seriously disappointed and offended "Little Mac," who attributed the failure to utterly overthrow Lee to his persistent and repeated disobedience of orders. Next we see him in command of the Army of the Potomac—a position that he was not fit for, though it was forced upon him. His first rash act was to push his army up the heights of Fredericksburg. It could be hardly called a battle; it was a frightful massacre, for our boys stood and were shot down like bullocks in the field. Our loss was 20,000, and not a foot of ground was gained. Many brave officers and privates were thankful when night came and put an end to the useless slaughter. The next day was a gloomy Sabbath for the army, and on Monday night it marched into its encampment at Falmouth. His next attempt was to cross the Rappahannock, but before the movement was complete a heavy rain-storm set in and turned the country into a sea of mud, and it was abandoned. Mortified at his failures, he resigned his command and Hooker took his place. Burnside's career has been a varied one. He is an able commander, notwithstanding the reverses he has met with, and a noble man and a true patriot; he will always be a model soldier. His fine personal presence, his bold, open look, reveal the truth and integrity of his heart. Burnside, relieved from command, has resigned his commission and left the army.

DEC. 11. Monday has come and our orders are to "about face" and march back to our old camp at Lookout valley.

DEC. 12, through 17th. All of these days have been spent in easy marching, and we have passed through all the places which I have previously mentioned, as we came back over the same route.

DEC. 18. We arrived back to the valley about noon, to-day, nearly four weeks since we left it, and a more dirty, ragged, tired, hungry-looking set of men you never saw. All appear to be in good health and spirits.

DEC. 19. I still live, but am quite tired. I am resting from my labors, to-day. We have given the "Rebs" as good a thrashing as they ever got, and I hope that it may bring peace soon. The 33d is all right; only two wounded during the whole time of leaving the valley until their return.

DEC. 20. I have been at work all day building a log house ; with the help of my comrade, William Marshall, from the 73^d Ohio, we have built one eight feet long, six feet wide ; a nice fire-place and a good bed, and here we sit as cosy and happy as you please, hoping that we have fought our last battle and that this rebellion will soon be over, and we have a speedy and a safe return to our happy homes and mingle with those we love and from whom we have been parted so long.

DEC. 21, through 24th. I have not done much for the past few days. I have been thinking of our last campaign and what we accomplished in the space of four weeks for our country and its cause ; and having done our duty, we have a reason to rejoice over a victory that belongs to us. We have borne the fatigue without a murmur, we have travelled 250 miles and fought the enemy one-half of the time, have bivouacked upon the ground, endured both storm and sunshine, and we are still in good spirits. We had a plenty to eat, for we captured any quantity of Bragg's supplies, such as flour, corn, meal and salt. We would now and then confiscate a hen or a chicken, which was a rarity. I must pause, for I have just been detailed to go to Howard's headquarters to build a stable for the officers' horses. Our time is pretty well occupied, both in camp and on the march.

DEC. 25. A Merry Christmas, and I have been at work all day at Howard's headquarters.

DEC. 26, through 31st. I have been very busy at headquarters all the week, making our officers comfortable for the winter. This being the last week of the old year, they make it quite lively for us pioneers.

JAN. 1. To-day is the first of another New Year, and with a stout heart, buoyed up by past success, I am ready for a struggle with 1864. I now realize that the wheels of time have swept another twelve months into the tomb of the dim and shadowy past. The year of 1863, to few, was a bright and joyous one, but to the many, alas ! how sad the reverse ; how many of their sweetest, proudest hopes bloomed into life, but they have withered in the shade of unrequited ambition. How many family circles have been robbed of a near and dear relative by the bloody hand of this fratricidal war ; brave young men, idols of happy homes and the pride of their country and its cause ; but may we who are alive be thankful to the God of battles, "who doeth all things well," and may this year bring joys that will soon blot from our memory the sorrow and disappointments of 1863. God grant that this may be the last year that will find millions of this country arrayed against each other in the bloody conflict of a civil war, but that peace, the greatest of all

blessings, will be restored to the land of our birth, and that all of our gallant soldiers now in the tented field may have a safe return to the bosom of their families and friends, in the full enjoyment of good health and happiness of home. What the coming twelve months may develop is not for me to say, but I ask for an ensuing and a lasting peace that will result in happiness and prosperity, and I wait with all patience and do whatever my duty calls upon me to do; but I am afraid that my three years will be pretty well spent in "Uncle Samuel's" service, and if so, I will be content, and

"When this cruel war is over
And I get home again,
I will never roam so far from home,
To carry a gun again."

I was over to the regiment, found the boys all well. I copy the following from an extract in the Richmond Enquirer. It says in regard to our fight with Bragg that "he is not to blame for running, for God never intended to give him that knowledge that belongs to other men." Well done, Enquirer, what would you have said had Bragg made us run? It is down on "poor Jeff" for keeping Bragg in command so long, but he is out now and Hardee is trying to collect the remnant of his army that is left. Our weather is cool and it feels quite winterish, and the climate agrees with me first-rate.

TO A. J. B., FROM HOME:

"I am listening for your footsteps
Coming quick and light,
I can see your sweet and loving smiles,
Beaming pure and bright.
From the distant field of battle
You will welcome be,
For the war is nearly over,
And I again your face shall see."

LIZZIE.

The future is unknown to me, but to judge from the past. I know that we have gained the summit of the mountain and made our descent into the valley below, and if I judge the present by what we have experienced in the past, it is a surety upon which rests a good hold. A defeat has befallen our enemies, while we have been crowned with success. The "Star of Hope" still beams bright to cheer us on our way with more courage than before. Lookout mountain, a few weeks ago, bade us defiance, and from its top would be hurled shot and shell into our ranks, but to-day it is ours, and over it floats the "Stars and Stripes," and all is calm and serene. It is Sabbath afternoon; raining down in torrents. I am snugly seated in my tent, with a good fire, and am as happy as my

circumstances will admit. My knapsack serves me for a writing desk by day, as well as a pillow at night.

JAN. 11. It is night—time 10 o'clock—and I am trying to write a letter. My lamp is a tin plate, filled with pork fat, and a piece of cotton for a wick. Now will you pity the sorrows of a “poor old soldier” and wonder how it is that we get up such inventions as we do down here in Dixie? Well, I have learned how to live within my means, hoping that it may be beneficial to me when I leave the army.

JAN. 13. We are now fixing up our quarters for the winter, and we pioneers are having busy times, but we shall soon get done, and then it will be easy for a while. I was over to the regiment, this evening; found the boys well.

JAN. 14, through 20th. All quiet in the Army of the Cumberland. Have done but very little the few days past; we are getting rested for the next campaign. I have got good winter quarters; am all alone, as my partner has gone home on a furlough for 30 days; he has re-enlisted for another term of three years. Well, all may re-enlist who wish to, but as for me, I will put in the remainder of my time, Providence permitting; when I have done that it will be enough for me. I will take home for my choice and let others take their turn, but by the time that I have served 18 months more, I guess that the C. S. A. will have gone up the “spout.”

JAN. 21, through 24th. We are having lovely weather, perfect spring days, warm and nice; the nights are cool; we have had considerable rain and only one snow storm. It is some muddy, but take it all in all, it is equal to our fall weather at home. To-day the birds are singing their melodious strains as they would in May; such is our weather in Lookout valley, Tennessee.

“’Tis said that absence conquers love,
But, oh, believe it not,
In vain, I never can forget,
And would not be forgot.”

The above was penned on receiving a letter from home.

JAN. 25, through 31st. All these days have glided swiftly by, and are only play-days to us; but after a good rest of a few weeks, then will come the “tug of war.”

FEB. 1. The weather has changed; it is raining to-day. Received a call from Buckley.

FEB. 2. The weather is beautiful to-day. We have but little to do in the shape of work, so we can recruit up for the spring campaign.

FEB. 3-4-5-6. We have had quite a smart rain, but our weather has been quite warm and beautiful. I have a good fire to sit by and good comfortable quarters, and a plenty to eat and drink. Our band has gone home on a furlough. I see that our good Colonel Underwood is getting well and has got a commission as brigadier. All is quiet in the Army of the Cumberland, yet our generals are busy watching the movements of the enemy, for they will try their best this coming spring, but the boys will meet them without a doubt.

FEB. 7, through 14th. My time for the most of these days has been spent in building a bakery; we have got it finished and now we are enjoying the loaf of "soft bread;" hurrah! We were paid, to-day, (the 14th) for two months. We have received marching orders; we may go, and may not, nothing certain.

FEB. 15-19. Confined to my quarters with a bad cold. I am expecting a box from home; it has been on the way for some little time; I hope it may come soon.

FEB. 17, to 23d. We have had charming weather for the month of February thus far, and to-day the sun is pouring forth its rays and all nature is lovely. We have just been informed that Morgan is within five miles of Bridgeport with a force of cavalry and artillery, for the purpose of destroying the bridge that crosses the Tennessee river, hoping that he may cut off our communication with Nashville; but I think "John" is running quite a risk, if such be the case, in making the attempt. We Yankees are not asleep; from Nashville to Knoxville our bayonets glisten and our boys know how to use them. The 12th corps is moving in the direction of Morgan, between Stevenson and Bridgeport, and the 3d division of the 11th corps has moved in that direction, and this morning at sunrise the 33^d Massachusetts started to see how the farce will be played and help trap "John" if they can. They will be most happy to do it. They have already immortalized their name and stand high on the roll of honor, and are not forgotten by our friends and loved ones at home. All hail the 33^d Massachusetts. I think it one of the highest honors in the world to be one of the number that compose it. It has never flinched from duty, it has always acted well its part, bravely and nobly, and I trust it always may. When we left Massachusetts we numbered 1184 officers and privates, good, stout and able bodied men. Wherever we have marched, or wherever we have been, we have always met with a cordial welcome from other troops in the field, and, to-day, with about 500 men able for duty. Quite a difference when compared

with 19 months ago. All of these have not been killed in battle ; some have died from disease, some have, through fatigue and exposure, been discharged and are at home. A goodly number are lying in hospitals, and some in the rebel prisons. We lost nine at Chancellorsville, 60 killed and wounded at Gettysburg, and at Raccoon Ridge, Lookout valley, Oct. 29th, 1863, killed and wounded 101. Our loss in battles has been but few, compared with other regiments, and I hope that in the remaining 17 months we shall be blessed the same, but we know not the future, but trust in the God of battles.

FEB. 24. Have been doing a job on the bakery ; it is now all completed. We now have our "soft bread" four days in the week, "hard-tack" the other three days. Oh, how delicious ! I can only say :

"The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But why should we make one complaint,
Or dare to plead
In times like these?"

My box has not arrived at Chattanooga as yet. Well, soldiering is getting to be a burden to me. I have got enough of it. I cannot think of being a "Vet," but the remainder of my time, if spared, I will do my duty bravely, bear it nobly, and lay it down triumphantly ; so let me wait with hope for the long, sweet summer of victory. I am pretty well used up.

FEB. 25. Everything seems to be active at the front. Longstreet is moving, Sherman is up and dressed. There is a movement going on, and before long we shall be notified to leave these cosey quarters and "get up and get." I think the "Rebs" will soon call it a gone case and will cave in.

FEB. 26, through 29th. I am having easy times for the few days past, as our work is all done up, with the exception of now and then a day we have to work hard. A little while to rest and we shall go into it in good earnest.

MARCH 1. I went to Chattanooga, to-day, a distance of four miles, for a box that has been on the way a long time, and to my happy disappointment it had arrived safe and sound. It was a good-sized one, and with the assistance of one of my comrades we got back to camp about dark.

MARCH 2. Oh, what a delicious breakfast I have had, this morning ! "Hard-tack" was banished from my sight, and the thought of "salt-horse" was out of my mind altogether. Doughnuts were all the rage, a nice piece of cheese, with a little currant jelly, and a slice of "home-made" bread, washed down with a good dish of tea. Upon examining

the box through, I find the following articles : one diary for 1864, which I will endeavor to keep filled with all that I can find interesting, one pocket-handkerchief—it comes just in time, for I have the “sniffles”—one bottle of catsup, although I have not got behind much, two pairs of socks, quite acceptable, one good pocket-knife, one paper of pins, one quire of paper, and envelopes, two jars of currant jelly, one can of preserves ; all arrived in good order and were welcome, “you bet.”

MARCH 3. I have enjoyed another good “square meal.” The 33^d is out on picket ; the boys are all well. I think we shall make a move before long.

MARCH 4, to 8th. Have done but little the past few days ; work a little now and then, just enough to keep our appetites good.

MARCH 9-10. Have been at work these two days quite hard, building a bridge down at Wahatchie, three miles from camp, between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, not far from where Geary was attacked by the “Rebs” on the 29th of October, 1863, a night that I shall never forget.

MARCH 11. The 73^d and 55th Ohio Veterans have returned from their furlough, having re-enlisted for another term of three years. The 33^d regiment band has returned, having been home on a furlough of 35 days. Jubb, Buckley and myself have concluded to take ours in about 17 months, if we are fortunate enough to live as long.

MARCH 12, to 15th. I am resting, to-day ; our job at bridge-building is completed. I sit alone in my tent, and as I look out upon Nature, clothed in all its loveliness, a thousand thoughts crowd my brain. I think of home, of wife, and of those who are thinking of me. The sweetest, best and dearest place is home, but I must be content where my lot is cast.

MARCH 16. Well, I shall call to-day a cold, raw and disagreeable one : it requires a good fire to be any way comfortable, but I think it will not last long. I have been over to my regiment. Sergeant Parker of Co. E leaves, to-morrow morning, for home, on a furlough of 25 days, to recruit his health. We are liable to march at any time. Halleck is out of the way, the Lord be praised. Grant is at the helm ; we boys like him, and will follow him wherever he may go. We have any quantity of “Vets” returning to the field, and a goodly number of recruits coming to our army daily. The 33^d has got a new chaplain ; his name is Cushman ; he takes the place of Foster, who left us and has gone to take command of a negro regiment. Cushman is a Methodist, and a fine man. He formerly preached in Lowell.

MARCH 17, 1864. “St. Patrick’s Day in the morning.” The band is

playing the national air of Ireland. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad ; notwithstanding its rude simplicity, I must quote it :

“Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die.”

MARCH 18. We have received news, to-day, to the effect that Morgan did not make his appearance until day before yesterday in the vicinity of Murfreesboro and Nashville. He stopped our freight train and destroyed a portion of it, and it was the quickest operation that he ever performed, for our boys were after him with a sharp bayonet (not a stick), but he made good his escape. Just behind was the mail train with Gen. Grant, on his way from Nashville to Chattanooga. They stopped in time and took back track, a fortunate thing, for in 20 minutes or more, Grant and the mail would have been in the rebels' hands. How Jeff would have crowed if he had got the “Hero of Vicksburg” a prisoner, but he got disappointed. Things are all cleared away, our mail has arrived and Grant is with us once more. I have to smile, for I received by that mail a box of pills, and every time I take those pills I think of the narrow escape they had, and what would have been my loss would have been their gain.

MARCH 19. We are having a plenty of “soft bread” ; the “hard-tack” is laid aside until we march, and I cannot tell when that will be. Everything is quiet and lovely in the valley, to-day.

MARCH 20. As I look out from the door of my log house and view the surrounding country, I see before me the Tennessee river, and on the opposite side is a long chain of hills, or a solid ledge of rocks, called “Waldron's Ledge.” At my right is a chain of hills which connect Lookout mountain. At my left is Raccoon Ridge. This, indeed, is a land worth fighting for.

MARCH 21. Another Sabbath has dawned upon me, and a beautiful one it is. Having long desired to pay a visit to the top of Lookout mountain, and as a favorable opportunity offered itself, I accordingly improved it. In company with three of my comrades—Sergeant Campbell, William Marshall and Joseph Reynolds, all of “Veteran” notoriety, we left camp about 9 A. M., proceeded slow and sure, taking a good observation of things as we went. We could not have chosen a better day, or one more lovely. The sun arose beautiful and clear. Passing through a ravine at the right of Raccoon hill—the place which reminds me of the events of that memorable night of Oct. 29th, 1863, we ascended another hill, upon which is a line of rifle-pits extending for miles parallel with

the valley. We passed through a swampy, or marshy piece of low land, and came to the bridge which crosses the creek properly called Lookout creek. It shapes its course in a sort of zigzag direction, running along the railroad for miles. At this bridge is a picket-post, and no one is allowed to pass without the countersign. Just below is a new bridge being constructed, and will be done in a short time. We crossed the railroad, and commenced climbing. We took a path that led us over rocks, stumps and fallen trees. It would make a horse laugh to see us ascend in some places; it was like a toad getting out of a well, as we would gain one step, we would fall back three; but perseverance accomplishes great things. About half way up the mountain we sat down to rest. Again we started, and succeeded in reaching a cleared spot upon which had been some Rebel camps; then came clear footing, and it looked as though the axe had been used, for it was plain to see that it had once been under cultivation; but, to-day, it was the scene of a far different nature: things bore a different aspect; where once grew the thrifty corn-stalk, could be seen the enemy's earthworks, thrown up for a protection against our assaults. A little farther up, and we descried the graves of some of our fallen heroes, gallant defenders of their country. They are buried near the brow of the mountain; no costly stone marks their grave, only a piece of plain board, with the initials of their names cut with a knife, or a pencil mark shows to the passer-by who they are and where they belong. But they have not died in vain. The blood of those fighting for freedom is never shed in vain. I copied the following names, as I found they belonged to the Army of the Potomac and were in the 12th corps:

PRIVATE GEORGE KENCLER, Co. C, 40th Regt., Ohio Vols.
 PRIVATE ALEXANDER WHITE, Co. I, 94th Regt., Ohio Vols.
 PRIVATE J. WENTZ, Co. A, 99th Regt., Ohio Vols.
 PRIVATE JOEL LONG, 40th Regt., Ohio Vols.
 PRIVATE P. WESTFALL, 33d Regt., Ohio Vols.

These are but few of the many comrades that have fallen, but they are not forgotten. The gallant, the brave and the chivalrous will sorrow for them. The next that met our view was the "white house" near the summit of the mountain, nearly in ruins. Probably the owner was a wealthy nabob and lived in splendor. This also will refresh our memory for time to come, for upon its top could be seen our glorious stars and stripes floating as they did on that memorable day of Nov. 24th, 1863, carrying the news of victory to our boys who so gallantly defended them. A well of excellent water marks the spot that was once both charming and delightful. Just above the well was another grave, marked

"A. White, 94th O. V." Leaving these scenes, we started for the top of the mountain, and then came the "tug of war," for it is climbing in earnest, until we reached the point, and then for nearly 30 feet we ascended ladders, which placed us upon its top, and once there, our task was done and we seated ourselves for a rest. In looking around, I was strongly reminded of the words of the poet :

"On the mountain top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands."

But to reverse it, allow me to say :

"Lo, on the mountain top I stand
And view the landscape o'er."

First that meets my eye is the once beautiful town of Chattanooga. It once had a rich and enterprising set of people, but were led astray through mistaken ideas that Jeff Davis taught. which has caused devastation and desolation to both place and people. It is now in our possession, and a lively business is being carried on in the line of "salt-horse" and "hard-tack." At my left, in the valley below, is a scene that is grand—the encampment of the 11th corps. It extends from Brown's ferry to Wahatchie, a distance of several miles. I will commence with the 2d division, as it occupies the right, and is under the guidance of Gen. Von Steinwehr. It comprises the following regiments, viz.: 73d and 55th Ohio V., 134th, 136th and 154th New York Vols., 33d New Jersey and 33d Mass. V., and a battery. The 1st division, under Gen. Ward, is composed of Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio troops. Their encampments looked fine in all respects, from the position that I occupied. Back of them is one vast range of hills. Next that comes to my view is the beautiful Tennessee river; it presents an aspect of loveliness, as it winds itself in all shapes. Changing our position, we have a fine view of Missionary Ridge, comprising a chain of hills as far as the eye can reach. Then comes the battle-field of Chickamauga, well-known to all the boys, extending for a distance of several miles. Next is Moccasin Point, on which is a fort that did good service, as also did Fort Negley, of which mention has been made, both pretty sites. Fort Wood looks proud and defiant as ever. As I cast my eye in a southeast direction, I discover a high mountain called Pigeon Mountain. It embraces Tunnel hill; Dalton is this side; Ringgold is beyond. As we now pass on, we observe many rifle-pits and they extend as far as Missionary Ridge; these served as a protection for the "Johnny Rebs;" also a large fort is being constructed one-half mile from the point of Lookout; it has five fronts of an equal proportion. We now enter the town of Somerville, on the top of the mountain. It is a delightful place, once the resort of "Southern

Chivalry," where they spent their holidays during the summer. It contains about 50 houses, a large hotel and bowling saloon, also a place for cooling the parched tongue in time of thirst. It reminds me of what the Bible says of "the city that is set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid," and this is only 2200 feet above the level of the sea. The buildings are after the old style of 50 years ago. From the top of this hotel, in a good clear day, you can see into six different States, viz.: Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama and Virginia. As I strolled through the town, I could see nothing that would be of interest to relate. It is occupied by our forces, and at the rear of the town is encamped the 78th Pennsylvania regiment, who do all the guard duty and patrol that is required to be done. Hundreds throng the mountain daily. We have a signal station on the mount, also a sutler's tent. Butter can be bought for the small sum of \$1.50 per pound, an ounce of cheese for five cents and other things in proportion. I ask, "Who wouldn't be a soldier?" Now, having seen all that could be seen, we turned about and retraced our steps. We came off from the mountain by another route from that which we went, and after two or three short stops and beholding the beauties of nature, we arrived back to camp, having been absent six hours, a little wiser, pretty tired, quite hungry, but did not begrudge ourselves the visit we made to Lookout mountain.

MARCH 22-23. For two days I have kept my quarters, not feeling very well. It has been quite cool. It is now snowing and a fire is quite comfortable.

MARCH 24. Beautiful and clear, this morning; the boys are having a nice time at snow-balling. Have been at work building a stable for the U. S. S. Commission; feeling quite miserable.

MARCH 25. So sick, to-day, that I was excused from duty and reported to hospital.

MARCH 26, through 31st. In hospital all these days. This is my first sickness since my enlistment, and I lay it to the exposure of the night when I went into the river at Loudon, as I have not felt like myself since.

APRIL 1. Feel some better, to-day.

APRIL 2-3. Up and dressed, but have not been out as yet.

APRIL 4. I have been over to the regiment; found the boys all well.

APRIL 5. To-day I have reported back to the Pioneer company for duty. Was glad to get back, but I must say that I received the best of care during my stay in hospital.

APRIL 6. Most of the company have been at work, to-day, but I, being a little more fortunate, the detail did not reach me.

APRIL 7, to 12th. Idle times with us now ; not much to do. Our weather has been fine for the past few days. The scenery by which I am surrounded is beautiful, but it will be far better when we can behold the good old flag floating over the whole Southern domain, as well as from the top of Lookout, and that before long.

APRIL 13. The talk of to-day is that the 11th and 12th corps are to be consolidated and to be commanded by Gen. Joseph Hooker. I have attended church for the first time in 20 months at the Christian Commission rooms. Another campaign is talked of.

APRIL 14. As the old saying is, we are still resting upon our "oars." The following lines I picked up in camp :

"The hour is at hand,
And the moment draws nigh,
The dog-star of treason
Grows dim in the sky.

Now, men of the North,
Will you join in the strife,
For country, for Freedom,
For honor, for life?

Trust not the false herald
That painted your shield,
True honor, to-day,
Must be sought on the field."

APRIL 15. Well, how things do change. We are no longer of the 2d division, 11th army corps, but the 3d division, 3d brigade. 20th army corps.

APRIL 16, to 20th. We have been quite busy at work, putting up headquarters for our new major-general ; his name is Butterfield. He takes the place of Steinwehr. The 11th and 12th corps have become as one and we now wear the star. Our weather is mild ; we have had some rain, with high winds, but take it as a whole, it is beautiful weather thus far. Received a letter from home, and when asked the question about my returning home, I can only answer in the words of the poet :

"A little longer, yet a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds sing,
And the tall branches, where the winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet words of my coming,
A little longer, yet a little longer."

APRIL 21, to 25th. We have been hard at work at headquarters ; have built eight log houses for the staff officers and one for the general himself ; have made nice gravel walks, also a cook-house for the darkies.

We are now at work on a building for the officers to dine in, and when this is completed our labors as a Pioneer company will have to come to an end.

APRIL 26. We have been informed, this morning, by our sergeant that the pioneers are broken up and we are assigned a new business, viz.: Drivers of mules for the 3d division supply train. This is only a change from the "sublime to the ridiculous."

APRIL 27. Warm, pleasant and lovely. I am seated upon my wagon and hold the authority over six mules. "Gee-he up and whoa." Everything is being got in readiness for a campaign and I think we shall make a move soon. A colored regiment marched up the valley, to-day, en route for the front; they look well for darkies and appear intellectual; they were officered by white men.

APRIL 28-29-30. The preparations for the grand movement have commenced, which I hope may end in the overthrow of the rebellion. The Army of the Potomac is to move on Lee and Richmond, while the Army of the Cumberland is to go for Johnston and Atlanta. We are all ready and waiting for the word "March"

MAY 1-2. We have been all ready for two days, awaiting the signal to start. Arose at 5 A. M., partook of a piece of "soft bread," drank a dish of coffee, hitched up my team and drove to headquarters, passed inspection and returned to camp; took dinner, greased my wagon, and received marching orders; proceeded to the corps commissary's and loaded on 32 boxes of "hard-tack;" time 6 P. M. Now for a start over Lookout mountain. We arrived at its base, it being dark as "pitch," but on we went, and it was like climbing "Jacob's ladder;" the road was rough and caused the mules to "scratch gravel," until we reached its top, a distance of 2400 feet, and then it was down grade for the same distance, and at 20 minutes past 11 we camped opposite Chattanooga, on the Ringgold road, took our supper and went to bed.

MAY 3. All is well; proceeded on our way, arriving at Rossville at 10 A. M., halted and let the brigade pass. The boys were in good spirits and felt well. I took a good survey of this town and find that it consists of two log houses, one barn and the remnant of a hay-stack. It needs no comment. We then started on; the roads were bad, but we reached our destination at sundown and halted for the night, just 16 miles from Lookout valley.

MAY 4. As I look around, this morning, I behold the old Chickamauga battle-ground, where one of the hardest contested battles of the war was fought, and Rosecrans was obliged to take shelter in the fortifi-

cations of Chattanooga, and we were on our way from Virginia to give him a helping hand, but were too late, for Longstreet got the start of us and flanked "Rosa's" army. But since then we have flogged him, and will again if he ever crosses our path. Grave after grave can be seen, and in some places hundreds are thrown in together, and only a stone, a board, or a fence rail marks the spot where our brave boys fell. We hitched up our teams and proceeded on as far as Gordon's mill, arriving at 4 P. M., and are waiting for orders. The infantry is ahead, the first and third brigades. Everything is "hurly-burly," and I expect to hear the cry of "Hitch up" any moment.

3D DIVISION SUPPLY TRAIN,
20TH ARMY CORPS,
ENCAMPED AT GORDON'S MILL,
GEORGIA, MAY 3D, 1864.

20
THE STAR
20—20
THAT NEVER
SEES TS.
20

We received marching orders, last night, and this morning at 8 o'clock we were all ready for a start, and I just said, "Get up, mule," and he got. We passed over good and bad roads, forded creeks and streams, up hill and down, for a distance of 10 miles or more. We passed over many plantations, once happy homes, but, to-day, they present a different aspect; nothing remains but a lone chimney and a few scattering shanties, with now and then a grave, where lies the body of some of our cavalry, who have met their death from the hands of a "bushwhacker." We went on until noon, arriving at Nickerjack's Gap—time 1 P. M.—and camped for the afternoon and night.

MAY 5. Delivered my load at the commissary's and started for Ringgold for another load. As I had but little time allowed me to stop, I can give but a brief account. Ringgold has been once a thriving town, numbering some hundred houses, with a beautiful depot. A thriving business was carried on, as it was on the Chattanooga, Knoxville and Atlanta railroads, but, to-day, it is a mass of ruins; about 15 old, dilapidated buildings is all that remains, and they are occupied by our officers for headquarters. A meeting-house, court house and two stores is all that marks attention. The other buildings were destroyed during our campaign of last fall. On one of the stores the sign reads:

WILLIAMS, GOSNELL & CO.

The other reads:

ANDERSON, BROTHER & CO.
VARIETY STORE.

Both stores, to-day, are filled with "hard-tack" for our boys who are now at the front. Our supplies come to us here from Chattanooga by railroad. About one-half of a mile from the town is Tunnel hill, upon which is our signal station. Just over the hill, in the valley below, we have an army of 52,000 brave boys, and they are bound to stick to the "wreck" until the last gun is fired. Our motto is, "Death to 'Rebs' and Traitors; give us Liberty, Union and Freedom." Nothing but this will satisfy. This is noted down while I have been waiting. It has come my turn to load. I have got a load of salt. I arrived back to camp about 11 P. M., took care of my team, ate supper. I made my bed on the top of six barrels of salt, the chimes of the barrels rubbing against my ribs. It was delightful,—just think of it!

MAY 6. On our taps at 5, took breakfast, hitched up our teams and started through the Gap, arriving at White Springs, alias Castle City, Ga.; camped for the night. This village contains 25 houses, two tanneries, one saw and grist mill, and is in the same condition as Ringgold. Fighting Joseph and Kill-patrick are here. We are confronting Johnston's army, which is commanded by Hood, Hardee and Polk, with quite a large cavalry force. They number 50,000 strong, and are in the vicinity of Dalton.

MAY 7. Three P. M. No fighting yet; we are following them pretty close, and they are falling back towards Resaca, and the prospect is that they will give battle at that place. We have been in harness all day, awaiting orders. Night has overtaken us once more and we lay down for a short nap.

MAY 8. On my taps at 3 o'clock, this morning; started at 6, arrived at a place which I shall call Desolation, eight miles from Ringgold. It has once been a thriving place, but there only remains a few shanties, the occupants all gone, a few plantations which serve the army as a camping ground; a range of mountains on my right, dense woods at my left, hills at my back, at my front is cleared land. Our train is well guarded, and is secluded from the enemy. The 3d division has gone on over the mountain. Success to them; they will probably meet the enemy by to-morrow. Camped for the night.

MAY 9. Up at sunrise, took care of my team; thought it would be a day of rest, but was disappointed, for marching orders came, and the army is moving. Gen. Thomas is moving in the direction of Resaca. McPherson is on his way through Snake Creek Gap and following the line of railroad. We started at sunset to climb the mountain Nicojack. A harder road I never travelled, nor a more dangerous one. We trav-

elled all night and arrived at Buzzard's Roost at 7 o'clock on the morning of

MAY 10. Here we fed and watered our teams. I lay down and slept until 2 P. M.; feel refreshed. Cannonading has commenced within a short distance from us, and it looks as though there would be a battle soon. We are in camp awaiting orders; expect to leave soon. It is nearly all woods around here; no buildings, only a saw-mill. Hard fighting is going on at Tunnel hill. No particulars of the fight, only our brave boys are doing their duty. No mail will go out for 10 days. It is busy times with us; thus far all goes on bravely. I eat, drink and sleep just as I can catch it, and, much more, I have to steal the time to write; as soon as I arrive at a place, I out with my pencil and paper, scratch down an account of my doings as speedily as possible. I do not lack for company down here in Dixie, such as horses, cattle, wild hogs, dogs, sheep, birds of all kinds, butterflies, beetles, worms, rattlesnakes and other objects too numerous to mention. I am entirely surrounded by mountains, and this is the way we have to fight the "Rebs," by climbing hills, ridges, and through gaps. It is thus we move by circuitous routes with our train, struggling along by-ways and wood roads, hugging closely the rear of our army while they push forward with rapid pace. We have not done much hard fighting as yet, only a little skirmish now and then, but the ball will begin to roll shortly, and when "Yanks" meet "Rebs," then comes the "tug of war." We are often asked the question, "What made you'ns come down here to fight we'uns for?"

