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Wallace

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GEORGE M WHIPPLE.

Captain.

STORY

OF

Co. F, 23d Massachusetts Volunteers

IN THE

WAR FOR THE UNION

1861—1865

BY

HERBERT E. VALENTINE

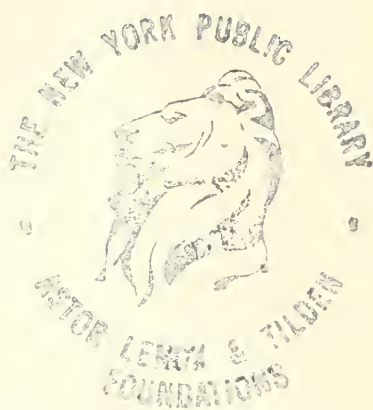
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1896



ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
BOSTON, MASS.

To the Friends

WHO

IN THE HOME PATIENTLY WAITED AND SILENTLY ENDURED, WATCHING FOR THE
COMING OF LOVED ONES, SOME OF WHOM NEVER RETURNED,
THIS SIMPLE RECORD OF ABSENCE

IS

Affectionately inscribed.

PREFACE.

A GENERATION has passed away since there gathered in the barracks on Winter Island, Salem Harbor, a goodly company, of *men* we write by courtesy, though many among them were mere boys, who there began that unaccustomed life to which, by the terms of their enlistment, they were bound for three long years.

Claiming for the members of this company no superiority over others in point of natural ability, certainly no larger measure of patriotism, we yet believe the organization worthy of record, in that it was a representative body, exhibiting in its *personnel* that self-sacrificing spirit, characteristic of our American soldiery, which led so many to lay themselves upon the altar, willingly to endure the hardships of those years of fratricidal strife, and whose unwavering courage made possible the final success of our arms at Appomattox.

Coming fresh from the schools or from the various occupations of civil life, a few only equipped with more than the ordinary common school education, — the glory of New England, — it may be said to have been a company of typical New Englanders who had enlisted for a principle, and who in its behalf would not and did not hesitate to yield up life itself.

It was essentially an Essex County company, — ninety-four per cent of its original membership of one hundred and one coming from Essex County towns, nearly seventy per cent enlisting from Salem alone.

It may be conceived that at this late date material for a connected history of a unit organization, like the company, would be wholly insufficient; and had it not been for the diary-keeping propensities of some members, the author would have been discouraged at the start. At best it was hard to fill some gaps. If, as suggested by one correspondent, he could only have drawn on a fairly vivid imagination, the difficulty would have been lessened, but he did not set out to write fiction and has been much hampered by that fact.

There is no attempt in these pages to describe campaigns, battles, or the movement of troops. In time of action, with rare exceptions, the private soldier sees nothing, and, it may be said, cares nothing for what is going on beyond his own immediate vicinity; and the reader who desires an exhaustive account of Roanoke or New Berne, Drury's Bluff or Cold Harbor, will seek elsewhere. If he is content to follow this record he will notice that it is largely made up of personal experiences, and the author hopes that this fact will not detract from the interest with which the reader will peruse the story.

As historian of Company F and for recent years a persistent gatherer of facts and dates concerning its members, he earnestly entreats his comrades to notify him of any events interesting to the organization, especially deaths and changes of address, always giving dates if possible.

He takes a pardonable pride in recording here that, largely through his efforts, we have accurate knowledge of ninety-three and nine tenths per cent of the company's total membership of one hundred and thirty-two. To-day we *know* that there are sixty-six living members; that fifty-eight are dead, and only eight remain of whom we have no knowledge whatever. It is doubtful if there is another company of which as much can be said, thirty years after the war.

The roster is as complete as it is possible to make it. Based upon the work of our regimental historian, to whose carefulness the author gladly bears testimony, it has been brought down to date and contains information not at hand when the regimental roster was made. The present addresses of surviving members are given, a feature which will be appreciated by all.

It is with feelings of relief that your historian now tenders this volume as the result of hours of anxious thought and careful labor. That it has so much information concerning that far-off time is due to the help accorded by his many friends in the company, who have loaned their diaries, or at great pains have written up the various phases of our army life. The 23d History Committee, through its chairman, John Gray, a member of the company, has kindly allowed him free access to material gathered for the regimental record, and it has been of great service, particularly in confirming dates. The names of those who have thus assisted him, and who constitute his authorities on many points, will be found referred to in foot-notes. To one and

all he tenders hearty thanks, trusting his comrades will look with leniency upon defects, of whose existence he is all too conscious. And now, with best wishes for further happy and useful years; with acknowledgment of the loving care of Him who "covered our heads in the day of battle," he subscribes himself,

Faithfully and fraternally their Comrade,

H. E. VALENTINE.

NO. 1098 BROADWAY,

WEST SOMERVILLE, Jan. 18, 1896.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Amb.,	Ambulance.	N. B.,	New Berne.
Andvile.,	Andersonville.	N. C. S.,	Non-Commissioned Staff.
Assgnd.,	Assigned.	O. W. D.,	Order War Dept.
Bd.,	Buried.	P'bg.,	Petersburg.
B.,	Born.	Pris.,	Prisoner.
Civ.,	Civilian.	Prin. Mus.,	Principal Musician.
C. H.,	Cold Harbor.	Prom.,	Promotion.
Commy.,	Commissary.	P. M.,	Postmaster.
Cordr.,	Cordwainer.	Rec. Serv.,	Recruiting Service.
Corpl.,	Corporal.	Re-end ,	Re-enlisted.
Det.,	Detailed.	Reg.,	Regimental.
Detchd.,	Detached.	R.,	Reunion.
D. B.,	Drury's Bluff.	Res.,	Resigned.
Dis.,	Disability.	Rke.,	Roanoke.
Enrd.,	Enrolled.	Sergt.,	Sergeant.
Exp. of Serv.,	Expiration of Service.	Sing.,	Single.
Gd.,	Guard.	Serv.,	Service.
Harv. Coll.,	Harvard College.	Trans.,	Transferred.
H. Q.,	Headquarters.	U. D. C.,	Union Drill Club.
K.,	Killed.	V. R. C.,	Veteran Reserve Corps.
Mar.,	Mariner.	Wd.,	Wounded, or wounds.
Mard.,	Married.	Whall.,	Whitehall.
Med. Purv.,	Medical Purveyor.		

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CHARLES H. BATES,
1st Lieut.

COMPANY F, 23D MASS. VOL. INFANTRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNION DRILL CLUB.

F COMPANY, of the 23d Mass. Regiment, like many others which served in the war for the Union, was the child of an earlier organization known as the Union Drill Club, which, on the twenty-second day of April, 1861, was born of the intense patriotism that was aroused in our ordinarily quiet and peaceful community, by the attack upon Fort Sumter and other closely related events.

Its first meeting was held in the armory of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry, Phoenix Building, Central Street, where the Club, with ninety names on the roll, organized upon a civil basis, with the following officers: —

President: Rev. GEORGE D. WILDES, *Rector of Grace Church.*

Vice-Presidents: GEORGE R. EMMERTON, WILLIAM P. UPHAM.

Secretary: HENRY F. WATERS.

Treasurer: STEPHEN P. DRIVER.

It was a short step, under existing war conditions, from a civil to a military basis, and the change was effected May 9, 1861, officers being elected as follows: —

GEORGE M. WHIPPLE	<i>Captain.</i>
JOSEPH H. WEBB	<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>
CHARLES H. BATES	<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>
CALEB H. NEWCOMB	<i>3d Lieutenant.</i>
GEORGE R. EMMERTON	<i>4th Lieutenant.</i>

The uniform adopted consisted of Zouave jacket of gray flannel faced with blue, dark blue trousers and gray cap, all trimmed

with red. The officers wore a single-breasted frock coat (collar and cuffs of blue), and dark blue trousers; blue straight visored cap, which, with the coat was trimmed with gold braid.

As an indication of the standing of the Club in the community, it may be said that many prominent citizens of Salem and vicinity were greatly interested in it, freely giving both time and money in furtherance of the object for which it was organized.

The names recorded below will show the kind of influence which stood behind the Club, and will in some degree account for its success:—

Hon. STEPHEN P. WEBB, *Mayor of Salem.*
 ASHAEL HUNTINGTON, Esq., *Clerk of Courts.*
 Hon. W. D. NORTHEND, *Senator for Essex.*
 WILLARD P. PHILLIPS, Esq., *Collector of Port.*
 ALLEN W. DODGE, Esq., *County Treasurer.*
 Judge OTIS P. LORD.
 Capt. JOHN BERTRAM.
 Messrs. W. C. ENDICOTT and E. W. KIMBALL.

The clergy also participated in the good work for the cause, especially

Rev. GEORGE D. WILDES, *Rector of Grace Church.*
 Rev. WILLARD SPAULDING, *Pastor of Universalist Church.*
 Dr. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, *Pastor First Unitarian Church.*
 Rev. J. H. THAYER, *Pastor Crombie Street Congregational Church.*

It may be of interest to record some of the duties performed by the Drill Club during the summer of 1861.

July 1, with other military companies of Salem, the Club took part in the reception and escort of the Coast Guard, Commodore R. B. Forbes commanding.

It also formed part of the escort of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry and the Salem City Guards, upon their return from three months' service.

Sept. 16, it escorted Capt. E. A. P. Brewster's company (A of the 23d) to the cars, on its way to camp at Lynnfield.

But the hurry and rush of events, the sound of which was brought from the South on every passing breeze, intensified the warlike feelings of the community, and the military ardor of the young men soon brought to the front the question of enlistment.

The matter culminated at a meeting held Sept. 30, when Captain Whipple, at the suggestion of several members, introduced the all-absorbing theme.

Resolutions were presented by Lieut. G. R. Emmerton to the effect that the members of the Club "will enlist for the war, provided the Commander can receive authority from the Governor of the State to raise a company, the nucleus of which shall be the present organization commanded by its own officers."

Rev. Geo. D. Wildes, Major Henry Merritt of the 23d Regiment, and others, addressed the members, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted. Twelve names, headed by that of Corp. James A. Emmerton, afterward Assistant Surgeon and Historian of the 23d, were that evening secured on the roll of the new organization.

From that time there was a steady, a rapid growth, the short period in which the company was recruited being worthy of special mention. One writer* remarks, "several other organizations were almost as many weeks as we were days in filling their corps."

Oct. 3, a public meeting, over which Mayor Webb presided, was held in Mechanic Hall. It was crowded to overflowing. Captain Brewster's Zouaves in their jaunty uniform added brilliancy to the scene, while spirited songs by the Amphions and stirring addresses by Messrs. Northend, Wildes, and Thayer kindled great enthusiasm. Captain Brewster made a short speech, and the following poem, dedicated to the Union Drill Club, was read by Rev. Willard Spaulding:—

* Whipple.

PATRIOTIC ODE

DEDICATED TO THE UNION DRILL CLUB.

Rally, boys! Come forth to fight
 For the Union, Law, and Right;
 For the Nation's honor, bright,
 Let us draw the sword!
 By the wrongs vile traitors wrought,
 By the ruin they have brought,
 Tyranny of deed and thought,
 Forward, is the word!

See the northern pride and flower
 Gathering in this fateful hour;
 Union is our strength and power, —
 Let us join the van!
 Lay the traitors in the dust;
 Die they shall and die they must;
 They have broken every trust, —
 Forward every man!

Massachusetts calls to-day,
 Beck'ning to her sons away;
 She no longer brooks delay —
 Not a man must lag!
 Gird the sword and join the throng;
 Right must triumph over wrong;
 In our cause we shall be strong, —
 Raise the starry flag!

MRS. C. W. UPHAM.

OCT. 14, 1861.

The Amphions closed the exercises with a fine rendering of Holmes' "Army Hymn."

Crowded meetings were held in many of the Essex County towns, and the interest thus extended added many names to the roll of the new company.

The following notice is from the Boston *Transcript* of Oct. 7, 1861: —



GEORGE R. EMMERTON,
2d Lieut.

The Union Drill Club of Salem, being the nucleus of a company now forming for the war, the undersigned cheerfully give their approval of the organization, and attest to the high character of its officers and members, and assure the young men of this vicinity that they may enlist in this company under the most favorable auspices.

STEPHEN P. WEBB, *Mayor of Salem.*

WM. D. NORTHEED, *Senator for Essex.*

WILLARD P. PHILLIPS, *Collector of Port.*

ASHAEL HUNTINGTON, *Clerk of Courts.*

ALLEN W. DODGE, *County Treasurer.*

GEO. D. WILDES, *Rector of Grace Church.*

JOHN BERTRAM.

October 7, a recruiting office was opened by Captain Whipple at No. 31 Washington Street, near the corner of Essex, on the site now occupied by Price's Block.

A Salem paper of Oct. 7 printed the following: —


For the War!

THE UNION DRILL CLUB OF SALEM,

Believing that the times urgently demand an increased activity among the Young Men of the country to aid in the suppression of Rebellion and assist in the contest for the Union, the Government, and the Laws, voted on Monday evening, Sept 30, to Enlist for the War; the Company of which the Club forms a nucleus will join the 23d Regiment, to be attached to

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S BRIGADE.

The undersigned, having received authority from His Excellency, Gov. Andrew, to raise a Company, cordially invites all Young Men of Salem and vicinity to enroll their names in this corps. Men enlisting in this Regiment receive a Bounty, which for a family of three persons is Twelve Dollars a month; also, One Hundred Dollars at the close of the War.

The officers pledge themselves to use every exertion for the comfort and welfare of the men; a faithful and competent Commissary will be attached to the Company.  *Pay and Rations upon Enlistment.*

RECRUITING OFFICE, No. 31 Washington Street.

GEO. M. WHIPPLE, Recruiting Officer.

By order of Brig Gen W W BULLOCK, General
Recruiting Officer Massachusetts Volunteers.
Salem, Oct 7, 1861

At that early period of the war, recruiting was in its golden age, and the men who flocked to the support of the flag in '61 and '62 were, in respect to character and principle, the bone and sinew of the Republic.

The quality of membership of the company whose history we are rapidly sketching was fully up to the standard, and in recognition of that fact one of the papers of the day unwittingly bestowed a name which clung to the company as long as it was in the service, and to this day is not forgotten by the survivors of the regiment.

On the 12th of October, the Young Men's Union held a meeting, called in view of the fact that some of its members were "organizing a military company to aid in defence of the country." The Hon. Ashael Huntington presided. Patriotic resolutions were adopted, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. John Bertram, A. B. Almon, R. C. Manning, Justin Rideout, and George C. Bancroft, was appointed to raise by volunteer subscription a fund * for the benefit of the organization.

Sunday, Oct. 13, the newly enlisted members attended divine service at the Crombie Street Congregational Church, at which time Rev. J. H. Thayer, erstwhile an enthusiastic member of the Union Drill Club and an ardent friend of the new company, delivered a patriotic discourse. The church was crowded to the doors, many being turned away, unable to gain admission.

October 14, the company, about seventy strong, marched to the "Neck," where, in barracks erected in April, its first days of service were passed, and one member † records "we were obliged to cook for ourselves to some extent, and our beds were only straw in hard board bunks." In honor of one who

* Captain Whipple writes that about six hundred dollars were raised and placed in his hands. This sum was disbursed for the company as need arose. Among other items two hundred dollars' worth of stamps were purchased at Fort Monroe.

† Hayward.



HISTORIAN.

was both to the old and the new organizations a steadfast friend, this first sojourning place was named Camp Bertram.

In the evening the company attended a meeting at Mechanic Hall. At the close of the exercises, which consisted of speeches by several gentlemen, and fine singing by the Amphions,* Major Henry Merritt of the 23d Regiment mustered the company into service, the *somewhat* irregular ceremony being witnessed by a large audience.

Though diarists abounded in the company, they have little to say of those early days. One writer well remembers the first night at Camp Bertram. The situation was entirely too novel for sleep. The hum of voices, peals of laughter, story, jest, and repartee filled the hours and made miserable the few who were disposed "to court the drowsy god."

One of the newly-fledged soldiers evinced a strong desire to sing, the burden of his song being —

"Oh where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh where have you been, charming Billy?"

and the changes that were rung on the "cherry pie" (an aggravation, just as we were getting down to camp fare) made his unwilling listeners feel that "life would not be worth the living" if they were thus to be nightly entertained.