MAY 11. We have just hitched up our teams and shall start for Snake Creek Gap, a distance of 14 miles. We had a severe shower, last evening, accompanied with heavy thunder and sharp lightning.

MAY 12. This morning finds me alive and well, nearly through the Gap, still awaiting orders. I have been in the saddle from yesterday noon until 1 o'clock, to-day. We passed through the town of Villanaw, comprising one or two log houses, one store, meeting-house and blacksmith shop; the occupants were only women, the men all off in the army; no sustenance of life except a little corn. Such is the fate of Georgia; had it been true and loyal to the Union, it would have presented a different aspect than what it does, to-day. I gave a little boy one "hard-tack" and he took it gladly.

MAY 13. In camp; feeling well; weather is fine; our troops are passing to the front; the work goes bravely on. We advanced our train about 5 P. M. Our division leads the way; has captured some prisoners and taken the first line of rebel works. The 15th and 16th corps have

captured a portion of the railroad, thereby cutting off their communication. The 4th corps has entered Dalton and it is now in our possession. So far, so good.

MAY 14. It is Saturday morning and we are in camp at the Gap, fronting the enemy. My team is all ready for a start ; we are constantly on the move, which keeps us quite busy, and gives us enough to do, but I take down every item of importance, as I go marching along. Kilpatrick made a raid, yesterday, upon some "Rebs," captured a number of prisoners and a drove of beef cattle. Our weather is cool, but pleasant, and our nights down here in Georgia are similar to those of Massachusetts. It is now afternoon ; fighting has commenced in good earnest. Our teams are all ready to move at a moment's notice, and we are listening to the booming of the cannon, hoping that victory may be on our side.

MAY 15. A pleasant day for Sunday. The booming of cannon can be heard at our front, just five miles. Heavy fighting is still going on. We have carried one of the enemy's strongest positions and they are falling back. Our noble Kilpatrick is wounded just in the moment of victory, a bullet entering his groin and passing out of the hip ; but the work goes bravely on. Perhaps a few words in his behalf would not be amiss. Gen. Kilpatrick was born in New Jersey ; his father was a farmer and gave him the advantage of an early education. Though he is small, he is plucky, resolute and fearless, and shows some of the finest qualities that go to make up a soldier. His daring career in the Army of the Potomac for two years spread terror throughout the State (Virginia), for both he and his bold riders were looked upon as ubiquitous. His success as a cavalry leader pointed him out as one fitted to command on a wider field, and he was sent to co-operate with Gen. Sherman against Atlanta. He has led our advance, protected the flanks up to within a mile of Resaca, and in the moment of victory they have carried him bleeding and fainting to the rear.

MAY 16. Twenty-seven years old, to-day. We are ordered to move forward. We hitched up about noon and proceeded for the town of Resaca, arriving at sunset ; camped for the night. The "Rebs" are in full retreat, and our boys are after them.

MAY 17. At Resaca, near Sherman's headquarters, all ready for a start. Having a few minutes to spare, I took a stroll over the battleground. It is strewn with dead bodies. Here was one of the enemy's strongest positions. The 20th corps carried it by assault, last night, tak-

ing nearly 1000 prisoners and eight guns. Our loss was heavy. The 33^d lost about 80 killed and wounded. Lieut. Henry J. Parker of my company was killed, Sergt. Dixon slightly wounded. Among the killed was Corporal Andrew J. Cobb of Co. D. He was born in Roxbury, Mass., and enlisted at Lowell, Aug. 5th, 1862; was killed at Resaca, Ga., May 15th, 1864. He was beloved by the regiment, and we mourn his loss. Just previous to the fight, he wrote a letter to his wife and concluded with these words: "If I fall, I die for the love of my country and the liberty of my children, and fill a soldier's grave." Comrade Samuel Ewing of Co. F received wounds from which he died June 1st. I can pay no more fitting tribute to his memory than by copying the following extract written in a letter to his mother by his captain, D. M. Prescott. He says: "I honor the true patriot who is willing to do his duty at a time like this. While you mourn the loss of a son dear to you, we mourn the loss of a comrade and a true and faithful soldier. Yes, Samuel was a good soldier and always did his duty, and I assure you, we sadly miss such men from our thinned ranks. He can have no richer tribute paid to his memory than to say, 'He died at his post.' He received his fatal wound while making a desperate assault upon the enemy with his comrades near Resaca, Ga., May 15th. He was not the boy to flinch in such a place, and only stopped when struck by the fatal bullet which caused his death."

The following lines were composed by Comrade Ewing, who participated in the glorious charge upon Longstreet's forces at Lookout valley, Tennessee, Oct. 29th, 1863:

The Gallant Charge of the Thirty-Third.

"The night was dark, the hour was late,
I might say that morning came;
When I awoke from a sound sleep,
Hearing some one call my name.
The cannons boomed, the muskets roared,
The colonel's voice I heard,
The words he spoke I remember well,
'Twas 'Fall in, Thirty-Third.'

We packed our stuff, our knapsacks slung,
And quickly took our place;
The colonel's voice I heard again,
His order was, 'Right face';
He took us out into the road,
And then we marched quick time,
But soon we came to Raccoon Hill
And formed our battle-line.

We advanced along the rugged hill,
Our colonel at our head,
But soon we came to a ravine
That further progress stayed.
On our left we heard a musket shot,
And there a volley came,
And then among our gallant boys
The bullets fell like rain.

Our adjutant stepped to the front,
And cried out, 'Who are you?'
But unto him no answer came,
And thick the bullets flew.
'Are you the Seventy-Third, up there?'
Our adjutant cried again;
No answer; but they fired at him,
And shot him through the brain.

We then fell back into the road,
And there our bayonets fixed;
'Forward, my boys,' our major cried,
'We'll cure them of their tricks.'
The men advanced on double-quick,
And charged them with a will,
And drove old Longstreet and his force,
And took old Raccoon Hill.

Long live the Ohio Seventy-Third,
Who helped us on that night,
Likewise the gallant Fifty-Fifth,
Who supported us through the fight.
The One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth New York,
They did their duty well;
Of the *Thirty-Third* I'll say no more,
Her deeds let history tell.

I cannot get to the regiment, for we are constantly on the move.

MAY 18. Here I am, alive and well; drove most all last night, and it is go, go, go. The "Rebs" are running and our boys after them. We have halted at a place called "Sheeptown"—for it abounds with them—awaiting orders; we shall follow close to the boys with "hard-tack," coffee, sugar and pork; we have to move slow and sure, to avoid the enemy's cavalry, but we are strongly guarded. It is now sunset, and we are in camp; drove 10 miles.

MAY 19. In camp at Sugar Loaf Valley, waiting for orders; 20 miles from Rome. J. C. Davis's division captured this place, yesterday, with its forts, guns, mills and foundries. All is quiet; warm and pleasant.

MAY 20. Travelled nearly all night, and am within five miles of Kingston. We have to take the round-about way with our train, over hills, through corn-fields and swamps. It requires the patience of "Job" to drive six mules over such roads, but it is just as essential to keep the "hard-tack," sugar, coffee and pork in reach of the boys as it is to put

down the Rebellion. Our boys have entered Kingston, after sharp skirmishing and heavy artillery fighting, and are now taking a rest. We have commenced the business in good earnest. We have got 20 days' provisions in our wagons, and we shall soon sweep grandly on towards Atlanta. More or less fighting is going on about all the time. I have not seen any of the boys of my regiment since I left "Buzzard's Roost," but presume that they are all well. Sherman is helping "Joe Johnston" to mix his cake, therefore we will be of good courage, for the country is safe and victory is sure to be ours.

MAY 21. In camp at Calhoun Station. Our teams are all hitched up and ready for a start; time 7 A. M.; proceeded for five miles; passed through the town of Allatoona. Here I met Buckley. He informs me that the boys are all right, with the exception of Savage and Harrington; they were slightly wounded. Buckley was minus of his hat, it having been shot clear off his head, and not a hair was touched. We proceeded on to Cassville, took dinner, then started for Cass Station, arriving about 9 P. M.; took care of my team and went to bed.

MAY 22. On my taps at sunrise, hitched up my team and returned back to Cassville; saw 175 rebel prisoners, this morning, on their way North. We are now loading up with rations; expect to start on a tour of 20 days. The weather is fine and I am feeling well.

MAY 23. Arose at 5, started at 7, travelled 10 miles, arriving just at dark, but no sleep, to-night, for me, for at 2 o'clock we crossed the Coosawatta river on pontoons and arrived at the town of Etowah about sunrise on the morning of

MAY 24. Took breakfast and proceeded for eight miles; took dinner in a wheat field, then started on our way over the mountain about 2 P. M.; drove the remainder of the day and all night, until the morning of

MAY 25. When we bivouacked and slept for three hours. Up again at daylight and proceeded within five miles of Dallas, arriving at 4 P. M. Hard fighting is going on; the 20th corps is into it and lose many, but have won the victory. Johnston made a furious assault on our forces, but after a bloody and desperate struggle, was repulsed with the loss of some 3000.

MAY 26. In camp all day. Some hard fighting.

MAY 27. Still in camp; weather is fine.

MAY 28. Have not moved yet. Our boys are stripped for the race, and subsist on what the country affords. Johnston has abandoned his strong position and fell back.

MAY 29. Up at 1 o'clock, this morning, and went to the front ; took a load of wounded and started for Kingston, arriving on Sunday.

MAY 30. Took to-day to rest, preparatory to our return for the front on the morrow.

MAY 31. We are at Kingston and shall leave for the front immediately. Everything is on the move, in the shape of infantry, cavalry and artillery. We expect the word "Forward" at any moment.

JUNE 1. We left Kingston about 11 A. M. We advanced slow and sure along every highway and by-way, until we came to a halt near Kenesaw Mountain. This elevation stretches off to the northeast, while to the west stands Pine Mountain, and back of this Lost Mountain. These cover Marietta and the railroad back to the Chattahoochee river. I am pretty well used up : have been constantly on the go day and night for a month or more, but, having a constitution like an ox, I am able to stand it. Thus for four days and nights we have wended our way amid banners waving, long lines of bayonets glistening, and the stirring notes of the drum can be heard on all sides, which made it quite inspiring. We arrived at Lost mountain on the night of the 5th and went into camp, glad enough to have the privilege of one night's rest.

JUNE 6. Buckley came to see me, this morning ; he is well and in good spirits, but tells me that the regiment has seen hard times. Jubbs is missing, supposed to be a prisoner, as he was last seen at Dallas (or Burnt Hickory). O'Neil, Owens and Harrington are slightly wounded. We are resting, to-day, and all is quiet in camp.

JUNE 7. Moved camp, advanced about five miles, within a short distance of Marietta. All quiet.

JUNE 8. I started for Spottsville, a distance of 15 miles, for a load of provisions ; arrived late at night ; shall return back to the front, to-morrow.

JUNE 9. I started, this morning, for the front ; the day is a fine one, and as I wend my way along I take my time and note down what I see by the way. I passed over some nice plantations ; the crops of corn were looking well, also the rye fields. I think that the people of Georgia concluded that the "Yanks" would not encroach on their rights, but, alas, it is too late, for to-day we are many miles in their midst and are still on the advance. I passed through the town of Allatoona. This was once a flourishing little town, located near the railroad, but like all the rest it is in a state of demoralization. On we went for a distance of three miles, arriving at the Coosatee river, crossed over on pontoons, it

being just dark, travelled two miles further, arriving at Cartersville at a late hour ; took supper and went to bed.

JUNE 10. For some reason or other, we were obliged to stop here for two days, during which time I improved it by foraging. I got quite a quantity of corn for my mules, killed a hog, and, in fact, lived high. "Secesh" pork is good, especially that which we confiscate. This part of the country abounds with hens, hogs and darkies, very few whites, they having taken French leave upon the approach of our forces.

JUNE 11. Resting, to-day, and thankful for the privilege.

JUNE 12. We started, this morning, in a good old-fashioned rain-storm—oh, how it pours,—came very near washing me out of the saddle. I think I could get a barrel of water out of my boots, at least, I feel so. We came to the town of Ainsworth. This was another pretty town on the railroad, and I need not comment, for it may be classed with the rest. We proceeded on as far as the station and went into camp.

JUNE 13. We are resting, to-day ; silence prevails at the front, but it will be of short duration. From his high perch on Kenesaw, Johnston looks down into Sherman's camps, on which he has directed his batteries to play, but the shot and shell go over the heads of our boys, as they lay close up against the base of the mountain. Thus far we have gained a decisive victory over the "Rebs" and the good-begun work goes bravely on. We have lost a goodly number of brave boys, yet we are in good spirits and feel highly encouraged. The 33d has suffered much, but no worse than many others, but it is composed of good fighting stock and is thought much of down here, as well as at home. It numbers about 300, all told. Two years ago, we boldly marched to the front with 1184 men. All are not dead ; some are at home, having been discharged, some have died before the regiment went into action, some are suffering from their wounds received while doing their duty, and others are pining away in rebel prisons. But the right will and must prevail. We are having considerable rainy weather, and, according to the signs, it bids fair to remain so for quite a while.

JUNE 14. The programme has changed. The 3d division supply train, which numbered 30 wagons, 180 mules and 60 men, has been reduced to one-half, by order of war department, and consolidated with the 4th army corps, and I have been ordered to report back to my company and regiment. Accordingly I packed up my "duds" and started, arriving about 11 o'clock. Was glad to meet the boys, after an absence of some months at detached service. I received a gun and 40 rounds of ammunition, drew three days' rations and was ready for action. Af

ter dinner, the troops and artillery were assigned their positions, and everything being in readiness, Sherman was determined to make a break through between Kenesaw and Pine mountain. The 20th corps advanced two miles and lay close to the rebel works all night. The rebel general, Bishop Polk, was instantly killed by a cannon shot from our battery. Their sharp-shooters kept up a brisk fire, as we lay upon all fours, expecting to wade in, but fortunately, we did not have to go.

JUNE 15. This morning, Pine mountain was found to be abandoned; our boys advanced, but discovered that the enemy had only fallen back to Lost mountain and skillfully constructed a long line of breastworks. We spent the day in building breastworks for our own safety and got shelled, but received no harm.

JUNE 16. We relieved the 1st brigade of our division last night. The "Rebs" retreated. McPherson and Thomas are shoving their left, and Schofield is giving them "fits," while Hooker is waiting for them to see stars, in case they come upon us.

JUNE 17, through 27th. Camp of the 33^d Regt., Mass. Volunteer Infantry, on the battle-field near Marietta, Georgia, 1864. Gen. Hood suddenly came upon part of Joe Hooker's corps in one of his headlong onsets, but such an awful fire met him that he crawled back in disorder and sought the cover of his works, minus of about 800 men. I received a letter from home and in it was a programme of the obsequies of Sergt. George Curtis of Chelmsford, who died at the Emory Hospital, Washington, May 29th, from wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, May 18, 1864. Services were held at the grove in West Chelmsford on Sunday, June 5th, at 2 P. M.

ORDER OF SERVICES.

- | | | | | | | |
|----|------------------------|----------------|---|---|---|-------------------|
| 1. | DIRGE. | - | - | - | - | Dunstable Band. |
| 2. | READING OF SCRIPTURES. | - | - | - | - | Rev. Mr. Morse. |
| 3. | PRAYER. | - | - | - | - | Rev. B. F. Clark. |
| 4. | HYMN. (Original.) | Tune "Braden." | - | - | - | Farrar. |

"The fall of Sumter called
For soldiers brave and strong,
When boldly marched our hero brave
To help avenge the wrong.

He's perished in the strife,
Let all catch up the strain,
And echo it with loving hearts
On hill-top and o'er plain.

As ye look on the brave,
 In his last quiet sleep,
 Weep tears of anguish, as ye gaze,—
 'Tis manly, right, to weep.

His form place gently down,
 Beneath the soft, green sod,
 And leave the hero in his rest,
 To the kind care of God."

5. ADDRESS. - - - - Rev. Dr. Edson.

6. HYMN. Tune "Pleyel's Hymn." - - Rev. Mr. Squiers.

"Weep for him who bravely died
 For our flag, the Union's pride,
 Weep, but keep his memory pure,
 While our country's stars endure."

* * * * * *

7. PRAYER.

* * * * * *

8. BENEDICTION.

I read the programme with interest, and the occasion must have been solemn and impressive ; but how many good boys fall that the memory of them are only cherished by those who are near and dear to them. Comrade Curtis has done his duty, his trials are over and he found a hero's grave. Peace to his ashes. We keep advancing on the enemy and are pushing them hard ; we gain ground every day. To-day, the 19th, we advanced our line of battle about three miles ; threw out a line of skirmishers and checked them, until we accomplished our object, then fell back into our works, where we remained all day the 20th. Some sharp skirmishing is going on upon our left, but the work goes bravely on. It has rained all day and we have hugged the ground, now dodging the bullets of the enemy as they zip over us and make us feel sort of "peculiar." I am wet through ; feel like a drowned rat ; am reminded of home and its comforts. Ackroyd and I tent together ; have not heard anything from Sergt. Jubb, but hope and trust that he is alive and well. We are to-day, the 21st, in our rifle-pits, confronting the "Johnnies," near Kenesaw mountain. It is a lovely morning ; all Nature is lovely. I am seated upon the ground, just within grasping distance of my gun, in case I should be suddenly called upon. Skirmishing is going on quite brisk. On the morning of the 22d, our brigade was called upon to charge a hill, in order that we could bring our right line of battle in parallel with the left. At the sound of the bugle we slung knapsacks, and at the word "Forward" we marched two miles and halted ; five men from each company were deployed as skirmishers. At the word, with one bound and a yell, we soon went over the ground and cleared them from their first line of pits. We charged them three times

in succession, driving them into their line of works and holding them in check until our object was accomplished. The loss in Co. E was Ralph W. Parker, killed, Corporal William C. Daily, killed, E. D. Battles, James Owens, Josiah S. Davis, Benjamin Billings and Sergt. G. W. Boyd, wounded. I escaped with a slight scalp wound on top of the head. We held our position until 8 p. m., when we were relieved by the 14th army corps. I will now relate one incident which was quite amusing to those who witnessed it. When the bugle sounded for the regiment to fall in, Ackroyd and myself were engaged in preparing our breakfast, which was a boiled pig's head that we picked up on the march the day previous. As we had no time to eat it, he proposed to put it into a tin pail and strap it upon his knapsack, which was accordingly done. We then separated and I did not see him again until after our first charge, when he called out, "Boies, are you all right?" I answered "Yes," and he came up to where I was waiting, and such a sight! It was good-bye, pig's head. The cover had come off the pail, the meat was lost, but the grease had run down his back, and though the bullets were whistling all around me, I forgot all danger for the moment, in laughing at his ludicrous appearance. They charged the left of our works on the night of the 24th, but were handsomely repulsed with a heavy loss. They find that our metal is not very inviting. I have ruined my diary; it is entirely ruined. I carried it in my side-pocket and have laid out in the rain until it is soaked through and through, so I have to commit my doings on slips of paper. Ackroyd is sitting by my side and seems to be quite happy. We are in our breastworks; it is Sunday morning, June 26th. We understand that orders have been issued for a grand assault, to-morrow, by McPherson and Thomas, on the enemy's works.

JUNE 27. At the appointed hour, this morning, the signal was given, and these two divisions moved to the assault. Right up to rebel works they pressed and faced the deadly sleet of shot and shell which rained in one ceaseless torrent, but over the works they could not pass face to face, and in full view they fought with shouts and yells, with cannon and musketry making fearful havoc among our boys. But it was all in vain, for Harker, McCook and Rice, all gallant generals, fell, one after another, killed or wounded, and no foothold gained, and at last the recall was sounded, and our boys fell back, beaten for the first time. The enemy suffered comparatively but little, while our loss was nearly 3000 brave men. This was truly a sad day to our army as it gathered up its wounded and buried the dead, but such are the results of war.

JUNE 28. We are still in our breastworks, near Kenesaw mountain.

We are fronting the enemy, this afternoon, but have received marching orders ; shall start to-night ; expect to cross the river, but I am not positive.

JUNE 29. We are upon the move ; where we are going I know not ; it seems to be kept quite secret, but "Fighting Joe" is at the head. I feel pretty well, but it is work, work, work. This has been a long campaign thus far, and it is not finished yet. Our leaders are bound to strike a decisive blow and I hope such will be the case.

JUNE 30. I am in pretty good health, to-day. Our weather is quite warm and sultry. The "lice" came near pulling the shirt off me, last night ; it keeps me busy all of my spare time to keep them in their place, but such is life in war times, and if these vermin are a variety, they certainly are a spice. They say that Grant is doing well, and as for William T., we know he is all right. Everything is lovely. I hold a position which is by no means a pleasant one ; it is built of logs, to protect my venerable body ; the gun and 40 rounds of cartridges are the only companions that I have to talk with, but with a full haversack of "hard-tack," sugar and coffee, I am ready for the emergency.

JULY 1. We are moving rapidly towards the Chattahoochee river. Johnston has evacuated his strong position.

JULY 2. We have been hurrying with the utmost rapidity, hoping to catch the "Johnnies" before they cross the river, but their cavalry has impeded our progress, and they are now safely across. Thus far we have driven the rebels from Tunnel hill, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Kingston, Allatoona and Kenesaw. They have fought on the defensive and we have beaten them every time. Stronghold after stronghold have they abandoned which they boasted was impregnable, and having been made to surrender them, they feel that it is humiliating.

JULY 3. Our boys entered Marietta, to-day, just as the rebel cavalry was leaving it. It is awful hot. We are having a pretty rough time of it, but as we press on, success attends our arms. Our march thus far is a great surprise to the rebels.

JULY 4. The Chattahoochee is ours (a river in Georgia) and one of the great objects of the campaign is secured. I have lain all day in line of battle in a corn-field, fronting the enemy. Ackroyd is on picket.

JULY 5. Atlanta is only eight miles distant ; we are camped on a ridge near the river. We can see its spires and domes from the tree-tops, and both officers and men climb to take a look at what is called the "Gate City."

JULY 6. Sherman's army is composed of four corps, the 14th, 15th, 20th and the 17th. Our right wing is commanded by Howard, and Slocum has the left. The "Rebs" are quite stubborn and strongly dispute our passage of the river.

JULY 7. Schofield's boys effected a lodgment on the opposite bank, last night, under the cover of darkness, and Johnston, on discovering this, ordered a retreat, and it being his last defensive position, has fallen back to Atlanta.

JULY 8. On picket all day, just 200 yards from the "Rebs." The river divides us. We are on friendly terms with each other; it makes it quite pleasant for both sides, as we swap off our "hard-tack" and coffee with them in exchange for tobacco, yet we keep our eyes "peeled," for the tune is liable to change any moment.

JULY 9. A sudden stillness seems to pervade across the river; not a man to be seen, pickets all gone. News comes to us that the "Rebs" have retreated during the night, and that Sherman is marching his army over the river, and we are ordered to "fall in" and do likewise.

JULY 10. We crossed the river, to-day. Thus far we have had splendid success. We have taken a large number of prisoners and met with a comparatively small loss, and our boys are holding their own against a superior force. Jeff Davis has appointed Hood as Johnston's successor.

JULY 11. The following order was issued, to-day, and was quite welcome: "Since leaving the mountains the heat has been quite oppressive, and the men, wearied by a battle-field that stretched 135 miles or more, back to Chattanooga, need repose before entering upon the desperate conflict which is so close upon them, therefore it is expedient to give them a short rest." (Signed) "William T. Sherman."

JULY 12. To-day has been the hottest that I ever experienced. The sky is without a cloud. All around me are white tents, and camp-fires not a few, while some are sitting in groups, talking and jesting, others are doing up their washing and mending, as we have no time to do those things while on the march.

JULY 13. I have been on picket all day; am surrounded on all sides by a dense forest. We are facing their main line of breastworks. We have made a treaty with the "Johnnies" not to fire at us if we do not at them. They promise that if "you'uns won't fire at we'uns, we'uns won't fire at you'uns."

JULY 14. Have just come off picket. Ackroyd has gone blackberrying; says he will get enough for himself and me, so I will take a nap until he comes back.

JULY 15. Ackroyd returned, last evening, with two quarts of the finest berries that I ever saw, and we have had, to-day, an old-fashioned sit-down. Blackberry sauce, cucumbers sliced in vinegar, stewed beans and pork, and "hard-tack," of course. It was a treat, I tell you. Have just heard from Comrade James Owens, who was wounded at Kenesaw mountain. He is now at the U. S. General Hospital at Nashville, Tenn. He is doing nicely and his wound is not as bad as we feared.

JULY 16. The rebels are getting desperate. They have removed Johnston and put Hood in his place, a man who says he will fight the Yankees and put an end to retreating. "To go forward and fight," is his motto, and as Johnston would not advance, Hood is determined to give us battle. The following order to company commanders from headquarters means business: "Be ready to march at any moment. See that your men are amply supplied with ammunition." We have drawn two days' rations.

JULY 17. Arose at 5 and commenced packing up. At 8 o'clock the bugles sounded "Forward," and once more the refreshed army have advanced and formed line on the Peach Tree road near Atlanta. We (the 33d) have gone into camp at Bull Calf station, three miles from the city.

JULY 18-19. We have been busy these two days in swinging around upon the Augusta road, near Decatur, which lies to the east of Atlanta, and is situated at the junction of the two main railroads of Georgia. Here we destroyed one line of their communication which leads towards Richmond. In the meantime, Gen. Thomas got his boys across Peach Tree creek by bridges in front of the rebel intrenchments. We have accomplished all this amid the roar of cannon and the fire of musketry, which showed that every step forward must be gained at the price of blood.

JULY 20-21-22-23. Often have I attempted to describe the scenes of the battle-field, but have failed for want of the knowledge to do so, but, to-day, it rises before my mind in all its horrors; and such a sight to behold can never be described by pen. Last Wednesday, the 20th, was enacted one of the bloodiest scenes of the war. On Tuesday, the 19th, we advanced on Atlanta, and Sherman said it must be ours at all hazards. We crossed the Chattahoochee river about 11 A. M., and were formed on the left, as we do our fighting by flanking mostly, and as one of the ladies of Georgia notoriety told one of our generals about our style of fighting, "You'uns don't fight we'uns fair; you always come round on our ends" (ends). Our boys halted, a little skirmishing was kept up all of the afternoon and night, and during the forenoon of Wednesday.

About 1 P. M., Hood made a furious assault on Thomas while he was forming his lines. The "Reb" officers told their men that if they succeeded in breaking our lines, the "Yanks" were gone up, and that they must do it in order to save their cause, and they obeyed accordingly (so we were informed by their prisoners). They threw themselves in solid masses, wonderful to behold, on our half-formed lines, struggling hopelessly, madly, hour after hour, until we piled 5000 of their braves in heaps upon the field. Our boys stood firm as iron, letting them come within a few yards, then pouring into their ranks volleys which had a telling effect. Still on they came, only to be mowed down by our artillery, which sent into their ranks grape and cannister, telling wonderfully. They broke, fell back, unable to form again. Oh! the sight to behold, as they lay in heaps, here a company and there a regiment, just as they stood and took our awful fire. Our loss was a little over 1700.

JULY 24-25-26-27. The "Rebs" have abandoned their outer works and fell back to another position in a battered and bruised condition. We keep advancing, slow but sure. I begin to feel old. Two years of my service will soon end, and I shall soon enter upon the third, but with just as good spirits and courage as I have the two past. But then, the wishing of this "cruel war" to end is constantly running through every mind, both at home and upon the tented field. Have not enough been slain? Has not enough mourning been spread through our land, and has it not visited every house from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico? and yet the work of death, havoc and devastation still goes on. Such are the horrors of this cruel war.

JULY 28. We are at Buck Head Station. All is progressing well. Hood has tried the same experiment on McPherson that he did on Thomas. Six times in succession did they come in maddened fury on our half-formed lines, but at last, exhausted, wasted and bleeding, they gave it up; 3000 of our braves lay dead on our front, while that of the enemy (as reported by Gen. Logan) was full 12,000. In the death of McPherson, we suffered a great loss, and when the news reached Gen. Grant, he exclaimed, "The country has lost one of its best soldiers and I have lost my best friend." As soon as his death was known throughout his army, it awakened a keen thirst for vengeance and you could hear resounding from right to left, "McPherson and Revenge." He commanded the 15th, 16th and 17th, three noble corps.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

Peace to his ashes and a grateful monument to his memory.

JULY 29. Hood has at last retired to his works. Our army is closing in and we shall soon begin the siege of Atlanta. We have ordered up some heavy guns from Chattanooga and shall soon commence to shell the city. All the surplus wagons and baggage not needed and the wounded were sent back to the intrenched position at the bridge, with the 20th corps to guard.

JULY 30. The Army of the Tennessee has reached the railroad leading off toward Mobile without loss, and have destroyed 12 miles of it, and the whole army are preparing for a move eastward toward the Macon road.

JULY 31. Everything goes on like clock-work. Howard is on the right, Thomas in the centre, Schofield on the left. Howard has reached Jonesboro, southeast of Atlanta. Thomas is farther north, and Schofield is near "Rough and Ready," still closer to Atlanta. This is good and glorious news, as it reaches the 20th corps who lay camped seven miles north of the Chattahoochee, at a place called Tupulo.

AUG. 1-2, Finds me alive and well. We have entered into the month of August; the weather is fine, the nights cool, quite heavy dews and misty mornings, quite similar to our home weather, not healthy, by any means. The anniversary day of my two years is here, and had I undertaken to narrate all the incidents and marches connected with a soldier's life, what a volume it would fill. But suffice it to say, I hope, pray and trust that the next 12 months will favor me more than the past, but I will not murmur nor complain. We are engaged in a cause that is considered by all (loyal) true and righteous, for the protection of home, country and liberty. It seems that our cause is just, or else the tide would be against us. It was gloomy and discouraging the first year and especially when we were defeated at Fredericksburg. The "Rebs" were quite elated, and, buoyed up with high hopes, they still persisted in their evil designs. Next came Chancellorsville. We whipped them severely, but did not gain much territory. Then came the cry, "Maryland, Oh, my Maryland," and they went. Lee told his army (the youth and bloom of the Southern Corn-fed-er-a-cy) that they would only have to fight the raw militia of the North, and that in a few weeks everything would be under his control, and so forth and so on. Well, at Gettysburg, which will be long remembered, they met the raw militia, which proved to be the brave boys of the Potomac, boys who had the bone and muscle, boys who had endured long marches and had just partook freely of *Meade* previous to the fray. The best part of his army found a grave in a Northern land; the remnant that went back with him were

well demoralized. The next that followed was the fall of Vicksburg, then Port Hudson, and from that time to this we have had victory perched upon our banners, and to-day we have Atlanta under our thumb, while Grant has Richmond in close quarters. I think, "Johnny Reb," that your case is hopeless. Echo answers, "Hopeless."

AUG. 3. I have been doing some writing for the company, to-day, making out the pay-rolls, descriptive lists, etc ; excused from all duty, except in case of necessity.