Now and then some enthusiastic warrior would take his place in the open barracks and practise the manual of arms *en solitaire*. Once a toe obstinately obtruded itself between the floor and a descending musket-butt, and the night air became vocal with tones of anguish driven forth by a pair of strong country lungs, in the expressive words, "Gosh all hemlock." †

* In 1860 a male chorus was organized in Salem under the name of the "Amphions." It was composed of twenty gentlemen, and its stirring music helped greatly to foster the war spirit among the young men of Salem. Quite a number of its members went into the service: S. P. Driver as Quartermaster Sergeant of the 23d, Francis H. Lee and H. E. Valentine enlisting in Company F, and the Club was disbanded in 1862.

† Hayward.

It is needless to add, that in *this* company, enthusiasm in the matter of midnight drills expired at a very early day.

The *Salem Register* of the 17th said : —

“Up to last evening the Club had enlisted ninety-two men. The time at Camp Bertram is spent in Squad and Company Drills. This afternoon they will be glad to see their friends at the camp and no passes will be required.”

In response to this invitation, a large party of friends thronged the camp on Thursday afternoon, and it was a gala day for our embryo soldiers.

Friday morning, Oct. 18, the company, ninety-four strong, left Winter Island and under escort of the unenlisted members of the Union Drill Club, Lieut. J. H. Webb, marched to South Danvers where cars were taken for Lynnfield.

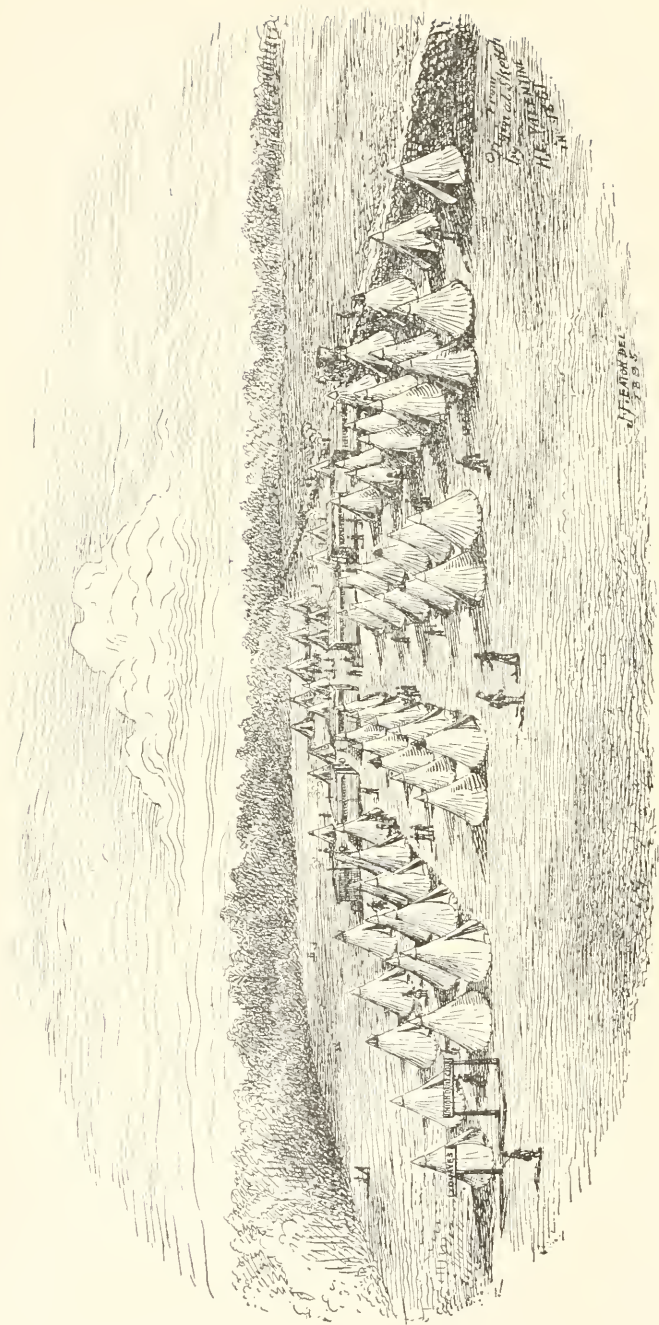
The fine appearance of the men, as reported by the papers of the day, attracted much attention.

The weather was not propitious, but the rain which fell during the march had no power to dampen their ardor. From the station at Lynnfield the company was escorted to quarters by Company A and the regimental drum corps, thenceforth to be known as Company F of the 23d Mass. Vols., and, as before indicated, somewhat familiarly in the regiment as the “Jewels.” In line of battle F was second company.

As showing the excellent reputation enjoyed by the company, and the eagerness with which young men sought admission to its ranks, we quote from papers of the time : —

“Captain Whipple’s company has been filled up rapidly, and those who have enlisted in it from this city, as well as from the neighboring towns, are young men of fine appearance and quick intelligence. They manifest great interest in the drills, and will consequently soon be in excellent condition. The company contains a considerable number of superior vocalists who will doubtless do their full share in maintaining a ‘sunny side’ to the realities of camp life.” — *Salem Gazette*, Oct. 22.

“Captain Whipple’s company is full, and additional applications enough have been made for admission, almost, to recruit another company. Applicants are daily refused, because the complement is already filled.” — *Salem Register*, Oct. 24.



CAMP SCHOULER
 23d Massachusetts Volunteers
 LYNNFIELD MASS
 1861.

One original member of F must not be forgotten, for surely our story would be incomplete should we fail to mention Curly, Commissary Chapple's dog. She attracted much attention as, covered by her red blanket, she marched demurely by her master's side on the way through Boston and New York. Twelve pups born to her on the night before the battle of Roanoke Island were named respectively after the twelve months of the year. Captain Whipple secured one which he took home with him in '63, calling him "Roanoke."

At Batchelder's Creek, N. C., Curly strayed away into the rebel lines and was gone several weeks. One day word came in from the rebels, that a dog with the name of "Chapple" on the collar was in their possession, and they were willing to exchange her for some tobacco. The barter was made to the mutual satisfaction of commissary and rebel.

Once, in front of Petersburg in 1864, Curly suddenly dashed over the breastworks on to the debatable ground between the lines, much to Chapple's disgust. He followed, however, and finally secured her, both coming in safely from their hazardous venture.

Curly followed the fortunes of F for three years and lived some time after the war, enjoying well-earned rest, and doubtless the envy of all her canine friends in the neighborhood on account of her army record.

Life in Camp Schouler was as enjoyable as visiting friends and the keen sense of a new existence could possibly make it. Yet there were some drawbacks. It was not always agreeable to be aroused from sleep on those breezy November mornings, simply to assure the Orderly, when he kindly inquired, that we were "all present or accounted for." It was irksome for freeborn American citizens to be called to church, to visit the Surgeon, to get ready for Fatigue, Guard, or Dress Parade, to go to bed, in short to perform all the varied duties of the camp, to the everlasting tap-tap of the drum.

I do not know that we ever complained at being called to our meals by the resonant vibrations of the sheepskin, but we *might* have complained that the musicians persisted in announcing dinner by calling "Roast Beef" when the Commissary had provided only "Salt Horse" and "Hard-tack."

We did, however, enjoy the host of visitors who came in upon us every pleasant afternoon, fairly crowding us out of our tents at times, bringing many a dainty dish for our gastronomic enjoyment, and to eke out what they evidently considered a monotonous if not a scanty menu.

How well do we remember the performances of our regimental band under Harry Brown. Even yet can we hear those stirring notes as the band passed down the line at Dress Parade, and vividly can we see the throngs of admiring friends, as they pressed upon the line of sentries, to witness that always interesting feature of camp-life.

The ordinary routine of duty was more or less faithfully performed. Fatigue, Guard, Drill by squad and company, the evolutions worked out in the larger field of the battalion, fully occupied our days and made the scantily filled bed-sack "soft as downy pillows are."

October 26, Dr. Worcester and S. B. Ives, agents of the Bible Society, visited camp and distributed over one hundred Testaments to the men of Company F.

October 28, Governor Andrew visited camp, and witnessed battalion drill, after which he made a short address to the regiment.

On the 31st of October, Company F participated in the march to Salem. Receiving the City Fathers at the City Hall, the regiment proceeded to the Common, whence, after a short battalion drill, a welcome opportunity to greet our friends and what our regimental historian calls "a scant collation," we returned to camp.

Many incidents of our stay in Lynnfield, novel as they were,

have been crowded out of mind by similar or more important events of later years of the war. One of our members, whom I will call Smith as that was not his name, had not a particle of time or tune in his composition, and the step always bothered him.

One day at drill, Smith was persistently getting out of step and out of place, until the officer in charge of the squad impatiently demanded, "Smith, where do you belong?" With an innocent expression upon his face and an injured tone in his voice, he meekly answered, "Ipswich, sir." "I wish to heaven you were there," was the despairing rejoinder.

But the time of our stay in Camp Schouler, though lengthened somewhat by the non-arrival of equipment, drew rapidly to a close.

The 10th of November, our last Sunday at Lynnfield, saw the camp thronged with visitors, and interesting services were conducted by Rev. George D. Wildes. It was a day of farewells, and although the members of Company F were light-hearted and full of hope, to the friends whom they were to leave behind, it was a day of sadness; with many, deep foreboding.

CHAPTER II.

LYNNFIELD TO ANNAPOLIS.

THE day of our departure arrived. On the 11th of November the camp was aroused at 4 A. M., but it was not until 11.30 o'clock that we left Camp Schouler, joyfully turning our faces toward the seat of war. The heavy rain which drenched us on our way through the streets of Boston did not prevent the gathering of a large crowd to cheer us on our passage to the front.

As we marched up State Street, and were passing the Old State House, a much-revered friend was watching to catch a glimpse of one of the Salem boys in the ranks of Company F. "Stepping into the street he handed me a little wad of paper which I put into my pocket and forgot all about. When it occurred to me to look at it, I found five little gold dollars. These I kept as a sort of emergency fund, drawing from it from time to time when the Paymaster failed to appear; but, alas! the last of the shining pieces I loaned to a sailor friend at New Berne, and he got gloriously drunk on the avails of it."

A collation was furnished by the city on the Common, after which we resumed our march to the Old Colony Railroad station. Perhaps some will remember that a Salem friend* volunteered to get their canteens filled with coffee at Mrs. Haven's, on School Street, and their anxiety at his non-arrival when the regiment left the Common *en route* to the depot. The canteens came to hand a few minutes only before the train pulled out at 3.30 P. M.

* E. F. Thayer.



RICHARD P. WHEELER,

1st Sergeant.

Early in the evening we boarded steamers at Fall River; Company F and the right wing on the "State of Maine," the left wing, "with all the rations," says one writer, on the "Metropolis." How far the other companies of the right wing were without rations it is difficult to say, but one member of Company F * remembers visiting with Capt. Whipple the steward's room, where pies, cakes, and ale were being dispensed to a hungry crowd. A wail of grief went up from the throng as the Captain shouted over their heads, "I'll take them all." Company F received an immediate, if not an important, addition to its larder.

As we passed Fort Schuyler in the early morning of the 12th the men of the regiment stationed there ran down to the water's edge and cheered us heartily.

At noon we landed at Pier 3, near the Battery, and marched under escort of the "Sons of Massachusetts" to barracks in City Hall Park, where the needs of the "inner man" were supplied.

Little is recorded concerning our stay in New York. In the afternoon the regiment paraded, paying a marching salute to Mrs. Lincoln at her hotel. In the evening quite a squad from Company F, securing leave of absence for the night, visited Bryant's Minstrels, stopping at "Lovejoy's," near the Park.

Our officers were entertained by Col. Frank Howe, State Agent for Massachusetts, and among other notables they met Governor Andrew. The Captain took the opportunity to thank the Governor for his commission.

The next afternoon, after a fatiguing march, made doubly tiresome by the slippery pavements of Broadway and West Fourteenth Street, and our heavy knapsacks, to which we were not yet accustomed, cars were taken at Jersey City for Philadelphia, where we arrived at 2 A. M. on the 14th.

* Bates.

The entertainment, and the opportunity for washing up, afforded in the famous "Cooper's shop," a haven of rest to thousands of Union soldiers during the war, gave us pleasant and permanent recollections of the hospitality of the "Quaker City."

Quarter past ten o'clock A. M. found us at Perryville, Md., on the north bank of the Susquehanna, where we noted extensive preparations for war, and a gathering of much war material, especially — mules. There was but a short stop here for Company F, for, with Companies A and D, we were ordered on board a little steamer called the "Star," for transportation to Annapolis.

The first part of the sail was exceedingly pleasant, but with the going down of the sun came a pouring rain which rendered us anything but comfortable during the remainder of the trip. It was Company F's fortune to be assigned to the upper deck. Many of the men lost themselves in sleep, and the action of the officer who roused them from slumber was wise and kind, although the weary men were decidedly unthankful.

On our arrival at Annapolis, after some delay in making our dock, we landed and marched at once to the Naval Academy where we bivouacked for the night, and one diarist recorded, "we shall likely remain for a time."

From the Naval Academy the next morning, after clearing up our rooms expecting a longer stay, we marched to new quarters in St. John's College buildings, where we performed the same operation only to be ordered away as soon as we had made ourselves comfortable. Our hasty graduation from college became, in one form or another, a current joke in the regiment.

Some may remember that, as we marched through the city, Governor Hicks stood at the door of his residence and saluted us with a wave of his handkerchief.

The night of the 16th found us encamped in an open field



CHARLES H. HAYWARD,

3d Sergt

about two miles from the city in close proximity to camps of other regiments which had preceded us.

Sunday, the 17th, after roll-call, a party from Company F* started out to seek a place to wash, water being scarce near the camp. Beneath the roots of a tall inclining tree about half a mile away, we found a spring from which the clear sparkling water fell away into the meadow. After our ablutions, a song was proposed, and drawing together in a circle, we sang "America," then "Old Hundred," concluding our impromptu concert with Henry K. Oliver's grand old "Federal Street," to the words "See gentle patience smile on pain." I think there was no one in the party whose spirit was not chastened by such a beginning of the sacred day. An old negro, who with his son came along down the hill, stood near us listening eagerly, and as the last notes of "Federal Street" floated away upon the morning breeze, he brushed away a tear with the back of his hand, saying in his negro dialect, "Beautiful, beautiful, sweet as honey."

In the afternoon the regiment formed part of the division reviewed by General Burnside, Secretary of War Cameron, and others. As the 23d was passing in review, and Company F was about opposite the reviewing stand, one of the men fell back a little, somewhat disjointing the line. A zealous file closer, with his thoughts mainly upon the Secretary of War, yet anxious for the credit of the company called out in a voice rendered more noticeable by the evident effort to suppress it, "Cameron, dress up."

November 18. Night found us comfortably ensconced in our Sibley tents within the shadow of a noble grove of trees, thereafter to be remembered as Camp John A. Andrew. A detail of thirty men from each company had cleared away the underbrush and prepared the ground the previous afternoon. Here

* Wheeler, Lee, Hayward, Robbins, Fowler, Driver, Tilton, Brooks, and Valentine formed the party.

the days passed pleasantly and swiftly away. Though so far from home, our camp was the "Mecca" to which came friendly pilgrims from the "City of Peace," among whom were Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rev. Chas. Ray Palmer, J. B. Silsbee, Stephen H. Phillips, Dr. Tuckerman, R. D. Rogers, S. E. Peabody, Dr. Bowdoin, Rev. A. E. Manning, Edw. S. Waters and José Margati. Many of these gentlemen were entertained at Company Headquarters, and all were gladly welcomed. These visits formed a connecting cord which bound us to our northern homes, a cord severed only when we struck tents early in January and departed for southern fields.

In addition to the usual routine of the camp, brigade drills were in order with reviews as a sort of finishing school. It was a period of beginnings. Here we were first associated with other troops in brigade formation. Here came our first endeavors at the target, our initiation into the mysteries of the skirmish drill, our first acquaintance with the negroes, who from this time on thronged about the camp, grinning from "ear to ear," ever offering their dyspepsia-inducing hoe cakes and sweet potato pies. Here first we heard their strange wild melodies, sung with infinite zest and abandon, telling in their quaint minor strains and weird cadences the sad story of bondage and their longing for freedom, which even their simple yet abounding faith did not place this side the grave.