AUG. 4. I am no longer a "private" in the rear rank, but corporal, promoted Aug. 1, 1864, by order of Col. Ryder. Buckley is promoted to sergeant. Everything goes on lovely, but Atlanta is not ours as yet.

AUG. 5. We are still guarding the train, and how long we shall remain with it I cannot tell. I am on duty nearly all of the time, and when off, I do writing for the company. Our weather is delightful, warm and sultry at times, with frequent showers, which are cool and refreshing. Everything is progressing well at the front.

AUG. 6. Prisoners keep coming in by dozens, which indicates that our boys are active, and we seem to be ignorant of what is going on south of the city. I think that the fate of Atlanta is settled, for the prisoners tell us that, after all of their hard fighting, they will accomplish nothing, but it will be the United States after all. Poor, unfortunate creatures !

AUG. 7, to 22^d. Everything has been working well up to this present time, but popular favor is fickle. "Fighting Joe Hooker," who has long been a favorite of the boys, and was always hailed with unbounded delight, has resigned. He thinks by having put his inferior in rank above him, after all his services, has done him a grievous wrong, and he will not submit to what he believes an injustice. He has resigned and gone home. "Bully for Joseph !" It is hard to blame him for this step. By the rules which govern military men, he could not do otherwise. His last great battle was on the 20th of July. It was a fair test of heroic valor, a display of cool generalship and good courage, and a portion of Hood's army will remember it to their dying day. History says, "But this brave old corps (the 20th) stood entirely uncovered in the field, their firm granite formations their only defences, and never did its grand qualities shine out so resplendently as on this occasion." All hail to the hero of Lookout mountain. Major-General Henry W. Slocum has taken Hooker's place and is now commander of the 20th corps, and while the bold movement is going on around Atlanta, we are guarding the communications. We have left the camp which we have occupied for sever-

al days near Tupulo, and swung around to the right of Atlanta ; by so doing, we shall lengthen our lines and throw a good force across the Macon railroad in the rear of the city. Everything is across the river, excepting our wagon train, the sick and wounded in hospital and the 33^d is guarding them. The rest of our corps are fortifying ; we can see them busy at work from our camp. It is rather quiet and still, yet a fight is liable to take place any moment, and if they do attack us,

“Conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, ‘In God is our trust ;’
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

We shall in all probability keep doing until we capture the city, unless we meet with a reverse, and we are not looking for anything of the kind. We do need rest, but if we can only succeed in driving the rebels out of existence, I will not complain. I have been on picket four times ; receive some persecution from the mosquitoes ; they are regular night-killers. I shall have to commence, to-morrow, on the pay-rolls ; this occupies about five days.

AUG. 23, to 31st. Have been quite busy all these days on the pay-rolls and they are finished at last. We have cheering news once more from the front. Hood pitched into Thomas (the Rock of Chichamauga) with two corps, but was repulsed with a loss of 3000 men. We are having quite lively times and the day of Hood’s departure from Atlanta is at hand. I went on picket, last night, came off, to-night (Sunday) ; had a pleasant time ; had a fight with hornets, came off victorious and never got a sting. To-day I have made out the monthly report, giving an account of the number present for duty, the absent ones, wounded and sick in hospital, made out a descriptive list and mailed it, wrote a letter to one of our absent privates, by order of the lieutenant. We were mustered in for pay ; hope we shall receive it soon. Thus endeth all the doings for the month of August, 1864.

SEPT. 1. Sherman had ordered all of his columns to report at Jonesboro, to-day, and according to orders everything was in readiness at the appointed time for a general assault, and the rebel position there was carried. A whole brigade with eight guns was captured, and 5000 killed and wounded were left on the field.

SEPT. 2. Yesterday’s doings settled the fate of Atlanta, for last night they commenced to evacuate. All of the surplus ammunition was loaded on cars and run out on the Augusta railroad and blown up. Six engines and nearly 100 cars were gathered together, set on fire, and 1000

bales of cotton, which made the midnight heavens glow. Lighted on his sorrowful way by such a sea of fire, Hood, with his demoralized army, moved swiftly toward Macon. The 20th corps camped seven miles north of the city, on the Chattahoochee; heard the loud explosions and saw the heavens illuminated, and, suspecting that something was up more than usual, Gen. Slocum sent out a strong column about daybreak to reconnoitre. Atlanta was found to be deserted and he marched triumphantly in and took possession.

SEPT. 3. The great city of Atlanta is ours; it has fallen by Yankee strategy, and with it all of its impregnable works; it is all our own. The 33d regiment marched into the city, to-day, with flying colors, the band played "Hail, Columbia" and the "Red, White and Blue." We marched through some of the principal streets and then reported at Major-General Slocum's headquarters, which are at the "Trout House."

SEPT. 4. Sherman's boys moved on, hoping to catch the retreating army of Hood. At a short distance beyond Jonesboro, they found him strongly entrenched, and they abandoned the pursuit, returned back to Atlanta. Here endeth the campaign.

SEPT. 5. The 2d Mass. regiment, with the 33d, will do the provost duty in the city, and we have already commenced, as we are now guarding a large lot of "Reb" prisoners. We are quartered in some old buildings just at the edge of the city.

SEPT. 6. In the course of two or three days we expect to take up our abode within the city, and as we have done some hard marching and fighting, we shall be glad to rest, only interrupted by drill, reviews and dress parades, which are the regular duties of camp life.

SEPT. 7. The city is full of non-combatants, women and children in quantities, darkies not a few, dressed in white, with their faces painted black, and as they show their white ivory and roll up the white of their eyes, upon the approach of the boys in blue, exclaim, "Bress de Lord, de Yanks are coming, yah, yah, yah," and clap their hands and run to and fro like so many wild people. It would make a horse laugh to see them. Well, the pen that was built for our prisoners is well filled with men of their own stamp and we are guarding them. One of the men told me, to-day, that he helped to build this pen for the Yankee invaders, but had got into it himself at last. Alas, poor "Reb," alas, Atlanta! Sherman has immortalized his name; it stands unrivalled in military history. He has given all the corps, regiments and batteries permission to inscribe Atlanta on their colors. Three cheers for William T.

SEPT. 8. All of the non-combatants have been ordered to leave the city, as it would be impossible to feed the destitute population which was left on our hands. By order of the President of the United States, a national salute was fired at every important point at the North, in honor of our great victory.

SEPT. 9-10. All quiet in camp. The boys seem to be in good spirits. Wheeler's cavalry has been raiding in our rear for a few weeks past and doing considerable damage. A force has been sent back to attend to his case.

SEPT. 11. It is Sabbath morning and a pleasant one, after a rain of four or five hours, which has laid the dust and makes everything look lovely and refreshing. The church bells are pealing forth their sweet sounds, summoning all to come and give their undivided attention, as Capt. Hinds used to say, to those who have been called to preach the Word. It is the first time since I left "sweet home" that everything resembles it so much as to-day. I am reminded of those happy scenes of by-gone days. Oh, that I could hear the sound of peace. But hark ! what voice is this ? methinks I hear ; 'tis the orderly sergeant's : "Co E, be ready to move at 9 o'clock." We accordingly packed up and marched into the city and took up our abode near the city hall. We expect to do the provost duty in the city, assisted by the 2d Massachusetts regiment.

SEPT. 12, to 21st. We have been so busy for the past few days that I hardly know which way to turn. We are busy laying out streets, fixing up our quarters. My hands are full ; before me are five letters unanswered, but I am good for the undertaking. Well, my house is done. Shall I describe it ? It is built of boards eight feet by ten, with two windows, two bunks or beds. I have it furnished as follows : One table, two shelves, two guns, two canteens, two sets of equipments (one-half of these belong to my comrade, Ackroyd), four shelves, one tin pail, two dippers, one pepper box, one shoe brush, one candle-stick, with a few books and papers to pass away our lonesome moments, which are but few. Such is the house that Jack has built. It will do for a corporal, if not for a king. Well, I have written five letters and got them ready for the mail. George has just come off from guard.

SEPT. 22. I will now give a synopsis of our doings through the campaign, commencing May 1st, 1864, and ending Sept. 3d, 1864, as follows : Broke camp at Lookout valley, Tennessee, at 3 A. M. Our march was over mountains, through valleys and across rivers. It was done in a manner both remarkable and triumphant. We met, fought

and repulsed the enemy at all points when circumstances demanded it—at Dalton, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Cassville, Dallas (or Burnt Hickory), Pine Mountain, Kenesaw and Lost Mountain, stopping at the Chattahoochee river. We pursued the even tenor of our way and established our pickets upon its banks. All this was done without a blunder, and when more could be gained, in order to save life and advance our cause, by flanking our enemies, we did it to our satisfaction and their surprise. Here the army rested for six days. All things being ready, we crossed the river and parked safely within three miles of Atlanta. Gen. Johnston was then in command of the rebel army, but Jeff Davis, thinking that he was too easily driven, relieved him and placed the dashing and headlong Hood in command. This was an act of mercy towards Johnston, but not so merciful to the rebel soldiers. I think it was Johnston's opinion that he could not hold Atlanta, and doubtless this was the cause of his removal. This change was not unpleasant to Gen. Sherman, for he appears to be well satisfied to have a foe who will meet him in open field and show his pluck, rather than to skulk behind intrenchments or run as fast as legs will carry him. Hood swore that the city should be defended to the last, and he set about it in good earnest. Anxious to obey his master, and thinking to place his name high upon the roll of honor, and full of hope, he made three desperate charges upon our boys, but failed, with terrible losses. We took the "starch" out of him in a good degree. He finally drew back upon Atlanta, giving up to Sherman the heart and centre of Rebeldom, and gave us a chance to fortify our lines and invest the city. All this took place in the space of 16 days, commencing July 15th and ending August 1st. This "bold dasher" owns that he lost in killed, wounded and prisoners 28,000 men, nearly one-half of the number that Johnston turned over to him. After having reached the plains of Georgia that surround the city, the boys were obliged to lay low and keep shady. They were obliged to do the same and thus it continued in this way up to Aug. 20th. After a month's service in the ditches, of which both officers and men were tired and sick, many of us wondered as to the manner in which the great object for which we have so long contended could be possessed. But Sherman was not asleep, nor was he idle in maturing the strategy that was to bring relief. Measures were being taken to find out the position and force of the enemy, and the strength of their works. With the aid of Gen. Kilpatrick, interwoven as a part of the flank movement, gave us Atlanta. The 20th corps fell back toward the Chattahoochee river and there assumed the defensive. Our brigade guarded the bridge and extended its lines up and down the river, watching the movements of the enemy. The 23d corps held a po-

sition upon our extreme right, while the rest of the army passed around and held the left up to date. While this was going on, the "Rebs" were in high glee; thinking the "Yanks" had abandoned their job and were retreating back from whence they came, they commenced their jubilee in honor of it. They burned tar barrels, the beating of drums, rich men illuminated their buildings, women clapped their hands, and paid us rich compliments by saying, "Oh, the lousy Yankees are retreating; where is Sherman now, and his detestable horde?" But alas for them. We will tell them where Sherman is. At 4 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 2^d, it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated the city, leaving as small a force as they possibly could to cover their retreat. A little skirmishing through the day, then quietness prevailed. On the 3^d we had the pleasure, under Major-General Slocum, of entering the city at 11 A. M.; then cheer after cheer went up all along the lines, our task being done, and well done. Now for the summary: We captured prisoners not a few, destroyed seven miles of the Montgomery railroad and 15 miles of the Macon railroad. We drove the enemy 25 miles south of the city. Sherman, the "flanker," outwitted Hood, the "butcher." While he thought we were falling back to Chattanooga, he was awakened from his stupor when he found our army in line and battle array at Jonesboro, but too late, they there gave him the finishing touch. This is not a wild dream, but the true records of our campaign. Therefore, without a growl or a grumble, we will thank God and take courage. "As the movement stands before the military and civil eye, with all its faults and imperfections (and they are but few), it has been one of the most brilliant and complete successes in the annals of history." Hear what the Richmond Sentinel says: "Sherman has depopulated Atlanta and calls it an event unparalleled in the annals of war and without example in modern times. Sherman, the chief among savages, captain among pirates, leader of highwaymen, the prince among scoundrels and brutes, the foremost villain of the world, and if this be the kind of war to resist, we will strip the last man, and the last boy shall take his musket, before we shall endure such outrages as that at Atlanta."

SEPT. 23. We are now resting from our labors; shall be paid off soon and then something will be did. We have had quite a rest, only have to mount guard or patrol in the city once in five days; we have nice quarters, quite cosy and comfortable.

SEPT. 24. The Army of the Tennessee, comprising the 15th, 16th and 17th corps, have moved towards Macon, the 23^d and 24th corps towards Montgomery. The 20th remain here. The 33^d and 2^d Mass.

Vols. still remain in the city, doing patrol. These two regiments are much liked and they take pride in doing their duty well.

SEPT. 25. Quietness prevails throughout the city. Nearly all of the "female Secesh" departed when we took the city, some going to Macon, some to Augusta and others to see their friends. We have torn down quite a number of houses and converted them to our use, which adds greatly to our comfort and health. We are fortifying the city and a large fort is being built near the centre. It will mount quite a number of 64-pounders. It will command the four principal railroads—Macon, Augusta, West Point and the Chattanooga railroad.

SEPT. 26. I have had a fine view of Atlanta; will not attempt to describe it, to-day, but will give its history by and by. Pay day has come at last. We have not been paid for eight months. I have purchased a watch, and yet have a few dollars left. I shall now indulge in a little soft bread and cheese. I think it will be beneficial after having lived so long behind breastworks on "hard-tack" and pork.

SEPT. 27. I had presented to me, to-day, two photographs; one is Gen. Joseph Hooker and the other Gen. W. T. Sherman. Too much cannot be said of them. As for Hooker, we love him, and the day that he took his farewell of the boys upon the banks of the Chattahoochee I shall never forget, as he rode along the lines of the 20th corps and addressed them as follows: "Officers and men, you have done nobly, you have fought bravely, your names are written and known to the world; God bless you, good-bye." As for Sherman, we crown him the hero of battles. We love, honor and adore him, though his manner is as queer as the day is long, good-natured, good-humored, and what he says has a meaning to it. Look at his forehead and that will tell you. He was born in Ohio and looks like a plough-boy, not proud or haughty, but with an eye like a hawk, and quick as a flash—such is Sherman, God bless him.

SEPT. 28. Here is a specimen of Southern talent, entitled "The Southern girls, with homespun dresses." The author is unknown. I copy it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl—
Her robes of beauty rare;
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS. Hurrah, hurrah, for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

This homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's Palmetto, too,
But then, it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We've sent the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand;
We love the South, you know.

CHORUS.

New Northern goods are out of date,
And since Old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with much grace.

CHORUS.

Our Southern land is a glorious land,
And hers a glorious cause;
So here's three cheers for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys.
We've sent our sweethearts to the war,
But, dear girls, never mind,
Your soldier lad will not forget
The girl he left behind.

CHORUS.

A soldier is the lad for me,
A brave heart I adore,
And when the sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me, then, a lover brave
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad that I love most
Shall have my heart and hand.

CHORUS.

And now, young men, a word to you,
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears fall for the one
That fills a soldier's grave.

CHORUS.

SEPT. 29. It now appears that things have changed wonderfully, for we hear loud and bitter curses hurled against Davis for putting Hood in Johnston's place. It is a growing desire of the people with whom we meet to abandon the struggle and return to the Union.

SEPT. 30. We have heard that Hood is concocting a plan to break our long line of communication and compel us to abandon all that we have won and fall back to Chattanooga. It is a bold move, but I much doubt if it proves successful.

OCT. 1. The "Rebs" are bothering us in our rear and we have to keep a sharp lookout for them. Our trains cannot run regular, and for this reason our mails have been delayed for some time.

OCT. 2. Sherman is just getting old Hood into a fix and by the time he gets through with him, I think he will give in that we are too much for him. We are doing well and keep gaining every day little by little.

OCT. 3. Allatoona is threatened, and if taken, we are in a perilous position. The entire army, all but the 20th corps, is marching back over the ground it has so lately traversed in pursuit of Hood.

OCT. 4. The Rebel Gen. French, with a whole division, paid a visit to Gen. Corse, who holds Allatoona with about 1700 men. The following conversation took place between the "Reb" and "Yank." Says French, "I demand the surrender of Allatoona, and by so doing it will stop the effusion of blood and save life, for if I am forced to assault, no quarter will be shown." Corse replied, "I have been placed here to protect this place by order of Gen. Sherman, and do it I must, and when you get it, there will be no men left to kill." The odds against the garrison were fearful. A few hundred against 6000; in overwhelming numbers the enemy came on, hour after hour the fight raged, till at last our boys were driven from their intrenchments. Corse, bleeding and faint, told them it was a matter of life and death to Sherman's army, that the place should be held. Half of his entire number had already fallen, bravely contesting every inch of ground, while the indomitable hero told them to fight on while a man was left. "A more gallant defence was never made, and Gen. Corse has inscribed his name on the rocks of Allatoona forever."

OCT. 5. Glorious announcement. The rebels are repulsed and at last drew off for a short space, and then the garrison caught the flutter of that little flag which had been placed upon the heights of Kenesaw, and they knew its meaning. "Hold on," it said, "relief is coming." At length the heads of our columns appeared in sight, but French had fled, leaving 200 dead before the works and 400 prisoners in our hands.

OCT. 6. Sherman is delighted, and sent thanks to Gen. Corse and his brave boys for their gallant defence, and issued a general order, in which he was highly complimented.

OCT. 7. We hear that our boys are pushing on after Hood at a quick rate, and we hope that they will demolish him.

OCT. 8. We hear that the Army of the Potomac is doing well, also that Sheridan is working well in the Shenandoah Valley ; in fact, everything seems to be going along nicely, and all in our favor.

OCT. 9. We got a mail, to-day, it being the first one for over three weeks, and the boys are in high glee to hear good news from home.

OCT. 10. All is quiet within the city. All seems to be getting along well. Our election will soon take place, which may have a powerful effect upon both North and South. Oh, that a lasting peace might be the result, and the Union once more restored, is the prayer of all hearts.

OCT. 11. A question is asked, will the 33^d come home to recruit? I answered, The time is past, we cannot see the point ; we have all seen enough, or will have in a few months more, and then we hope to see our wives and sweethearts who are anxiously waiting our return, if a kind Providence permits

OCT 12, to 17th, Have been on duty in the city for a few days ; have done some writing for the company ; in fact, my time is well taken up. I am detailed for camp guard, to-morrow. Such is life, and variety is a spice.

OCT. 18. 9 P. M. On guard over the camp of the 33^d regiment, Atlanta, Ga. Have just posted my relief and returned back to my tent. George is asleep ; all is still ; a good fire is burning, and is quite comfortable, while outside it is cool and frost-like. Two long years and three months have passed away, never more to return. Thousands have offered up their lives upon their country's altar for its defence. Thousands more stand ready to defend it until the last. Our liberties, our rights, our homes and our dear ones must and shall be preserved. Our election which is soon to seal the fate of the nation is near at hand. I hope and trust that the right man may be chosen to fill the place, and that he may be so guided and directed as to bring about a lasting peace and a Union not divided. Then man may learn to know mankind and we may have a better knowledge of what is to come than that which has already past. Oh, that we could prize that precious gift, Liberty, and strike off the fetters that threaten us and plant the true standard (the stars and stripes) upon the rock, to wave forever there. You may call this the "corporal's soliloquy" while on my post of duty. It is 11 o'clock ; the second relief is falling in. I return to my tent, put some wood on the fire, make my bed, fill my pipe and lay down. Good night.

OCT. 19. Came off guard at 10 A. M., did some writing for the company. Before me is a picture of our guard quarters in the city ; it is a fair representation of the building and the street. Our supply train is loading up with the precious "hard-tack," sugar and coffee ; this indicates a move.

OCT. 20. To-day has been quite cool and winterish. We have not had a mail for 14 days. A regiment is just passing by. It is composed of gentlemen of color. I have not learned its number, but the boys call it the "backbone of the rebellion."

OCT. 21. I have enjoyed, to-day, some of the sweet consolations of camp life, and they are most trying, viz. : A hot, bright, damp-aired, blazing day ; to-night is cold, foggy and shivering.

OCT. 22. Well, Sunday has come again. The bells have summoned all who can to repair to the house of worship. I cannot go, for duty calls me in another direction. I am detailed for guard. Our duty comes once in four or five days. Orders are quite strict—no leaving camp day or night ; roll-call three times every day.

OCT. 23. Soldiering is queer business, and it is a hard life, too, on those who follow it, and as one of the boys who sits by my side at the reserve fire, says, "It's asy for them as sits at home by the fire and talks about sogers and victories, very fine and asy-like, but it is little they know of the raal work. It would not be the same if they was out here theirselves, trying to get warm at a hole in the ground." This is my mind 'actly.

OCT. 24. Came off duty, this morning. My health is good, and as for courage, I agree with the saying of Frederick the Great : "A soldier's courage lies in his stomach." So here goes for breakfast.

OCT. 25, through 31st. Have been busy all these days, working on pay-rolls. We are anxiously waiting for the paymaster. Money is scarce ; in fact, I have'nt a "red cent." While we have been patiently waiting, the mail has arrived and how eager the boys were to grasp their letters. It is good to see them as they read the words of love from home. It makes the tears fall from our eyes. "Home, sweet home," is dear to us just now. He who predicts the morrow in a soldier's life has his labor for his pains ; the morrow takes care of itself.

NOV. 1. There seems to be a stir in the camp, and as camp life has its variety and is not always the same, you will learn more in a week than in a month at home. It seems to indicate a move ; where or when we cannot tell. Our weather is beautiful, but somewhat cool. It gives

us to understand that fall is here and winter is fast approaching, and while my pen glides, I am reminded that, if spared, this is my last winter for soldiering. I am growing tired of its life ; the toils, fatigues, marches, exposures and dangers, when taken into consideration, make me feel truly thankful that it is. Though far away from those I love, I'm not forgotten. The following was received by mail, to-day. I am told that,

"Away where the bugles are sounding
At morning and evening their call,
My hero, my soldier is guarding
The land that was dearer than all.
Though he wears not a bar on his shoulder,
Nor glittering star on his breast,
Yet my heart, in its fond worship, crowns him
The noblest, the bravest, the best."

Nov. 2. Marching orders have come. We will soon go. Our destination is unknown ; we may go to Savannah ; some say Mobile, others say back to Alabama, but I guess we shall all know when we get there.

Nov. 3, to 7th, Have been exciting days to Uncle Samuel's soldiers. Rumor has been going his rounds that we must evacuate Atlanta, but I cannot say for certain whether we shall or not. Our orders are to be ready. The bugle has sounded for us to suspend all work, as the day has drawn to a close, so we must lay our bodies down to sweet repose on a bunk of rough boards. It is morning again. I have drawn two pairs of shoes, drawers, pants and shirts ; all of the regiment have shared the same, and many think it is the year of Jubilee. Orders keep coming in, but we give ourselves very little uneasiness, for the 33^d is always ready when duty calls. Good night ; I must put out the light ; it will soon be taps. It is morning again, 9 o'clock. All is well, so I will proceed. Last evening the city was all cleared of soldiers, save the 33^d, 2^d Massachusetts and 111th Pennsylvania regiments, which remained to look after things. Quite a number of contrabands, with glistening eyeballs, thick lips and a good display of ivory, run to and fro, and remind me of the boatmen on the Mississippi, as I once saw them in panoramic view. The citizens were astonished and could hardly tell what "we'uns were going to do with you'uns." We have heard of the "Southern Chivalry," but have seen very little of it as yet ; a dirty and more degraded-looking set I never saw, and as for ignorance, we will throw that in. The women remind me of our "Down East" squaws, the difference being that the squaws are more tasty and neat in their persons. They can beat the world for smoking and chewing. It is quite common, while on guard, to ask a woman for a chew, and forthwith it comes, just as freely and willingly as though it was a comrade from whom I had asked it.

Nov. 8. We have patiently waited all these days to know the fate of the boys who took their exit from us so suddenly, and about 3 o'clock, this afternoon, we got the word the corps were all coming back, and true enough, it was so. Sherman has arrived and in all probability we shall know in a few days what it all means.

Nov. 9. Hood is moving, but is watched pretty closely. He will not attempt to climb the "Rock of Chickamauga" (Thomas). Everything is lovely and all in our favor. The weather for the past few days has been anything but agreeable, and particularly so to those who have to march. It has rained much; the streets are perfectly awful, but the indications are that the rain is about over. I suppose the fate of this glorious Union is decided ere this. I am not the least alarmed, for I believe it will be decided in the choice of Abraham Lincoln, and God grant that it may be so, to the astonishment of those who cry "peace, peace," upon any terms, do what they may to bring it about. I am no politician, only as far as right and justice go and no man shall have my vote who wants to see the soldiers disgraced and traitors go unpunished.

Nov. 10-11. We have not left Atlanta as yet, and it is beyond my power to say when we shall leave. Three brigades of Georgia militia, supported by a cavalry force, and being somewhat thirsty, came upon our pickets just as they were preparing their coffee, with a cheer and a yell like so many wild beasts; but to their astonishment, the star that never sets was enough for them—the red, the white and the blue. Disappointed at not finding us asleep in our works, they left, but not all of them; we captured some as prisoners, killed some and wounded many. They have made three attempts and failed in each of them. We still invite them and will give them just the reception that they ask for. I think we shall leave before long, but nothing definite; we are liable to go at an hour's notice.

The following is the belief of a certain few who call themselves Baptists. I copy it from an old book that I found while on guard in the city. It sets forth the glories of Calvinistic joys. I call it "Blue-Skin Calvinism:"

"I am a thorough Calvinist,
I love the few elect,
And all belonging to that name
I'll treat with due respect.

All other sects or names,
I boldly disavow,
Stand by yourself, come not near me,
I'm holier than thou.

In my good Bible oft I find
 These words of Scripture true,
 The Lord hath many people called,
 Yet chosen but a few.

These chosen few shall be at last
 Conducted safe to Heaven,
 And sing of Calvinistic joys,
 With all their sins forgiven.

Who will not come and join our church
 Of Calvinistic ties,
 And for our order earnestly
 Unite their fervent prayers?"

Nov. 12. Sherman is up and dressed. His army is organized and thoroughly equipped, and we shall soon cut loose from everything and start for Savannah. The night of the 10th of November witnessed an awful scene: The burning of Rome, 1000 bales of cotton, two flour mills, two tanneries, one salt mill, one foundry, machine shops, depots, store, houses and bridges, also all the private dwellings. The flames leaped and roared, while the heavens above glowed like a furnace and lighted both field and mountain for miles around.

Nov. 13-14-15. Witnesses another awful scene—the burning of Atlanta, the torch being applied to all the public buildings and depots, making a second conflagration, and lighting up the marching columns while they were moving out to be ready for a start the next morning for the sea. The 33^d band is playing amid all this scene, "John Brown's soul goes marching on." The right wing is commanded by Howard, 15th and 17th corps; the left wing is commanded by Slocum, composed of the 14th and 20th, which were the last to leave the city. Our orders are to forage liberally (and, comrades, you know we did). "Soldiers shall not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants or commit any trespass, but during the halt or camp, they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes and other vegetables, and drive in stock in front of their camps. Horses, mules and wagons to be taken wherever found. W. T. S." This order, I think, comrades, was kept to the letter.

Nov. 16. Broke camp at 7 A. M., stacked arms and in our places rested. At 3 P. M. we took up our line of march, and our army of brawny men, stripped for the race and the struggle, set its face toward the Atlantic ocean, and with banners streaming and bands playing, we bade farewell to the smouldering ruins of Atlanta. We proceeded for 10 miles and bivouacked for the night; time 9 o'clock, everything lovely.

Nov. 17. Up at 5 A. M., took breakfast on sweet potatoes that we confiscated from a neighboring field while all was still, marched at 7, passed over quite a number of plantations and through the town of La-

thronia, 31 miles from Atlanta, went into camp for the night. We are marching directly east, on the railroad leading from Atlanta to Augusta, and shall destroy it as fast as we go. The distance is 170 miles.

Nov. 18. Up and on our way at 7, proceeded for eight miles, took dinner, went on until we crossed Yellow river, and went into camp for the night. Went in search of a hog, found him, killed him, and had a pork steak for supper.

Nov. 19. On our way at 7, crossed Alcova river, passed through Covington, a pretty town; the white population was scarce, but enough of blacks to make up the deficiency. They would rush to the corners, and how their eye-balls would roll. We made a distance of 12 miles and camped.

Nov. 20. We have made a Sabboth day's journey, but not according to Scripture, for we have marched 20 miles, passed through Sandtown, quite a pretty little place, went into camp. The inhabitants seemed to be filled with consternation, for they never dreamed that we would penetrate such a retired and remote region of country. We have left Decatur, Stone Mountain, Social Circle, Rutledge and Madison to our right, and turned suddenly to the South, towards Milledgeville, the capital of the State.

Nov. 21. Up and on our way at 7, marching amid rain and mud, made the distance of seven miles and went into camp within three miles of Eatonton; time 6 p. m. and awful cold.

Nov. 22. Up at 5 A. M., on our way at the usual hour, passed through Eatonton, crossed Little river, made a distance of 17 miles and camped. So far so good; everything is lovely and we live high. We board on the country and our living is of the very best kind, such as sweet potatoes, hog, fresh beef, molasses, corn meal and other things too numerous to mention. In fact, all these are delicious, and our appetites are good for just such as I have mentioned, and we want for nothing thus far.

Nov. 23. Started on our way at 7 A. M., went a distance of 10 miles, when to our surprise we found ourselves inside the capital of Georgia, camped all day and night. Sherman took up his headquarters in the Executive Mansion, but did not put on so many airs as his rebel excellency had done who had just left and fled back into the interior. The soldiers took possession of the State house, organized the Legislature by appointing a speaker, and proceeded to business. Motions were made, resolutions offered and speeches made, and though the manual was not strictly followed, it was both comical and interesting. The speaker was lacking in dignity and the House was quite disorderly; and while in the

midst of their comic scenes, one of the outsiders rushed in and shouted, "The Yankees are coming." In a moment all was confusion, and amid shouts, yells and laughter, the multitude rushed for the door. We have lived high on hoe-cake and chickens. It is the night before Thanksgiving and all is progressing well.

Nov. 24. This being the National Thanksgiving day, and having prepared for it, we now celebrate it in the heart of Rebeldom, by a sumptuous breakfast of chickens and turkeys, and amid jokes and laughter, we keep in remembrance the national festival. At 11 A. M. we take up our line of march, crossed the Oconee river and rested until 3 P. M., took up our line of march and kept it until 5 o'clock the next morning, the 25th; went into camp, took breakfast, then proceeded on for six miles, arriving at the town of Hebron, and camped for the night. The weather is beautiful and we are having a jolly time; am somewhat tired and fatigued.

Nov. 26. Marched with wagon train, to-day; went a distance of 10 miles, arrived at Sandersville, and camped for the night.

Nov. 27. Co. E went out on a foraging expedition and did well; travelled 15 miles, confiscated three hogs, one barrel of syrup, 30 bushels of sweet potatoes; arrived into camp at 8 P. M. in the town of Davisborough on the Ogeechee river.

Nov. 28. Left Davisborough at 7 A. M. with the teams, went on the double-quick for 14 miles, arrived about 1 P. M., took dinner and went into camp for the night.

Nov. 29. In camp until about noon, took up our line of march, passing through Ogeechee Swamp, three miles in length, passed through the town of Louisville, once a flourishing town, but to-day it is a heap of ruins. Sherman's army has paid it a visit. It is no longer a town for gossipers and "Secesh" idlers, for misery is stamped upon all faces that witnessed our approach into the town. We have left Augusta at our right, 40 miles distant. Savannah is 110 miles. Weather delightful.

Nov. 30. In camp two miles beyond Louisville, on a plantation of 1200 acres. With us it is a day of rest, and we devote it to washing our clothes and resting. I paid a visit to this planter's house. The owner's name is McGowan; he was owner of 100 slaves, but the most of them have joined us and go "marching along." We have already several hundreds of the colored brethren who have already joined our ranks, from two days old up to the ripe old age of 75 and 80. I got from this house some sweet potatoes, corn meal, syrup and a few turnips; returned to camp, cooked my supper. How delicious! Such has been my fate, such is my fortune, but the best of it all is, I have company all the way

through ; we meet with but little molestation, and living in the meantime on the fat of the land.

DEC. 1. Up at 5 A. M., partook of a good breakfast—sweet potatoes, meat and coffee, and “hoe” cake—rested until 4 P. M., started on our way and kept it up for all night. Thus far have we deceived the enemy as respecting our own plans, and thwarted all of theirs ; but now, concealment is no longer possible, and we are compelled to take a decisive step.

DEC. 2. Having rations in the wagons to last us 40 days (so I am informed), we now resume our march in an easterly direction ; at the same time we are feigning Augusta, but all the while we are rapidly moving on Millen, about 60 miles to the southward. We have arrived and once more halted, and shall remain until our cavalry scours this part of the country faithfully, and Kilpatrick has just disputed our advance with Wheeler (rebel) and repulsed him, though with a heavy loss. We are now marching in six parallel columns and are headed on Savannah. Up to this time our march has been over richly cultivated fields, over costly plantations and into houses filled with luxuries. We have looked with amazement on a country on which nature had lavished her gifts with such a bountiful hand. We have destroyed miles of railroad and left a wide track of desolation in our rear, but still something greater is before us. Our columns are all closed up, we have ammunition and provisions plenty, the army feels strong and is buoyant with hope, and we have all confidence in our leader.

DEC. 3-4-5-6-7-8-9, Have been devoted to a march through the rice swamps of Georgia. Not a house could be seen. It seemed at times as though we had entered into an entirely different world. This part of the country abounds with pine. The soil is soft and marshy, yet a more level country I have never seen. The scene was often wild and picturesque ; for miles and miles through the forest could be seen the blazing torches, now moving in lines among the trees, lighting up the scene magnificently. Bands of music answering each other in the distance filled the forest with melody, while the cries of teamsters, the neighing of mules and shouts of men make it still more inspiring. The breaking up of camp in the morning, the roll of the drum, the echoing strains of the bugle and the marshalling of the columns present a picture that will be long remembered by the boys in blue. Thus we go on, having the splendor, the toil and the desolation of the march by day, while at night we have the music, the mirth and the slumber of the camp. That memorable November on the soil of Georgia will ever be remembered. While at Mil-

pen, Ga., we beheld a sight which fevered the blood of our brave boys. It was the hideous prison pen used by the rebels for the confinement of our prisoners of war. A space of ground about 300 feet square, inclosed by a stockade, without any covering whatever, was the damnable hole where thousands of our brave boys had been confined for months past, exposed to the heavy dews, hard frosts and pelting rains, not so much as a board or a tent to protect them, after the rebels had stolen their clothing from them. Some had dug holes in the ground, into which they had crept to shelter themselves. I am told that hundreds of our braves had died there. It was from misery that death had released them. We are once more upon dry land and have camped for the night; living high and all is well.

DEC. 10. We have moved steadily on Savannah and are within 10 miles of the city, laying in line of battle.

DEC. 11-12-13. The army has closed gradually and steadily in upon the city, working our way day by day, and with some hard fighting we get nearer and nearer to the coveted prize.

DEC. 14. Good news has greeted our ears, to-day. Fort McAllister, at the mouth of the Ogeechee-river, which enters the ocean, and is a few miles south of Savannah, has been captured, and we have got our communication opened once more, so we shall have some "hard-tack" soon. We have built breastworks all day. We are not more than three miles from the city.

DEC. 15. Behind breastworks about one-half mile from the enemy. The weather is delightful, warm and pleasant. The frogs are peeping at night, the mosquitoes kiss us on our cheeks and leave a smart which is quite uncomfortable at times. The birds are leaping from tree to tree and warble forth their sweetest notes of praise. No winter here; we sit in our shirt-sleeves through the day, and at night lay down in our overcoats, to cover us from the heavy dews. Savannah is just within our grasp. We regard it as already gained, and perhaps by the time this letter reaches you (I am writing home), the 33^d regiment, or those of it who are living, will occupy the city. Its surrender has already been demanded and we are waiting the reply.

DEC. 16. On picket and within two miles of Savannah, behind breastworks, and about 300 yards from the rebel works. Our communication is opened. Rations have arrived. Sherman's lost army is all right. The mail has arrived and what rejoicing.

DEC. 17. We have at last aroused the rebels to the danger that threatened them. They have believed all the time that we were only on a

great raid, but the nearness of our approach to Savannah has convinced them that we have had a greater object in view than to burn their cotton and destroy their railroads. We can now look back with pride on our track and see that we have destroyed the Georgia Central railroad for 100 miles, and the Georgia road for more than 60; they lay a complete wreck. Thus far has our march been a triumphant one, having met with but little molestation.

DEC. 18. It is Sunday. I am still on picket, and having an opportunity, I improve it by seating myself near a log and pen a few lines in answer to the kind and welcome letters that were received, yesterday, the first that have been received since Nov. 8th. That is what cheers the soldiers' hearts and stirs us to recollection and hope. Father Abraham is re-elected and woe be to all copperheads and traitors. Atlanta is in the scenes of the past; we are miles away from it, and we have been travelling to another city, and it is just in sight, and we expect to occupy it in a little while from this.

DEC. 19. Came off picket, this forenoon, and have rested the remainder of the day.

DEC. 20. The capture of the city is a sure thing; we have it completely invested on all sides. It is only a question of time.

DEC. 21. Gen. Hardee (rebel) has refused our kind request and says he shall hold the city at all hazards. Well, so do.

DEC. 22. Some more siege guns have arrived, and to-day they are being mounted along the lines, and they will be ready to speak in due time.

DEC. 23-24. Well, I am detailed for picket and I guess it means business. We are all ready to make the attack, and if Hardee attempts to hold the city it will be destroyed and there will be untold horrors visited upon the inhabitants, and to-night (the 24th), under the cover of darkness, he marched his army across the river to the Carolina shore on a pontoon bridge and went off toward Charleston. Thus we have been spared the bloodshed and the loss of life of many of our brave soldiers, had we been forced to capture it by assault.

DEC. 25. About daylight, this morning, Gen. Geary's pickets crept up to the silent works and over them, meeting with no resistance, and soon after, the general himself received from the mayor the surrender of the place. We now wish you, one and all, a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." The following is a despatch from Sherman to the President: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savan-

nah, with 150 guns, plenty of ammunition, 38,000 bales of cotton, three steamers, locomotives, cars and 800 prisoners." (Signed) "William T. Sherman." Thus endeth another wonderful campaign. Having marched for 300 miles in an enemy's country, having no base from which we could receive supplies, the army was flung into mid-air, as it were, to live as best it could until we established a base on a distant ocean. For boldness of design and masterly execution, this campaign stands alone in the history of modern warfare. The South was struck dumb, while the North was jubilant with delight. We have got through safely and we are not the wreck of a half-starved army, but we are in as good a condition as when we started. Our animals are fresh and vigorous, and not wagon lost. Our entire loss will not exceed a thousand men in this long and wonderful march from Atlanta to the sea. Grant said that the Southern Confederacy was a shell. "Billy" Sherman and his boys have proved it. And now comes floating out from the throats of brass to the ears of soldiers, as we lounge upon our blankets, and to our officers in their tents, that familiar tune :

"The Union forever ! Hurrah ! boys, hurrah !
Down with the traitor, up with the stars !
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom."

DEC. 26. We are in camp just one mile from the city. What we shall do next, I cannot tell. We have not rested much for a few months past and I think it a doubtful case if we get much at this time. But we seem to gain on the "Rebs" and we feel better than though we kept moving and accomplished nothing. I hope and trust that ere another Christmas shall roll around, I may, if spared, have a happier one than either of the past three has been. My first Christmas was spent in Falmouth, Va., and though the day was fine and pleasant, we had but very little to eat, but we did not complain. My second was in Lookout Valley, Tennessee ; like young bears, we sucked our thumbs, and yet we did not complain. This being my third and last, I have not gone hungry, for five "hard-tack," a little piece of beef and boiled rice supply my wants of to-day. I have thought much of home, and in the words of another will say, "In a few more days, or months, at most, we shall not ask Uncle Samuel to provide us a Christmas or a New Year's dinner."

DEC. 27. Our mails, having been stopped these few days past, have come to us once more, and it is reviving to receive letters, and a pleasure to answer them.

DEC. 28. We are now encamped just one-half mile from the city, awaiting orders.

DEC. 29. This is also another day of rest.

DEC. 30. The order for to-day is to build comfortable quarters, and while in the midst of confusion comes another order to prepare for another immediate campaign. It was tough, but "the way of the transgressor is hard." Our work was suspended and I now improve the spare time to rest.

DEC. 31. Another order has come into camp; it reads like this: "The 20th army corps will be reviewed by Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, to-morrow, in the city." And, of course, as the 33^d has the honor to belong to that corps, we must be among the number.

JAN. 1, 1865. The sun rose beautiful; it is clear, warm and pleasant. At the sound of the bugle we turned from off our bunks and commenced getting breakfast; that being over with, we polished our guns and equipments, dusted up our old clothes as best we could, and at 7 o'clock the command was given, "Fall in." We took up our line of march at half-past 7. We marched into the city, the stars and stripes floating to the breeze, the band playing "Hail, Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," etc. It made us feel good all over. We marched to Canal street and halted. The first thing that meets the gaze is groups of darkies, both male and female, from two weeks old up to the ripe old age of nearly 100. I thought I had seen "niggers," but this beats me. The street for one mile was covered with blackness; only a few whites put in an appearance. It was the only eclipse I have witnessed in the United States, and it was visible only in Savannah. I have forgotten whether mention is made of any more for this year or not. We proceeded on as far as Bay street, halted, dressed the line, stacked guns and sat down. During this time I have taken what observations I could. Savannah is a large city, contains several thousand inhabitants, white and black, a beautiful harbor and fine public buildings. It is one of the most important posts that we have taken, and it gives us a base for our supplies that no rebel horde can cut asunder. It has put a damper on the South that will leave a lasting impression. At 1 o'clock we got the command to "Fall in, take arms," and at the command, "Companies right wheel," we obeyed at the word "Forward," and then "March." We stepped off with heads up, eyes straight to the front. We went through the following principal streets: South, Broad and Montgomery streets, passing the banks, custom house, through Lincoln and Bay streets, by the court house, through Liberty and Drayton streets, going through Canal on our return to camp. All this was done amid the shouts of spectators, the bands playing, while Sherman and his generals, seated upon their fine

chargers, rode along the streets, which were well draped with bunting, that put all the "stars and bars" in the shade. We had just arrived into camp and quiet prevailed, when to our surprise an order came, "Prepare to march to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock." Savannah is not such a beautiful city as I expected it to be. Nature has not showered its graces upon it as upon other places through which we have passed. A pretty fountain adorns one of its parks, one or two churches of good material and show good taste. During our stay in and around the city, nothing occurred to interrupt the order or quiet. The stores and theatres are open, children are at play, ladies walk the streets unmolested, and many of our boys sit on the doorsteps conversing with the fair damsels, and it looks like anything but war times, and while all this is going on we are getting ready for another movement.

JAN. 2. Up, this morning, ate breakfast, packed up our "duds," broke camp, en route for the city, arriving at 8 A. M., embarked on board the steamer "Planter," once owned by the "Rebs," went down the river four miles and landed on the shore of South Carolina; went into camp for the remainder of the day and night.

JAN. 3. On our taps, partook of our morning meal, slung knapsacks, fell into line and proceeded for a distance of 12 miles, halting between Forts Jackson and Pulaski, 16 miles from Savannah. We located at what is called New River.

JAN. 4-5. Have been devoted to building ourselves comfortable quarters. We have built fireplaces and are pleasantly located. We are here to protect our boats from rebel bushwhackers, if any there be, who may loiter around in ambush. The mail has just gone out, to-day, the first time for several days.

JAN. 6. We are informed that we shall stop here quite a while for a rest, and recruit ourselves preparatory to another move that will astonish the world.

JAN. 7, to 12th. There is not much news. The weather is beautiful. We have our picket and guard duty to do, outside of this we are somewhat inclined to be lazy. We understand that several changes are to be made in the army before it starts on its third, and we hope its final, campaign. I hope that when we do move, we shall amaze the world and demolish the whole rebel government. We have a force of all arms, making about 65,000 men. Our army train consists of 4500 vehicles of all kinds. This knowledge I have received to-day. If these were stretched out in a single line, in marching order, it would extend 45 miles. Whew!

JAN. 13, to 16th. Our time is up, we shall march in three days ; our destination is unknown to any of us ; but Slocum is our leader. He is a man of fine appearance, his manner attracts all that behold him. In him we have all confidence. He is Sherman's left-hand bower ; Howard is his right, and Thomas is trump. It is his discipline that has brought the 20th corps to a state of perfection, that has given it a national reputation. One thing we do know, he has not left us in the two campaigns, so we believe he will not forsake us in the third and last one of all. The boys say he is cool and collected and is equal for the task that is just before him. To-morrow will begin the work, and days will decide it, so we will be patient, hoping that he is one of the few men born never to be beaten. Marching orders, "Up guards and at them."

JAN. 16. We left St. Mary's, S. C., this morning, for the purpose of scouring the Palmetto State (one of the first that proved disloyal), proceeded as far as Hardeesville and camped. It has commenced to rain, and as it is about time for the winter rains to set in, it will not be surprising to us if our progress is retarded some.

JAN. 17, to 28th. Our destination is still unknown. Some think Augusta, others say Branchville, but known to none so well as "Billy" Sherman. It has rained now for about five days, the river has overflowed its banks and covered the low and level places knee-deep. Such a rain has not been known for 20 years, so the inhabitants tell us. It seems at this most critical moment as if the "clerk of the weather" was determined to bring us to a long halt. The roads are horrible and our camping place is gloomy and cold, but not a murmur or a complaint is heard. We know that our case is urgent and that we ought to be on the move, and for this reason it causes a good deal of anxiety, but we must wait until the water subsides. Friday afternoon, and raining hard, but I am sheltered from the storm. We are 10 miles from St. Mary's and 17 from Savannah. We are having but little to do, for we are rain-bound. Saturday morning. It rained all last night and is still drizzling. The mud is ankle-deep. A good fire is comfortable, and with plenty to eat, all is going well. There are but eight houses in this village, and one church. They were used for hospitals by the "Rebs" until our arrival here. It is situated alongside the railroad and within a few miles of New River. A few rods from my tent is a powder magazine, once used by the "Johnnies." It is built of logs and covered with dirt. A nice well of water alongside of it supplies our thirsty souls. We shall be inspected, to-morrow. Sunday morning. Some sunshine. Inspection is over. It passed off quietly. I am once more in my tent before a good fire. Monday morning. The sun is out in all its splendor once more. The 20th corps

is again on the move. The 33d is ordered to be in readiness. We shall break camp shortly. We are ordered to a place called Sister's Landing, 20 miles from here, in the direction of Augusta. We are getting our full rations once more—pork, hard-tack, coffee, sugar, vinegar and salt-horse—which is quite a contrast to the rations we received for a week or more while in front of Savannah, which consisted of rice and coffee without sugar, using salt as a substitute. We varied our diet occasionally by confiscating an ear of corn from the mules, which we parched and ate. Many incidents of the march have occurred which called out the sympathy of all hearts. I have seen women both beautiful and refined standing by the roadside and in the gateways of ruined homes imploring protection from our officers from further pillage, as our advance guard or stragglers had helped themselves to what they needed, doing no violence to the inmates, but the way the furniture was pushed about was a caution. They never dreamed that we would come into South Carolina, or that her sacred soil would be trodden upon by the hated and despised Yankees. But we are here and meting out to her the fate she deserves. We have received marching orders and expect to move in the morning.

JAN. 29. Up at the call of the bugle, packed knapsacks, struck tents, fell into line and stacked arms. This being done, our brave Colonel Doane, mounted upon his fiery charger, was at the head of the regiment. At the word, "Take arms, right face, forward, march," the 33d was in motion. We marched to the Savannah railroad and camped for the night.

JAN. 30. We commenced at what is called Graham's Turn-out. We tore up and burned the ties and twisted the rails, and, in fact, played the "deuce" with this branch which connects the Augusta railroad with that of the Savannah. Onward we went, crossing swamps and rivers, building bridges and clearing roads, which made it exceedingly laborious, but as we had lived so luxuriously in Georgia, we could endure these hardships cheerfully. Wherever we attempted to make a strike, it was done with such boldness that it fairly puzzled the "Johnnies." We came suddenly upon them, and as they beheld our figures, and saw that we were the genuine "Yanks," they "got up and dusted." At Salthatchie Creek they made a stand and tried to stop us, but the "Stars" waded in up to their waists, charged the "Rebs" through the swamp, and to see them "get up and get" was fun for us "Yanks." We have now gone a distance of several miles, tearing up rails, burning ties, heating the rails red-hot and making letter S's out of them by twisting them around a tree; and if the rising generation of South Carolina are ever puzzled in learning their

alphabet, they certainly will remember the S which was taught them in 1865. We have gone into camp for the night.

JAN. 31. This morning finds us in the best of spirits. We have changed our course and are marching in the direction of Orangeburg. Here we found them strongly fortified and making their boast that we would be driven back, but were soon brought to their senses, and at the approach of a large force in their rear, who gave them a parting salute, they soon got up and left their strong position. While we were engaging them at this point, the 17th corps, under Gen. Blair, paid a visit to the Branchville and Camden railroad. Here they gave vent to their feelings, and such a time of twisting rails was never before seen. We are informed that when Blair left it, it was in bad repair.

FEB. 1. The main object of our long march towards Augusta is accomplished. We have suddenly turned our backs on the place; we are heading to the north and east portions of the State, separating Charleston from Augusta. The Southern ladies had spared no pains in feeding their chickens, turkeys and geese, and upon our approach we found them in good condition, and were splendid picking; and if I mistake not, Sherman's order reads:

"My boys can live on chickens and ham,
For everything that we do find
Belongs to 'Uncle Sam.'"

And we were not backward nor bashful, but helped ourselves to all that was eatable and drinkable.

FEB. 2, through 17th. We paid a visit to the Columbia and Charlotte railroad and tore up the rails for miles, making a complete havoc of everything. I expect that they pray most mightily for the wrath of Heaven to visit us. Having accomplished the work assigned us, we turned suddenly toward the city of Columbia, struck the Saluda about two miles west of the city. We destroyed the bridges over Broad river, to prevent the "Rebs," who had hastened from Augusta as soon as they had discovered Sherman's real design, from getting into our front. The rebels, having no pontoons, were obliged to keep marching up the stream, and by this operation we left them far in the rear. We now behold the capital of the State in flames, fired by their own men. It was where the first spark of secession ignited, which from a little spark kindled into a great conflagration. We did not enter the city, but passed within two miles of it, going in the direction of Winnsboro; went into camp for the night.

FEB. 18, through 21st. We have come to the conclusion that nothing can stop Sherman's army, for wherever he undertakes to go, go he will.

He plays his part so well that he vexes the "Johnnies," and it is hard for them to tell in what direction we are travelling or at what place we shall strike next. We cause them much trouble and anxiety. All the way from Atlanta to Savannah we have (the left wing) done the feinting and threatening, while the right has obtained the prize for which we sought ; and since we left Savannah we have been acting on the same plan, and now, for the third time, we are feinting Charlotte, while the point that we design to reach is Fayetteville. To-day, the 21st, finds us in camp at Winnasboro, having made the march in two days from Columbia. We have thoroughly destroyed the track of the South Carolina railroad as we came, twisting the rails into all kinds of shapes. We are resting for the night and shall march in the morning.

FEB. 22. Our cavalry was ordered to the front, this morning. The 14th corps is marching within supporting distance in their rear, and are destroying the railroad as they go, while the 20th is heading for the ocean. We have made good marching, to-day, which has resulted in sore feet and a late supper, but we have been repaid for it, as we have outwitted the rebels. We have halted for the night.

FEB. 23. After the hard march of yesterday, we were up before day-break, this morning, and on our way, in the direction of Charlotte, when suddenly the army took a swing on a grand right wheel, and we are moving rapidly towards Fayetteville. We have marched through a pelting rain-storm, over rocky roads, through swamps, wading knee-deep in mud and water, and by the skillful movement of Kilpatrick we crossed the Catawba without opposition. It was just at dark, the roads were horrible, and yet all night long we have struggled on through swamps and over streams, the bridges having been destroyed by the "Rebs." Comrades of the 33d, do you remember how we stood up to our waists in water and mud, laying pontoons, building corduroy crossings over treacherous places in the swamps, of moving in the glare of torches, or lost in the shadows of the forests?

FEB. 24 Has come, but brought us no improvement ; it only makes the difficulties of the route more apparent. Weary and hungry, we have floundered on through mud and rain and camped for the night.

FEB. 25-26. It has continued to rain for both days and not much prospect of fair weather. We are in camp at "Hanging Rock" and are waiting for the 14th corps to cross the Catawba river. Both wings of the army are very close to each other, for the first time since we crossed the Salthatchie. The sun has at last shone out upon us, and the prospect is fair weather. We shall not march from here until the 14th corps

has got well started on the road. Thus have we passed these two days with wet feet and wet clothes, and to-night we are in good spirits over the news that Charleston is occupied by our troops.

FEB. 27-8. We have been moving slowly and cautiously along, making short marches, and shall get into camp about the middle of the afternoon. A portion of the 15th corps have captured Kirkwood and Camden, two towns near the Wateree river, 36 miles from Columbia and 110 miles from Augusta. The latter contains 200 houses and 1000 inhabitants. The principal buildings are an academy and three churches. Two battles were fought here during the war of the revolution, one Aug. 16, 1780, in which our army, under Gen. Gates, was defeated by the British, under Lord Cornwallis; the other, April 3, 1781, between Gen. Greene and Lord Rawdon. Our boys destroyed the bridge, railroad depot, a number of stores, took several prisoners and burned a large amount of cotton and tobacco.

MARCH 1. Our right wing is pushing forward quite rapidly, while we (the left) are not so fortunate, though we have made good marches and laid our pontoons with speed, but the heavy rains and bad roads have delayed our progress much. We are marching on Cheraw.

MARCH 2. We have camped, to-night, having marched 20 miles since daylight, this morning, and driving before us some "Johnny Rebs" who opposed our advance.

MARCH 3. One division of our corps (the 20th) gained the bridge at Thompson's creek, last night, and to-day some of the 17th corps have crossed over and succeeded in entering the town of Cheraw. Here the "Rebs" had made a stand, and in looking out over their works,

"They espied old "Billy" a coming,
And then they turned upon their heels
And did some splendid running,"

leaving 25 cannon in Sherman's hands, while they retreated over the Pe-dee and burned the bridge after them.

MARCH 4. Cheraw is ours, and from the captured cannon was fired a salute in honor of the inauguration of our President for his second term. We have captured several thousand small arms, besides a bountiful supply of commissary stores: and now, for the first time since our leaving Savannah, we met the right wing. Without any delay we are again in motion and are marching on Fayetteville, North Carolina.

MARCH 5-6. With a bright sun, good breeze and dry roads, we are not discouraged at the long march before us. The army is marching

upon three separate roads, within supporting distance of each other, and can be united at any moment, in case of an emergency. Kilpatrick is upon our left flank, the 14th corps is upon our right. We have laid pontoons over the river at Sneedsboro. Our cavalry has crossed over, while we marched farther down the river and are now in camp. This move was made in order to save time. It is now midnight.

MARCH 7. Camped, this morning, on the east bank of the Pedee. Our army covers a strip of county 40 miles wide. We have an abundance of supplies. To-day is sunny and bright and we all appear to be as happy and contented as can be expected. We started on our way about noon and plodded along until dusk and camped for the night in a grove of pines.

MARCH 8. We have made a march of 14 miles, to-day, crossing the line that divides South from North Carolina. It has rained all day; quite a contrast from yesterday, and to-night we pitch our tents in mud and water. But amid all this, the boys are cheerful.

MARCH 9-10. As we have travelled along, to-day, I can behold a difference between the two States. We have passed over several plantations, through nice corn and cotton fields, the fences in good order, the buildings well built, look clean and thrifty and show that an interest is taken in the management of affairs. We are informed that we are entering a State which has suffered for its Union sentiment, and that many of its inhabitants are waiting the opportunity to embrace the old flag once more. In an agricultural point of view, I think it far superior to South Carolina. We are now moving in a northerly direction; the 14th is moving rapidly and is within a short distance of Fayetteville. It is raining hard and we are drenched to the skin.

MARCH 11. Up again, this morning. The boys appear bright and cheerful, after having been marching through rain, mud and swamps both night and day, enduring hardship and exposure to both life and limb, and the best of all, it is done in good humor and without grumbling. Thus we have passed nearly all of our time in wading swamps, cutting down trees, building bridges in water to our waists, not a dry rag on us, and on we move until the morning of

MARCH 12. We have met a portion of our right wing in the town of Fayetteville for the first time since our leaving Cheraw, and we met as soldiers love to meet their brave comrades on the battle-field.

MARCH 13-14. Were passed at Fayetteville, during which time we destroyed a large amount of valuable property. It is a seat of justice in Cumberland county, North Carolina, on the right bank of Cape Fear riv-

er, about 60 miles south of Raleigh. It stands at the head of boat navigation and is the centre of a very extensive inland trade in grain, flour, tobacco, cotton and naval stores. We take possession of this property by a double right. It was originally the property of the United States and was stolen from us, and to-day it is ours by right of conquest. Every building was burned, every piece of machinery was split up, broken and ruined, and much valuable property destroyed or cast into the river.

MARCH 15. Our order of march has been changed. We expect some warm work by to-morrow, or next day sure. We have had a heavy shower, with thunder and lightning, which has made a wet camp and added some extra weight to our clothes, but we have made the distance required for to-day. The 20th and 14th corps, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, are now marching on the Cape Fear River road, passing through Averysboro, direct to Raleigh. The right wing is moving towards the east, but it is within supporting distance.

MARCH 16. Our troops have been fighting all day. The blood of our brave boys has again watered Southern soil; many lie maimed and bleeding, to-night. Two divisions of the 20th corps went forward to support the cavalry and found the enemy strongly entrenched. After four hours of hard fighting, we silenced their guns in position, and we went in with a rush upon their flank, at the same time advancing our whole line. The rebels ran, leaving behind three pieces of artillery and nearly 200 prisoners. Our loss was 600 killed and wounded. Our first division sustains the greatest loss. Capt. Grafton of the 2d Massachusetts is killed. Col. Morse of the same regiment was wounded, but not seriously. The 2d and 33d Massachusetts regiments are the only representatives of the old Bay State. Thus closes a sad day to many of us. Heavy musket firing along the lines, to-night. Many wounded are being carried to the rear, and many dead are lying where they fell.

MARCH 17. Early this morning the rebels evacuated their stronghold and fell back to Averysboro, and in their haste they forgot to take their pickets with them, so they fell into our hands. They tell us that their loss of yesterday was heavy. One of our divisions is now guarding the train, while we have made a right wheel and are going in the direction of Smithfield and Bentonville. The main body of the army is moving in the direction of Goldsboro.

MARCH 18. Until to-day our march has been in the direction of Raleigh, but we seem to be making for Goldsboro, and we are going upon parallel roads and are so near each other that we can have support at any time. The country through which we are passing is well cultivated,

rich farm lands, good houses, well built, plenty of everything, and we boys are getting our fill.

MARCH 19. The enemy, now seeing that our aim was Goldsboro and not Raleigh, called together their combined force, moved to Bentonville and there entrenched. Slocum, moving in the same direction, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon them. He thought that it was but a small detachment at our front, but to our surprise, we had Johnston, Hardee and the whole rebel force on our hands. Our position was one full of peril. A courier was despatched to Gen. Sherman, informing him of the peril we were in, and at the same time we chose a position and posted our artillery so as to sweep the enemy's entire front. Morgan's division advanced one-half mile. The "Rebs," seeing so small a force, suddenly advanced in overwhelming numbers, hurled it back to the strong line which Slocum had selected. They captured three guns. We hastily threw up breastworks of rails and earth, and patiently waited for the rest of the army to come to our aid. The 14th corps and the balance of the 20th appeared in sight, and at double-quick speed they soon got the positions that were assigned them. It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and we had hardly got ready when Johnston's army came marching boldly down in three massive columns. The onset was one of the most desperate of the war. Column followed column in succession, determined to carry our position at any sacrifice. From the galling fire of our batteries and the terrible fire of the infantry, we broke them and sent them reeling backwards, when the second column came on as desperate, but right in their path was Davis' corps (of Chickamauga fame) who rolled them back in a broken and disorderly condition. This attack was commenced and finished in about one hour. In that time the enemy made six successive charges. The last charge broke, for a moment, our line, but it recovered its position and went in with such determination that, baffled and discouraged, they fell back to their intrenchments. So close and murderous was this combat, that piles of the "Rebs" lay dead within our lines and around the generals' headquarters. For the time it lasted, it was one of the hardest battles of the war and the only serious one fought between Atlanta and Raleigh. We ascertained afterwards that Sherman expected this battle, but did not intend to have it thrown entirely on Slocum alone. The next day we got word to stand fast, when who should come to our relief but Howard; then some more hard fighting was done throughout the day, and, Johnston, seeing that we were pressing heavily against him, skedaddled in the night and left the road open to Goldsboro. "No better fighting was seen during the war than at Bentonville on the 19th of March, 1865, for

Johnston had double the number of men that Slocum had, and a less able general would have been overborne."—J. T. Headley. It will thus be seen that all of the real heavy fighting between Savannah and Raleigh was done by Slocum's left wing, and Bentonville was Slocum's battle. From the day he started until now he has not made a single mistake, and fully justified the confidence that Sherman and his boys had reposed in him.

MARCH 20. To-day finds us in a strong position, which the "Rebs" will not attempt to force. Johnston hoped to catch us, yesterday, and give us "fits," but we have repulsed him with a severe loss. Our loss is 1500 killed and wounded; theirs cannot be less than 3000 killed and wounded. To-night the detachments that have been guarding the trains of the 14th and 20th have been moved up to our line. We expect some more fun soon.

MARCH 21. Hard fighting and skirmishing all day, from right to left. The rebel line is across the Bentonville road. Johnston has his entire force concentrated here. We held a good position and they have repeated their assaults, but have been repulsed with heavy loss. We have succeeded in carrying two of their lines of intrenchments. Night has set in. The musketry rattles and we are hurling shot and shell into the rebel camp.