November 20. "We finished to-day the California furnace for our tent, which makes us very comfortable." *

Sergeant Derby first suggested the feasibility of heating the tents on this plan, which was by "running a string of pipe underground from a pit in the centre." The fire was built in the pit, and a pipe for cold air, also underground, emerged from the opposite side of the tent.

Finding a tin shop in the city where tools and stock could be

* Hayward.



FRANCIS H. LEE,
5th Sergt.

procured, the Sergeant made sufficient pipe for all the company tents. We were indebted to these heaters for much comfort during the cool days and frosty nights of the declining year.

November 21, Thanksgiving, Company F decorated its tents with holly and evergreen. After a short service on the parade ground the boys enjoyed a real home dinner, two turkeys and a plum pudding being provided for each tent. At night a huge bonfire was built at the head of the company street. Many clasped hands and joined in a "walk around," cheering for the captain, Colonel Merritt, and Salem. We closed the day, after a feast of nuts and raisins, with "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home."

November 23. "General Foster and Colonel Kurtz visited Company F headquarters and examined the new stoves. They thought well of them." *

November 26. "Hucksters refused admission to the camp. Justly or unjustly, it was referred by the men to the endeavor of the sutler to drive away a dangerous class of competitors."

The following paper was drawn up and signed by nearly every member of the company: —

"We, the undersigned, members of Company F, 23d Massachusetts, do hereby pledge ourselves not to buy anything of the sutler of said regiment until hucksters are allowed within our lines."

It was surprising, as one writer † notes, "how soon the hucksters find out when we are paid off. They had been quite scarce of late, but yesterday there was a motley crowd of them, of both sexes, outside the lines."

On the night of the 28th it rained heavily, and we of Tent One were awakened by the cold about two o'clock A. M. Lighting a candle we found two or three inches of water in the lower side of the tent, and the property of those who slept on that

* Whipple.

† Lee.

side was in a very moist condition. There being no more sleep for us, we adjourned for warmth and dryness to the cook-house, where before a good fire we told "yarns" till daylight.

Perhaps *there* originated some of those idle tales denominated "cook-house reports," which gained currency in proportion to their improbability, and became common property in all the camps.

Borrowing a bucket we went back to bail out, finding our California furnace full of the troublesome fluid. We were a forlorn-looking set that fell into ranks for roll-call when the reveille sounded.

December 5. Mustered into the service of the United States by Capt. Putnam, U. S. A., the same to date from Sept. 28, 1861.

December 8. "We have enjoyed to-day some excellent baked beans from the first outdoor oven built in the regiment. They were fully appreciated by the boys. W. F. Chapple, our company commissary, was architect and builder." *

December 9. A member of Tent One's squad was tried by mock court-martial for spilling hot tea on Alec. Monroe, and, as declared in the charges and specifications, "stopping the growth of a large pair of whiskers." W. H. Townsend was Judge Advocate and conducted the case with grave decorum. The tea had not of late been very good, and abundant opportunity was given for sly digs at its quality, and numerous jokes were perpetrated at the expense of the commissary department.

The lower portion of the canvas was rolled up all around, and a large audience of officers and men from our own and other companies gathered about to hear the evidence. Even the Field and Staff were represented and fully enjoyed the fun.

Monroe, Hooper, Johnson, Southward, Driver, and Tilton testified for the prosecution, and Prime, Emilio, Stone, Robbins,

* Hayward.



JOS. G. S. CARLETON

Hiltz, and Fields for the defence. The evidence on both sides was decidedly erratic and created great amusement.

After roll-call, which interrupted the somewhat irregular proceedings, the defendant was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to "ask pardon on bended knee of Mr. Monroe, and to go on the wood and water squad for two weeks."

The first part of the sentence was immediately carried into effect, although it required considerable pushing to get the culprit down on his knees. The record does not show that the latter part of the sentence was carried out, and it is not probable that it has been, even to this day.

Dec. 20. A company of darkies were singing in Tent One this evening. During the performance three colored sisters entered the tent, and, crossing to the other side, one of them marched straight into the California furnace, uttering at the same instant a little shriek.

"We picked her up and set her at the side of the tent, and everything went serenely afterwards." *

Among the negroes who frequently visited camp and sang in the tents or the company street, sometimes in our prayer-meetings, were Billy and Joe Gray. The first had a very sweet, high, though not powerful tenor voice, while Joe's voice was a rich, mellow baritone. They often sang together, taking parts, and were a great addition to the full chorus.

"I occasionally told them they ought to be free, and advised them to leave their master, but they liked him too well to run away, although they would have been glad of their freedom." †

The following song was a great favorite with the negroes, and used to be sung with the utmost vim, the singers keeping time with hands and feet, often losing breath in their ecstasy, and recovering it in the most ludicrous manner.

* Lee.

† Driver.

IT'S A HIGHWAY.



Wet or dry I mean to try, A - way in de wil-der-ness,



To git to heben when I die, A - way in de wil-der-ness,



It's a high - - way, It's a high - - way,



It's a high - way, A - way in de wil - der - ness.

Down to a fountain I was led;
Away in de wilderness.

Dar I eat of hebenly bread,
Away in de wilderness.
It's a highway, etc.

It is de food fer all my soul;
De more I eat de more I grow.

Jordan's waters am chilly an' cold;
I got glory in my soul.

John an' James hab gone, I know;
Up ter heben long ago.

Fire from heben come tumblin' down;
Burnt ole Sodom to de groun'.

One member of F, always ready to turn an honest penny by tinkering a watch, cutting hair, or in any other laudable manner,

erected a shanty of pine boughs just back of tents One and Two, near those of Company D.

Perhaps some will remember the sign which he put up on a tall pine near at hand, the legend inscribed thereon being —

BARBUZ SHOPE

The good-natured bantering of the men was more than he could stand, and he gave up business in disgust.

While we were at Annapolis many men were detailed from the regiments for service in the various departments of the army and in the fleet. From Company F, Driver, Matthews, and Valentine were detached as commissaries on the "Highlander," "Pioneer," and "Vidette," respectively, reporting for this special service on Christmas day. Browne, Hiltz, Scriggins, Townsend, Woodbury, and Waldron were detailed as sailors and sent on board the barque "Voltigeur." Their reception was not altogether cordial, the captain remarking, "Why did n't they send me sailors? I don't want farmers. I've no potatoes to dig." He soon discovered that they had seen salt water before, and their seamanlike qualities soon won his confidence and that of his mates. They had quite a unique experience, the "Voltigeur" grounding at Hatteras, making her bed so far up the sands that at low water one could walk clear round her.

"February 5, we saw the fleet vanish up the Sound, leaving us quite alone, and our life became very monotonous. Pipes and whist helped to pass the time. Once the Johnnies appeared on the beach, coming from the direction of Ocracoke Inlet with the evident purpose of capturing the vessel. Arms were distributed, and a shot or two sent up the beach warned them that we were prepared for them." *

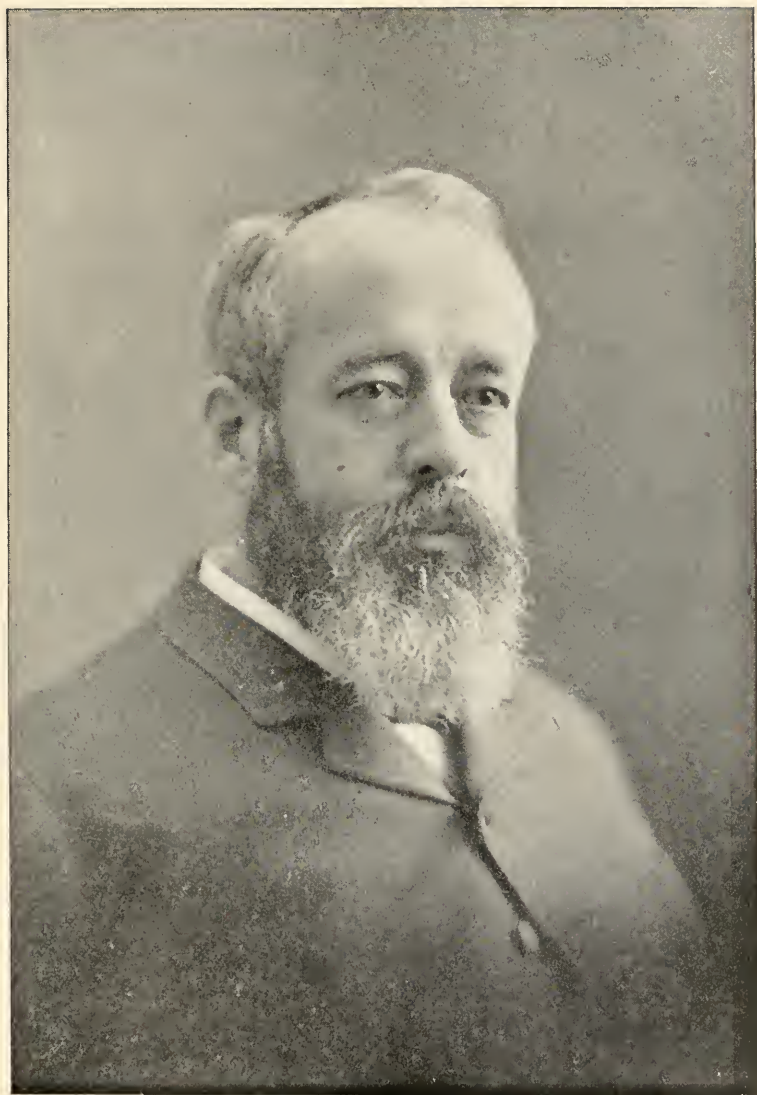
* Browne.

Scriggins, being sick, was finally sent off to Roanoke on the "Jersey Blue." Later, Hiltz, Browne, Woodbury, and Waldron (Townsend refusing to go) took the long boat and pulled over to the fort, requesting General Williams, the commandant, to send them to the regiment.

They took up quarters in an old canal-boat lying at the wharf, and after weary days of waiting they secured passage on a steamer bound for Croatan Sound, soon finding themselves on board the "Highlander," lying off Roanoke Island. Townsend joined the company at New Berne sometime in July.

1862, January 3. "The regiment was paid off a few days ago, and Company F sent home \$2,649.50."

Sunday, January 5. Captain Whipple was sent to Annapolis by Colonel Kurtz with instructions to visit the "Highlander" and measure the space allotted to the men. He noticed a small room with three berths which seemed to be unused, and received permission from the colonel to appropriate that room for Company F's benefit. It furnished comfortable quarters for our commissioned officers during the time we remained on board the schooner.



JAMES A EMMERTON.

CHAPTER III.

ANNAPOLIS TO ROANOKE.

JANUARY 6, 1862. Pursuant to orders read on dress parade the previous afternoon, tents were struck this morning. At eleven o'clock, line of march was taken up for the city, the clinging snow and heavily laden knapsack rendering progress slow and difficult. Upon arrival at the grounds of the Naval Academy, the regiment formed hollow square, within which fires were lighted, and during the time that preceded our embarkation, the men vainly tried to keep warm.

It was nearly six o'clock P. M. before the right wing boarded the schooner "Highlander," where reasonably good quarters were in waiting.

Company F was assigned to berths "between decks." These berths were six feet long and two feet wide, three tiers (the distance between them being three and a half feet) just filling the space from floor to ceiling. The passageways were two and one half feet wide.

A number had been given to each man, and he was expected to take the corresponding berth, but the close quarters and consequent crowding of men encumbered with arms, equipments, and heavy knapsacks created such confusion, intensified by the darkness, that the order was finally given to take the first berths which came to hand. Says one: * "I began feeling around for an empty berth. At last I found a lower side berth, which I wriggled into as well as my load and the crowd of legs would

* Waters.

allow me. There I lay straight while my eyes were getting accustomed to the darkness, and the crowd of legs was decreasing."

After the confusion incident to securing berths had somewhat subsided, the "hold" and "'tween-decks" became comparatively quiet, although the hum of voices made still a veritable Babel, to which the proverbial church sewing-circle or a hive of angry bees furnishes no adequate comparison.

January 7. Corporal Waters, Ben Arrington, and Hooper were detailed to guard some goods left on shore.

To-day the schooner was towed by the "Hussar" to her anchorage about a mile from the place of embarkation, where sailing orders were awaited.

Some little excitement was caused in the fleet by a fire on a schooner laden with hay. Men from neighboring vessels assisted in throwing the deck load overboard, and each vessel in the track of the blazing bales sent out its guard boat to fend off the threatened danger.

January 9. Early this morning, the long expected signal was displayed. Immediately there was a bustle of expectation among the thousands of soldiers, a stir throughout the fleet, and a hawser was stretched from each steamer to its intended satellite.

One after another the vessels tripped their anchors and got under way, and, as we left our moorings, black hulls and smoking funnels could be seen far in advance, moving swiftly down the bay. Astern of us lay the rest of the fleet awaiting the signal from their respective flagships, while over all, through the morning haze, rose with dim shadowy outlines the city we had left, the dome of the State House towering above.

With drum beat and bugle call, with lusty cheers of men, glad to be moving anywhere, so that they escaped from the tedium of the camp, with the prospect of sometime being relieved from their close quarters on shipboard, the great pageant swept on



GEORGE S. MANSFIELD.

toward its unknown destination. The bands of the several regiments discoursed sweet music. That of the 23d played "Home, Sweet Home," while Gilmore of the 24th Mass. responded, in more lively measure, with "The Girl I Left Behind Me." When well out in the bay, quiet began to reign among the men. Some stretched themselves out for a nap. Many "between decks" betook themselves to cards. Others, stirred perhaps to thoughts of home by Harry Brown's dulcet notes, seated themselves as comfortably as possible about the deck, and commenced letters to their distant friends. Still others eagerly watched the progress of the fleet, cheering as one vessel or another gained or fell behind in our race into the unknown. Through the day we steamed merrily on, enveloped for a time in a fog which rolled in from the sea, hiding all the fleet, except here and there the topmasts of some sailing craft, which could be seen rising above the fog bank.

At 8 P. M. we were passing the mouth of the Potomac River. It was clear, and a fine moon proved a great attraction, keeping the men on deck to a late hour. The fog was very thick when we "turned out" in the morning, and we found we had been at anchor since eleven o'clock the previous evening. The occasional tap of a drum showed that we were not alone, although nothing could be seen. At 2 P. M. the fog lifted and we were again in motion.

As the sun rose slowly out of the Atlantic on the morning of the eleventh, it disclosed to the eye of the observer a magnificent scene. From the massive ramparts of Fortress Monroe, with her frowning batteries, to the eastern capes, which like twin sentinels extended their sheltering arms as if to ward off danger, swept the blue waters of Hampton Roads. On the one hand stretched the broad expanse of Chesapeake Bay, while on the other the sluggish waters of the James rolled in mighty volume to the sea. Near at hand were the "Ripraps," a chaotic mass of stone surmounted by a score of derricks, whose base rising

directly from the waters of the Roadstead was washed by every surging wave. Swinging at their moorings, near, and diminishing in remote perspective, lay Burnside's squadron, consisting of vessels of every conceivable size and description. Steam tugs were deftly threading their tortuous way through the fleet carrying members of the general staff with orders. Small boats were passing to and fro, conveying regimental officers on their way to report the arrival of their commands, or returning to their respective vessels. The cheering of the soldiers and the martial strains of the regimental bands gave life to the scene, while "Old Glory" floated over all, kissed by the sunlight and tossed by the free air of heaven. The only thing visible that morning, out of harmony with the glorious picture, was the rebel flag flaunting grim defiance from the distant batteries on Sewall's Point.

We sailed from Hampton Roads on the afternoon of the eleventh, towed by our colleague the "Hussar." About 5 P. M. the wind, which had freshened very much during the afternoon, increased to a gale, causing the "Highlander" to roll heavily, and finding the steamer could make no headway with such a burden, sails were hoisted, our connecting hawser cut, and, in accordance with sealed orders opened after passing the capes, our good schooner pointed for Hatteras Inlet. All soldiers not on duty were ordered below, and a guard was placed over the hatchway. One of Company F's Corporals* dreading the ordeal of confinement between decks, seized a rope, and (appearing to be on duty) managed to remain on deck. He writes: "Perhaps you can imagine the sounds borne to my ears from the hatchway as the rolling and pitching and tossing had their effect on loose pans, and on the guns and equipments laid upon the cross pieces over the passageways; and that other peculiar effect upon the feelings and stomachs of

* Waters.