MARCH 22. Another victory. Johnston has gone with his army and left the field in our possession. We have driven him to "Fiddler's Green," and captured prisoners at every point. Our reconnoissance of yesterday must have been the cause of his sudden departure; and William T.'s campaign thus far looms up. The 20th corps has gained for itself a splendid reputation, therefore we should thank Heaven and be happy. We have entered Goldsboro at last, having been delayed somewhat by Johnston's operations, but it has not interfered with Sherman's plans. We are promised a rest and shall probably get clothed up, and we need it, for we are ragged, bareheaded, shoeless, and we want covering for our naked limbs. The boys appear to be cheerful, and a few days' rest from active duty and our needed wants supplied, we will be ready for another move.

MARCH 23. We are all glad that we have found a place of rest, after the fatigues and marches which we have just accomplished. We have done a great work and gained important ends. Here we are safe and sound, after 10 months of marching, working and fighting.

MARCH 24. Upon our arrival at Goldsboro, we found Gen. Schofield, who had entered the place two days in advance of us. He outgeneralled the "Rebs" at Kingston and caused them to retreat, leaving their

dead and wounded in our hands, besides several hundred prisoners. When we boys who had traversed Georgia and the Carolinas beheld our old comrades of the West, an exciting scene followed. Cheer after cheer rent the air. It was a soldier's jubilee. Our campaign is over and Sherman has given us until the 10th of April to rest and re-fit, preparatory to the next move. This is cheering to all the boys, and we expect a suit of clothes before leaving for another campaign. The "Rebs" now admit that Sherman has outwitted them all, and they give him the name of the "Yankee Flanker," as follows :

"If the devil had Sherman fast in h—ll,
He would break his centre, flank him out,
And soon in heaven would dwell."

The darkies tell us :

"Brave Sherman, sent by God's decree,
Has led the Yankees through the South,
And set four million 'niggers' free."

Thus endeth the 40 days' campaign, during which time we have marched 531 miles, laying waste everything in our track for the space of 50 miles wide. And now, in the pine forests and fields around Goldsboro, the tents of the army are pitched and the toil-worn boys are taking a rest.

MARCH 25. Well, since leaving Hardeesville, we have marched through the heart of South Carolina, living off the country as we went, destroyed everything before us, including houses, cotton-gins, and left many a woman and child in a state of starvation. It will beat all the raids that we have made yet. It will take years to put it back into shape, as it was when we first marched into it. We met with but very little opposition at the start, but the latter part of our campaign was hotly contested, and the boys are deserving of much credit for the way in which they did it. Only four corps to meet the combined forces of Johnston, Hardee, Beauregard, Bragg and their cavalry. It was fearful fighting, but we have punished them severely. Our loss will not exceed 3000. I am satisfied that the enemy's loss is heavy. I prefer not to make an estimate. Howard buried 167 rebel dead and took 1287 prisoners. We, of Slocum's corps, buried nearly 200 rebels and took about 400 prisoners. Our regiment lost one killed, 11 wounded. We marched through the village of Goldsboro with flying colors and proceeded two miles beyond, and have gone into camp, and we are feeling well over the victory we have achieved.

MARCH 26. All goes well. The hard-tack, sugar and coffee have

come to us, and we are on full rations again ; but after all, it is nothing to be compared with the "40 days in the wilderness," consuming cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, cured meats, corn meal and other things too numerous to mention. The first mail that we have received since January 11th came to-day, and you can imagine our feelings as we heard the sound, "Fall in for your mail." I have received five and they bring me the good news that all are well at home.

MARCH 27. Quite busy fixing up my tent. Received a letter from Owens ; he is at Chattanooga, Tenn. ; he will soon join us once more ; we shall be glad to see him. Co. E is quite small as to numbers and our turn for duty comes often.

MARCH 28. A beautiful day and quite warm. Our mails are running regularly once more. On guard at headquarters.

MARCH 29. Came off guard, this forenoon. We have received the sad news of the death of Henry A. Friar. Comrade Friar was born in Stowe, Mass., June 24th, 1840. He was the son of Henry S. Friar. He enlisted at Westford, July 22d, 1862. As he was anxious to enter the service, he enlisted in Co. E, 33d regiment, then commanded by Capt. W. H. Hinds. He served with the regiment but a short time, for while on the march to Gettysburg he was taken ill with chronic diarrhœa and was sent to the hospital. His death occurred Feb. 1st, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn. His career as a soldier was short, but a good one, and his many excellent traits of character endeared him to all of his comrades. His remains were sent home and repose in the cemetery at Fitchburg. May we ever cherish his memory.

MARCH 30. In camp. Our stay here will be short. The weather has been beautiful since our arrival at this place.

MARCH 31. Everything thus far has worked well and we now hope the last blow is about to be struck which will end in the overthrow of the rebellion and gladden the heart of many a "soldier boy." We all wish this cruel war was over, and though we have got them in a tight place, they will fight, but we hope to satisfy them ere long with all the "fight" they want.

APRIL 1. On guard, to-day, at headquarters. Full supplies of clothing and food have been brought to camp, and all things are working well.

APRIL 2. We are to have until the 10th of this month to rest and re-fit, preparatory to the next move. On all the slopes around Goldsboro the tents of the army are pitched and the toil-worn veterans are having a holiday.

APRIL 3, to 9th. Our quartermaster has supplied us with shoes and clothing and everything necessary for another campaign. An order has just been given to move towards Weldon, and just as we were about ready for a start, we got the news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond. As this glorious news passed through the camps, shout after shout went up till the heavens rang. Of course, this new aspect of affairs has caused a change in the programme, and, in the language of Capt. Hinds, "we must give our undivided attention to the Rebel Johnston." I think our long campaigns are ended and I am not sorry. An officer on Gen. Butterfield's staff, who was taken prisoner at the same time with Sergeant Jubb, made his escape from the rebel prison at Augusta, Ga., and arrived into our lines a few days ago. He left Jubb in prison; was well when he left him. He told us that while Jubb was in Charleston, S. C., he made his escape, and after travelling the distance of 108 miles, was recaptured. He is closely watched and it will be hard for him to get away again. There were two others of Co. E that were taken prisoners at the same time—Albert Shattuck of Groton, Mass., and Corporal William T. Wright of Townsend, Mass. Both are dead. They died on board a transport from Charleston to Augusta. Both were nice young men and brave soldiers. Peace to their ashes. (This Sergt. Jubb is now a resident of Fitchburg, Mass., and is ready to impart to any one the story of the treatment he received while a prisoner in "Rebeldom"). Buckley, Ackroyd and myself are all right, and we hope that ere long we shall have a safe return home to our friends and loved ones, and

"Beneath the starry flag,
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free-land, in our own beloved home."

At last, the fortune of war has changed, and we are informed that our time is up which was allotted to us for a rest, and the order is that we shall march in the morning.

APRIL 10. We were on our taps at the sound of the bugle. We par-took of our coffee and "tack," and at 7 A. M. took up our line of march in the direction of Smithfield, where the enemy lay. As we advanced, the "Rebs" retired towards Raleigh, destroying the bridges on the way, but we followed on, until the morning of the 13th, about 9 o'clock, we received the news of Lee's surrender. It flew like wild-fire through the army, and we went crazy with excitement. Cheer succeeded cheer, and shout followed shout, and when tired of expressing our joy in this form, we began to yell as though the d—l had broke loose. It is said that Sherman was as much excited as his brave troops, and he exclaimed :

"Glory to God and our glorious country!" We now moved forward, advancing and skirmishing with the enemy, but the sound of artillery, to-day, along our front sounds to our ears more like blank cartridges on a Fourth of July morning than the prelude to battle. We have gone into camp for the night, only 14 miles from the capital (Raleigh) of North Carolina.

APRIL 14. Our army entered Raleigh, to-day, about noon. Here we halted, and it will be but for a short time, and make preparations to follow up Johnston. This State having shown more loyalty throughout the rebellion than all the rest, we gave them the assurance that the property of the citizens should be protected. (More anon.)

APRIL 15. A letter was received, to-day, by Gen. Sherman from Rebel Johnston, asking if some arrangement could not be made to prevent the further useless effusion of blood. Sherman replies that he is ready to listen to any terms looking to a cessation of hostilities. Johnston then requested a personal interview, and about noon, to-day, April 16th, the two met upon the road, and advancing, shook hands more like two old comrades meeting after a long separation than men who had for a year been seeking each other's destruction. Johnston now asks for four days' cessation of hostilities, which "our William" refuses to grant, but a meeting for the next day, April 17th, was fixed upon, and at the same hour they met, and terms of surrender were arranged which embraced other than military matters. Gen. Sherman, not feeling authorized to deal with them, consented to an armistice until they could be forwarded to Washington. During this armistice, both armies are kept in precisely the same position, and while we were awaiting the result, the following general order was read to the whole army:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF GEORGIA,)
Near Sneedboro, N. C., March 7, 1865.)

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 8.

All officers and soldiers of this command are reminded that the State of North Carolina was one of the last States that passed the Ordinance of Secession, and that from the commencement of the war there has been in the State a strong Union party. Her action on the question of Secession was undoubtedly brought about by the traitorous acts of other States, and by intrigue and dishonesty on the part of a few of her own citizens. The act never even met the approval of the great mass of her people. It should not be assumed that the inhabitants are enemies to our government, and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to prevent any wanton destruction of property or any unkind treatment of citizens.

By Command of

MAJ. GEN. H. W. SLOCUM,

ROBT. DECHERY, *Capt. and A. A. G.*

APRIL 18. Through the blessings of a kind Providence, another day has dawned upon us, and the best of it all is, a stillness rests over the thousands that are in camp who are thinking that prosperity has attended our arms and that the messenger of peace has at last come, and it causes so many hearts to rejoice in the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy, and to know that our country which has been involved in war for the four years, nearly, past, is about to be restored back to its former state, and as it was, so shall it be, "One Country." The people of this State were given distinctly to understand that in case forcible resistance to the laws was attempted by them, the attempt would be resisted by the combined power of the other States. Carolina was one of those proud States whose arms had defended, and her blood help cement this happy Union. But, to-day, her peace and prosperity is defaced, the protection of our flag is renounced, and the name of Americans she discards. And for what? To throw away inestimable blessings for a separate independence, and by a bloody conflict with her neighbors and a vile dependence on a foreign power. We now see it a place where the wretched and oppressed find a refuge and support; deluded by men who were themselves deceived, and attempted to deceive others.

APRIL 19. When we left Goldsboro, we contemplated a campaign of 30 days, but we were happily disappointed, for in four days we overtook Johnston's army and penned them. The two generals are now holding an interview and we are awaiting the result.

APRIL 20. We have just received the painful intelligence of the death of Abraham Lincoln, the President of these United States, by the hand of an assassin. But though he is dead, he will always live in the hearts of his soldiers, for he was the soldier's friend. And now, peace being about to dawn upon a land which has been so long deluged in blood, and as we believe that they, too, have had a hand in the plot which caused the death of a great and good man, therefore if Johnston and his army do not surrender, vengeance shall be paid upon him and his followers; we will not spare them, "neither root nor branch." This is the feeling of the 20th army corps, to-day.

APRIL 21. I paid a visit to the city, to-day. I went the length and breadth of it. It is quite a pretty city, but nothing to be compared with what we have at the North. It is a city and seat of justice in Wake county; also the capital of North Carolina, situated on the West side of the Neuse river and 60 miles north of Fayetteville and 123 miles north of Newbern. The seat of government was fixed in 1791. It is very regularly built and contains the county and State buildings, also a bank, theatre and two academies. In the centre stands Union square of 10

acres, and in the centre of this square is the State house. From Union square, branches at right angles to each other, four large streets of 99 feet in width. These wide streets sub-divide the city into four quarters, which are again sub-divided by four other streets 56 feet wide, with squares of four acres each, quite pretty. The State house is handsomely surrounded with shade trees. Among the principal places worthy of note are "Frog Level," "Vinegar Hill" and "Devil's Half Acre." "Vinegar Hill" derives its name from the people that live upon it, they being so sour-looking. We also paid a visit to the lunatic asylum, a building 500 feet long, built of granite. It contains about 300 inmates; some were not so crazy as we supposed them to be. I conversed with one, and he had a great desire to see the "Yanks." There were others who wore hard-looking countenances, and one who has been in for nine years. They have had good fare and good treatment, so I am informed. We returned back to camp. Thus you have a description of Raleigh. We have not heard the result of the armistice as yet, but we hope to hear of his (Johnston's) surrender soon.

APRIL 22. The last battle has been fought. Victory! We are free. The war is over and peace is once more restored. We have gone into camp and shall remain for a few days, until preparations shall be made for a homeward march. It will take some time to arrange matters and things. What a thrill of happiness there must be at home to those who have so long desired this cruel war to be over, and you can rest assured that when Johnston acknowledged his allegiance to Sherman, we boys had a little time of rejoicing. When the news reached us, I was in bed, time 12 o'clock at night. A shout went through the camp, "Turn out; Johnston has surrendered." And I did turn out, "you bet." We cheered and cheered, threw our caps high up in the air, the bands played, cannon were fired, and it was kept up all along the whole line until daylight. And ought we not to rejoice? for the past three years, we who have undergone long, tedious and wearisome marches, deprived of home and its privileges, endured toil, fatigue and dangers only known to the soldier? But now it is ended and we join with all loyal hearts in singing, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to man." Yes, we will rejoice, we will hurrah, we will shout, ring the bells, each and every one in honor of brave Sherman and his boys; likewise to U. S. Grant and his followers, but let us not forget an All-wise and good Being who has helped us on to victory and crowned our efforts with success.

APRIL 23. Buckley has received a letter from Sergt. Jubb. He has been exchanged and is at home; will report to his regiment in a short

time. We have informed him by letter that the Chelmsford boys are all right side up with care ; lucky boys, hey? We have got to go on review, to-morrow ; the corps is to be reviewed by Gen. Sherman, therefore I must make preparations for it.

APRIL 24. The grand review came off, to-day, and it was by far the greatest display of the kind that has ever been seen in North Carolina. It was witnessed with great satisfaction, not only by the officers and men of the federal army, but also by a large number of citizens. At the close of our review, I was accosted by an elderly man who was considerably astonished. Said he, "I have been looking at a heap of you Yankees, but I have not seen any of them with horns on yet. I was told only a few days ago that you'uns had horns." We explained the matter to him as best we could, and then proceeded on our way to camp. Gen. Sherman's headquarters are at the Palace, the house previously occupied by the governor of the State, and from which he fled previous to our arrival. I copy the following from the Daily Progress, a paper printed in Raleigh, N. C., (a copy of which I still have in my possession to this day) : "A number of gentlemen citizens have called to pay their respects to the great chieftain, and all came away well pleased with his frankness of manner and agreeable bearing. He is a gentleman of excellent figure, tall and as straight as an arrow and of commanding presence. Gen. Slocum : This gentleman, the right bower of Gen. Sherman, and one of the most successful of the generals in the federal army, commands the 14th and 20th corps. He is a gentleman of most agreeable and easy manners, of fine conversational powers and fascinating address. There is none of the appearance of the savage about him and we would as soon have taken him for a poet, painter or searcher after abstract theories as the great warrior that he is. No one can spend a half-hour in his company without being most favorably impressed."

APRIL 25. The 5th Ohio cavalry were the first troops that showed the stars and stripes on the streets of this city, and to hoist the old flag from the State house. The deportment of these troops during their stay was excellent, and they made a most favorable impression on all who came in contact with them. The 1st division of the 23d corps is guarding the post-office at the capital. They are ordered to protect the persons and property of citizens. The city is well guarded and comparative quiet prevails. There is a guard posted at every private residence, in fact, everywhere desired.

APRIL 26. From the Daily Progress, Raleigh, N. C., April 15, 1865 :

General Sherman Occupies Raleigh.

THE WAR IS OVER.

On Tuesday last, the confederate army commenced passing through this city, retreating westward, and on Thursday morning the rear guard disappeared, and as it was lost sight of at the head of Hillsboro street, the head of Gen. Kilpatrick's column appeared at the foot of Fayetteville street. The city had been surrendered by the local authorities, who had received a promise of protection for persons and property from the federal general, and the entrance of the advancing column was as quiet as a gala day parade. The old flag was at once suspended from the capitol flag-staff and its appearance was hailed with joy by the troops and most of the citizens who were present. The morning was very inclement, however, and but few persons were out. Mayor Harrison and the board of commissioners and Hon. K. Rayner, who accompanied them to confer with Gen. Sherman, deserve much credit for the manner in which they surrendered the city and procured protection for the citizens. Kilpatrick's cavalry passed rapidly but orderly through town, and the general had guards stationed until the 14th army corps arrived, when the cavalry guards were relieved by Gen. Hobart's brigade, and guards were placed at the house of every citizen who requested it, and throughout the day and night the most perfect order was maintained, and so far this community has but little, if anything, to complain of.

And now a word to the people of North Carolina. We have been pleading for peace for the last two years, but the State and confederate authorities insisted on fighting it out, and as it has been evidently fought out, we now appeal to the people of the State to submit to the laws and authority of the United States and stop the worse than useless shedding of blood. There can be no use nor reasonable excuse for continuing the struggle. The army of Gen. Johnston consists of only some 35,000 men, of all arms. The men are jaded, worn out, dispirited and despondent, and unless he capitulates now he will be destroyed before he can get out of the State.

Taking, then, all these facts into consideration, there is no course left the people of North Carolina and of the South but to ground their arms and return to their allegiance. We most devoutly trust that Jefferson Davis and other leaders will yield to the inexorable logic of events and tender to the United States authorities a full and final surrender of all armed opposition to its authority. There is no peace, no prosperity, no safety for the people of North Carolina but in the old government and under the old flag, and we advise them to cease to war upon the one, and refuse to receive the protection of the other.

The contest now being, according to all human calculations, a hopeless one, a further sacrifice of life by Mr. Davis and the leaders will be nothing but deliberate murder. We call upon our leading men, in the name of good government, and for the sake of humanity, to exert themselves and use their influence to put a stop to this carnival of death.

(I copied this three days before Johnston's surrender). The "Reb" cavalry told the citizens, previous to taking their departure, that the federals would have all the babies fried up for breakfast, and the women roasted for dinner; but upon our arrival, the first thing done was to leave a guard at every house for the protection of both women and their babies. They all became sunshine at once, notwithstanding there was a drizzling rain. They forgot all about being cooked and betook themselves to cooking for the "b'hoys." The day passed quietly away, and the next morning, after a good night's rest, we all awoke feeling that we had slept in the United States.

APRIL 27. But the scene changes. We now hail the prospect of peace with pleasure; but the terms which Gen. Sherman sent to Washington, the government have refused to accept. Gen. Grant was immediately sent down to assume direction of affairs, and took precisely the same terms that had been offered to Sherman. The whole North is filled with rejoicings over the grand successes of our armies. From all the cities, towns and villages we have accounts of illuminations, ringing of bells, firing of cannon and all manner of demonstrations. We have just been informed that the last mail goes out, to-day, and those wishing to improve the opportunity of writing home, can do so. We are now making active preparations for a march home, via Richmond, then to Washington. It will take four or five days to accomplish it, for it is quite warm and sultry. I copy the following compliment paid to Sherman's army before leaving for home:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF GEORGIA, {
Raleigh, N. C., May 6th, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. —.

I beg to express, in the most emphatic manner, my entire satisfaction with the tone and temper of the whole army. Nothing seems to dampen their energy, zeal or cheerfulness. It is impossible to conceive a march involving more labor and exposure, yet I cannot recall an instance of bad temper by the way, or of hearing an expression of doubt as to our perfect success in the end. I believe that this cheerfulness and harmony of action reflects upon all concerned quite as much real honor and fame as "battles gained" or "cities won," and I therefore commend all generals, staff officers and men for these high qualities, in addition to the more soldierly ones of obedience to orders and the alacrity they have always manifested when danger summoned them to the front.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding.*

MAY 7. Upon our arrival at camp, I was pretty well used up and was obliged to have transportation furnished me by my regimental surgeon, Dr. Webb, as I was entirely unable to march with my regiment, which left for Washington, this morning. Shall go to Richmond, to-night.

MAY 8. I left Richmond, to-day, on the steamer "Vineland." One of our transports plying between this place and Washington, D. C., was

on the water two days and two nights. Came down the James river, up the Chesapeake Bay to Cape Lookout, then up the Potomac, passing City Point and Fortress Monroe, arriving at Alexandria, Va., about noon of May 12th. Went into camp and shall wait until the regiment arrives, which will be in a few days. Here I met, for the first time for nearly a year, Sergeant Jubb, who left us at Dallas, or "Burnt Hickory," as a prisoner. He was glad to see his old comrades once more and we were right glad to shake the friendly hand with him, for we all had supposed him dead until we heard of his being a prisoner during our stay at Goldsboro.

MAY 21. In camp at the Soldiers' Rest. The regiment has arrived, the boys are feeling pretty well after their march, and such "cawing" of crows, as the boys captured quite a number during their march over the battle-field of the "Wilderness," and have made them pets of the regiment. The review will take place next Tuesday (the 24th), after which preparations will be made for our return home. We are hoping soon to bid adieu to a soldier's life. We are having beautiful weather, with now and then a refreshing shower. Started, to-night, for the company.

MAY 22. We are now encamped at Cloud's Mill, Alexandria, Va., getting ready for the review. The day is fine. Quite busy times with the sutlers now. The two-cent butter and the five-cent cheese man is "played out." I cannot find much that is worthy of note.

MAY 23. The Army of the Potomac was reviewed, to-day. The war-worn veterans were gladly welcomed. It was a most imposing demonstration. Places of business were generally closed and hundreds of thousands were in the streets to welcome the brave defenders of the "Star Spangled Banner." Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have done their work bravely, and their fellow-warriors, officers and privates have won immortal honor. Joy fills the North. Bells are rung with untiring energy, cannons bayed the nation's joy. Everywhere could be seen gladness on human faces. Men clasped hands, and the words "Victory" and "Peace" were upon every tongue. But we noticed those whose dear ones will never return from the field of battle. Thank God that such precious blood had not been shed in vain! Want of space compels me to pass over other scenes, and I now leave the Army of the Potomac and return to the Army of the Cumberland, which is to be reviewed, to-morrow, the 24th.

MAY 25. The review of Sherman's army is over. It came off, yesterday. It was witnessed by thousands of citizens, soldiers, and some from nearly all the States in the Union. We broke camp about 6 A. M.; the

distance was 10 miles from Washington. We arrived near the Capitol at 9 o'clock ; rested for one hour. Everything being ready, we started at 10, marched around the Capitol. It was heavily draped with mourning, over the death of our beloved President. The day was fine, and the streets were thronged, yet amidst the noise and bustle there was something which made the day solemn and sad. The nation, for four long years, has been deluged in blood, and as we were just beginning to see the end, and a lasting peace about to follow, the blow of the assassin laid low the chief of the nation. (I well remember his kind and appreciative words that he uttered on the 18th of March, 1864. They were as follows: "This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldier ; for it has been said, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' and while many contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake and often yields it up in his country's cause. The highest merit, then, is due to the soldier.") It carried feelings of revenge to every soldier's heart. But it may be all for the best, and that he had accomplished the mission that was given him to do. As we now pass the south side of the Capitol, our attention was called to this motto :

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF WASHINGTON WELCOME THE HEROES OF THE WESTERN
ARMY.

On leaving the Capitol, and entering into Pennsylvania avenue, was a beautiful arch across the street, made of evergreen and cedar ; here was suspended the stars and stripes. Both sides of the street were thronged with old and young, the small and the great. The motto read thus :

WE WELCOME YOU, HEROES OF THE WEST.

A little farther on, we discern another, which reads :

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—MISSIONARY RIDGE—
ATLANTA—SAVANAH—SHILOH—STONE RIVER—GOLDSBORO.

As we proceeded up the avenue, there was another on the left. It showed to a good advantage as it swung from the balustrades of the building where Col. Cochran delivered a short speech to the 33^d regiment upon its arrival, when we were en route for the front. It was this :

WELCOME, BRAVE BOYS!

As we passed on, cheer upon cheer rent the air, bunting was displayed from every window and upon every corner, and handkerchiefs were waved. It was a beautiful sight to behold. As we approached the chief—Sherman the hero—and “Old Sam,” his favorite horse, the deafening hurrahs that greeted him showed that the heart of the people was right. There stood by his side, Hooker, Butterfield and Underwood (our late colonel), and many other generals of note. More cheers rent the air, followed by bands of music. Here could be seen mottoes for each State, but we marched so rapidly that I copied but few of them :

MASSACHUSETTS IS TRUE TO HER DEFENDERS.

THE SOLDIERS OF MAINE ARE EVER TRUE—
THEY BOLDLY DARE, AND GREATLY DO.

CONNECTICUT LOVES ALL, AND MOURNS FOR ALL.

OHIO'S BRAVE BOYS!

GIVE THE GLAD SONS OF VERMONT WEALTH AND
HONOR, GREATNESS AND PLENTY.

IN THE SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE OUR
CONFIDENCE REPOSES.

On we went, amid the noise and shouts of the multitude, until we went into camp near Relay Station, Maryland, on the north side of the Potomac river. Thus closes one of the finest reviews of the greatest and best armies on the continent. Here we shall remain until mustered out of the U. S. service and start for our homes. The marching is over and we are waiting for the pay-rolls to be made out and our discharges to be got ready. This being done, then will follow transportation, and those who have been so anxious for the return of their absent ones will be anxious no more. What a happy meeting it will be when we have received an honorable discharge and we hear the voice of the paymaster as he comes down with the balance of an eight months' pay and the bounty, exclaiming: "Well done, good and faithful soldiers, depart hence to the place of your own and be welcomed by your wife or sweetheart, if you have any." In return we will say, "Good-bye, 'Uncle Samuel,' three cheers for the Union, 'Richard is himself again.'"

CAMP OF 33^D REGT.,
MASSACHUSETTS VOLS., June 2, 1865. }

We are still in camp. Our mustering-out papers are being made out as fast as possible, but the prospect is that we shall not leave for home before the 15th or 16th of the month, if we do then.

JUNE 8. Near Washington, D. C. Still in camp, anxiously waiting, and with as much patience as Job ever had. It will soon be our turn to take the cars for old Massachusetts. Our papers are nearly completed. I have been busy at work on the mustering-out rolls. They will be sent to headquarters, to-day. Camp life is a lonesome business, as we have no more marching to do and no more war to think of. It does not take but a little to enlist a man into the service of his country, but a mighty lot of work to get him out.

JUNE 18. I paid a visit to the city of Washington, to-day, and went through it and around it. To give a full and complete account of what I saw will occupy much space. Washington city, capital of the United States and of the District of Columbia, is situated on the left bank of the Potomac. The buildings belonging to the United States are the Capitol, a large and massive building of freestone, composed of a central edifice, and two wings. The whole front of the building is about 360 feet. The wings were nearly completed when the British army, under Gen. Ross, in August, 1814, made a sudden incursion and took possession of the city, setting fire to the Capitol, President's house and public offices, re-

ducing the whole to ashes, together with a valuable and extensive library belonging to Congress. The foundation of the north wing was laid in the presence of President Washington, on the 16th of September, 1793, and that of the centre on the 24th of August, 1818, being the anniversary of its destruction by the British. The President's house is built of freestone, two stories high, and covered with copper, and is about a mile distant from the Capitol. There are four buildings in a line east and west of the President's house. These are for the accommodation of the principal departments of government and subordinate offices. The whole were of brick, two stories high, with freestone basements, and covered with slate. The Treasury building is on 15th street, with its centre and main entrance opposite F street. The general post-office faces E and 7th street, and between 7th and 8th and E and F. The Patent office is between 7th and 9th streets and between F and G. These three buildings are, as architectural specimens, ornamental to the city, but their material being fire-proof, is of much more importance than their elegance as mere structures. The navy yard is completely enclosed with a lofty brick wall, a handsome gateway, nice guard rooms, a neat dwelling for the commandant, and others for different officers of the yard, extensive warehouses and shops for blacksmiths, etc. The marine barrack is comfortable, well enclosed, having a handsome parade, a neat and commodious residence for the commandant of the corps, good houses for the subaltern officers, a nice armory and shops for the repair of arms, and will accommodate 1500 men; a substantial navy magazine and a house for the keeper; a nice fort at the southern point of the city, which commands the channel of the Potomac. The improvements at this place are extensive and substantial, with storehouses, an armory, shops in which are made gun-carriages, etc. The Capitol square is enclosed by a strong and handsome iron railing, and is planted with trees and shrubbery, and affords a delightful promenade; also a nice window-glass manufactory that supplies the market, several hotels, banks, fire insurance companies and printing offices. A steamboat runs to Aquia Creek, one to Alexandria and one from Norfolk to the city. Several trains arrive and depart daily to Baltimore, and several others to other places. The seat of government was removed here in the year 1800, during the presidency of John Adams. Now having seen about all that could be seen, I returned back to camp, feeling that I had been well paid for my tramp to the capital of this great nation.

JUNE 20. The 33^d regiment camp is broken up. We pulled up stakes, this (Sunday) morning, bright and early, and took up our line of

march en route for home. We arrived at Washington about 9 A. M. Here we stacked our arms and received orders to be ready for the cars when they should arrive. The rest can be imagined. The scenes that were enacted from the time of our arrival until we took our departure, which was at 5 P. M., would make a horse laugh. At 5 o'clock we were all aboard. Quite a crowd of spectators had gathered around to see the "conquering heroes" depart for home. I heard one lady say she had received a good-bye kiss from one of our officers and that she should not wash it off for a month. Such clapping of hands, shouting and waving of handkerchiefs have seldom been seen. We were saluted or cheered all along the route until our arrival at Baltimore. This city is situated on the north side of the Patapsco river, 38 miles from Washington. Its harbor is spacious and convenient. Below the city, at what is called Bay Narrows, is Fort McHenry. Baltimore is extremely well situated for commercial connections with the valley of Ohio. The edifices necessary for the transaction of judicial and commercial business are splendid and convenient. The city contains a State penitentiary, almshouse, a court house, jail, a custom house, an Exchange, museum, theatre and hospital. Besides these, there are market-houses, banks and 30 or more churches. Washington's monument, all marble, stands at the north end of Charles street, on an elevated spot. It is a very handsome production of art. It is 163 feet high, exclusive of the statue of Washington, which crowns the edifice. Another monument in North Calvert street, which was erected to the memory of those men who fell in defence of the city on the 12th and 13th of September, 1814, is a handsome structure. The medical college which was founded in 1807, and which now goes by the title of the "University of Maryland," is quite a pretty institution; also two other colleges—St. Mary's and Baltimore—which are supported by quite a large number of students. [This was jotted down during my tramp through Baltimore, while on my way to the front in 1862.] Our stay here was short. We proceeded on in the direction of Philadelphia, at which place we arrived about midnight. On leaving the cars, we got into line, and at the word, "Right face, forward," we marched for a mile, arriving at the same place where we were so hospitably entertained while on our way to the front. And here, for the second time, I see the face of one who three years ago took me by the hand and said, "Do you think you will ever come back?" How many times those words have rung in my ears, and how many times it looked dubious, but it appears to have been my lot to go and to return, and upon surrounding the table that was so richly loaded with good things, it was a proof positive that I had got back as far as Philadelphia,

sure. No other man in the regiment had audacity enough to eat more than I did. We shall never forget the kind friends who ministered to our wants in the City of Brotherly Love. We made but a short stop, and were soon on our way, travelling rapidly towards New York, where we arrived about 11 o'clock the next day. The weather was clear, warm and bright. We did not remain long in the city, for we were all anxious to get home, so we hurried on board the steamer Plymouth Rock, which was to leave at 5 o'clock. At the hour above mentioned, I heard the words of command given (but not in military style, as we had been wont to hear them), "Cast off your bow line," and in a few minutes we were going at the rate of nine "knots" per hour. After we had partaken of supper, we retired to the parlor, which was "between decks," and took our pipes and indulged in a good smoke, as it was our usual habit. A little while was spent in chatting and joking, after which we adjourned to the "Land of Nod." About 2 A. M., another cry was made (call it the midnight cry if you please), "Fall in, 33^d, and take the cars for Boston." No quicker said than done, and in one short hour we were journeying homeward, post-haste. Travelling at lightning speed, we reached good old Boston about 10 A. M. It was a surprise to many of our friends, upon seeing us leave the cars at the Providence depot and march to the Common, for our orders were to stop at Readville and go into camp and there wait until we should have a full discharge from the State. But this did not prove satisfactory to the boys, and some of the more "fiery" and ardent soldiers were disposed to complain of the act as an unjust one. The wildest confusion prevailed for a few minutes, but no one was seriously hurt. A compromise was soon made, and we all soon forgot it, so the storm blew over. Boston received us with liberality and enthusiasm. We were cordially welcomed by the governor, and after marching through some of the principal streets we repaired to Faneuil hall, where a bountiful collation awaited us, to which we rendered ample justice. After the board was cleared, we were called to order, and a short time was spent in speech-making. Much was said in honor of the Massachusetts troops, for their bravery and valor. Therefore I will not comment, for the fact that the old Bay State has a history which the world knows by heart, and to tell my readers that Massachusetts soldiers are brave and that they do their duty is to tell them what they already know. Volumes could be written to show the loyalty, bravery and patriotism of the North and West. The Atlantic heard the cry, "To arms," Maine gave her choicest sons, California did not withhold her jewels, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island were not in the background. All have done their duty. While I was listen-

ing to the remarks which were being made, there was a sudden shout, and upon looking around, I beheld the boys swinging their caps and cheering in wild enthusiasm, "Hurrah for Col. Maggi." I soon joined the crowd, and such a hurly-burly, such indescribable joy, I never witnessed. It was a happy meeting, and amid the surging mass could be heard, "God bless my boys," "These are my chickens," "God bless you," and many other words were uttered from thankful hearts. The scene now closes : we leave the hall and are ordered to fall in and go to camp at Readville. Getting permission from my orderly sergeant to step out of the ranks and converse with a friend whom I had not seen for three years, I forgot to go back, and wended my way to Chelsea, Mass. I spent the night with my father and mother, whom I had not seen for a number of years previous to my going to the war. The next morning I started for Boston and took the cars for West Chelmsford, via Lowell, arriving at noon, after an absence of three years, and in the language of Burns, allow me to say :

"I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Lizzie aft I courted;

Wi' altered voice quo' I sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom.
Oh! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain would I be thy lodger;
I've served my King and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier than ever;
Quo she a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I shall never.

Our humble cot and homely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed, she reddened like a rose,
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?

The wars are o'er, and I come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

For gold the merchant plows the main,
 The farmer plows the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's praise,
 The sodger's wealth, his honor.

The brave, poor sodger, ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his *country's* stay
 In the day and hour of danger."

Many and important incidents of my camp life are necessarily left out, but there is much that I have described which should be remembered through all time, and I think that by many it will never be forgotten. Of many other events connected with the closing of the war and the dawn of peace, which filled all hearts throughout the land with joy, and a great deal more, my diary does not speak. And last, but not least, we have reason to thank a kind Providence for the glorious achievements of the Potomac Army, and impartial history will assign to it a high and noble place. Enough has been recorded in these pages to show that our army of the Union fought bravely and did not fight in vain. Our regiment flag now bears the names of Chancellorsville, Beverly Ford, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Cassville, Dallas, Golgotha, Culp's Farm, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Averysboro, Bentonville, Goldsboro and Raleigh, 20 in all, of which the 33d Mass. bore a victor's part.

Eleven years have now passed since the difficulties that were pending between the North and South were amicably settled, and during this time I find that the Union soldiers are exceedingly apt to leave the upbraiding of their late enemies to those who took good care to keep well out of the range of any strange bullets that might be flying, and the way that they have recompensed the boys in blue for their sufferings is by holding the "fat" offices of the State and the nation. But let it be remembered by all who read these pages that no more thoroughly patriotic body of citizens, no stronger and truer men stand, to-day, on American soil than the veterans of the country's defense, and we believe that the time is not far distant when they will be willing, if called upon, to aid in promoting the welfare of the country which they suffered to save. I have been asked many times our opinion concerning the "living present;" we can only answer by quoting the following lines, entitled

TO THE POINT.

“Who marched to battle for the right
When North and South began to fight,
When darkness palled the land like night?
The Soldier.

Who smoked away his good cigar
When battle grim showed many a scar,
When freemen bled both near and far?
The General.

Who gave the general house and land,
Who shook the general by the hand,
Who made him President, high and grand?
The People.

Who asks for charity, some bread?
The crippled soldier, he who bled;
Who gets no bounty till he's dead?
The Soldier.”

With the mention of the comrades of my regiment who were called into the service of the United States by the President for the term of three years, I will bring these pages to a close.

ROSTER
OF THE
THIRTY-THIRD REG'T
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS,
CALLED INTO THE SERVICE OF THE
UNITED STATES,
BY THE PRESIDENT,
FROM THE FIFTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1862,
FOR THE TERM OF THREE YEARS.

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	COUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
A. C. Magd, Colonel.	38	—	New Bedford.	June 26, 1862.	April 1st, 1863, resigned.
A. B. Underwood, Major.	34	—	Norton.	July 11, 1862.	Lt. Col. July 24, 1862; Col. Apr. 3, 1863; Brig. Gen. Nov. 6, 1863; Bvt. Maj. Gen.
Eliza Doane, Major.	34	—	New Bedford.	March 9, 1864.	Lieut. Col. Sept. 18, 1864; Col. Jan. 23, 1865; June 11, '65, expiration of service.
Godfrey Ryder, Jr., Lt. Col.	38	—	Provincetown.	April 3, 1863.	September 17, 1864, resigned.
A. W. Tobbetts, Lt. Col.	28	—	Boston.	November 3, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as Major.
James L. Bates, Major.	42	—	Weymouth.	August 5, 1862.	Col. 12th Infantry September 9, 1862.
James Brown, Major.	33	—	Taunton.	November 29, 1862.	May 11, 1863, resigned.
Wm. H. Lamson, Major.	33	—	Lowell.	May 12, 1863.	March 8, 1864, disability.
E. B. Blasland, Major.	33	—	Boston.	November 3, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as Captain.
Orin Warren, Surgeon.	24	—	W. Newbury.	June 9, 1862.	April 1, 1862, resigned.
J. W. Hastings, Surgeon.	—	—	Warren.	May 15, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
W. S. Brown, Asst. Surg.	28	—	Boston.	June 27, 1862.	Surgeon of 55th Infantry, May 15, 1863.
D. P. Gage, Asst. Surg.	—	—	Lowell.	August 7, 1862.	February 22, 1863, resigned.
M. McGregor, Asst. Surg.	—	—	Boston.	March 19, 1863.	Surgeon 20th Infantry, May 16, 1865.
M. E. Webb, Asst. Surg.	21	—	Saco, Me.	August 7, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Daniel Foster, Chaplain.	—	—	Boston.	August 13, 1862.	November 16, 1863, Captain 37th U. S. C. T.
L. S. Cushman, Chaplain.	—	—	Newburyport.	January 12, 1864.	Assistant Surgeon 5th Cavalry September 6, 1864.
Thomas B. Rand, Captain.	23	—	Boston.	July 24, 1862.	June 29, 1865, expiration of service.
Charles E. Jones, Captain.	33	—	Lowell.	July 24, 1862.	March 28, 1863, resigned.
John C. Wynum, Captain.	39	—	Boston.	July 21, 1862.	Transferred November 27, 1862, to 41st Infantry (3d Cav.)
Wm. H. Lamson, Capt.	32	—	Lowell.	July 31, 1862.	Major May 12, 1863.
Godfrey Ryder, Jr., Capt.	37	—	Provincetown.	July 31, 1862.	Lieutenant Colonel April 3, 1863.
James Brown, Captain.	33	—	Taunton.	July 31, 1862.	Major November 29, 1862.
David T. Bunker, Captain.	27	—	Boston.	July 31, 1862.	Transferred November 27, 1862, to 41st Infantry (3d Cav.)
Wm. H. H. Hinds, Capt.	41	—	Groton.	July 31, 1862.	May 17, 1863, resigned.
E. B. Blasland, Captain.	23	—	Boston.	August 6, 1862.	Major November 3, 1864.
Eliza Doane, Captain.	36	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Major November 3, 1864.
C. James, Captain.	—	—	Lowell.	August 8, 1862.	August 8, 1863, resigned.
B. Frank Rogers, Captain.	22	—	Boston.	August 12, 1862.	December 26, 1864, resigned.
A. W. Tobbetts, Captain.	26	—	Boston.	November 29, 1862.	December 1, 1862, resigned.
C. E. Graves, Captain.	25	—	Boston.	December 4, 1862.	Major September 18, 1871.
James F. George, Captain.	33	—	Brighon.	March 29, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, Brev. Major.
James F. Chipman, Capt.	37	—	New Bedford.	April 3, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, Brev. Major.
D. M. Prescott, Captain.	25	—	Lowell.	May 12, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, Brev. Major.
Caleb Philbrick, Captain.	27	—	Lowell.	May 18, 1863.	January 11, 1864, resigned.
G. M. Walker, Captain.	35	—	Norton.	June 3, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
J. F. Rowe, Captain.	27	—	Stoncliam.	August 9, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
N. H. Turner, Captain.	37	—	Reading.	March 9, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
H. T. Marston, Captain.	24	—	Stoncliam.	September 18, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
P. C. Sears, Captain.	22	—	New Bedford.	September 27, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
C. Blood, Captain.	27	—	Boston.	November 3, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Lieutenant.
A. W. Tobbetts, 1st Lieut.	29	—	Boston.	June 19, 1862.	Captain November 29, 1862.
B. C. Peabody, 1st Lt.	26	—	Boston.	June 20, 1862.	July 15, 1863, resigned.
B. F. Tabbot, 1st Lieut.	35	—	Lowell.	June 26, 1862.	March 1, 1863, resigned.
		—	Boston.	June 26, 1862.	Transferred Nov. 14, 1862, to 11st Infantry (3d Cav.)

W. P. Mudge, 1st Lieut.	23	July 7, 1862,	Boston,	Killed October 29, 1863, at Racoon Ridge, Tenn.
C. F. Richards, 1st Lieut.	25	July 24, 1862,	Boston,	July 28, 1863, resigned.
E. J. Vose, 1st Lieutenant,	25	July 24, 1862,	Taunton,	June 19, 1863, resigned.
Bradley Dean, 1st Lieut.,	22	July 31, 1862,	Boston,	Transferred November 27, 1862, to 41st Infantry (3d Cav.)
G. F. Adams, 1st Lieut.	25	November 29, 1862,	Belmont,	March 28, 1863, resigned.
J. P. Thompson, 1st Lieut.	26	March 29, 1863,	Lowell,	June 4, 1863, Bvt. Captain.
L. H. Williams, 1st Lieut.	24	April 3, 1863,	Lynn,	September 12, 1864, resigned.
J. H. Mitchell, 1st Lieut.	29	May 12, 1863,	Cambridge,	March 24, 1864, resigned.
G. A. Morse, 1st Lieut.	30	May 18, 1863,	Boston,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
C. B. Walker, 1st Lieut.	26	June 3, 1863,	New Bedford,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
E. O. Prescott, 1st Lieut.	33	June 20, 1863,	Lowell,	January 5, 1865, resigned.
E. H. J. Parker, 1st Lieut.	28	July 6, 1863,	Townsend,	Killed May 16, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
E. M. Cheney, 1st Lieut.	29	July 23, 1863,	Boston,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
L. C. Mills, 1st Lieutenant,	28	August 9, 1863,	Watertown,	October 9, 1863, resigned.
A. G. Shepard, 1st Lieut.	24	October 10, 1863,	Lynn,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, Bvt. Captain.
E. L. Bumpus, 1st Lieut.	25	March 9, 1864,	Braintree,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga., Bvt. Captain.
A. Waugh, 1st Lieutenant,	36	May 16, 1864,	Lowell,	November 10, resigned.
N. Frost, 1st Lieutenant,	34	May 16, 1864,	Boston,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
F. C. Lawton, 1st Lieut.	31	September 13, 1864,	Fall River,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
G. A. Pickering, 1st Lieut.	23	September 18, 1864,	Lowell,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
J. L. Lock, 1st Lieutenant,	27	September 27, 1864,	Bridgewater,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
H. A. Dixon, 1st Lieut.	29	November 3, 1864,	Green,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
H. A. Needham, 1st Lieut.	20	November 11, 1864,	Lowell,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
D. C. Spencer, 1st Lieut.	23	January 6, 1865,	Roxbury,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as Sgt. Major.
G. F. Adams, 2d Lieut.	21	July 17, 1862,	Belmont,	1st Lieutenant November 29, 1862.
H. W. Gore, 2d Lieut.	32	July 24, 1862,	Boston,	February 20, 1863, resigned.
J. P. Thompson, 2d Lieut.	25	July 24, 1862,	Lowell,	1st Lieutenant May 29, 1863.
C. W. Lovell, Jr., 2d Lieut.	24	July 31, 1862,	Boston,	November 1st, 1862, resigned.
F. E. Frothingham, 2d Lt.	31	August 7, 1862,	Charlestown,	Transferred November 27, 1862, to 11st Infantry, (3d Cav.)
G. W. Rose, 2d Lieutenant,	29	August 8, 1862,	New Bedford,	March 1, 1863, dismissed.
H. Meserve, 2d Lieut.	28	October 29, 1862,	Lowell,	November 1, 1862, disability.
A. G. Parker, 2d Lieut.	22	March 3, 1863,	Lowell,	June 6, 1863, resigned.
Michael Burns, 2d Lieut.	35	March 29, 1863,	Boston,	Killed August 15, 1863, by guerrillas.
Joseph P. Burrage, 2d Lt.	22	May 18, 1863,	Bedford,	July 27, 1863, resigned.
James Hill, 2d Lieutenant,	23	June 7, 1863,	Cambridge,	Killed October 29, 1863, Racoon Ridge, Tenn.
Oswego Jones, 2d Lieut.	26	June 16, 1863,	Danvers,	Killed October 29, 1863, Racoon Ridge, Tenn.
A. Welch, 2d Lieutenant,	23	August 9, 1863,	Fall River,	March 24, 1864, disability.
S. L. Colley, 2d Lieut.	28	November 3, 1864,	Stonham,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
O. P. Johnson, 2d Lieut.	34	November 3, 1864,	Stonham,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
H. Smith, 2d Lieutenant,	21	November 3, 1864,	Boston,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
T. L. Howland, 2d Lieut.	20	November 3, 1864,	Dartmouth,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
James E. Hill, 2d Lieut.	24	November 3, 1864,	Lowell,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
W. A. Burrage, 2d Lieut.	20	November 3, 1864,	Leominster,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
J. F. Parker, 2d Lieut.	24	November 3, 1864,	Roxbury,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
J. C. Stacy, 2d Lieutenant,	30	November 3, 1864,	Groveland,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as 1st Sergeant.
C. H. Barry, 2d Lieut.	23	November 3, 1864,	Stonham,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as Sergeant.
H. A. Shurtan, 2d Lieut.	21	November 3, 1864,	Lowell,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as Sergeant.

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	COMPANY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Frost, Nath'l., Sgt. Maj.	20	—	Boston.	August 6, 1862.	First lieutenant, May 16, 1864.
Marston, H. P., Sgt. Maj.	21	—	Stoneham.	August 5, 1862.	Second lieutenant, June 3, 1863.
Meserve, H., Sgt. Maj.	20	—	Lowell.	August 1, 1862.	Second lieutenant, October 29, 1862.
Morse, George A., Sgt. Maj.	28	—	Boston.	August 1, 1862.	Second lieutenant, December 1, 1862.
Parky, H. J., Sgt. Maj.	26	—	Townsend.	August 3, 1862.	First lieutenant, March 29, 1863.
Pickering, Geo. A., Sgt. Maj.	21	—	Lowell.	August 3, 1862.	First lieutenant, September 18, 1864.
Prescott, F. O., Sgt. Maj.	32	—	Lowell.	August 3, 1862.	Second lieutenant, February 18, 1863.
Shepard, A. G., Serg. Maj.	34	—	Boston.	August 8, 1862.	Second lieutenant, May 12, 1863.
Spencer D. C., Sergt. Maj.	22	—	Reading.	August 8, 1862.	First lieutenant, January 6, 1865.
Cate, J. M., Quar. M. Sgt.	25	—	Boston.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Houghton, J. E., Q. M. Sgt.	20	—	Boston.	July 18, 1862.	Reduced and assigned to Co. I.
Cheney, E. M., Com. Sgt.	30	—	Boston.	August 7, 1862.	Second lieutenant, April 3, 1863.
Harnden, Edwin, Com. Sgt.	37	—	Lowell.	August 7, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Locke, J. L., Com. Serg.	21	—	Bridgewater.	August 3, 1862.	First lieutenant, September 27, 1864.
Walker, C. B., Com. Serg.	21	—	Boston.	July 15, 1862.	Second lieutenant, November 29, 1862.
Kittredge, E. F., Hosp. St.	42	—	Lowell.	August 3, 1862.	April 21, 1863, disability.
Shedd, F. R., Hosp. Stew.	18	—	Sharon.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pickering, J. K., Prin. Mus.	28	—	—	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Israel, Prin. Mus.	35	—	New Bedford.	August 7, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
COMPANY A.					
Ellis, H. E., 1st Sergeant.	21	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	Died April 13, 1865, Newbern, N. C.
Kimball, C. H., Sergeant.	20	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	September 29, 1864, disability.
McAvin, J., Sergeant.	34	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 7, 1865, disability.
Reed, G. W., Lt. Sergeant.	32	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	Transferred October 18, 1863, to V. R. Co.
Stacy, J. C., Sergeant.	29	—	Groveland.	August 9, 1862.	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Little, J. H., Sergeant.	18	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Waucho, P. H., Sergeant.	28	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Williams, A., Sergeant.	33	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	Second lieutenant, July 29, 1865.
Williams, J. L., Sergeant.	34	—	Tewksbury.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Atwood, D. F., Corporal.	25	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kelley, S. P., Corporal.	24	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kittredge, G. S., Corporal.	28	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Magoon, J. R., Corporal.	35	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	Died July 14, 1864, Louisville, Ky.
Mason, A. A., Corporal.	22	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	July 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McCormack, J., Corporal.	19	—	Tewksbury.	August 9, 1862.	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Osgood, G. A., Corporal.	18	—	Chelmsford.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pike, D. S., Corporal.	24	—	Groveland.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Randall, J. P., Corporal.	23	—	Groveland.	August 9, 1862.	July 8, 1865, expiration of service.
Sniley, S., Corporal.	34	—	Boston.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stacy, A. C., Corporal.	18	—	Groveland.	August 9, 1862.	March 13, 1863, for promotion.
Varnum, John, Corporal.	39	—	Draut.	August 9, 1862.	April 19, 1864, disability.
Collins, J. W., Musician.	35	—	Acushnet.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Tarbox, S. R., Musician.	18	—	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	—

37	Ballard, E., Wagoner,	Tewksbury,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
26	Abbot, J. V., Private,	Methuen,	August 9, 1862,	December 1, 1862, disability.
19	Anthony, George F.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	June 30, 1865, order War Department.
22	Austin, S. J.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Died July 18, 1861, Chattanooga, Tenn.
20	Banks, J.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	July 11, 1865, expiration of service.
20	Barlett, E. A.,	Chelmsford,	August 9, 1862,	May 16, 1865, order War Department.
20	Brown, J. R.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	June 3, 1865, disability.
23	Brown, Moses,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	April 1, 1863, disability.
23	Barrows, H. A.,	Dracont,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred August 13, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
20	Cavanagh, M.,	Provincetown	July 30, 1861,	May 25, 1865, expiration of service.
23	Chandler, S. C.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	March 1, 1863, disability.
32	Chase, A. P.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	March 28, 1863, disability.
27	Chase, W. N.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	June 25, 1865, disability.
18	Churchill, E. L.,	Lowell,	January 11, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
18	Cornall, James,	Kingsdon,	June 11, 1861,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
20	Curtis, G. C.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	Deserted May 3, 1862.
22	Daley, Daniel,	Wellfleet,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
28	Payle, Oliver,	Dracont,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred January 15, 1865, to V. R. C.
23	De Blois, William,	Boston,	January 21, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
32	Duckworth, A. S.,	Fall River,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
35	Duckworth, James,	Fall River,	August 9, 1862,	Died June 27, 1864, Marietta, Ga.
43	Edson, W. G.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	June 25, 1865, expiration of service.
18	Evings, L. H.,	Boxborough,	August 9, 1862,	June 25, 1865, expiration of service.
23	Foster, Charles J.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred September 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
22	Gale, Morton,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	June 1, 1864, disability.
37	Gannon, Aaron,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
18	Gillespie, A. H.,	Kingsdon,	June 1, 1861,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
18	Gould, A. F.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	September 28, 1863, disability.
18	Gove, George W.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	June 3, 1865, order War Department.
26	Hale, John,	Warren,	June 20, 1864,	July 9, 1865, rejected recruit.
24	Hardy, C. F.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
20	Hardy, W. B.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
19	Harris, B. F.,	Lowell,	January 11, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
33	Harriman, C. L.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Died December 23, 1862, Falmouth, Va.
40	Hobbes, Edwin,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Commissionary sergeant, December 23, 1864.
41	Hobbs, D. F.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred March 1, 1861, to V. R. C.
29	Hope, Henry,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
27	Horton, Charles,	Cambridge,	March 25, 1861,	Never joined the regiment.
21	Howard, J. K.,	Dracont,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred August 18, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
22	Jeekins, C. W.,	Boxborough,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred July 1, 1865, to V. R. C.
31	Keene, George,	Swampscott,	June 29, 1861,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
25	Kendall, D. A.,	Tewksbury,	August 9, 1862,	December 16, 1862, to V. R. C.
22	Ladd, Nathaniel E.,	Groveland,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred August 13, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
25	Lauchlin, B.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Killed May 25, 1861, Dallas, Ga.
24	Lawrence, G. M.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	March 27, 1862, disability.
21	Lawn, Hugh,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
35	Lobby, B. F.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	March 8, 1863, disability.
21	Logan, James, Jr.,	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Lowejoy, Ira A.	23	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	
Lowell, J. K.	38	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred November 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
Lunt, F. F.	43	—	Draught,	August 9, 1862.	June 20, 1865, expiration of service.
Maloney, Jeremiah,	20	—	Windsor,	June 9, 1864.	
McCarrick, John,	19	825	Habardston,	Feb. 18, 1865.	Died June 9, 1865, Arlington, Va.
McGregor, Robert,	37	325	Boston,	July 7, 1864.	Deserted September 16, 1864.
McGinnigle, George,	21	416.66	Pelham,	January 21, 1865.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McKay, William,	24	325	Essex,	June 24, 1864.	Deserted August 26, 1864.
McQuisen, John,	28	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	July 18, 1865, order War Department.
Miller, C. B.	21	325	Templeton,	June 29, 1864.	
Miller, James,	28	—	Fall River,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred May 21, 1864, to V. R. C.
Morse, E. R.	23	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	July 27, 1863, disability.
Morris, J. E.	18	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred January 15, 1865, to V. R. C.
Myers, B. L.	28	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	July 2, 1865, order War Department.
Nelson, Charles,	27	—	Draught,	August 9, 1862.	Deserted August 11, 1862.
O'Brien, John,	30	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred November 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
O'Connor, Lawrence,	20	325	Templeton,	June 29, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Paul, C.	29	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	April 23, 1863, disability.
Perry, W. S.	19	—	Groveland,	August 9, 1862.	Died Nov. 13, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Phelps, Enoch,	38	—	Trockshury,	August 9, 1862.	Died December 29, 1862, Philadelphia, Pa.
Powers, J. L.	36	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Potham, A. P.	19	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Ramsbottom, T.	32	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	June 30, 1863, disability.
Ray, N. J.	24	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Died June 19, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Richardson, A. A.	18	—	Boxborough,	August 9, 1862.	March 6, 1863, disability.
Richardson, G. F.	26	—	Draught,	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Richardson, Munroe,	22	—	Draught,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred September 6, 1863, to V. R. C.
Ricker, E. C.	25	—	Groveland,	August 9, 1862.	Died January 1, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Russell, J. W.	23	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sewall, A. B.	24	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred November 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
Shedd, F. B.	18	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Hospital steward, April 21, 1863.
Sladen, J. A.	31	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	November 11, 1864, second lieutenant, U. S. C. T.
Smith, J. B.	24	—	Methuen,	August 9, 1862.	August 30, 1863, disability.
Smith, W. F.	28	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Killed July 25, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Speller, J. S.	20	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	August 30, 1863, disability.
Speller, R. P.	43	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	February 16, 1863, disability.
Stacy, T. A.	30	—	Groveland,	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stevens, E. W.	18	—	Acton,	August 9, 1862.	June 6, 1865, disability.
Stuckey, M. H.	20	—	Groveland,	August 9, 1862.	Died January 27, 1863, Philadelphia, Pa.
Stone, A. C.	33	—	Methuen,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred November 20, 1863, to V. R. C.
Stone, John,	33	—	Acushnet,	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Spillman, Padrick,	35	325	Somerset,	June 10, 1864.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Thompson, R. R.	42	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	Transferred September 6, 1863, to V. R. C.
Tilbotts, J. W.	29	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, prisoner
Tilbotts, L. J. R.	39	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862.	June 29, 1863, disability.

Treat, J. P.	21	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 30, 1863, disability.
Tuestdale, H.	18	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	Deserted August 12, 1862.
Waterman, George R.	22	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 29, 1865, order War Department.
Whitehead, D. Jr.	22	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Whitecomb, V.	37	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	December 9, 1862, disability.
White, William.	26	Chatham.	August 9, 1862.	Deserted September 21, 1864.
Wilson, L.	29	Dracut.	July 8, 1864.	Died November 24, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Wilson, Thomas.	34	Lee.	June 15, 1864.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Yorral, Thomas.	18	Lowell.	August 9, 1862.	Transferred August 29, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
COMPANY B.				
Johnson, O. P., 1st Sergt.	32	Sharon.	August 5, 1862.	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Lawton, F. C., 1st Sergt.	32	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	First lieutenant, September 13, 1864.
Mills, P. C., 1st Sergt.	27	Watertown.	August 5, 1862.	Second lieutenant, March 2, 1863.
Burns, M., sergeant.	36	Berkley.	August 5, 1862.	Second lieutenant, March 29, 1863.
Edbridge, H. F., sergeant.	33	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Harrington, J. T., sergeant.	33	Sharon.	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds July 1, 1864, Marietta, Ga.
Maxim, N. H., sergeant.	23	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wilbur, E. L., sergeant.	21	Raynham.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Blandin, E. G., corporal.	18	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Dismore, John, corporal.	22	Lowell.	August 5, 1862.	Died July 3, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Edes, E. L., corporal.	18	Bolton.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Illison, E. R., corporal.	23	Sharon.	August 5, 1862.	July 20, 1865, order War Department.
Hood, E. R., corporal.	23	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lincoln, E. P., corporal.	21	Dighton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Meiggs, Angel, corporal.	18	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Niekerson, Silas, corporal.	31	Walpole.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Richards Geo. W., Corp.	30	Sharon.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
West, Wm. M., corporal.	18	Watertown.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
White, Adoniram M., Cpl	18	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bishop, A. E., musician.	38	N. Bridgewat'r	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hobbes, A. H., musician.	19	Berkley.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Adams, J. E., private.	38	Beckley.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Adams, J. Q.	42	N. Bridgewat'r	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, disability.
Anderson, Andrew.	33	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Atwell, H. E.	21	N. Bridgewat'r	February 26, 1864.	May 25, 1865, order War Department.
Augustus, Charles.	18	Abington.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred September 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Bennett, Charles.	18	Walpole.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Blackington, J. E.	37	Sharon.	March 26, 1864.	Killed May 16, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Blake, J. C.	20	Cambridge.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Boyle, John.	21	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bramhall, George.	18	Fall River.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bullock, M. A.	22	Swansey.	August 5, 1862.	May 7, 1865, disability.
Cass, D. H.	42	Somerset.	August 5, 1862.	June 29, 1865, expiration of service.
Chase, C. M.	38	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cole, J. P.	18	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	
Cortley, R. N.	18	Taunton.	August 5, 1862.	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Crompton, John,	32	—	Watertown,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Daggett, J. H.,	28	—	Walpole,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred September 3d, 1863, to V. R. C.
Daly, John,	30	—	Walpole,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted September 15, 1862.
Dean, C. C.,	33	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred September 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Deering, Andrew,	31	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	December 6, 1862, disability.
Dewhurst, Thomas,	30	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	December 2, 1861, disability.
Donnelly, John,	21	—	Watertown,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Dowry, A. S.,	18	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	July 11, 1865, order War Department.
Field, Daniel,	49	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Flannery, Thomas,	21	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Flynn, J. D.,	21	\$325	Boston,	January 25, 1864,	April 3, 1865, disability.
Foley, John,	45	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted December 10, 1862.
Foster, John,	30	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gavun, James,	23	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Died of wounds May 26, 1861.
Gay, George H.,	18	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	Died July 12, 1863, Annapolis, Md.
Gerish, George M.,	18	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gillespie, James,	20	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gill, Owen,	32	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	March 15, 1861, disability.
Glover, J. H.,	25	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1861, Resaca, Ga.
Gustus, C. A.,	24	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hachee, H. H.,	49	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hackett, Michael,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Haggerty, James,	33	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hall, L. A.,	37	—	Walpole,	August 5, 1862,	June 24, 1865, order War Department.
Hallbrook, F. J.,	18	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	April 25, 1861, disability.
Hudson, Stephen,	27	—	Raynham,	August 5, 1862,	February 18, 1863, disability.
Jones, Patrick,	31	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kelley, James,	21	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
King, F. W.,	44	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	March 7, 1861, disability.
Ladlin, A. D.,	—	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted October 10, 1862.
Lee, Robert,	—	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred March 15, 1861, to V. R. C.
Leonard, J. D.,	—	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred January 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Lockwood, J. W.,	—	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Lynch, John,	—	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McCarty, John,	21	325	Taunton,	July 1, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
McGuire, P.,	35	—	Watertown,	August 5, 1862,	October 27, 1861, disability.
McKinley, John,	35	—	Watertown,	August 5, 1862,	June 9, 1865, order War Department.
Mitchell, George,	22	325	Swampscott,	June 29, 1861,	Never joined the regiment.
Munroe, G. A.,	27	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	January 18, 1863, disability.
Morse, A. F.,	24	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	May 4, 1861, disability.
Mullady, George,	28	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mullen, M. H.,	19	—	Marlborough,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred December 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Munsey, J. W.,	39	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Norton, Martin,	25	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	August 4, 1863, disability.
Norris, T. W., Jr.,	25	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