LOUIS L. ROBBINS.

the poor soldiers below, as expressed in groans and other singular noises."

After a while the gale abated, although the sea still ran high and our good vessel labored heavily. About noon on the 13th we passed Hatteras Light, and soon after anchored outside the Inlet.

January 15. Received orders this morning to get under way and make for the entrance. Hardly had the "Patuxent" received our hawser on the second tack when the alarm was given that "a boat had been capsized among the breakers."

Two boats manned by soldier and sailor volunteers, one in charge of Lieut. S. C. Hart of D, and the other under one of the schooner's officers, immediately put off to the rescue. It was a thrilling scene as they struggled through that heavy sea on their errand of mercy. We could see them, now rising on the top of the wave, then disappearing from view as they sank in the trough of the sea. "The intense eagerness to urge them on was manifested in cheers and shouts long after they had passed beyond the reach of our voices." We realized but feebly, perhaps, the great difficulty in such a sea of getting the rescuing boats near enough to take the men off without endangering the lives of all. "A tremendous cheer broke from the men when those aloft viewing the scene with their field-glasses sent down word that the last man had been taken off and the boats were on their return." *

The unfortunates proved to be a party from the ship "Ann E. Thompson" (officers of the 9th N. J. Vols. and part of the vessel's crew), which had been in to report arrival. The colonel and surgeon of the 9th and mate of the ship were drowned. One of the rescued officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman, became afterward, as a brigadier, commander of the "Star" Brigade, 2d Division 18th Army Corps, in whose operations, later in the war, the 23d bore a conspicuous and gallant part.

* Hayward.

We anchored at last in a more sheltered position, remaining until about 5 P. M. of the 24th, when the wind abated sufficiently to admit of another trial for the passage of the Swash. We struck once slightly, but soon passed over, anchoring safely inside about 5.30 P. M.

The story of our life at Hatteras is one of storm and peril and privation. Occasionally there came a warm and pleasant day, as on the 20th, when men were reported in swimming. Oftener the days were cold and rainy, always windy, and when the wind reached the proportions of a gale, which was not unusual, the breakers were well worth seeing. At such times confusion reigned supreme throughout the fleet. Vessels dragged their anchors, grounding upon the shallows, or violently colliding with each other. Some were driven ashore, and signals of distress were visible on every hand.

In addition to the perils of the sea there was actual suffering from short supply of water, and even rations were not overabundant, so little food was carried in the endeavor to lighten the vessel for the purpose of crossing the Swash.

One writer,* under date of the 24th, says: "We have been reduced for a week or more to two gills of water a day, and yesterday and to-day none at all. Having no water in which to cook our hominy, we had potatoes boiled in salt water, and our supply of crackers ran so short we had only three each for dinner and supper. Just before noon it rained very hard, and we were enabled to catch considerable, filling our canteens, besides two or three barrels for cooking. This was very acceptable, although as it was from rigging and sails it could hardly be called first quality."

February 4. For days had Madam Rumor with her myriad tongues been busy circulating reports as to the time of our departure, and to-day signs of moving seemed to multiply.

* Hayward.



HENRY F, WATERS.

"Arms were examined, those found defective being exchanged, and forty rounds of cartridge were issued to each man." *

Tugs were darting swiftly from point to point, and although we had become accustomed to their seemingly erratic motions, there now appeared to be some purpose in their movements.

February 5. At 8 A. M., in obedience to signals, our anchor was raised and, in tow of the steamer "New York," we turned our backs upon inhospitable Hatteras, positive that even our friends (?) who waited for us at Roanoke could hardly treat us more unkindly.

The transports proceeded in regular lines, keeping as nearly as possible brigade formations, while in the advance and on the flanks moved Commodore Goldsboro's squadron of gunboats.

"The weather was delightful, and the slow and majestic advance of that great 'Armada,'" writes one, "had something awfully impressive and grand about it." General Burnside, in the "Picket," passed through the fleet, greeted everywhere with cheers, the soldiers thankful for the promise of change, even with the uncertainties which the change was sure to bring.

At sunset on the second day, the fleet came to anchor just outside the narrow entrance of Croatan Sound.

February 7. The morning dawned warm and foggy. At 10 o'clock the gunboats led the way through the entrance, moving directly toward the rebel batteries, the enemy's flotilla retiring beyond the barricade of piles and sunken vessels as they approached.

The transports, slowly following their lead, came to anchor just inside, in full view of the fight between the gunboats and the batteries, which began about eleven o'clock. The soldiers were interested spectators, the decks and rigging of the transports being crowded with men earnestly watching the progress

* Emilio.

of the conflict. The gunboats were in constant motion, sailing in wide circles and firing from port or starboard battery, as each was successively brought to bear upon the enemy.

"Especially," says one writer, "did we notice the little sloop 'Granite' sailing up and down as near the shore as the depth of water allowed, sending her compliments to the battery from her hundred pounder,* on every tack."

During the fight between the gunboats and the rebel batteries, Corp. L. L. Robbins was on the "Ranger." He was stationed on the pilot house, his duty being to interpret the orders signalled from the flag-ship and transmit them to the pilot. In case of danger, the code, provided with a leaden back to insure sinking, was to be thrown overboard.

In the confusion resulting from the unwelcome intrusion of a shell, passing so near that he felt the windage, the Corporal hastily cast into the sound, as he supposed, the signal code, but which later proved to have been his diary. He never attempted to keep another.

At 3 P. M. three red flags were displayed, ordering the debarkation of the troops, which immediately began. Long lines of boats filled with men were towed by the "Pilot Boy" to a point on the shore about a mile below Pork Point battery, near what was known as Ashby's Harbor.

"Two gunboats covered the movement, throwing a few shells into the woods, dispersing a number of rebels who could be seen running from behind some buildings." †

The companies were landed as fast as possible from the "Highlander," until at 8 P. M. A and F only were left, and the "Pilot Boy" on her third trip took both, together with Captain Day-

* At the annual meeting of the Roanoke Association in Boston, Feb. 8, 1893, a gentleman present stated that he was on the "Granite" at the time, and that the gun was a thirty-two pounder, although the general impression was that it was much heavier.

† Emilio.



HIRAM H. ALMY.

ton, his gun-crew, and two guns, starting from the vessel at 9.30 P. M. Three cheers were given for the old "Highlander" as they left her side.

They reached the shore about ten o'clock, landing in a marsh, at every step sinking in soft mud from three to ten inches deep. But a short distance from the place of debarkation had been covered when some of the left flank men of F were ordered back to the steamer for ammunition. "We therefore returned and getting eight or ten boxes of shells tried to carry them on poles but they were too heavy for us, so they were carried back or left." *

The march to the encampment was over a muddy road which retarded the advance, more especially as the piece of artillery drawn by man power was frequently mired.

Company F's quota on the gun-crew consisted of Corp. J. A. Emmerton, Privates John Gray, S. S. Hooper, S. S. Southward, and George E. Osgood. One member of the gun-crew † says: "We had gone but a short distance when we found ourselves waist deep in mud. Captain Hart's company manned the ropes and extricated us, hauling the gun over and over out of the swamp."

The companies of the 23d landing first had built fires in a corn field on somewhat higher ground, and following their example Company F made preparations for the night.

One writer ‡ says: "I sat down on a rail near one of the fires, took off my boots, and in spite of rain, mud, and march, was quite comfortable, and was amazed to see how little could make one contented."

Rubber blankets were spread wherever dry spots could be found, and enveloped in overcoats, the men lay down to pass the tedious hours. The rain fell throughout the night, and the water settling into the furrows, penetrated the clothing and

* Emilio.

† Southward.

‡ Whipple.

effectually prevented sleep. Some speak of hugging closely the camp fires, or walking about for warmth. The writer before quoted after walking some time, secured a nap leaning against the twelve pounder. But the hours dragged wearily away, and the dismal surroundings of that cheerless bivouac were fully revealed as the on-coming dawn of the 8th began to drive the shadows from the woods and clearings.



BENJ. F. ARRINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.

ROANOKE ISLAND AND NEW BERNE.

February 8. At 7 A. M., the column started, the 25th Mass. leading off, followed by the 23d, the rifled gun of the "Highlander" just in advance of F and in rear of the first company.

They traversed a wood road, running directly toward the centre of the Island, muddy from the rain and at one point crossed by a brook. "The only way of getting over dry shod, was by walking on large trees that had been felled across the stream. While the men were picking their way slowly across, Adj. Gen. Hoffman came toward us, saying, 'Don't stop, men, to pick your way over those logs. Come right through the water, General Foster is waiting for you to open the action,' and we *went*." * After marching about an hour musket shots were heard in advance, and the 25th was soon closely engaged just at the edge of a clearing, through which the road bearing somewhat to the left ran directly to a battery mounting three guns which commanded the road and the clearing.

Arriving in view of the field, the 23d deployed in rear of the 25th and lay down, gauging its movements by those of the front line. "It was not long," says Captain Whipple, "before Company F boys got a chance to pop away." Some of them moved forward into the line of the 25th, where they could get a shot at the enemy. The firing was very severe, and it was somewhat trying to see the wounded men of the 25th carried to the rear, the captain's frequent order being, "Every head square

* Bates.

to the enemy." "Why we lost none of our men here God only knows, for the bullets whistled about us like hail, and cannon-balls and shells swept over our heads, striking among the trees with frightful violence." *

After a time the 23d was ordered to march by the right flank into the swamp, where the experiences of the next few hours seemed to show that nature as well as man had conspired against the Union. Soft, slimy, thick, black mud, stirred from unknown depths by hundreds of tramping feet, made the dark waters through which they floundered darker yet. Slippery tussocks tremblingly swayed and swung beneath the weight of those who unthinkingly trusted in them as substantial helps to progress.

In their efforts to evade the dense clumps of bushes the men were often forced from their line of march, and driven through unseen mud holes. Here and there a water-course, free, for a short distance, of underbrush, seemed to offer "a more excellent way," albeit the water was waist deep.

From tree to tree, hanging from the branches and winding in and out among the bushes, interlaced and netted in a thousand places, ever thickest and most tangled across the path they wished to travel, hung the tough and pliant vines, which the officers could hardly sever with their swords. So dense the growth, so clinging the briers, that several times the men stopped, saying, "It is impossible to go on," but the Colonel said, "You must go through at all hazards; it must be done," and they pressed forward. The gloomy twilight of that cloudy February day in the deep recesses of that island swamp can never be appreciated save by those who have tried to penetrate it, as did our boys of the 23d.

All the while the rebel bullets were singing in disagreeable cadence overhead, and canister swept through the trees above

* Whipple.



JAMES ARRINGTON, JR.

them, spitefully cutting off the limbs, and striking the trunks with a vicious sound.

They had penetrated the swamp but a short distance when a shell burst at Caird's right, the concussion nearly paralyzing him for an instant. Recovering himself he pushed on, but had not proceeded far before a piece of shell struck the stock of his musket, forcing it against his leg, which was cut and bruised from knee to hip. The impact knocked him from his feet, and, unable to get out of the mud alone, he was assisted by Farley. Caird has the impression that he was the first man wounded in the company. Lake was also wounded at nearly the same time.

About noon quite a number of men of the 23d's right company emerged from the swamp on the left of the battery, appearing simultaneously, as we afterwards learned, with the Union regiments on the other flank. With the appearance of the blue coats came the order to charge over the causeway directly in front of the battery, and the enemy fled in confusion along the road leading to the east side of the island.

The intricacies of the swamp had played havoc with the line and the men came forth decidedly mixed as to companies.

From all sides the Union troops poured into the battery with shouts of exultation. By half past twelve o'clock the National colors floated above the work, the State flag of Massachusetts close beside them. "It was our first battle and our first victory and the scene can hardly be described, nor can I make you feel as I felt, the thrill that sent the blood coursing through my veins as I rushed with the rest into the battery."

Hawkin's Zouaves and the 24th Mass., the latter having just arrived on the field, were sent in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

"After entering the battery, General Burnside, with one of the Rhode Island battalions and Captain Dayton's gun-crew, proceeded to Pork Point, where the General mounted the para-

pet with the stars and stripes, and announced the victory to the fleet." *

" Passing through the work, dead bodies were seen here and there, and beneath a tree lay an officer shot through the chest. A few moments' rest allowed a hasty bite of hardtack, and while so employed, General Foster rode by on a captured horse, being greeted with three cheers." †

Called to attention, the regiment was soon on its way to the east side of the Island, where it was anticipated the rebels would make another stand. Evidences of hasty flight were seen on every hand, as we pushed along the road, the Colonel giving us few opportunities for rest.

Muskets, bowie knives, equipments of every kind, blankets, and provisions were all abandoned in their anxiety to get away. We passed plantations, farm-houses, meeting-house, and school as we hurried on.

Soon we saw a lot of prisoners in charge of a guard, and a detachment of the 24th Mass. gave us the cheering intelligence that the entire rebel force had surrendered.

"As we reached their barracks erected in a large clearing, the rebel troops were drawn up in line with arms stacked, in readiness to make a formal surrender. Passing through, we came to a deserted camp, where quarters were allotted to the several companies, A and F being assigned to one building." †

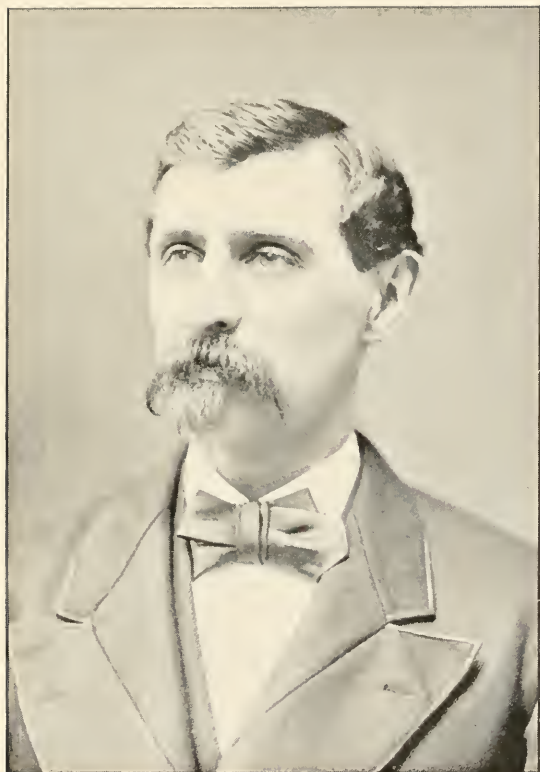
Each building, divided into two compartments, was of hewn logs with shingled roof. "In the quarters assigned to the officers was found a hoe-cake all ready for baking." ‡

After the men had cooked and eaten supper that evening, they began to look over the things left in the barracks by the rebels. In the apartment occupied by Company I of the 23d was a trunk in which, among numerous love letters, was found a Testament. At that early date a Testament or Bible was not

* Southward.

† Emilio.

‡ Whipple.



WILLIAM R. AUSTIN.

an unusual sight in the army, but the interesting thing concerning this particular book was, that it belonged to a member of Company F, and that it was lost at Annapolis at least six weeks before it came to light in this rebel trunk. It disappeared sometime before Christmas Day at Camp John A. Andrew, and a diligent search failed to reveal its whereabouts. It was returned to the owner some years afterwards, and he still cherishes it as a valued relic of those early days.

We had been in camp but a few days when an alarm was caused by a sudden discharge of musketry, the bullets coming into our camp in a manner which suggested an attack by the enemy. "I well remember Captain Dayton calling for his detail who manned the brass howitzer, 'Highlanders away.' The regiment was formed, but the excitement subsided as soon as it was known that one of our regiments had been somewhat carelessly discharging their pieces." *

The captured confederates were utilized for transportation of stores, etc., by wagon, horses and mules being scarce. The knapsacks of the 23d "were drawn to camp in a cart to which, for want of animals, a dozen of our prisoners were hitched." †

The author remembers standing near the roadside as such a company under guard was dragging a wagon loaded with stores to a neighboring camp. A son of Ethiopia watched the motley procession until it was hidden by a bend in the road, when he turned away with a suppressed chuckle, saying, "White man got to work now."

February 13. We marched through the Island with colors flying, and music.