Nickerson, J. C.,	19	Walpole,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Noonan, David,	18	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Packard, L. M. D.,	28	Raynham,	August 5, 1862,	December 24, 1865, disability.
Palme, Charles F.,	24	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Perkins, C. M.,	24	Dighton,	August 5, 1862,	Died July 22, 1864, Lookout Mountain, Hospital, Tennessee.
Pratt, John U.,	36	Raynham,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Quiggle, W. E.,	24	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Reed, George F.,	18	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Riley, Patrick,	23	Taunton,	June 29, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Robertson, Patrick,	33	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	March 19, 1865, disability.
Rodwell, William, Jr.,	18	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted July 25, 1865.
Ryan, James,	23	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Died of wounds June 24, 1864, Marietta, Ga.
Sanford, John H. T.,	30	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, George,	32	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sullivan, Daniel,	40	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sullivan, C. F.,	29	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862,	Died December 23, 1862, Philadelphia, Pa.
Taylor, Henry,	43	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Thayer, F. H.,	23	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	March 30, 1864, disability.
Thayer, Michael,	18	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Turner, Alexander,	19	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
White, A. C.,	29	Taunton,	August 5, 1862,	Died September 29, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
White, B. F.,	26	Raynham,	August 5, 1862,	May 4, 1865, expiration of service.
Wilson, Asa,	21	Sharon,	August 5, 1862,	Died March 2, 1865, disability.
Willman, John A.,	18	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Died March 2, 1865, Stafford Court House, Virginia.
Young, George W.,	30	Walpole,	August 5, 1862,	May 25, 1865, disability.
COMPANY C.				
Hill, James, 1st sergeant,	22	Danvers,	August 6, 1862,	Second lieutenant, June 7, 1865.
Polley, George, 1st sergeant,	23	Buffalo, N. Y.,	August 6, 1862,	Deserted August 13, 1862.
Smith, Hugh, 1st sergeant,	21	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Byant, J. L., sergeant,	22	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Burrill, J. C., sergeant,	30	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Clough, G. W., sergeant,	24	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	December 1, 1864, disability.
Crovelly, J. J., sergeant,	18	Lowell,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
James, E. R., sergeant,	22	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Frost, Nathl. J., sergeant,	26	Rockland, Me.,	August 6, 1862,	Sergeant major, July 18, 1865.
McIntire, Donald, Sergt.,	21	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Deserted July 16, 1865.
Morrison, Seth E., Sergt.,	32	Franklin,	August 6, 1862,	Deserted March 20, 1865.
Clough, M. M., corporal,	19	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Carter, G. J., corporal,	22	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	April 15, 1864, disability.
Evers, E., corporal,	21	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	August 7, 1865, disability.
Harmon, M. T., corporal,	25	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	Died of wounds May 21, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Krautz, F. W., corporal,	21	Melrose,	August 6, 1862,	June 5, 1865, order of War Department.
Miller, Hugh P., corporal,	40	Frankingham,	August 6, 1862,	April 29, 1865, disability.
Murray, Patrick E., Corp.,	21	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Prince, C. E., corporal,	18	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	1862, want of <i>habeas corpus</i> .
Robbins, J. C., corporal,	45	Malden,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
Scott, James, corporal.	29	—	Cambridge,	August 6, 1862.	Transferred November 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Smith, George O., Corp.	40	—	Danvers,	August 6, 1862.	March 17, 1863, disability.
Sullivan, J. A., corporal.	28	—	Danvers,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Buck, F. A., musician.	16	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	March 6, 1863, disability.
Mitchell, B. F., wagoner.	30	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Allen, William S., private.	34	—	Milton,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Anderson, George,	24	—	Methuen,	June 23, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Arctibald, Robert,	30	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	October 22, 1864, disability.
Arnold, Robert,	24	—	Framingham,	August 6, 1862.	Transferred 1864 to V. R. C.
Barry, John, 1st,	38	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	October 26, 1863, disability.
Barry, John, 2d,	34	—	Lynn,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Belt, William,	44	—	Asbland,	August 6, 1862.	Transferred September 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Brine, Joseph,	22	\$25.00	S. Danvers,	July 7, 1864.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Brunmitt, Joseph,	22	—	Framingham,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Buck, F. A.,	18	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Burke, Thomas,	20	—	Framingham,	August 6, 1862.	May 18, 1865, order of War Department.
Bussell, Henry,	21	—	Lowell,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Canby, John,	21	325	Methuen,	June 23, 1864.	Deserted August 27, 1864.
Chapin, L. B.,	37	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Clancey, David,	21	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	February 20, 1865, disability.
Clark, Patrick,	32	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	March 30, 1865, disability.
Colbath, Charles H.,	40	—	Lynn,	August 6, 1862.	August 5, 1865, order of War Department.
Collins, John H.,	18	—	Marlborough,	August 6, 1862.	Died December 27, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Conley, Michael,	23	325	Kingston,	June 18, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Daley, Patrick,	42	—	Lowell,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Danfels, James,	22	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	Deserted August 15, 1862.
Darling, B. F.,	30	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Dean, G. H.,	18	—	Melrose,	August 6, 1862.	March 8, 1863, disability.
Davis, L. G.,	18	—	Lowell,	August 6, 1862.	Deserted August 13, 1862.
Delaney, Thomas F.,	22	325	Beverly,	July 19, 1864.	Deserted November 10, 1864.
Dexter, W. A.,	38	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Doherty, James,	32	—	Millford,	August 6, 1862.	Supposed burned to death at Columbia, S. C.
Du Bois, William,	42	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	January 8, 1863, disability.
Duffy, George,	21	325	Essex,	June 21, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Duffy, Michael,	18	—	Lynnfield,	August 6, 1862.	1862, with of <i>Infantry corps</i> .
Eames, J. B.,	41	—	S. Bridgewater,	August 8, 1862.	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Entwistle, Henry,	27	—	Framingham,	August 6, 1862.	June 20, 1865, order of War Department.
Finegan, Thomas,	40	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	July 27, 1863, disability.
Fish, H. H.,	33	—	Dennis,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Giddien, C. S.,	32	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Goggin, J. C.,	27	—	Framingham,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Grover, J. N.,	21	—	Wakefield, N. B.	August 6, 1862.	Deserted August 13, 1862.
Hammou, C. H.,	18	—	Acton,	November 6, 1863.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Harrington, Jeremiah,	43	325	Lowell,	August 6, 1862.	Killed May 25, 1864, at Dallas, Ga.

Hargraves, William J.,	29	Framingham,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred August 14, 1863, to V. R. C.
Herrman, Charles,	18	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Died August 24, 1864, Nashville, Tenn.
Hinkley, R. D.,	22	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hopkins, James,	18	Danvers,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred August 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Hougheskey, Peter,	40	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Johnson William,	21	Westford,	June 21, 1864,	Transferred June 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Jones, Robert,	325	Tewksbury,	July 1, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Keeves, Patrick,	18	Boston,	August 11, 1862,	February 16, 1864, disability.
Kirby, John,	21	Chelsea,	June 14, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Krantz, William F.,	35	Malden,	August 6, 1862,	February 16, 1864, disability.
Laug, James,	33	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	May 19, 1865, order of War Department.
Lawrence, John,	30	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Killed May 24, 1864, Resent, Ga.
Lee, Frank,	20	Chelsea,	June 14, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Leonard, James,	40	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	August 23, 1863, disability.
Mahoney, Daniel,	30	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Maloney, John,	30	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Marlin, Patrick,	24	Windsor,	June 20, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
McCarthy, C.,	33	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McKeena, Timothy,	32	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McLaughlin, Patrick,	32	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred August 14, 1863, to V. R. C.
Morse, Alfred L.,	24	Foxboro,	August 6, 1862,	May 27, 1865, order of War Department.
Murphy, Daniel,	26	Winchendon,	July 7, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Murphy, John,	21	Kingston,	June 18, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Murray, David,	18	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Nolan, Charles,	23	Amesbury,	July 21, 1864,	Deserted November 10, 1864.
Nolan, Walter,	21	Kingston,	June 18, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Noyes, G. C.,	27	Lowell,	August 6, 1862,	March 12, 1863, disability.
O'Connor, Timothy,	37	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred July 13, 1864, to V. R. C.
O'Connell, W. J.,	21	Charlestown,	August 11, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
O'Kelly, Maurice,	35	Lynn,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, absent, wounded.
O'Leary, Daniel,	35	Lyons,	August 12, 1862,	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Packard, W. M.,	19	Rockland, Me.,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Patterson, John,	—	Wakefield, N. H.,	August 6, 1862,	Deserted November 10, 1864.
Philips, C. L.,	21	Abington,	August 6, 1862,	Died of wounds November 17, 1863, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Quinlan, James,	28	Danvers,	August 6, 1862,	February 27, 1865, disability.
Reynolds, James,	18	Beverly,	July 19, 1864,	Deserted November 10, 1864.
Robinson, David,	21	Framingham,	August 6, 1862,	August 13, 1862, disability.
Robbins, Willard,	40	Craffton,	August 6, 1862,	November 3, 1862, disability.
Ryan, John, 1st,	24	Framingham,	August 6, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Ryan, John, 2d,	21	Foxboro,	August 6, 1862,	Deserted August 13, 1862.
Sayles, Ira C.,	42	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 13, 1865, expiration of service.
Schmid, Alexander F.,	41	Ashland,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Scott, George,	43	Chelsea,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred August 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Shelhammer, John,	43	Milton,	August 6, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Simmonds, J. D.,	40	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Simpson, William,	23	Lynnfield,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred September 26, 1863, to V. R. C.
Skinner, C. P.,	18	Needham,	August 6, 1862,	January 19, 1863, disability.
Small, Edwin,	26	Needham,	August 6, 1862,	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Smith, James,	33	325	Essex,	June 24, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Smith, John,	29	325	Lawrence,	June 16, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Spence, S. B.,	39	—	Stoughton,	August 6, 1862,	Transferred September 21, 1863, to V. R. C.
Stevenson, John,	22	325	Saisbury,	July 21, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Sullivan, James,	28	325	Shirley,	June 22, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Sullivan, Patrick,	28	—	—	August 14, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Sweeney, Edwin,	—	—	—	August —, 1862,	Transferred March 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Thornton, George,	27	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	January 1, 1863, disability.
Turner, F. G.,	18	—	Lowell,	August 6, 1862,	Killed June 4, 1864, Kingston, Ga.
Twomey, James,	33	—	Lynn,	August 6, 1862,	January 22, 1863, disability.
Underwood, A. J.,	21	—	Stoughton,	August 6, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Walker, D. A.,	22	—	Salem,	August 6, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Wheley, Dennis,	32	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Williams, John,	17	—	Roxbury,	August 12, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Winter, Fitz H.,	28	—	Gloucester,	August 6, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Wood, A. P.,	27	—	Boston,	August 6, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
COMPANY D.					
Colley, S. L., 1st sergeant,	26	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Marston, H. P., 1st Sergt.,	21	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Sergeant Major, July 1, 1863.
Welch, A., 1st sergeant,	22	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Second lieutenant, August 9, 1863.
Barry, C. H., sergeant,	21	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Carr, A. W., sergeant,	26	—	N. Reading,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Griggs, J. H., sergeant,	24	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	March 19, 1863, disability.
Marston, J. F., sergeant,	16	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Meador, A. J., sergeant,	19	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Wiley, A. F., sergeant,	26	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Woodman, Alvin, Sergt.,	22	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	May 12, 1864, disability.
Allen, J. R., corporal,	21	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Buxton, P. O., corporal,	19	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Cobb, A. J., corporal,	43	—	Winnington,	August 5, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Cogan, James, corporal,	18	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Gorham, J. M., corporal,	33	—	Worcester,	December 7, 1863,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Harriman, D., corporal,	37	325	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Lorenzo, A., corporal,	19	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	May 18, 1864, disability.
Manning, E., corporal,	18	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Mansfield, J. F., corporal,	21	—	Bedford,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
McGowan, John, corporal,	18	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Palme, B. P., corporal,	35	—	Georgetown,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Patten, B. W., corporal,	21	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	Died May 16, 1863, Brooks Station, Va.
Pinkham, O. W., corporal,	21	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Died January 12, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Starkard, N. E., corporal,	27	—	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Died October 22, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Samboro, O. S., corporal,	20	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Sullivan, David, corporal,	26	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.

27	Thibault, C. H., corporal,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted May 19, 1863.
27	Hazard, A. P., musician,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
28	Andrews, Alonzo, private,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	February 7, 1863, disability.
28	Austin, Alpheus,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred to 31 st Cavalry.
29	Balch, Herman,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
24	Berry, W. B.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
41	Blandford, S.,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, order War Department.
19	Brown, Albert,	Winnington,	August 5, 1862,	November 1, 1864, disability.
19	Brown, George,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	June 8, 1865, order War Department.
23	Buckley, Henry,	Dunbury,	June 27, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
18	Burrows, George F.,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	February 13, 1863, disability.
19	Burke, James,	Lewiston,	July 11, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
19	Burke, John,	Dunbury,	June 27, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
24	Bush, Henry,	Charles-town,	June 25, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
23	Cale, J. M.,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Quartermaster sergeant, December 23, 1864.
19	Claffey, John,	Worcester,	February 18, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
27	Cook, Henry,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred July 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
19	Covey, William,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	December 24, 1863, disability.
37	Crossin, Edwin,	Georgetown,	August 5, 1862,	May 29, 1865, order War Department.
30	Cummings, Philip,	Essex,	June 24, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
30	Damon, Amos,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred January 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
20	Davis, E. W.,	Barlington,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
22	De Ronde, John,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
21	Donnelly, Edward,	Templeton,	June 25, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
33	Dorr, Henry,	Boston,	August 5, 1862,	May 18, 1865, order War Department.
25	Eames, George F.,	Winnington,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
19	Farmer, F. E.,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, absent, sick.
20	Fletcher, John L.,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	March 12, 1863, disability.
42	Gambell, M.,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Died October 7, 1862, Alexandria, Va., Co. R.
43	George, J. S.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	March 3, 1863, disability.
37	Giles, Orison,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Died August 23, 1864, Stonham, Mass.
18	Gray, W. B. C.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Died June 6, 1865, Beverly Ford, Va.
21	Green, Aaron A.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	March 19, 1863, disability.
34	Hadley, Darius,	Winchester,	August 5, 1862,	January 16, 1864, disability.
21	Hartwell, F. F.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	February 16, 1864, disability.
26	Haynes, C. R.,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred July 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
24	Hook, M. L.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
20	Houlton, Lawrence,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
43	Howard Amos F.,	Barlington,	August 5, 1862,	January 20, 1864, disability.
19	Hunt, George W.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
22	Johnson, Henry,	Lowell,	August 10, 1864,	March 25, 1863, disability.
29	Johnson, M. H.,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	
19	Kedderick, Celesta,	Ipswich,	August 5, 1862,	
22	Kirwin, John,	Salem,	August 22, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
20	Knowlton, A. M.,	Swanville, Me.,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
22	La Clare, Joseph,	Stonham,	August 5, 1862,	Died May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
20	Larkins, J. W.,	Chelsea,	June 10, 1861,	Deserted August 16, 1864.
23	Lewis, Frederick,	Winnington,	June 23, 1861,	Never joined the regiment.

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
Libby, Edward,	20	—	Scarboro', Me.	August 5, 1862.	Died June 27, 1864, Nashville, Tenn.
Libby, George W.,	24	—	Scarboro', Me.	August 5, 1862.	May 29, 1865, order War Department.
Lomcomb, Nelson,	20	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mahan, William,	22	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Mansfield, George A.,	21	—	Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	March 12, 1863, disability.
Marr, James,	21	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	December 3, 1862, disability.
McCardell, Joseph,	31	\$325	Gr. Barrington	January 10, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Miller, George N.,	25	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Moore, Philip,	20	—	Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Munroe, H. T.,	25	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Murphy, Frank,	18	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	January 20, 1863, disability.
Murphy, William,	31	325	Methuen,	June 23, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Nolan, John,	39	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
O'Brien, Michael,	19	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Deserted May 20, 1863.
Oskard, Olla,	41	325	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Pago, Governor A.,	26	—	Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	April 6, 1864, disability.
Pasho, George,	40	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	August 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Patten, Asa J.,	18	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds November 1, 1863, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Paulint, Julius,	39	325	Lowell,	January 9, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Peaterson, Leonard,	22	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862.	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Perry, J. A.,	19	—	Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred March 15, 1865, to V. R. C.
Pierre, D. G.,	26	—	Wilmington,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Prentiss, E. C.,	20	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred November 14, 1865, to V. R. C.
Reed, Francis,	23	325	Essex,	June 24, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Reed, William B.,	25	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862.	October 26, 1863, disability.
Richardson, Adelbert,	39	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Riley, Edward,	21	325	Lowell,	January 20, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Robbins, J. C.,	22	325	Royalston,	June 24, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Rooney, James,	18	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred April 6, 1864, to V. R. C.
Rowe, H. J.,	23	—	Charlestown,	August 5, 1862.	February 9, 1863, disability.
Scott, James,	21	325	Templeton,	June 28, 1864.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Shaw, F. B.,	22	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Shields, James,	21	325	Templeton,	June 28, 1864.	Deserted November 5, 1864.
Shields, James,	23	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	Died October 10, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Smith, Frank H.,	20	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862.	November 18, 1862, disability.
Snowden, James,	23	325	Quincy,	June 23, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Stovell, Frank S.,	20	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stone, Jonas S.,	40	—	Billerica,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Swain, James H.,	27	—	Wilmington,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Taft, Thomas G.,	33	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	December 23, 1863, disability.
Tibbitts, W. V. B.,	18	—	Stoneham,	August 5, 1862.	Died March 15, 1863, Fairfax Court House, Virginia.
Upton, Timothy D.,	23	—	Wilmington,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Vance, Edwin,	21	—	Georgetown,	August 5, 1862.	Died November 5, 1862, Fairfax Court House, Virginia.
Van Patten, John,	26	—	Reading,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Vaughn, C. E.,	21	—	Malden,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

19	Wardwell, H. F.,	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Died February 16, 1863, Hospital, Washington, D. C.
25	Ward, John,	Charles-town,	June 25, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
27	Wheeler, Oliver, Jr.,	Stoncham,	August 5, 1862,	Died November 10, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
30	Wilson, John,	Bedford,	August 5, 1862,	July 24, 1863, order War Department.
22	Wilson, Joseph H.,	Billerica,	August 5, 1862,	June 10, 1865, order War Department.
19	Wright, J. W.,	Holyoke,	June 27, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
21	Young, Albert A.,	Stoncham,	August 5, 1862,	January 17, 1863, disability.
COMPANY E.				
25	Dickson, Henry A., 1st Sgt.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	First lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
26	Parker, Henry J., 1st Sgt.,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Sergeant major, February 18, 1862.
11	Jubb, William, sergeant,	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
15	Buckley, John F., Sergt.,	Chelmsford,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, Co. H.
20	O'Brien, John J., Sergt.,	Boston,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
28	Parker, C. W., sergeant,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Went on furlough and forgot to return.
27	Smith, Henry E., Sergt.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
26	Williams, George H., Sgt.,	Brighton,	August 5, 1862,	May 13, 1865, disability.
35	Boyd, George S., sergeant,	Littleton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
21	Battles, Edward D., Corp.,	Chelmsford,	August 5, 1862,	Appointed Corp., July 1, '64; wounded on head June 22, '64, Kennesaw Mt., Ga.
25	Bowes, Andrew J., Corp.,	Acton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed at Resaca, Ga., May 13, 1864.
39	Bowers, Luke W., Corp.,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	January 1, 1863, disability.
45	Clark, Abram, corporal,	Ashby,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
19	Churchill, Eliab R., Corp.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
31	Crockett, Wm., Jr., Corp.,	Brighton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed June 22, 1864, Kennesaw Mountain.
18	Dalley, Wm. C., Corp.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	May 30, 1865, order War Department.
21	Harrington, B. B., Corp.,	Ashby,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
18	Mayo, John, corporal,	Littleton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred January 12, 1865, V. R. C.
33	Turner, Wm. C., Corp.,	Brighton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
23	Scott, Alex. M., corporal,	Littleton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
21	Whitcomb, Geo. L., Corp.,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
33	Whitcomb, Jefferson, Corp.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred April —, 1864, to V. R. C.
40	Allison, David, musician,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred October —, 1863, to V. R. C.
18	Clark, George E., mus'n.,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Died December 29, 1862, Falmouth, Va.
22	Wetherbee, C. H., Wag'r.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted October 6, 1862.
28	Abbott, Horace W.,	Chelmsford,	August 12, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
18	Ackroyd, George H.,	Lynn,	July 25, 1864,	Deserted September 9, 1864.
23	Allen, Charles,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	November 30, 1862, disability.
30	Atherton, Roswell,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
21	Baxter, James,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	December 1, 1862, disability.
44	Remick, George W.,	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	March 14, 1863, disability.
18	Billings, B. F.,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Died August 12, 1863, Baltimore, Md.
19	Blood, Abijah W.,	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	Died August 29, 1863, disability.
18	Boynton, Orlando J.,	Swampscott,	June 28, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
22	Brown Thomas,	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	June 25, 1865, order War Department.
36	Buckley, James,	Ashby,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred January 22, 1863, to 4th U. S. Artillery.
18	Bumpus, Ira C.,	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
37	Burgess, Stephen,			

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
Callahan, Thomas,	29	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Chapman, Kilburn,	44	—	Asbury,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred April —, 1864, to V. R. C.
Creamer, John,	21	\$325	Charlestown,	January 26, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Credagh, William,	24	325	Chelsea,	December 20, '64,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Cushman, John Q. A.,	36	—	Brighton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred April —, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cutter, James R.,	21	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	September 30, 1862, disability.
Cutter, Fred,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Deatur, W. C.,	18	—	Chelsea,	August 5, 1862,	Died May 14, 1863, Alexandria, Va.
Dearymple, Thomas,	28	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Died April 1, 1863.
Davis, Isaiah S.,	18	—	Asbury,	August 5, 1862,	April 18, 1865, disability.
Dudley, William B.,	43	—	Brighton,	August 5, 1862,	May 25, 1865, order War Department.
Dunn, John,	22	325	Svampscott,	June 28, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Dupece, John,	36	325	Hartford, Ct.,	July 23, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Fitzgerald, Henry,	23	325	Bridgeport, Ct.	July 23, 1864,	Deserted September 16, 1864.
Fitzgerald, James,	24	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	June 29, 1865, order War Department.
Friar, Henry A.,	22	—	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	Died February 4, 1861, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Ferguson, James,	44	—	Asbury,	August 5, 1862,	May 12, 1865, disability.
Geary, Thomas,	42	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	July 2, 1863, disability.
Gill, Edward,	21	325	Waltham,	June 30, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Gibson, Albert A.,	21	—	Capisle,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gibson, James H.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred January 10, 1865, to V. R. C.
Gonyer, Louis,	25	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Gorman, Felix D. P.,	23	325	Chelsea,	Dec. 20, 1864,	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Hart, S. B.,	31	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hart, F. B.,	23	—	Swansey,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hazellton, Andrew D.,	20	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Herscy, J. R.,	24	—	Salisbury,	July 13, 1864,	Transferred May 11, 1864, to V. R. C.
Hosley, James A.,	33	325	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Howard, James,	25	—	Wellfleet,	July 8, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hunter, W. S.,	18	325	Chelsea,	August 11, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Hutchins, Thomas J.,	23	—	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Jacques, Joseph H.,	20	—	Tyngsboro,	August 5, 1862,	January 23, 1863, disability.
Jewett, S. H.,	22	—	Littleton,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Kelley, John,	22	325	Lynn,	July 25, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
King, James,	40	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Hospital steward, October 1, 1862.
Kittbridge, E. F.,	42	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 8, 1865, order War Department.
Landers, Richard,	22	325	Danvers,	July 13, 1864,	Died July 14, 1864.
Law, William, Jr.,	19	325	Groton,	December 3, 1863,	Died December 4, 1862, Germantown, Va.
Marshall, Charles E.,	21	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McLean, Dominick,	33	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted July 7, 1863.
McLean, Timothy K.,	22	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McLenna, Alvin A.,	22	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McMahar, Stephen,	31	—	Malden,	August 5, 1862,	January 30, 1863, disability.
Merrill, S. K.,	40	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Morgan, William A.,	18	—	Asbury,	August 5, 1862,	

Murrough, John,	29	325	Buckland,	January 7, 1865,	Transferred, June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
O'Neill, Michael,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
O'Shorne, Oliver B.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Died November 3, 1862, Thoroughfare Gap, Va.
Owens, James,	21	—	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Parker, Daniel,	37	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Parker, Joseph,	45	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred to V. R. C.; wounded October 29, Raccoon Ridge,
Parker, Ralph W.,	19	—	Littleton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed June 22, 1864, Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Pender, Michael,	20	325	Westford,	June 24, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Pierce, Charles H.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Died July 18, 1863, from wounds, Gettysburg, Pa.
Quinlan, Edward,	33	325	Wellfleet,	July 8, 1861,	Never joined the regiment.
Randall, Charles F.,	30	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted May —, 1863.
Rand, William B.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Richards, S. K.,	36	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Died from wounds May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Robbins, Frank S.,	19	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	Wounded May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Roth, John,	40	—	Sudbury,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Russell, James W.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Savage, James,	19	—	Westford,	August 5, 1862,	Wounded May 15, 1861, Resaca; transferred to V. R. C.
Shattuck, Albert,	31	—	Asbury,	August 5, 1862,	Taken prisoner May 25, 1864; died December 16, 1864.
Stedding, Alvin,	30	—	Laurensburg,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Smith, John,	28	325	Danvers,	July 16, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Smith, Warner,	29	325	New York,	July 2, 1861,	Wounded July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Stevens, George,	39	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted August 17, 1864.
Stone, Henry,	22	325	Wales,	July 1, 1864,	April 11, 1863, disability.
Sylvester, Clarence M.,	19	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service; "boss" cook.
Thorn, Alfred,	42	—	Brighton,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Tower, Walter T.,	18	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred September 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Trowbridge, P. F.,	39	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Wares, David,	19	—	Asbury,	August 5, 1862,	May 31, 1865.
Webster, Moses A.,	40	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	December 9, 1862, disability.
Williams, William,	25	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	Died in hospital November 8, 1861.
Woodward, Andrew L.,	19	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	January 21, 1865, disability.
Woody, Samuel,	23	—	Pepperell,	August 5, 1862,	August 23, 1863, disability.
Worcester, Nathan W.,	35	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862,	May 29, 1865, order of War Department.
Wright, Evander W.,	18	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Wright, Franklin S.,	20	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	Died October 11, 1864; a prisoner, Charleston, S. C.
Wright, Lewis T.,	21	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	July 3, 1865, order of War Department.
Wright, William H.,	31	—	Townsend,	August 5, 1862,	
COMPANY F.					
Hill, James E., 1st Sergt.,	22	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1865,	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1861.
Prescott, F. O., 1st Sergt.,	32	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Sergeant major, December 4, 1864.
Adams, Charles A., Sergt.,	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Costello, E. J. B., Sergt.,	22	—	Worcester,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted February 11, 1864.
Gale, Charles H., Sergt.,	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pickering, George A., Sgt.,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Sergeant major, July 4, 1861.
Smith, William, sergeant,	28	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bolanon, Geo. W., Corp.,	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died of wounds November 1, 1863.

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
Briggs, Ansel S., Corp.	23	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Buzzell, Oliver A., Corp.	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	May 26, 1865.
Canning, Sam'l, Jr., Corp.	18	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862,	May 18, 1865, order of War Department.
Hablin, Frank, corporal.	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hutchinson, Everett, Corp.	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Jordan, Charles P., Corp.	28	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred December 3, 1863, to V. R. C.
Keyser, F. R., A., Corp.	32	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	August 1, 1865, order of War Department.
Knapp, Freeman, Corp.	23	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Locking, Leonard A., Corp.	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
McKenzie, Augustus, Cpl.	30	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died March 7, 1864, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
McKewin, Wilson, Corp.	22	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Palmer, John F., corporal.	30	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Severance, Wm. H., Corp.	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	March 23, 1865, disability.
Bailey, Chas. A., Mus'n.	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred August 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Bleker, George A., Mus'n.	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hovess, B. F., wagoner.	31	—	Holden,	August 5, 1862,	June 20, 1865, expiration of service.
Abbot, Wm. O., private.	24	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died August 16, 1864, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Andrews, E. L.	30	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Badger, W. F.	24	\$100	W. Brookfield,	January 4, 1864,	
Bartlett, J. H. W.	23	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	
Bartlett, Orin.	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	
Blackstone, H. W.	31	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	September 27, 1863, disability.
Bond, Andrew F.	29	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Borbon, John.	22	325	Beverly,	July 15, 1864,	
Breman, Richard.	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brown, Charles H.	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brogan, Michael.	26	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred August 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Bryant, C. F.	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	March 9, 1863, disability.
Butterfield, S. S.	28	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	July 16, 1864, disability.
Burke, Stephen.	22	325	Harvard,	June 23, 1864,	
Cushman, John.	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	
Clark, E.	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 8, 1863, disability.
Coates, S. M.	31	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Colley, Henry A.	31	—	Saugus,	August 5, 1862,	March 15, 1864, disability.
Cook, Charles S.	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cook, William P.	41	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died of wounds November 2, 1863.
Crane, Theodore E.	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, Charles F.	21	116.33	Lowell,	January 20, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Denton, A. H.	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred May 2, 1864 to V. R. C.
Dondles, Samuel.	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ewing, Samuel.	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died of wounds June 1, 1864.
Fletcher, William.	22	325	Holyoke,	June 27, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Fox, F. M.	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	October 27, 1863, disability.
Garland, Charles H.	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	May 12, 1865, order of War Department.

Garvin, E.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted September 28, 1863,
George, D. M.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Graves, Orrilla D.,	Lowell,	January 17, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Holland, Michael,	119, 33	November 9, 1863,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Howes, William,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hunt, Deaporn J.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	August 24, 1863, disability.
Jackson, William L.,	Tewksbury,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Jenkinson, Noah,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Judge, James,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died June 17, 1865, Baltimore, Md.
Kennedy, E. R.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kershaw, James W.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	May 26, 1863, disability.
Lampson, H. P.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	February 1, 1865, order of War Department.
Lannon, James,	325	July 6, 1864,	Deserted August 26, 1864.
Lathie, Milo S.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lord, Thomas W.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Malt, William,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	September 24, 1862, disability.
Mansur, George S.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Mars, George,	325	July 18, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Masterson, Michael,	Lowell,	January 5, 1865,	Killed October 29, 1863, Raceoon Ridge, Tenn.
McLaughlin, John,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
McKenney, Joseph,	Lowell,	July 18, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Meats, D. B.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died of wounds November 3, 1863.
Merrill, Benjamin,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Sergeant major, August 4, 1862.
Meserve, Harry,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred May 31, 1864, to V. R. C.
Miller, James R.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted May 14, 1864.
Moran, James,	325	July 5, 1864,	March 11, 1864, disability.
Murray, Thomas,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	January 13, 1864, dishonorably.
Nolan, Daniel,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Norcross, A. G.,	Jefferson, Mo.,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred December 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Page, Alonzo F.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Page, Dudley L.,	Tewksbury,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred December 21, 1863, to V. R. C.
Page, George W.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Page, Ira M.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Page, John M.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Peck, W. F.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	August 24, 1863, disability.
Perry, Harvey,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pettigrew, J. M.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	April 25, 1864, disability.
Pettigrew, S. G.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred August 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Philbrook, J. W.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Tolard, Sylvester,	Lowell,	January 4, 1864,	Deserted December 14, 1864.
Price, Andrew,	325	July 7, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Redmond, P. C.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	July 20, 1865, order War Department.
Reed, Laroy C.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	February 6, 1863, disability.
Robinson, Warren L.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	May 24, 1863, disability.
Rockwood, William B.,	Lowell,	July 12, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Rogers, George,	325	August 5, 1862,	May 22, 1865, order War Department.
Rogers, W. M.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died December 10, 1864, Lowell, Mass.
Rushworth, John B.,	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Russell, Horace,	33	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sawyer, John, Jr.,	49	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	Died August 7, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Seaburn, Thomas,	37	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sewall, L. B.,	22	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Shedd, A. A.,	19	—	Tewksbury,	August 5, 1862.	Died November 10, 1862, Fairfax, Va.
Sherwell, Walter,	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Died December 20, 1862, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Charles H.,	19	—	Tewksbury,	August 5, 1862.	May 30, 1863, order of War Department.
Smith, John J.,	22	\$325	Danvers,	July 18, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Smith, Samuel,	22	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	March 31, 1865, expiration of service.
Stearns, George W.,	32	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Sullivan, Francis,	21	\$25	Springfield,	July 15, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sutherland, Neil,	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Taylor, William,	21	\$25	Chatham,	July 14, 1864.	Died April 20, 1865, Hospital, New York Harbor.
Tetree, Jeremiah,	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Turley, John,	36	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	February 16, 1865, disability.
Wentworth, John,	32	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Killed October 29, 1865, Raccoon Ridge, Tenn.
Whit, J. C.,	30	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Whitten, John M.,	36	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred December 28, 1864, to V. R. C.
Winton, James A.,	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wilson, W. W.,	38	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Yeaton, E. L.,	32	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, wounded.
COMPANY G.					
Dodge, Winslow H., 1st Sgt.,	22	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	April 6, 1863, disability.
May, Alonzo B., 1st Sgt.,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds May 25, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Paine, Wm. W., 1st Sgt.,	24	—	Chelsea,	August 5, 1862.	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Shelbair, H. A., 1st Sgt.,	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 6, 1863, disability.
Blackstone, Reuben H., Sgt.,	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brackett, A. W., Sgt.,	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hovey, Augustus V., Sgt.,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Kendrick, George E., Sgt.,	26	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stone, Gilmore, sergeant,	22	—	Westford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Austin, C. H., corporal,	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	March 8, 1865, disability.
Brown, H. S., corporal,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	March 8, 1865, disability.
Cochran, Henry F., Corp.,	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	May 31, 1865, order War Department.
Duceau, John, corporal,	18	—	Lawrence,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service; absent, sick.
Donahue, John, corporal,	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Dunn, Timothy, corporal,	28	—	Dracut,	August 5, 1862.	May 22, 1865, order of War Department.
Emerson, E. W., corporal,	24	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hibbith, B. M., corporal,	36	—	Chelmsford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kendrick, Michael, Corp.,	18	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kiddler, William H., Corp.,	23	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds July 6, 1864.
Manser, J. M., corporal,	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Murphy, William, Corp.,	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

Robertson, George, Corp.,	21	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Russell, G. W., corporal,	24	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred to V. R. C.
Lane, J. H., musician,	17	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died October 14, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Welch, Michael, musician,	17	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, Martin, wagoner,	24	Tyngsboro,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Anderson, William, Priv.,	22	Wellfleet,	July 8, 1861,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Atty, J. S.,	24	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Avery, Frank S.,	35	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Banks, Thomas,	33	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Barnes, George W.,	33	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Bathelder, Stephen,	36	Nashua, N. H.,	August 5, 1862,	March 10, 1864, disability.
Bowden, Ernest,	49	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Boynton, O. H.,	27	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Bragdon, A. K.,	27	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	February 16, 1864, disability.
Calum, Thomas,	22	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Cassidy, John,	49	S. Danvers,	July 7, 1864,	Deserted August 11, 1864.
Cerance, James,	49	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred to V. R. C.
Chandler, Charles H.,	22	Cambridge,	August 5, 1862,	September 16, 1862, disability.
Chase, George,	21	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	December 23, 1862, disability.
Coburn, Edmund,	26	Dracut,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred July 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Coggswell, F. E.,	23	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Complik, Peter,	22	Beverly,	July 19, 1864,	Deserted.
Conner, W. H.,	38	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Cumbers, George,	44	Boston,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred July 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Dalley, Edward,	20	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, H. Q.,	32	Lowell,	July 19, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Duffy, James,	21	Beverly,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred January 23, 1864, to V. R. C.
Dunahy, Daniel,	32	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	May 17, 1865, order of War Department.
Emerson, W. R.,	32	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Farmer, Elijah,	25	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Fennam, Thomas,	19	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Fitz, Charles,	20	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died April 3, 1864, Richmond, Va.
French, Asa B.,	23	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Garrett, H. L.,	27	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred March 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Gibbs, Oscar F.,	28	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died October 1, 1864, Charleston, S. C.
Goulding, Barney,	41	Gilfleton,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Hall, Charles,	22	Burlington,	August 5, 1864,	June 2, 1865, order of War Department.
Hamon, Elias,	24	Lawrence,	August 5, 1862,	May 3, 1865, disability.
Hanson, Francis,	49	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	August 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hapgood, W. E. T.,	37	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	March 19, 1864, disability.
Hartman, G. W.,	22	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Hedaway, George P.,	24	Quincy,	August 29, 1864,	January 19, 1863, disability.
Hedge, Mortimer,	23	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Hersey, Hiram,	23	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Hodgkins, Samuel S.,	25	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	March 8, 1863, disability.
Honeyman, Thomas,	30	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Howard, E. D.,	21	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred November 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
Huckins, H. L.,	21	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R	REMARKS.
Kearns, Peter,	38	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed June 22, 1864, Konesaw Mountain.
Kendrick, John H.,	22	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	April 12, 1863, disability.
Laddow, James,	28	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred November 10, 1863, to V. R. C.
Lane, John,	41	\$325	Lowell,	August 23, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Lawton, Joseph,	38	—	Fall River,	August 12, 1862,	Transferred to V. R. C.
Leary, Thomas,	22	325	Dorchester,	July 19, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Leonard, Charles,	35	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Massey, Samuel,	22	325	Beverly,	July 19, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Mayo, Shubael,	18	325	Leicester,	June 28, 1864,	December 18, 1864, minority.
McCarthy, Michael,	25	325	Beverly,	July 20, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
McLaughlin, Patrick,	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McNabre, George,	26	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McNulty, Thomas,	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Killed June 22, 1864, Konesaw Mountain, Ga.
McQuaid, Murly,	23	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mooney, Henry,	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mooney, Thomas,	27	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	February 18, 1863, disability.
O'Granton, Robert,	37	—	—	—	Deserted August 14, 1864.
O'Neill, William,	32	—	Beverly,	July 19, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Patterson, H. W.,	21	325	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Died May 21, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Peckham, J. T.,	40	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	August 23, 1864, disability.
Pettes, E. G.,	30	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pierce, J. V.,	22	—	Chelmsford,	August 5, 1862,	Died June 21, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Priest, John C.,	25	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred July 3, 1864, to V. R. C.
Putney, Samuel F.,	24	—	Chelmsford,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ricker, Noah C.,	32	—	Lawrence,	August 5, 1862,	Died February 6, 1863, Aquia Creek, Va.
Robinson, G. W.,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sargent, J. C.,	33	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	July 8, 1863, disability.
Scott, H. J.,	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	—
Sexton, Daniel,	26	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred to V. R. C.
Smith, Andrew,	19	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Peter,	30	325	Beverly,	July 19, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Smith, W. W.,	23	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred to V. R. C.
Spaulding, Fitz H.,	25	—	Chelmsford,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stinson, G. W.,	20	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Died January 26, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Stickney, Henry,	31	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stoff, George,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 20, 1865, order of War Department.
Taylor, Isaac,	26	—	Fall River,	August 12, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Thissell, J. W.,	30	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	August 26, 1862, disability.
Thompson, Nathan,	19	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Tillison, T. J.,	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 20, 1865, order of War Department.
Trefethon, F. A.,	18	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862,	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Walsh, John,	40	—	Malden,	August 5, 1862,	October 27, 1864, disability.
Welch, P. H.,	18	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted August 12, 1864.
Westenfield, Aaron,	19	325	S. Danvers,	July 8, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Willis, William T.,	21	—	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	—

Wing, B. F.,	21	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service; absent, wounded.
Winn, G. B.,	21	Reading,	August 5, 1862,	Died January 4, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Winn, Patrick,	30	Lowell,	August 5, 1862,	Deserted January 21, 1864.
COMPANY H.				
Burage, J. D., 1st Sergt.,	20	Cambridge,	August 7, 1862,	Second lieutenant, May 18, 1863.
Burage, Wm. A., 1st Sergt.,	18	Leominster,	August 7, 1862,	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Morse, Geo. A., 1st Sergt.,	29	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Sergeant major, October 28, 1862.
Needham, Herb't C., 1st S.,	18	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	First lieutenant, November 11, 1864.
Burbank, Nathan, Jr., Sergt.,	39	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cheney, Edw. M., Sergt.,	38	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Commissary sergeant, February 6, 1863.
Howland, Alex. A., Sergt.,	21	New Bedford,	August 7, 1862,	Transferred September 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Meserve, James H., Sergt.,	20	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Rogers, Eben, sergeant,	32	Newbury,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Rogers, W. J., sergeant,	25	Newbury,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Spurr, J. M., sergeant,	24	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	March 10, 1864, disability.
Berry, M. C., corporal,	35	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cannett, Frank E., Corp.,	21	Salisbury,	August 7, 1862,	Killed October 29, 1863, Racoon Ridge, Tenn.
Coburn, E. C., corporal,	25	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Dale, James A., corporal,	23	Brookline,	August 7, 1862,	Died of wounds July 1, 1864.
Daly, Robert, corporal,	24	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	August 12, 1863, disability.
Drolam, Thomas, corporal,	18	N. Bridgewater,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Green, J. P., corporal,	19	Carlisle,	August 9, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Griffin, James, corporal,	38	Medfield,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Griffin, Michael, corporal,	18	Walpole,	August 7, 1862,	May 18, 1863, order of War Department.
Harley, Wm. O., corporal,	18	Boxford,	August 7, 1862,	Died January 13, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Hann, Oscar L., corporal,	25	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Maney, David, corporal,	22	Medfield,	August 7, 1862,	Transferred August 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Edwards, Chas. G., Mus'r.,	19	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Robinson, Henry, Mus'r.,	25	Plymouth,	July 26, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Leighton, W. S., wagoner,	35	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 22, 1865, order of War Department.
Abbott, Solomon, private,	23	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Allen, Jubal E.,	35	Flizwain, N. H.,	August 7, 1862,	Transferred August 13, 1862, to 25th Infantry.
Armstrong, Robert,	21	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Accidentally killed July 6, 1863, Camden, N. J.
Archer, George E.,	22	Brookline,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Babcock, E. G.,	19	Medfield,	August 7, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Benson, Charles,	24	Boston,	July 21, 1864,	December 6, 1862, disability.
Bogue, William,	42	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	Deserted March 1, 1863.
Bond, George S.,	23	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brennan, Thomas,	27	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1863, to 2d Infantry.
Brown, J. Henry,	21	Charles-town,	January 31, 1865,	Deserted August 13, 1862.
Brown, William,	25	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Deserted June 17, 1863.
Brown, William H.,	26	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Burns, Michael,	26	Boston,	July 22, 1864,	Killed July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Cheney, J. B.,	18	Medfield,	August 7, 1862,	Deserted October 14, 1863.
Clark, Timothy,	40	Dreut,	July 30, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Clark, William,	21	Boston,	July 20, 1864,	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
Colgrove, A. M.,	21	—	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Constock, William J.,	18	—	Rochester,	August 7, 1862,	January 20, 1863, disability.
Coyne, Martin,	31	—	Georgetown,	August 11, 1862,	May 20, 1863,
Daley, Jeremiah,	23	—	Boston,	June 10, 1862,	September 7, 1864, dishonorably.
Dalton, Thomas B.,	37	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	Deserted April 15, 1864.
Donahue, John,	24	—	Lawrence,	August 7, 1862,	Deserted.
Douglas, Peter,	21	—	N. Bridgewat'r	August 12, 1862,	
Durant, Thomas,	28	—	Carlisle,	August 11, 1862,	Died May 16, 1864, Madison, Indiana.
Dutton, Myranda,	41	—	Carlisle,	August 7, 1862,	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Esty, J. M.,	19	—	Carlisle,	August 7, 1862,	Died August 5, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Finnegan, Charles,	21	\$325	Dorchester,	July 21, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Flannigan, Charles,	28	—	N. Bridgewat'r	August 11, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Foley, Thomas,	21	325	Plymouth,	July 28, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Gallagher, James,	44	—	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	August 3, 1863, disability.
Gilmore, James,	34	—	Lynd,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Glover, Anasa S.,	45	—	N. Bridgewat'r	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Goold, Joseph,	33	—	Newbury,	August 7, 1862,	March 3, 1863, disability.
Green, William,	40	—	Lowell,	August 9, 1862,	March 25, 1863, disability.
Griffin, F. A.,	19	—	Walpole,	August 7, 1862,	June 3, 1865, order of War Department.
Hale, Harrison,	21	—	Boxford,	August 7, 1862,	Died February 6, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Hale, J. W., Jr.,	21	—	Newburyport,	August 2, 1864,	Died September 7, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Hale, John, Jr.,	30	—	Boxford,	August 7, 1862,	April 16, 1863, disability.
Hall, Mark,	18	—	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Hawding, Dennis,	36	—	Lawrence,	August 7, 1862,	Deserted August 17, 1863.
Hawding, Michael,	18	—	Lawrence,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Harriman, M. H.,	18	—	Boston,	August 7, 1862,	Deserted June 26, 1863.
Henderson, James,	23	325	Berkley,	August 5, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Holten, Lucien,	18	—	Boxborough,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Holbrook, W. R.,	24	—	Medfield,	August 7, 1862,	Killed March 7, 1865, Averysboro', N. C.
Howe, Elijah,	37	—	Marlborough,	August 7, 1862,	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Jewell, Joseph,	18	—	Marlborough,	August 7, 1862,	Died July 28, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Johnson, James,	23	325	Lawrence,	July 25, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Kadrick, Celester,	18	—	Burlington,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1863, expiration of service.
Keeler, John,	24	325	Worcester,	July 21, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
Kelley, Edward,	21	—	Lawrence,	August 7, 1862,	May 30, 1865, order of War Department.
Kershaw, Samuel,	35	—	New Bedford,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Langhin, James,	22	325	Cambridge,	August 7, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Laughlin, Michael,	26	—	Lowell,	January 9, 1865,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lynch, John,	22	325	Lynd,	August 11, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Lynch, Stephen,	27	109.49	July 30, 1864,	January 30, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McAvoy, Michael,	37	—	Springfield,	August 10, 1862,	Deserted August 15, 1862.
McDonnell, Thomas,	34	—	Lowell,	August 7, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McDonald, Thomas,	22	325	Beverly,	July 20, 1864,	Never joined the regiment.
McIntee, Arthur,	22	—	N. Bridgewat'r	August 11, 1862,	Transferred April 16, 1863, to V. R. C.
McIntee, Patrick,	18	—	N. Bridgewat'r	August 12, 1862,	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUST'R.	REMARKS.
Ryder, Joseph F., Serg't.	27	—	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	Killed May 1, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Sears, Peter C., sergeant.	20	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	second lieutenant, July 21, 1863.
Smith, Octavius C., Serg't.	32	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Killed October 29, 1863, Watahchie, Tenn.
Wrightington, Jas. H., Sgt.	24	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	September 24, 1862, disability.
Almy, Jacob, corporal.	19	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	February 5, 1863, order of War Department.
Athearn, C. T., corporal.	30	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862.	June 8, 1865, order of War Department.
Baker, Thaddeus C., Corp.	40	—	Orleans,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Black, Robert, corporal.	19	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Braley, A. H., corporal.	21	—	Free town,	August 5, 1862.	June 21, 1864, disability.
Clark, George H., Corp.	23	—	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	Killed October 29, 1863, Watahchie, Tenn.
Gifford, Henry W., Corp.	33	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	January 19, 1864, disability.
Harvey, George W., Corp.	19	—	Berkley,	August 5, 1862.	Died August, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Haskell, Andrew J., Corp.	25	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ryder, John J., corporal.	29	—	Brewster,	August 5, 1862.	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Sweeney, Wm. A., Corp.	30	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wilson, Wm. A. B., Corp.	19	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wood, John F., corporal.	18	—	Sockom,	August 5, 1862.	Deserted October 11, 1862.
Rooney, Wm. T., musician.	23	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Swift, B. H., musician.	17	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred August 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Amfels, Philip, private.	35	—	Dedham,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred November 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Arlatson, Gustavus A.,	36	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862.	August 3, 1863, disability.
Ashley, George B.,	18	—	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	March 21, 1863, disability.
Baker, Bangs S.,	18	—	Orleans,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Ballou, Enos,	41	—	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Regiment.
Batchelder, John L.,	21	\$325	Athol,	January 30, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Beard, Charles E.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds July 30, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Beal, Joseph,	27	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred April 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Bowman, Benjamin H.,	30	—	Marion,	August 5, 1863.	Never joined the regiment.
Bruse, Lewis,	33	325	Spencer,	Dec. 14, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Burke, George,	19	—	S. Danvers,	July 8, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Cade, John,	22	325	Chenestford,	August 5, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cabinn, John,	21	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Caswell, Benjamin F.,	35	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	May 31, 1865, order of War Department.
Chase, Albert H.,	35	—	Free town,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Chase, William H.,	19	—	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	June 17, 1863, disability.
Clapp, Amos C.,	40	—	Boston,	July 1, 1862.	June 17, 1865, disability.
Clark, George W.,	18	—	Groton,	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Clark, Thomas,	22	325	Orleans,	May 18, 1864.	June 29, 1865, order of War Department.
Clark, William R.,	33	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred January 5, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cobb, Oliver,	34	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	November 9, 1862, disability.
Coons, William,	33	—	Pittsfield,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cowing, Thomas B.,	18	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	February 12, 1863, disability.
Cox, James H.,	42	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	February 3, 1863, disability.
Danmum, William H.,	35	—	Providence, R. I.,	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Dolan, Thomas,	21	325	Orleans,	May 18, 1864.	

Donnelly, John.	21	100	Lowell.	August 5, 1861.	June 17, 1865, order of War Department.
Dunbar, Allen B.	24	—	N. Bridgewater	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds June 28, 1861, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Dunbar, William A.	24	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Edredge, Charles L.	22	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Faunce, David.	40	—	Marion.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Feely, Daniel.	19	—	N. Bridgewater.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Finnigan, John.	18	—	N. Bridgewater.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Folger, George F.	29	—	Nantucket.	August 5, 1862.	March 31, 1865, disability.
Fowley, John.	19	—	Littleton.	August 5, 1862.	June 12, 1865, order of War Department.
Fuller, John A.	28	—	Rochester.	August 11, 1862.	June 16, 1865, disability.
Geonot, Stephen.	45	—	Boston.	July 18, 1862.	March 8, 1865, disability.
Gibbs, George E.	25	—	Aenshmed.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gifford, Isaac.	27	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gill, Nathan A.	18	—	Eastham.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Grady, Matthew.	18	—	N. Bridgewater.	August 5, 1862.	Killed October 20, Watache, Tenn.
Hamilton, John M.	21	325	Orleans.	May 18, 1861.	Never joined the regiment.
Handy, Charles C.	21	—	Seekonk.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hanson, Daniel.	19	325	Canton.	July 12, 1864.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hathaway, George B.	18	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred November 5, 1863, to V. R. C.
Head, George.	21	—	Raynham.	August 5, 1862.	February 7, 1863, disability.
Heurys, William.	40	—	N. Bridgewater.	August 5, 1862.	June 1, 1865, order of War Department.
Higgins, H. L.	25	—	Eastham.	August 5, 1862.	March 25, 1865, disability.
Hinds, Henry S.	24	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred March 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Holmberg, Olof M.	26	—	N. Bridgewater.	August 5, 1862.	December 20, 1862, disability.
Hood, John P.	22	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Horr, Calvin.	35	—	Freetown.	August 5, 1862.	Killed October 20, 1863, Watache, Tenn.
Howland, C. F.	27	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred March 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Jennings, C. E.	18	325	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Kelley, Edward.	28	—	Sandybech.	Dec. 24, 1863.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, absent, wounded.
Kelley, William P.	36	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kiley, Patrick.	37	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Transferred May 4, 1864, to V. R. C.
Lakeman, Edward.	30	—	Walpole, N. H.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lauson, Samuel R.	19	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Marshall, Edward.	22	325	Brookfield.	Dec. 14, 1861.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McCarthy, Patrick.	22	—	Florence, N. Y.	August 5, 1862.	July 31, 1865, disability.
McGowan, John.	40	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	Killed June 22, 1861, Kenesaw Mountain, Tenn.
McGuire, John.	29	—	N. Bridgewater.	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Miller, David.	21	325	Chelsea.	Dec. 20, 1861.	Never joined the regiment.
Montello, Thomas J.	21	325	Orleans.	May 18, 1861.	Died of wounds May 19, 1861, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Morrison, Henry T.	22	—	Eastham.	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Murray, James.	22	—	Weymouth.	Dec. 16, 1861.	Never joined the regiment.
Murry, John.	22	—	Bedham.	May 17, 1861.	Transferred June 4, 1865, to 24 Infantry.
Neus, Joseph.	18	325	New Bedford.	August 5, 1865.	August 9, 1863, disability.
Oesting, William.	41	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service, absent, wounded.
O'Neil, John.	25	—	Eastham.	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds July 8, 1861, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Pembman, Francis W.	19	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Potter, Thomas S.	28	—	New Bedford.	August 5, 1862.	

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Beckards, L. L.,	39	—	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	Died September 1, 1864, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Rumville, Henry J.,	20	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	June 7, 1865, order of War Department.
Ryder, Sumner,	43	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ryder, David,	40	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	February 10, 1865, disability.
Samlora, John S.,	21	\$325	Rochester,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Schultz, Christian M.,	36	—	Chehustford,	August 5, 1862.	Deserted July 7, 1862.
Simmons, William A.,	19	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	April 9, 1863, disability.
Smith, George,	18	—	Marion,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred July 16, 1865, to V. R. C.
Smith, George E.,	29	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Died July 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Thomas,	27	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Deserted August 12, 1862.
Smith, Thomas,	27	325	Wellfleet,	July 8, 1864.	Deserted November 19, 1862.
Strennett, Charles,	36	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 5, 1862.	Died June 29, 1865, North Bridgewater, Mass.
Studley, James E.,	18	—	Orleans,	August 5, 1862.	Died March 19, 1864, Alexandria, Va.
Sullivan, Daniel,	21	—	Fall River,	August 5, 1862.	January 29, 1864, disability.
Sullivan, Patrick,	22	325	Chelsea,	August 12, 1864.	Never joined the regiment.
Sun, Jacob,	19	—	Pawtucket,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Twiss, Alfred J.,	40	—	Brewster,	August 5, 1862.	Transferred November 7, 1862.
Vinal, John F.,	18	—	Freetown,	August 6, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Walker, Charles F.,	24	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	Quartermaster sergeant, August 5, 1862.
White, William,	24	325	Chehustford,	August 5, 1862.	Never joined the regiment.
Woot, William H.,	40	—	Sockom,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, disability.
COMPANY K.					
Drake, James M., 1st Sgt.,	29	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862.	Killed October 29, 1863, Racoon Ridge, Tenn.
Jones, Oswego, 1st Sgt.,	25	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	Second lieutenant, June 16, 1863.
Kerr, William, 1st Sgt.,	32	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	November 29, 1862, disability.
Merrill, G. W., 1st Sgt.,	28	—	Lynn,	August 5, 1862.	March 15, 1864, disability.
Parker, John F., 1st Sgt.,	22	—	Roxbury,	August 12, 1862.	Second lieutenant, November 3, 1864.
Spencer, David C., 1st Sgt.,	27	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	Sergeant major, December 17, 1864.
Crocker, William H., Sgt.,	27	—	Taunton,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, James N., sergeant,	18	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Deane, Calvin C., sergeant,	25	325	Hardswick,	January 7, 1863.	Never joined the regiment.
McManiman, Owen, Sgt.,	28	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sheppard, A. G., sergeant,	23	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	Sergeant major, March 29, 1863.
Barrows, John E., Corp.,	23	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Barrows, Wm. A., Corp.,	24	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862.	July 3, 1865, order of War Department.
Capeen, Herbert E., Corp.,	18	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Godfrey, J. W., corporal,	27	—	Sharon,	August 5, 1862.	April 25, 1864, disability.
Harrison, Geo. W., Corp.,	24	325	Boylston,	August 12, 1864.	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Johnson, A. H., corporal,	38	—	Lynn,	August 5, 1862.	Died of wounds October 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Kiddler, Marcellus, Corp.,	21	—	Lynn,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McDougal, Nell, corporal,	28	—	P. Edw. Isl'd.,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Richards, C. D., corporal,	21	—	Boston,	August 5, 1862.	Killed July 4, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Nash, William A., Mus. n.,	33	—	New Bedford,	August 5, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

NAME AND RANK.	AGE.	BOUNTY.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Gordon, James,	36	—	Georgetown,	August 12, 1862,	Transferred August 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Gould, D. H.,	18	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hogan, Patrick,	29	—	Boston,	August 12, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Hall, J. F.,	42	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862,	Died of wounds November 28, 1863.
Hamer, Joseph,	21	\$325	Lowell,	August 11, 1864,	Transferred August 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Hartough, Abraham,	28	—	N. Y. City,	August 8, 1862,	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Harris, J. D.,	24	—	Lynnfield,	August 12, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Henrys, William,	28	—	Fall River,	August 8, 1862,	October 13, 1864, disability.
Hogan, J. F.,	18	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	Deserted November 23, 1862.
Hobbes, W. M.,	35	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 12, 1862,	Died of wounds May 25, 1864.
Horne, J. N.,	40	—	Boston,	June 10, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Hunt, James W.,	25	—	Randolph,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ingraham, Arthur,	29	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	May 18, 1865, order of War Department.
Johnson, Jackson,	27	325	Buckland,	January 7, 1865,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Joyce, R. L.,	24	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Keith, Sidney,	18	—	Bridgewater,	August 12, 1862,	Transferred August 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Keith, Sumner,	35	—	Middleboro',	August 12, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Kemney, John,	42	94.66	Lynn,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Killduff, John,	20	—	Fitchburg,	January 16, 1865,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lincoln, D. E.,	19	—	Taunton,	August 8, 1862,	Transferred August 9, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Lindsey, William H.,	27	—	Woburn,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lord, A. W.,	23	—	Lynn,	July 24, 1862,	Transferred January 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Lund, Ferdinand,	22	—	Dedham,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mahoney, Frank,	17	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Maligan, William,	35	—	Braintree,	August 8, 1862,	August 7, 1864, disability.
Mansfield, Charles H.,	25	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862,	May 27, 1865, order of War Department.
Manshan, John,	39	—	Winchendon,	July 5, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Marsh, James H.,	22	—	Auburn,	August 8, 1862,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Martin, William H.,	21	325	Lowell,	August 11, 1864,	Deserted August 24, 1862.
McAvoy, Michael,	37	—	Taunton,	August 12, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McCam, John,	19	325	Acton,	November 6, 1863,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McMinnian, James,	32	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	Deserted November 1, 1863.
Means, Robert,	27	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	Never joined the regiment.
Muir, James,	23	325	Chatham,	July 12, 1864,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Montgomery, E. J.,	21	325	Lowell,	August 11, 1864,	Deserted August 24, 1862.
Montgomery, James,	22	—	Roxbury,	August 12, 1862,	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Mumford, John C.,	32	325	Harwich,	Dec. 24, 1864,	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Murray, Henry,	21	114.66	Needham,	January 24, 1865,	March 6, 1864, disability.
Murphy, Peter,	18	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	Deserted April 26, 1863.
Neal, George C.,	17	—	Gilmanston,	August 8, 1862,	Deserted August 12, 1862.
Newmarch, Charles,	22	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	Transferred January 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
O'Brien, William,	25	—	N. Bridgewater,	August 8, 1862,	November 22, 1862, disability.
O'Connell, Phillip,	33	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862,	Transferred August 9, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Parkes, Henry,	27	—	Sharon,	August 8, 1862,	
Parton, John,	30	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862,	

Parks, John,	44	325	Sharon,	Dec. 21, 1863.	Transferred December 3, 1864, to V. R. C.
Parks, John R.,	30	—	Sharon,	August 8, 1862.	Died August 14, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Perry, J. W.,	21	—	Sharon,	August 8, 1862.	January 25, 1865, disability.
Pickering, L. K.,	28	—	Sharon,	August 8, 1862.	Principal musician, July 1, 1863.
Pieble, S. E.,	23	—	Sharon,	August 8, 1862.	May 25, 1865, order of War Department.
Ramsdell, Sylvester,	18	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Riley, Patrick,	24	—	Georgetown,	August 8, 1862.	May 18, 1865, disability.
Robertson, George,	21	325	S. Danvers,	July 7, 1864.	Deserted September 28, 1864.
Rooney, Peter,	38	—	Randolph,	August 8, 1862.	Transferred October 16, 1863, to V. R. C.
Royall, J. W. W.,	32	—	Braintree,	August 8, 1862.	December 28, 1863, disability.
Scribner, Moses B.,	30	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862.	November 15, 1865, order of War Department.
Shaw, John H.,	22	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stetson, Abel C.,	23	—	Randolph,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stewart, Franklin,	22	—	Cambridge,	August 8, 1862.	Deserted August 14, 1862.
Sullivan, Dennis,	28	325	Cambridge,	January 9, 1865.	Never joined the regiment.
Sargens, E. L.,	27	—	Fall River,	August 8, 1862.	Transferred January 25, 1864, to V. R. C.
Taylor, George,	38	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862.	February 17, 1863, disability.
Torrey, James M.,	29	—	Braintree,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Torrey, Edward,	35	—	Lynn,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wales, Elisha L.,	21	—	Lynnfield,	August 12, 1862.	February 9, 1865, disability.
Walker, John,	21	—	Malden,	August 8, 1862.	Deserted August 15, 1862.
Ward, James,	22	325	Douglas,	July 12, 1864.	Deserted September 28, 1864.
White, D. L.,	34	—	Sharon,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
White, Nathaniel A.,	23	—	Braintree,	August 8, 1862.	Transferred May 2, 1864, to V. R. C.
White, William,	24	—	Chelsea,	August 12, 1862.	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Wilson, George,	18	—	Boston,	August 8, 1862.	Transferred August 9, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Willey, J. W.,	24	—	Cambridge,	August 8, 1862.	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

RECAPITULATION.

	Killed in action.	Died of wounds, disease, &c.	Deserted.	Transferred.	Missing.	Unaccounted for.	DISCHARGED.					TOTALS.
							Promoted.	Honorably.	Dis- honorably.	Disability.	Expiration of service.	
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.	7	—	—	—	—	—	12	36	1	3	37	126
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,	19	20	6	3	—	2	46	28	—	27	199	260
PRIVATEs,	43	87	73	91	—	124	9	170	2	171	256	1,026
TOTALS,	69	107	79	94	—	126	97	234	3	201	402	1,412

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