For the first time since leaving Annapolis the regiment formed line for dress parade, Lieutenant Bates acting as Adjutant.

February 17. "Company F escorted some five hundred pris-

* Bates.

† 23d History.

oners to the wharf, whence they were conveyed by the stern-wheeled 'Union,' to the steamer 'S. R. Spaulding,' lying some distance off in the stream.

"Each prisoner was called by name as his turn came to go on board the 'Spaulding.' " *

Sunday, February 23, union services were held, conducted by the chaplains of the three Massachusetts regiments of the First Brigade.

At 3 P. M. Roanoke Cemetery was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Several chaplains made brief addresses and Gilmore's Band of the 24th furnished the music.

"While we were on the island two men daily from each company were allowed passes, good within certain limits until sunset. Company F's contingent, enjoying a holiday afternoon, by some means came into possession of a sack of flour, which was laboriously carried to camp, with joyful anticipations of flapjacks and soft bread.

"The initial cake was soon placed upon an improvised griddle and in time sampled by the associate cook who complained of too much saleratus in the mixture. Stone, a mason by the way, was called in as expert, and pronounced the so-called flour air-slacked lime.

"Thinking to soothe their disappointed feelings by extending the joke, they hid the sack carefully, making sure that the operation was observed by others, who, watching their opportunity, covertly drew the bag from its hiding place. More flapjacks — more disappointment — more victims. The contents of that sack soon became too well known to be interesting." †

March 6. About 3 P. M. the companies of the right wing ‡ were ordered into line, and marched to the wharf, boarding the steamer "Union," which conveyed them to the "Highlander,"

* Whipple.

† Glazier.

‡ The left wing had to await the return of the "Hussar" from an expedition up the Sound to the mouth of Alligator River.



SAMUEL H. BROOKS.

where the men resumed their old bunks, a Sergeant* of F much rejoiced to find his bed sack once more in his possession.

March 11. Anchor was weighed, and, with other transports, the "Highlander" was taken in tow by the steamer "New York." The grounding of the steamer in the narrow passage between the sounds, the "Highlander" fortunately escaping collision as she shot past, led to a separation, and, hoisting sail, the schooner took the advance, leading the transports all the way to Hatteras, which we reached late in the afternoon. Here we received news of the "Monitor-Merrimac" fight in Hampton Roads.

March 12. Again under way. After a delightful sail we entered the mouth of the Neuse River. The bright green foliage of the densely wooded shores, reflected by the mirror-like surface of the river, formed a charming picture as the fleet of transports crowded with men, the gunboats in advance, swept majestically up stream.

On the night of the 12th an attempt was made to burn the railroad bridge over the Trent River at New Berne. Corp. L. L. Robbins, with the mate of the schooner "H. E. Pierce," and a man named Baulsom, a tough specimen of the Hatteras stripe, embarked in a small skiff and at dark were towed by a tug as far as the first line of sunken vessels and piles.

"From here we paddled up the river until near enough to throw up under the bridge one or two fire-balls of tow dipped in tar. We were discovered but being low in the water made a very unsatisfactory target, fortunately for us. We received no damage but a good scare, and reached the vessel between 2 and 3 A. M. That morning, early, I voluntarily joined the company and went with the boys into the New Berne fight."†

March 13. Early this morning a landing was effected at Slocum's Creek, in the usual drizzling rain. During the debar-

* Hayward.

† Robbins.

kation of the troops, the gunboats shelled the woods, awakening lively echoes along the shores. The writer counted one hundred and twenty at moderate speed, before the reverberations aroused by the report of a single gun had ceased.

As the troops reached the shore, line of march was taken up for the city of New Berne. The road, softened by the continuously falling rain, and churned to a soft batter by the feet of our predecessors, led directly through the pines, whose green masses were decorated with clusters of soft white moss, which, hanging from every bough, lent to the forest an indescribable charm. By the roadside several varieties of cacti were noticed by one writer, * and in places the grass was already an inch or two high. Here and there the freshly blossomed peach-trees brightened the sombre aspect of the woods, and no sign of war was noticeable, except this body of armed men hastening along the narrow road.

A friendly bout between the sailors who manned the gunboat howitzers, and the "Highlander's" gun crew, led to the latter's departure from the line of march pursued by the main body. At the first opportunity they took to the beach, and part of the way over the hard sand just in the edge of the water they hauled their gun, urged on by Captain Dayton, who was determined not to be again held in reserve as at Roanoke.

About nine o'clock, after passing many regiments already in camp for the night, the weary men of the 23d were rejoiced to see the leading company file into the woods and come to a halt. Around the camp-fire our boys discussed their frugal meal, soon retiring to the solitude of overcoat and blanket wherever sheltered places could be found.

March 14. The troops were aroused from their unquiet sleep at an early hour, and snatching a hasty breakfast were soon on the march. The "Highlander's" gun crew, in advance of the

* Hayward.



E. L. BROWNE.

marine battery, also pushed on toward the front. After proceeding some two miles they found themselves in close proximity to the enemy, an aid riding back to hurry the regiment forward. General Foster himself directed the placing of the gun. What is described as a "fine foggy rain" obscured somewhat the view of the earthworks which extended from the river on our right for the distance of a mile or more, to and beyond the railroad.

Hardly had the 23d's formation in line of battle been completed when the action commenced, the first shot from the Union side being fired from the twelve-pounder of the "Highlander."

Early in the battle Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt, leaving the right of the regiment for some purpose not fully understood, moved toward the left, and had just passed beyond F, which was the second company in line, when he was struck across the abdomen by a round shot. "Two of our Company F boys and two of Company D carried him to the rear, and he expired immediately." *

The company now became fully engaged, giving attention wholly to the enemy in front, and pouring in a heavy fire.

"Our boys behaved nobly, and the company line was well sustained." †

Frank S. Dodge, "standing in the open," had his musket

* Emilio.

† Whipple.

Captain Whipple thus wrote of the last hours of Colonel Merritt: —

"On the day of our landing (Thursday) I joined him on our march up the road to New Berne, and we made that tedious way side by side. Each shared his scanty supper with the other, and in the morning, after the cold and rainy bivouac, did we share our breakfast. At 8 A. M., Friday, we faced the enemy's main earthwork, and as the first gun was fired Colonel Merritt passed by me. I said to him, 'Now, Colonel, take care of yourself.' He replied, with his usual pleasant smile, 'Do the same for yourself, Captain,' and passed on. I saw him no more, but early in the fight I heard of the sad result."

shattered by a missile which passed between his legs, tearing a piece out of his clothing, and scratching the skin considerably. He writes: —

“I had just inserted a ball in the muzzle, and was drawing the rammer, when my musket was struck by a piece of shell just below the lock plate, and cut completely in two. I was not disabled, but picked up another musket on the field, which I carried during the remainder of my service in the 23d.”

Emilio, Prime, and perhaps one or two others of F, noticing good cover among logs and brush a short distance in their front, notified their comrades of their intention, and crept thither securing vantage ground from which they used their rifles with good effect as they believed. It is doubtful if they would have done this later in the war, for while the danger from the enemy may not have been greater they were certainly exposed to the bullets of their friends.

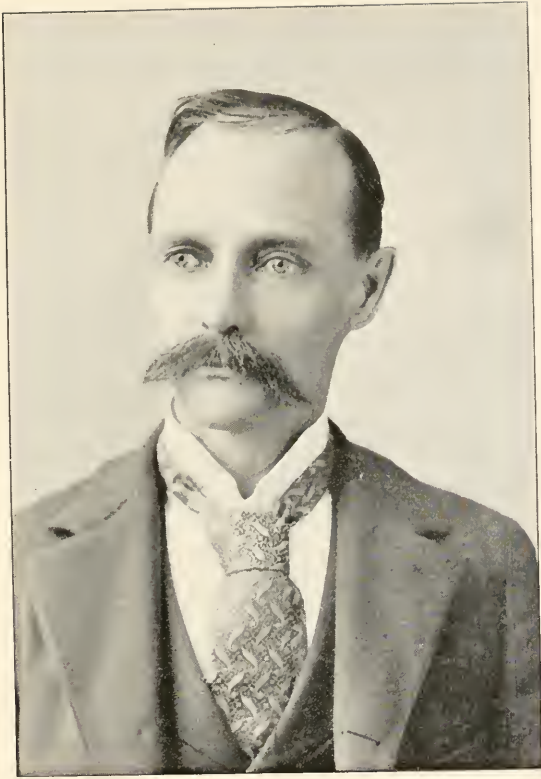
After the “Highlander’s” ammunition was exhausted, the gun was hauled back a short distance for safety. One of the gun crew * was accosted by a staff officer, who asked him where his company was. He replied that he was attached to Captain Dayton’s gun and that their ammunition was exhausted. “He then requested me to aid the wounded. Helping a disabled man back to the hospital, I was detained there to assist the surgeons, whose hands were more than full, in passing their instruments and administering chloroform.”

When our ammunition was nearly spent, a Connecticut regiment advanced in front, and, with fixed bayonets, we of the 23d lay down and quietly awaited orders.

A charge was finally ordered all along the line, and as the Union troops entered the works the enemy passed out by the rear in full retreat.

A short halt was made here, long enough to note the scene

* Southward.



FRANK R. BUNKER.

of confusion, which presented itself, the marks of the Union fire being everywhere visible. The wounded had been carried to the camp in the rear, but horses and mules, dead or wounded, lay scattered through the work; and arms, equipments, and other signs of hasty departure were to be seen on every hand.

Here we noted our casualties, none being killed in the company, the following being wounded: —

S. H. Brooks, E. L. Browne, E. S. Cummins, F. S. Dodge, W. A. Pinkham, L. L. Robbins.

Once more the company was on the march for the city some six miles distant.

On the veranda of a house situated in a clearing a short distance from the road stood an officer. Colonel Kurtz directed Captain Whipple to send an officer and a squad to secure him. "I took Corporal David Carlton and two files of men from the right of Company F and double-quickened up the lane. The officer proved to be a Doctor West, of the rebel army. He was in full uniform and had United States Army staff buttons. Near at hand was his horse, a beautiful animal, which Adjutant Chambers afterward bought of the Quartermaster's Department, and rode until the battle of Drury's Bluff. By Colonel Kurtz's directions I took the doctor to General Burnside whom I found near the earthwork on the battle ground." *

At the bridge over the Trent River, which had been filled with rosin and turpentine and set on fire, the regiment was transferred by small boats to steamers. Companies A and F were put on board the "Delaware," and arriving first at the wharf in the city, awaited the arrival of the remainder. As we marched to new quarters in one of the deserted camps, we noted the desolate appearance of the town. The houses were empty, curtains raised, doors wide open. The streets were vacant, except that the negroes, with joy in their hearts, shining through

* Bates.

their glossy black faces, welcomed us from every corner. "I remember a colored woman who carried on her head a tub loaded with things she had secured from the deserted houses. Raising one hand, she cried to us in a loud voice, 'Oh Lor, oh Lor, how glad I is to see yer.'"*

One member of F † who, on the "Vidette," followed the fortunes of the gunboats, wrote in his diary as follows: —

"At 10.20 we fired the first gun from the 'Vidette.' We had fired but two shots from the Wiard gun, and one from the thirty-two pounder between decks, when the signal to cease firing was flown from the flagship. We passed safely through the blockade of sunken vessels and steamed along at a rapid rate toward the city, now in full view. Fires could be seen breaking out in different places. Dense volumes of black smoke settled down over the entire city, enshrouding it, though it was mid-day, in appalling darkness. Somebody at my side compared it to the judgment day, and another to the destruction of the ancient 'cities of the plain.'

"On our left as we cleared the point was seen a long bridge of seven or eight arches spanning the river. This had been filled with combustible material and set on fire, and it seemed a network of blazing light standing out in bold relief against the dark background formed by the gloomy canopy of smoke. We could with difficulty see anything in the streets, and it was a great relief to the eye of the beholder when a white side-wheeled steamer ran in close to the wharf."

* Bates.

† Valentine.



DAVID W. BURCHSTEAD.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY DAYS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

MARCH 15. Behold us now, quietly settled in one of the rebel camps on the Fair Ground just outside the city. The tents were standing when we landed from the "Delaware," and the pots of meat in various stages of preparation hanging over the burned-out fires furnished incontestable evidence of the hasty departure of our quondam friends. Here in these rebel tents, dirty as they were, we found fairly comfortable quarters. Our toilsome march to New Berne on the 13th, followed by the day of battle, helped us fully to appreciate those few hours of rest. Sergeant Hayward detailed to-day to act in place of Sergt. Maj. D. H. Johnson, who goes to Salem with the body of Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt.

Within a day or two after the battle, the office and plant of the New Berne *Progress* were taken into possession, and among the men detailed from the 23d as editors and operatives were three from Company F, — B. F. Arrington, John Gray, and A. E. Manning. They continued to issue the paper as a daily although sometimes rather short for copy.

16th, Sunday. Most of the regiment attended services in one of the city churches. Parts of Companies A, F, and D, one hundred men in all, under Captain Brewster, made a reconnoissance about eight miles up the railroad to Batchelder's Creek. Two light guns and some small arms, left by the enemy in their retreat, were captured.

Wolcott brought in a saddle horse as a present to the Captain, who named him "Burnie" in honor of the general commanding

the division. Captain Center afterwards laid claim to the animal, and the matter by agreement was referred to Captain Martin, who, on hearing the testimony, decided the dispute in favor of Captain Whipple. Enjoyment of the gift was of short duration, as an order was issued on the twenty-second directing that all horses in possession of line officers be turned in to the quartermaster's department.

22d. Corp. J. A. Emmerton left for New York with the wounded men. Dress parade for the first time since the battle, and orders were read, notifying the regiment to be ready to move at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. We are to relieve the 27th Mass. in a three days' tour of picket duty.

23d. We were ordered into line early this morning. The weather was warm, and threatening rain. After reaching the city the regiment was divided, four companies under Captain Martin of Company B, marching out to the camp of the 27th Mass., some eight or ten miles away. Company F was in this detachment, and our pickets relieved those of the 27th about noon. "This was our first picket, and I was the first officer in the regiment detailed for that duty." *

24th. Struck camp soon after breakfast, and moved to the New Berne side of Deep Gully. We were well settled by dinner-time, but soon after an aid brought an order directing that we move camp back to "Jackson's."

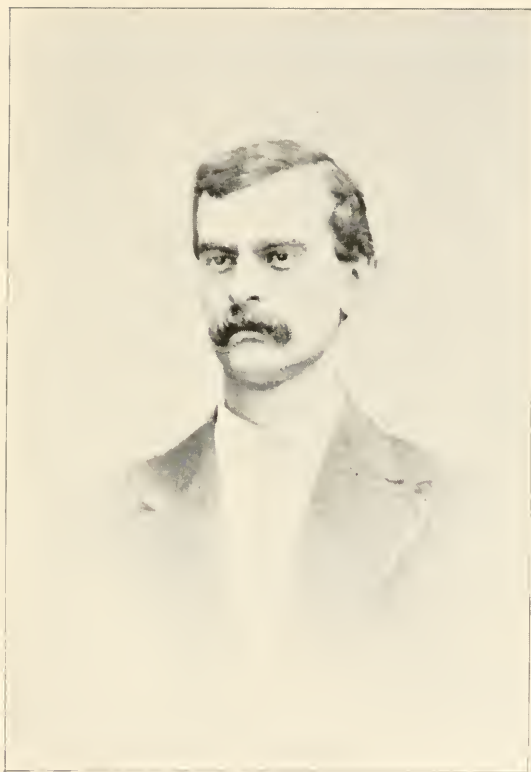
26th. This morning Captain Whipple nailed the Stars and Stripes on the Jackson House. Relieved by the 10th Conn. Regiment, and returned to the city.

28th. "The New England origin of our boys was declared to-day in unmistakable terms. Having an eye to baked beans in the near future, outdoor ovens were built, the fruit of which we hope to enjoy, if allowed to remain here long enough." †

30th, Sunday. The regiment marched to the Baptist church in the city. Chaplain Clarke preached the sermon.

* Bates.

† Hayward.



WILLIAM S. COOK.

31st. One of our "non coms" speaks of keeping hens. In addition to the benefit received from eggs, the fowls seem to have been valued for the finè roast and chicken-pie they furnished. The sergeant closes his memorandum with the sorrowful remark, "Only five are left."

April 2. Company F, under Captain Whipple, formed part of a detachment which left the wharf in the city about nine o'clock, on steamer "Pilot Boy," bound for Bay River, some sixty miles distant. Our objective point was Jackson, where, report said, a company of unwilling militiamen was to be mustered into the Confederate service. We had a beautiful sail down the Neuse, and as we steamed up Bay River we saw a white flag on every house. We arrived at the landing about 4 P. M., and not finding the Union men we expected (having strict orders not to remain in the river over night), the colonel deemed it wise not to land. Turning about and pressing our way rapidly down the river, we reached New Berne shortly before midnight, and the camp soon after.

5th. Lieut. C. H. Bates left for home on a fifteen days' leave.

6th. Corp. James A. Emmerton arrived back from furlough.

7th. S. S. Southward and James E. Glazier detailed as nurses in the hospital.

9th. Corporal Emmerton detailed as assistant to Dr. Derby. We were gladdened by the arrival of the paymaster, the first time we had seen him in three months. F sent home \$2,697. The sutler reaped immediate benefit, a change in diet being the order of the day, and flour, sugar, condensed milk, and other luxuries were "laid in" by many. One member of F has a pleasant recollection of the doughnuts evolved from the unwonted materials by Corp. David Carlton, "a half dozen making a very respectable dessert."

Almost the whole regiment is suffering from diarrhea. Corporal Emmerton, acting as assistant surgeon, reports not more

than one hundred and fifty well men for duty.* Orders were received this morning for the regiment "to proceed to the railroad bridge over Batchelder's Creek for the purpose of repairing it."

"The adjutant and myself† worked until twelve o'clock to-night on the ten-day report, to have it ready in the morning, hoping that when the exact state of the regiment is seen, the order will be countermanded."

11th. Struck camp this morning, the right wing starting for Batchelder's Creek. Reached the bridge at 5 P. M., the men finding quarters in the barns on the way.

14th. We learned to-day of the death of Samuel S. Hooper, of Company F, at the regimental hospital in the city.

17th. Last night the long roll aroused the whole camp. Four colored friends coming out of the enemy's country and appearing suddenly just beyond the bridge, startled the picket, who discharged his musket with the above result.

April 18. We are busily engaged in rebuilding the bridge across the creek, which the enemy burned on their retreat from New Berne. The weather is getting quite warm, especially between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., and all drills are made later in the day.

"Corporal Emmerton of F now acting surgeon of the regiment, as the surgeons are all at the hospitals down in the city."‡

20th. "A large fire started in the pine woods in rear of our camp. About twelve o'clock to-night I went to camp with the Major, and to our surprise the flames were approaching dangerously near our left flank tents. Several tent-crews were called up and tents struck, as the only means of saving them."†

22d. Up at 3.30 A. M. A detachment of the 23d moved out toward the front at daylight, Company F deployed as skirmishers.

* Company F mustered but thirteen men for drill. † Hayward. ‡ Emilio.



JOSIAH M. CROCKER.

Captain Whipple was in command of the first platoon, and Lieut. G. R. Emmerton in charge of the second. We met no enemy, although we saw rebel cavalry in the distance, and in a driving rain returned to camp sometime after dark.

May 1. Lieut. C. H. Bates returned to-day from furlough.

May 3. "We were relieved by the 27th Mass. to-day and moved back to 'Red House,' on a cross-road midway between the railroad and the Trent road. This is a fine plantation. The mansion house is quite extensive and painted red, and the lawn is shaded by fine large trees. The negro quarters and barns are in the rear and the fields are in good condition. Most of the slaves have left the place. The proprietor, an old man who lives here with wife and daughter, claims to be a Union man, and says he sees nothing but famine ahead of him." *

May 5. Was a very rainy day. Our camp was pitched on low ground, and the water stood in pools over the field. A barrel sunk anywhere in the soil immediately became a well. At 10 o'clock P. M. it was raining very hard and the wind blowing a gale. One of the tents containing the doctor's medicine chest and some other property, occupied by Prime and Woodbury, was blown down and they were obliged to seek refuge in Company F's quarters, where they turned in for the night. Captain Whipple received orders to-day to take command of a division of the 23d, made up of Companies F, I, and D, the latter under the immediate charge of Lieutenant Bates, to co-operate with other commands in the attempt to capture a band of rebel cavalry said to be at the "White House," Tuscarora.

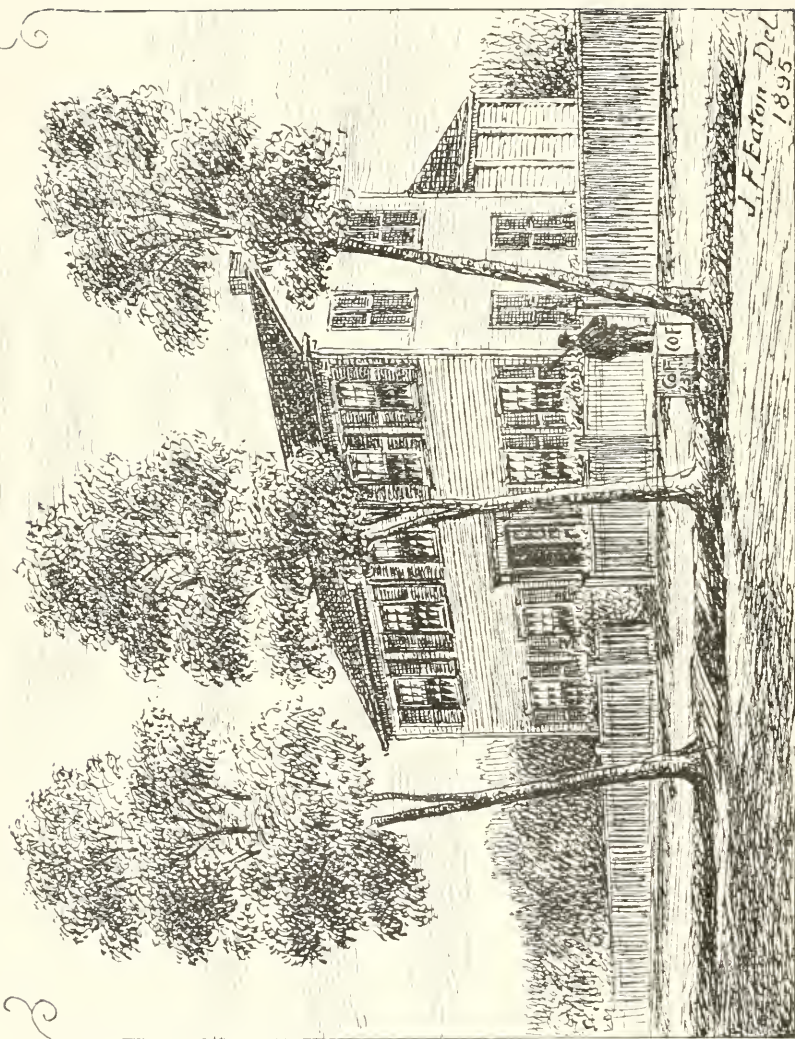
May 6. The battalion was early in line. Orders for the day were read and maps of the country, showing roads, creeks, etc., were given the officers. Our detachment started over the country road, fording on the way several streams from ankle to waist deep. Lieut. Geo. R. Emmerton had charge of an advance

* Emilio.

guard which skirmished through the woods and covered the road to prevent any surprise, as we were within the enemy's lines. There being other detachments out on the same errand, making for a common rendezvous, officers and men wore on the left arm a white cloth band, by which to distinguish friend from foe should troops meet in the woods. We neared "White House" about noon, and being joined by the battalion from the 27th Mass., advanced toward the enemy, whose pickets were now observed. Our foes retired without venturing an engagement.

"On the walls of the rooms in the building we found many scurrilous and profane verses, all decrying and abusing 'Abe Lincoln' and the 'Yanks.' Captured fowls and killed some young porkers, and returned to camp by nightfall." *

* Whipple.



QUARTERS OF CO. F, 23RD MASS VOLUNTEERS.

POLLOCK ST. NEWBERNE N. C.
From Original Sketch by H. E. Valentine
made June 3RD 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

ON PATROL IN NEW BERNE.

MAY 7. At nine o'clock A. M. the right wing struck camp and set out for New Berne, under orders to relieve the 25th Mass., which was doing patrol duty in the city. The 25th not having yet vacated quarters, we went into camp on a green near the centre of the city. The left wing, detained for lack of transportation, did not arrive till next day.

May 8. Company F on guard to-day.

May 9. The 25th Mass. formed line about seven o'clock A. M., and the 23d immediately took possession of their quarters.

To Company F was assigned a two-story wooden house on Pollock Street, between Craven and East Front Streets. In front was a garden of slender dimensions filled with a variety of flowers, whose perfume filled the air. In the rear was the usual detached building for cooking purposes, and there our company cooks were quartered, performing all the duties incident to the cuisine. A large garden extended for some distance back of the cook-house.

June 2. Sergeant-Major Hayward, newly promoted, was made happy to-day by receipt of sword, belt, sash, and revolver from Salem friends.

The N. C. O.'s of Company F gave a dinner, with William Nichols of the 24th Band, E. Very of the 23d Band, Sergeant-Major Hayward, and H. E. Valentine as guests. The menu, consisting of turtle soup, bread pudding, and cold sauce, was of Mr. Sherman's best. The turtle weighed seventy-five pounds.

June 10. We were much surprised to hear of the death of

Ferd. Matthews. He was at the hospital, and had been sick but a few days.

The writer remembers standing upon the sidewalk a day or two later when the body of our departed comrade was conveyed to the wharf in an ambulance, preceded by Sergeant Derby mounted on a white horse. An old colored woman, who waited on the cross-walk for the ambulance to pass, remarked, as if talking to herself, "Pore boy, he'll neber die no more."

June 20. A fine review of all the troops in the department. Some twelve thousand men of every branch of the service were in line, and made a splendid showing.

A sword forwarded by the State of Rhode Island was presented to General Burnside, and "as he received it our boys rent the air with cheers." *

June 27. An order from General Burnside directed Captain Whipple "to report, with forty men, on board the steamer 'Alice Price,' for immediate duty. The number was made up equally from F and D; Lieut. S. C. Hart went. They escorted Captain Pell, bearer of dispatches, to the camp of Colonel Howard, near Swift Creek, some ten miles up the Neuse. They returned before night without special incident." †

July 4. After guard mounting we marched to the Provost Marshal's office, where a handsome flag was raised. Chaplain Clarke read the Declaration of Independence and the national airs were played by the band.

At noon the regiment formed and marched through the city, paying marching salutes at the several headquarters. In the afternoon the troops had the liberty of the city.

July 8. Still another death in Company F. John E. Whit-tredge of Hamilton died to-day at the hospital.

July 13. Since the establishment of a market by the Provost Marshal, at the foot of our company street, meat, fish, and all

* Emilio.

† 23d History.



WILLIAM F. DANIELS.

varieties of fruit can be purchased at very reasonable rates. The traders come many miles down the river in their boats and dug-outs. Swimming is a favorite pastime after the heat of the day, there being an excellent place not far from our quarters, just astern of the Brandt Island Shoal light-ship, which lay at the wharf during the time that we were on patrol in the city.

For the better administration of martial law, during the occupancy of New Berne by the Union army, the city was divided into three districts (each with its guard-house), called respectively the first, second, and third, and from the place of guard-mounting on Broad Street the different detachments marched to their several stations.

In the third district, which was in a remote part of the city, many of the streets were decidedly rural in aspect, well shaded, and, particularly at night, lonely in the extreme. It was "infested with suspicious persons," and at one of the posts the sentry had been fired upon a number of times, one of Company C's men being wounded.

Perhaps many will remember that considerable competition existed between the guard details of the several companies, all being anxious to go to the third district on account of the excitement over the shooting. At guard-mounting on Broad Street, as the various detachments marched to their respective places in the line, the orderlies proceeded as slowly as possible, even to the extent of marking time, each desiring to place his squad on the left of the line, which was usually detached for the third district. The regimental authorities finally put a stop to the procedure.

On the 26th of July, by direction of General Foster, the Provost Marshal ordered out the regiment, and, with sappers and miners at the head, the 23d marched to the third district.

Reaching the scene of the shooting, two companies were detailed to clear and guard the street at either end. The rest

of the regiment stacked arms, and each company proceeded to act its part in the process of demolition of the house from whose grounds the shots had been fired. Until now the purpose of the movement had been kept secret.

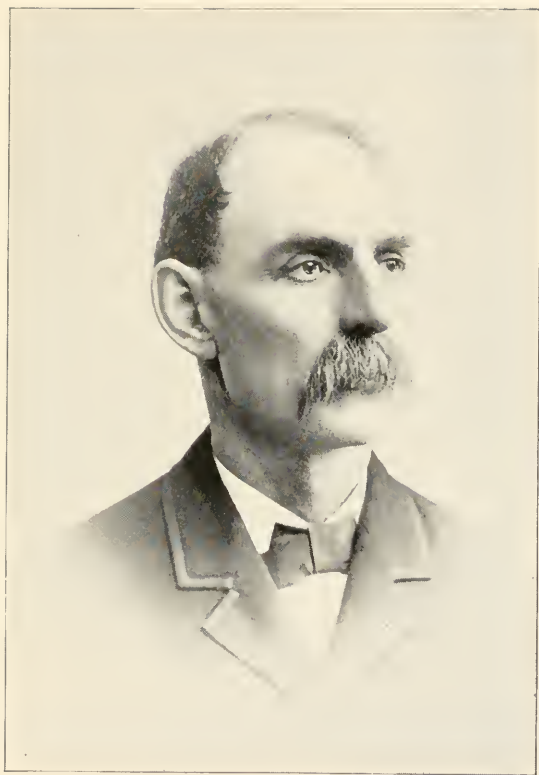
Company F was ordered to remove the furniture from the house, while others attacked the fences, cut down or pulled up the corn, destroyed the peach orchard and outbuildings. The larger part of the men directed their attention to the house itself. They were just in the humor for the operation, and soon everything was level with the ground. The women in the adjoining houses were almost wild with excitement, tearfully proclaiming their innocence. General Foster personally assured the citizens that if there was any more trouble all the houses in the neighborhood would be torn down. The men returned to quarters, well satisfied with their morning's work.

Orders read on dress parade announcing a number of promotions; among others, Second Lieut. G. R. Emmerton of F to be First Lieutenant in B; Orderly Sergt. R. P. Wheeler of F to be Second Lieutenant in A; Sergt.-Major C. H. Hayward to be Second Lieutenant in F. They were ordered to report at once to their respective company commanders for duty. The Captain and Lieutenants of F presented Lieutenant Wheeler with sword and belt.

July 28. Company F's detail was on guard in the third district, and the houses of the neighborhood were thoroughly examined for weapons. One woman declared there were none in her house, but a careful search revealed five loaded guns, one of them containing at least "five fingers." She claimed it was loaded for rats.

July 31. Captain Whipple appointed Deputy Provost marshal and clerk of the newly organized Provost Court, of which Colonel Kurtz was President, and which held its sessions every day from 9 to 11 A. M.

At this period flourished what Doctor Emmerton is pleased



ANDREW DODGE, 2nd

to call the regimental Glee Club. Beside Doctor Derby and Lieutenant-Colonel Elwell, Quartermaster-Sergeant Driver, originally of Company F, Captain Whipple, Sergeant Lee, and Privates Prime, Woodbury, and Valentine, members of the company, frequently took part.

"A quartette of Sergeant Driver, first tenor, Captain Whipple, second tenor, Wm. H. Becket, of A, 45th, first bass, and Myron W. Whitney, of I, 45th, second bass, with Sergeant Upham, as organist, sung the full service at the Episcopal Church regularly. That they were in demand for social occasions, serenades, etc., 'goes without saying'." *

August 7. Second Lieut. George R. Emmerton resigned to-day. It may be truthfully said that every officer and man in Company F, and probably in the regiment, regretted the enforced resignation of Lieutenant Emmerton on account of ill health. Always faithful to duty, a good disciplinarian, yet kind of heart, he had the respect of all. It was felt by all his comrades that he was a loss to the regiment.

August 9. Company F received four recruits by the last steamer, and several more are on the way.

August 23. The steamer just in from New York brought seven recruits for Company F. With them came Lee, looking much improved. He goes to detailed service in the Commissary Department. All our men are now returned from furlough.

August 31. "The long expected order to muster out the bands has come at last, and to-morrow the 23d band goes home."

September 1. Captain Whipple sailed to-day for Massachusetts, detailed for recruiting service.†

September 10. One of the guard came in and reported that our flag waved over Fort Sumter. We all joined in singing "Our flag is there."

* 23d History.

† September 12. Opened a recruiting office in Salem.

October 11. "Was on guard at post 6, first district. At 9 P. M., was feeling somewhat sleepy, when I was thoroughly aroused by the report of a musket in the direction of post 21. The sentry on post 5 and I ran up there to find that post 21 had fired at a horse which refused to take notice of his challenge."

October 12. A Sergeant and ten men from the relief off duty at the guard-house were sent at 7 A. M. on board the steamer "Oriole," which sails to-day, to look for deserters.

"Our search was fruitless and we returned to the guard-house." *

Sunday, Oct. 19. Cool and pleasant. This evening a prayer-meeting was held in our quarters, at which some forty persons were present. Glazier presided, and earnest remarks interspersed with good singing gave great interest to the meeting.

Some of the diarists record a continuance of these gatherings at convenient seasons, and speak of them as very enjoyable.

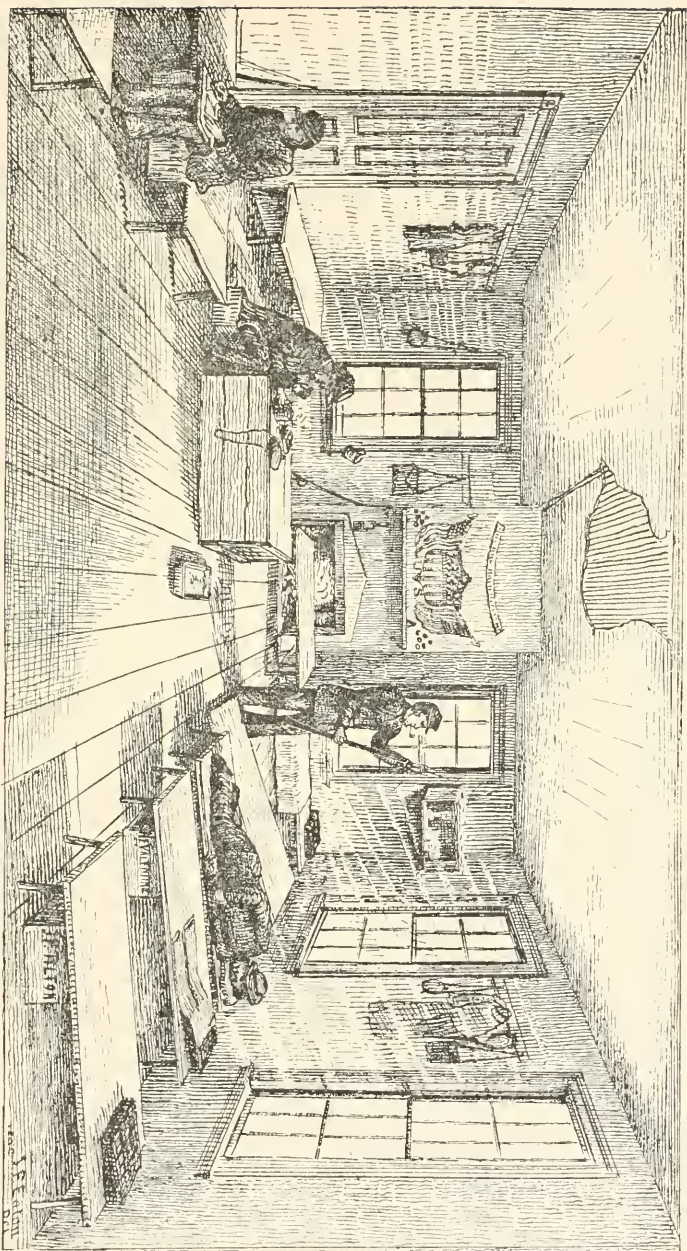
November 7. This afternoon about a square yard of plastering fell in the entry, close by the door of one of the rooms. Knowing that someone would be called on to clear away the *débris*, the men in the room tumbled on to their cots and when the Orderly came upstairs were apparently fast asleep.

Stepping into the room, he called out, "Here, you sleepy fellows, come help clear this up." The only response was from one of the recruits who asked, "What is the matter?" He found out.

The occupants of one of the front rooms will doubtless recollect a fall of plastering just after Sargent, who was on guard that day, sat down to his dinner. The quantity of plaster which was precipitated into his dipper of coffee, and frosted his hard-tack, to say nothing of the soup, was somewhat disconcerting.

November 11. To-night while at supper the Orderly came

* Valentine.



E. S. Perkins.
W. S. Cook.
Geo. O'Hinchley.

ROOM IN QUARTERS OF CO. F, 23D MASS VOLS.
FOLLOCK ST., NEW BERN, N. C.
From Original Sketch by H. E. Valentine.

S. S. Southward.
F. S. Dodge.
J. E. Glazier.
H. E. Valentine.
J. P. Titton.

in, saying, "Hurry up, we shall 'fall in' in a few minutes." Soon the drums beat the assembly and we fell into line with equipments outside overcoats. Marched to Broad Street, where battalion line was formed, arms stacked, and we waited orders. At half past eight o'clock were ordered back to quarters, and directed to sleep on our arms. Turned out again at half past twelve o'clock and reported at General Amory's, by some misunderstanding too late for the duty intended, which was the guarding of a train to Beaufort.

At breakfast time on the 12th the regiment again turned out and marched to Batchelder's Creek. Company F was thrown out as skirmishers. Found no rebels and arrived back to quarters at 6 P. M. It is reported that the enemy knew of the expedition leaving New Berne and, believing that the 23d only was left to guard the town, intended to come down with considerable force and, if possible, destroy the place.

During our stay in New Berne, in an interval of rest from active service, Captain Whipple collected some twenty-five or more negroes of both sexes and all ages under fifty, for the purpose of teaching them to read. The school was held in the rear of the Quartermaster's office. So earnest were his pupils in the search for knowledge that they were on hand at an early hour, often two hours before the time. As primers were not at hand, an olive green window shutter served for a blackboard, the instruction being mainly oral. There was a great difference in their capacity, some being exceedingly bright and others very stupid.

The Captain remembers one black girl who labored very hard over such words as *cat*, *dog*, and whose absurd efforts excited the laughter of the younger fry. She would put her head on one side, pout her lips, and stare at the letters on the board, creating no end of amusement. Then she would scowl at the other scholars and say, "*Hush yer mouf dar!*"

An unexpected order for the teacher to report for special duty broke up the school in the middle of an afternoon session.

Friday, November 21. It is rumored that we are to be relieved from provost duty to-morrow by the 17th Mass. and the Adjutant gave orders to the Orderly to pack up. The last night in quarters on Pollock Street was celebrated in the N. C. O. by a raw oyster supper, to which Q. M. Sergt. S. P. Driver was invited.

We had planned for our Thanksgiving somewhat in advance, and fourteen turkeys were fattening for the company's dinner tables. It was a source of some anxiety as to whether we should have facilities for roasting them in our new camp. "At any rate the turkeys will go with us."

"Company F is in excellent condition to go into camp, but two or three men being in the hospital, and the rest of the men well." *

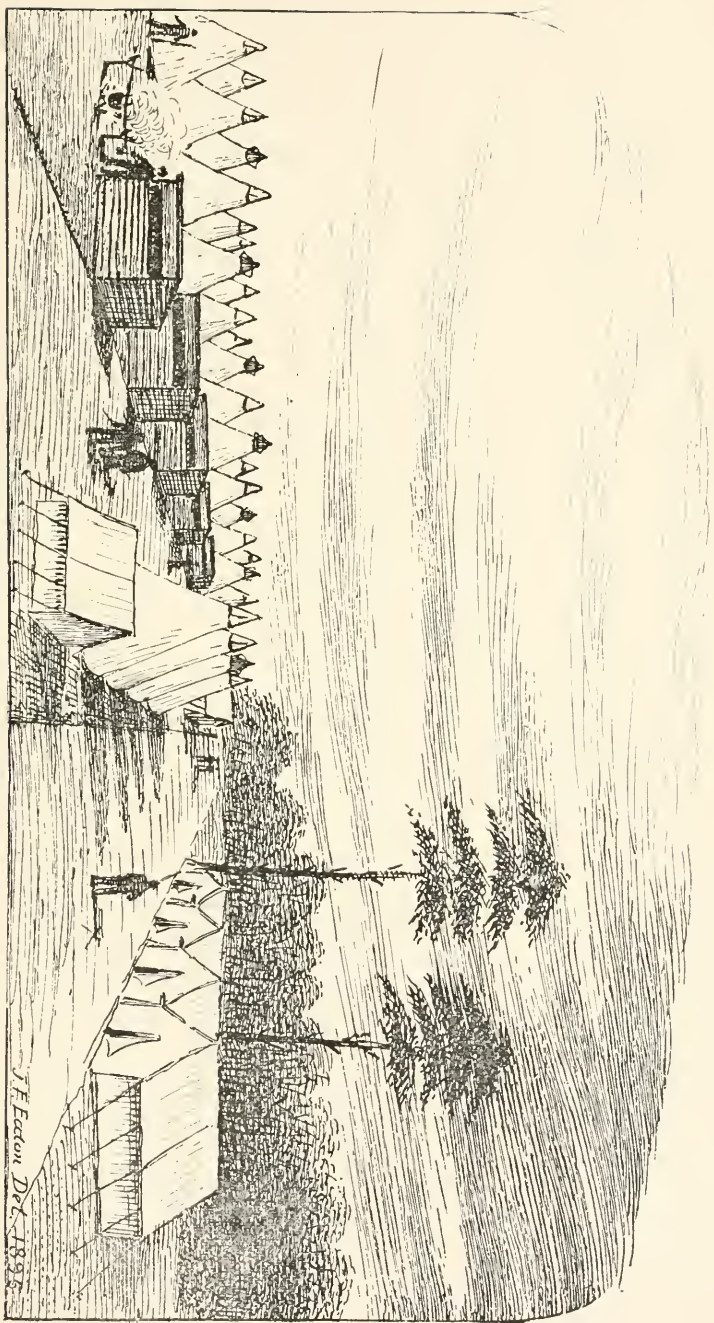
November 22. Before our guard had been entirely relieved this morning, regimental line was formed and we marched out of the city, crossing the bridge to the south side of the Trent. Striking off diagonally between the railroad and the river, we moved slowly over a sandy road, half overgrown with long wiry-looking grass. About two miles from the city we located our new camp, and it was called "Pendleton," in honor of a member of General Foster's staff recently killed by accident at Washington, N. C. We had an early roll-call and turned in to experience a cold, uncomfortable night.

November 27. Thanksgiving day opened clear and bright, although somewhat chilly. One dozen plum puddings well tested the baking qualities of our new oven, and by the time the dinner hour arrived the turkeys were "done to a turn."

Rev. Messrs. Means and Rouse, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Driver were guests of the officers, and the diary of one of the participants testifies to the good time enjoyed.

The N. C. O. and the privates were not behind in apprecia-

* Hayward.



SECTION OF CAMP PENDLETON-

NEAR NEW BERN, N.C.

From Original Sketch by H. E. Valentine, made
Nov. 27th 1862

tion of the day, albeit there may possibly have been somewhat less of *style* in their repast.

General Foster had issued orders that any who could procure shotguns might go out for game, but few of the rank and file, I opine, could have any opportunity of enjoying the sport. There was some target practice with pistols.

Sunday, November 30. Colonel Kurtz has resigned and his resignation has been accepted. He passed this morning as the companies were in line, being inspected. He did not even say "Good bye."

Commenced evening reading in Tent One.

December 1, 1862. Knit caps and jackets, (the latter, relics of the Union Drill Club) worn by some of the men when off duty, frequently appeared in line at evening roll-call instead of regulation cap and blouse. While in the city orders were issued for a discontinuance of the custom, but since our exit a certain degree of laxity in the observance of rules had at least been tolerated. One writer remembers wearing his once too often, and to-day, without warning, the stroke fell. Expecting a pass to the city, he was surprised by the Orderly who suddenly entered the tent with the remark, "—, you must go out on knapsack drill."

"What for?"

"For wearing knit cap and Drill Club jacket at roll-call."

"All right," was the reply, as the victim put on equipments and knapsack, and shouldering his musket reported to the Sergeant on the parade ground.

An extra drill of two hours, followed by the usual company drill of the same length of time, was endured as patiently as possible, and in the afternoon a brigade drill about "finished" the poor boys of the knapsack squad. By the time they had double-quickened for two and one half hours, through swamps and bog-holes, over logs and stones hidden in the tall grass of the drill ground, they were ready for a night's rest, and were

not sorry to hear the order, "March off your battalions." With the usual philosophy of the soldier their comment was, "Never mind, it's all in the three years."

December 2. Quite a number of officers of the regiment returned from furlough, among them Captain Whipple and the Chaplain, the latter of whom, report said, brought wife and three children. It was somewhat of a disappointment to them, and an inconvenience as well, to find the regiment in camp two miles outside the city.

December 3. "Had a pass to the city. I walked back to camp in the rain, and was wet enough when I arrived. I saw plenty of quails, frequently starting them up out of the long grass." *

December 6. "Last night it rained and blew tremendously. We were obliged to drive our tent-pins in an extra inch or two to make them hold. Even then two of them were pulled clear out. The canvas flapped, and it seemed as if our tents would be overthrown. This morning it is pleasant and cool."

Rumors are current that an expedition will soon leave New Berne. Just when, and the destination, few seem to know, and those who do will not tell.

Sunday, December 7. At dress parade it was so cold that the Major would not allow the Chaplain to hold services as he intended. We were completely chilled going through the formalities of the parade, and were glad to get back to our quarters.

* Valentine.



GEORGE A. DODGE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GOLDSBORO EXPEDITION.

IN December occurred the movement which became known to all participants as the Goldsboro Expedition. For several days previous, preparations had been pushed with vigor, the hasty arrival and departure of aids and orderlies at the various camps denoting some unusual event.

The morning of Dec. 11 was disagreeably cold. The 23d was ordered out before daybreak, and after a hasty breakfast proceeded to the rendezvous on the Trent road, near Fort Totten. We were in light marching order, with three days' rations in haversacks, and forty rounds in cartridge boxes.

It is said that some of the troops had trouble in finding their positions, owing to the dense fog, which, hanging over the low grounds adjacent to the river, hovered in gauzy streaks along the edges of the woodlands, and enveloped all in its chill embrace.

At half past nine o'clock the head of the column (Wessel's brigade of Peninsular troops) moved out along the river road, the 9th New Jersey Vols., Col. C. A. Heckman, on the skirmish line. Amory's Brigade, the 23d on the right, followed, Stevenson's and Lee's brigades being respectively third and fourth in line, while a long baggage train brought up the rear. An hour's wait at Deep Gully gave the needed time for dinner, and at 2.30 P. M. the march was resumed.

About five o'clock the smoke rising above the trees near the head of the column indicated the welcome bivouac, and the 23d finally reached the position assigned to it, after stumbling

wearily over the hillocks of a once flourishing cornfield. Arms were stacked, and at the order to break ranks a rush was made for the nearest fences, which disappeared as if by magic, each man returning to the stacks laden with the needed fuel.

Soon long lines of flame marked the position of each regiment, and as the usual preparations for supper progressed, the fragrant smell of coffee from scores of tin cups resting upon the somewhat uncertain foundation of rails, sharpened appetites already sufficiently keen.

All goes well unless some clumsy fellow, attempting to step over the "kitchen stove," strikes a rail with his foot, when, presto! every cup is overturned, and the peaceful quiet of the scene is disturbed by the angry looks and excited words of the disappointed men. In such an event the only recourse is to prepare a new ration of coffee, if any be left, or go without, either alternative requiring more patience than falls to the lot of the average soldier.

"After supper," writes one member of F, "three of us visited the spring in the edge of the woods. We noted with delight the picture spread out before us. On the farther side of that vast field dense woods, surmounted by a black sky studded with stars, formed a splendid background. Long lines of camp-fires, diminishing in apparent brightness as they receded, caused the polished steel of the stacked muskets to glitter like sparkling gems.

"Thousands of men were reclining about the fires, or moving hither and thither, while in the extreme distance belated regiments could be seen filing into their respective places, the men presenting an odd appearance as they came within the circle of firelight, each with his musket on one shoulder and a section of Virginia fence over the other. They well knew that rails would be scarce near the bivouac."

As the evening wore away, many, wisely thinking of the morrow's demands, sought their blankets. Here and there groups



GEORGE H. S. DRIVER.

of men were earnestly discussing some interesting topic, while others, probably the future historians, jotted down a *résumé* of the day's march. One by one they disappeared, and soon the guards about headquarters and the stacks, with the poor unfortunates on picket, were the only waking representatives of the sleeping host.

Early next morning the camp was astir. Most proceeded to their ablutions, but "if the water is scarce in the canteen, and the spring seems too distant, that ceremony may be deferred to a more convenient season." At seven o'clock we were again on the march, and the camp-ground, so busy a place last evening and in the early morning, was left desolate.

Fires were smouldering, and here and there a dipper, a tin plate, or other article dropped by some careless soldier, remained to be appropriated by the ever present negro.

We soon passed through a barricade of trees which had been cleared away during the night by our pioneers. Ankle-deep creeks crossed the road with unpleasant frequency. We went into camp about half past seven o'clock, our evening meal being agreeably re-enforced by pork and honey secured at our noon-day halt.

Saturday, December 13. We moved out about 7.30 A. M., a sign-board informing us that we were nine miles from Kinston. The roads were much improved, and ere long we passed a field of cotton which was yet to us a novel sight. While resting by the roadside we heard firing ahead, and a company of cavalry and two light batteries dashed up the road, the infantry giving way right and left.

A circuitous march by flank through a mill and over the dam brought us to a road which we followed for some distance. After a long halt and then another move through mud and water for a quarter of a mile, we reached our place of bivouac, where fires were allowed only long enough to cook a ration of coffee. The night proved exceedingly cold and uncomfortable.

Sunday, 14th. We left camp about 9 A. M., and in a short time were in battle array before Kinston. The regiment was ordered toward the left, moving just in rear of our line of battle. We think that many will have a vivid recollection of the crowd of stragglers seeking refuge in the woods beyond us as we hurried along to our new position.

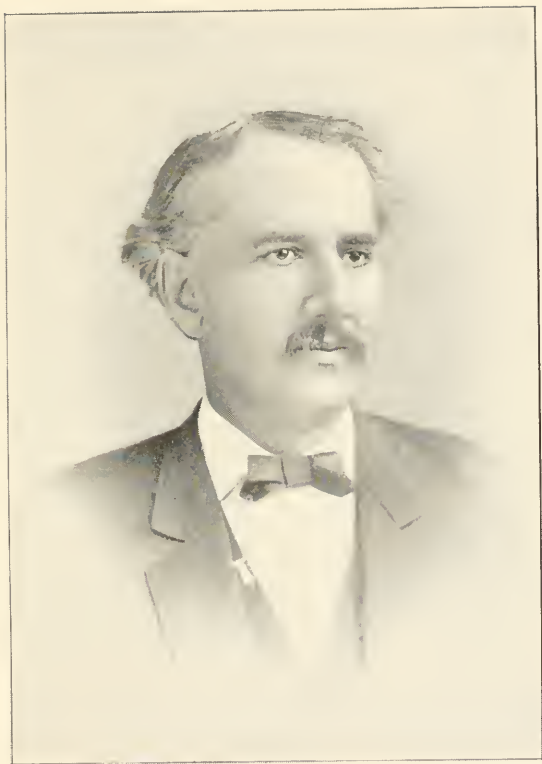
In a dense swamp stumbling awkwardly over the roots of trees, hidden by a foot or more of water, our line of battle was formed in support of one of the Peninsular regiments, whose men we could see loading and firing near a stone wall in the edge of the woods.

Many men from the regiment in front came back, endeavoring to get through our line, but all attempts to go to the rear via the 23d were frustrated. The bullets flew overhead in lively style, but so high that few men were struck, only one in F, Sergt. David Carleton, who was slightly wounded.

At the order to move forward we climbed the wall, pushed up the hill, taking position near one of our batteries where we were ordered to lie down. Meanwhile our comrades of the centre and right were heavily engaged, losing many men, and after a hard contest, drove the enemy across the bridge, and the victory was gained. Our modest effort on the left was probably a help to the grand result.

Crossing the bridge we passed through the little town, noting the comfortable-looking houses, the wide streets, and the general well-to-do aspect which prevailed. On the outskirts we encamped for the night. A section of light artillery near us, after throwing a few shells at the flying enemy, withdrew toward the town, leaving us to seek our much needed rest.

“While talking with two prisoners, men of fifty years of age, probably, one of them pointed to our colors and asked what flag that was. Supposing he meant the State color, I explained the design to him and told him we were Massachusetts troops. He appeared hardly satisfied, and I inquired which one he meant.



CHARLES E. EDGERLY.

He replied, 'That striped one.' He told me he had never before seen the United States flag, although he was born and always lived in North Carolina." *

15th. Left camp about eight o'clock, recrossed the bridge, and turning our backs on the New Berne road, pushed on toward Goldsboro.

"At the noon halt, thinking to lighten our loads, Tilton and I cast away our blankets (beautiful ones they were) and left them hanging upon the rail fence beside the road as we marched on."

It rained in the afternoon, and just before dark we encamped. As the night came down and obscured the features of the landscape, a bright light, reflected by the dense clouds hanging low in front, was ascribed either to rebel camp-fires or a burning bridge.

Emilio found his feet so chafed by his shoes that he discarded them. "Each morning about the camp-fires I gathered cast-off socks, drawing on three or four pairs, and in that condition marched all day. Night found me nearly barefoot at the bivouac. This process I repeated daily, until our return to New Berne."

16th. March was resumed in the direction of Whitehall.

At half past ten o'clock firing was heard in front and as the 23d halted on the top of a hill, from which the road descended with a gentle incline into the valley, we saw a line of blue coats moving forward toward the woods on the right of the road, quickly disappearing among the trees. Our stop was short; soon came the sharp call to attention. Down the hill we went in double files, and at the order, "On right by file into line," the regiment moved steadily into position, facing the woods and the river. There were ominous sounds in the air, and the crack of rifles echoed and re-echoed through those gloomy woods, while just in our rear several pieces of light artillery were throwing shells in very careless fashion over our heads. A few vivid words

* Hayward.

from the Major, a hurried seeking of position by right and left general and color guides; and at the sharp incisive word of command, the march in line of battle began.

Steadily, as on parade, the line moved across that wide field, many to wounds and death. Hardly a word was spoken. Occasionally a half whispered "Steady, men" was heard, while the suppressed breathing and tightly closed lips denoted a full realization of the ordeal to which the regiment was marching. The reserve commands near by looked on with admiration at the perfect alignment, and words of praise were freely accorded by the general officers and staff.

We soon reached the woods, and entering their shade found ourselves on the sloping bank of a narrow stream, whose waters were rushing madly by as if to escape from some terrible calamity. On the other side, the ground was covered with underbrush and the confederates in gray and russet garments could hardly be distinguished from the bushes which concealed them. On our side, the bank was clear of growth and the blue overcoats made conspicuous targets for the enemy. As we reached the bank, the order came "Fire by file," and from the right of each company the sharp report of rifles told that our men were "on deck," and it must be confessed our overcharged feelings were somewhat relieved. Company F was the color company, and scarcely had we become engaged when Almy and Manning, on the left near the colors, fell.

One who helped carry Manning to the rear writes: "We had carried him but a short distance when a passing officer remarked 'It's of no use to carry him farther.' He was already dead and we laid him down and went back into the line. As I approached I missed my place by a few feet and picked up Manning's rifle, the stock being stained with his blood."

In the thick of the *mêlée*, Swaney called to the Major, who was just in our rear, and asked if the company was not supporting the colors well. "Yes," he replied, "I'm proud of the regiment."



LUIS F. EMILIO,

For two hours or more we held our place until, short-timed shells from our own batteries, falling into close proximity, did more damage to us than to the enemy, and we were ordered out. We fell back slowly, still firing, and once out of the woods marched by flank to one side for rest and ammunition.

While resting here the roll was called and our losses were ascertained to be as follows: —

KILLED: Hiram H. Almy, Charles Manning.

WOUNDED: Lieut. C. H. Hayward, Albert C. Ellison, George O. Hinckley, George H. Nourse, Oliver H. Saunders, Curtis E. Wadleigh.

Tilton's musket was struck by a ball soon after we entered the woods, but he received no harm.

The author well remembers the desire, mutually expressed by Almy and Manning, to stand together in the ranks. They were in the front line on the left, close to the colors, and had "touched elbows" at Roanoke and New Berne as well as at other times when both had been present for duty. It seems pathetic now, as we recall their regard for each other, and remember that both fell at Whitehall, the only men slain in Company F.

An endeavor was made to get out our wounded from the bank of the river, Sergeant Emilio and some others volunteering for that service, but the enemy's sharpshooters were picking off all who came in sight, and a line of guards had been posted, whose orders were to allow no one to go through for any purpose and the effort failed.

As we marched off the field and took the road toward Goldsboro, the welkin rang with the voices of the men singing in hearty chorus,

" Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again."

Having the rear of the column after leaving Whitehall, we arrived late on the field at Everettsville next day, and waited in reserve, improving the opportunity thus afforded for making coffee.

The object of the expedition, the severance of railroad communication at this point, being now accomplished, we started on the back track, halting at our camping ground of the previous night.

Hardly were our bivouac fires burning, when we were hurried into line and, part of the way at double-quick, we proceeded for two or three miles toward the front, when the order was countermanded and we turned about and trudged wearily back to our fires. A sudden attack upon the rear of our column by the re-enforced enemy looked serious for a time, but was handsomely repulsed without our help.

On the eighteenth we recommenced our march at 4 A. M. and except an hour for dinner, marched until 4.30 P. M., covering twenty-three miles. Our way took us through burning pine woods. At times the heat was intense, the air suffocating. All the foliage had been burned off and the blackened tree-trunks, ashy white in places, looked like ghosts through the clouds of smoke which filled the woods and rendered the road almost impassible. When we went into camp at night, the men were so black with soot and dust, that one could hardly recognize an old friend, and there was much friendly raillery on account of each other's handsome appearance.

Through the next two days the column dragged its slow length along, reaching Deep Gully where it encamped at 4 P. M. of the twentieth.

The wagon train pushed on through the evening, several members of the company,* by aid of a friendly officer (a townsman), securing conveyance to New Berne.

"This was a most uncomfortable ride. We sat upon a pile of muskets on the bottom of that springless army wagon. The cold wind swept through the openings of the canvas from front to rear as through a tunnel, and overcoats were but a slim pro-

* Emilio, Tilton, Valentine, and perhaps others.



WILLIAM F. FISCHER,

tection against the chilling blast. Stiffened with cold and lame from the severe jolting, we reached the city about ten o'clock."*

The troops arrived Sunday forenoon, and it was like getting home to find ourselves back in our old quarters at Camp Pendleton.

In a letter under date of December 22, Captain Whipple wrote: "My company on the late expedition had the honor of defending the colors, and at Whitehall was ordered forward into the heat of the fight, responding nobly and promptly."

The Captain did not add what others noted, and one writer expressed: "The Captain sat there under that heavy fire coolly emptying his revolver at the enemy, and every man did well."

"This expedition is memorable to the recruits of the 23d, as at Kinston we received our first baptism of fire, and after our return we heard very little about the recruits not seeing service."†

During the absence of the company on the Goldsboro expedition, Corporal G. S. Mansfield with a squad of men, unable to march, remained at Evan's Mills.‡ Jan. 13, 1863, he was sent to Portsmouth, N. C. The Corporal writes that the monotony was somewhat varied, by attendance at funerals of soldiers who died there, he usually having charge of the escort.

"Jan. 30, I was ordered over to the Doctor's, meeting there some ten or twelve non-commissioned officers. We were in-

* Valentine.

† The experiences of those who accompanied the sick and wounded down the river from Kinston, should not be ignored. "So closely were they crowded upon the deck of the barge that we could hardly get about to minister to their wants. Many bore their sufferings without a murmur. Others were delirious, and the burning thirst that accompanies gunshot wounds forced from them pitiful cries for water." — *Trowl*.

‡ The 23d History states that Sergeant Hutchinson of Company H was in charge at Evan's Mills. A letter from the Sergeant to Mansfield disclaims this, while Mansfield claims to have had a characteristic order from Major Chambers to yield the charge to no one but the Provost Marshal or another officer, mentioned by name. Geo. E. Osgood and John Waldron were with the Evan's Mills squad, and Sergeant Tibbetts and Corporal Phippen were at Portsmouth.

formed we were to try a man for stealing. Sergeant Tibbetts of F was appointed judge advocate and I, clerk of the court. On the evidence, we pronounced the man guilty, and ordered that he parade back and forth in front of the hospital for two hours each day for several days, bearing upon his back a placard with the word THIEF printed thereon in large letters.

"We also tried two corporals for some minor offences, and they were sentenced to sit at the gate near by and keep the man travelling during his two hours' term of punishment."

From the twelfth to the twenty-eighth of March, Mansfield was at Portsmouth, N. C., taking the census, spending one day (the twenty-sixth) at Ocracoke on the same duty. This census, ordered by the War Department, was for the purpose of ascertaining who were inside our lines and whether for or against the Union.

He returned to the company May 7, while in camp at Carolina City.

Little of moment is recorded during the remainder of our stay in Camp Pendleton. A few days were allowed for recuperation after our return from the Goldsboro expedition, and then the usual drills and routine of the camp occupied the time.

The only occurrences which seemed to the diarists worthy of note, were the advent of the Paymaster, and the departure for home of J. Albert Manning, with the body of his brother Charles, which had been secured from the field at Whitehall under flag of truce.



GEORGE V. BARRETT,
2d Lieut.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CAMPAIGN.

JANUARY 1, 1863. The New Year opened bright and clear. The regiment was inspected by Lieut. E. D. Cardner, A. D. C. on the staff of our new Brigadier.

2d. H. E. Valentine detailed to-day to report to the Assistant Adjutant General at headquarters of the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 18th Army Corps.

7th. Lieut. R. P. Wheeler formerly F's Orderly Sergeant, later a Lieutenant in Company A, ordered to Brigade headquarters as Chief of Ambulance Corps, on the staff of General Heckman.

11th. Orders read on dress parade this afternoon directed the regiment to hold itself in readiness to proceed by rail to Carolina City near Beaufort. "We have been assigned to the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 18th Army Corps, under the immediate command of Brig.-Gen. C. A. Heckman."

12th. Sergt.-Major Geo. V. Barrett, promoted to 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Company F, reported to Captain Whipple at 4 P. M. He received three cheers from the company, and his diary records a jolly time at headquarters in the evening.

Tents were struck and we bivouacked on the camp ground until next morning (13th) when, in heavy marching order, the regiment with all its camp equipage boarded the train. A two hours' ride took us to the "City" which with its "three houses and a barn," as described by one of the diarists, failed to meet the expectations engendered by the name.

From the sandy bluff on which we pitched our tents, we

could overlook Bogue Sound, across which, at the distance of two miles or more, the "Banks" lifted their hillocks of white sand, stretching right and left as far as the eye could reach. "Every day while we remained here crowds of soldiers could be seen up to their knees in mud and water, searching for oysters and clams, which abounded in the shallow waters of the sound." *

On the night of the fifteenth the wind blew violently, driving the rain in slanting sheets across the plain. Fierce gusts and shrinking canvas combined to draw innumerable pins, and many tents were prostrated. "We awoke about 3 A. M., and found the pins drawn out from one side, and the tent pole ready to fall. We had to get up and make longer pins to hold everything fast. We then turned in and slept until nearly morning, when we were again disturbed, this time by the entrance of the Captain and Lieutenant, half dressed, whose tent had been blown down, leaving them to seek shelter elsewhere."*

17th. Orders were received for the company commissary to draw twenty days' rations, and to cook and distribute five. Muskets were to be in good order, and we were to be ready to embark as soon as the vessels were supplied with fuel and water.

18th. "Sunday morning, the regiment was called out for battalion drill. In the course of the manœuvres, the order was given to charge and instead of the deafening yell which always accompanied the movement there was an ominous silence, the men thus showing their disapproval." †

19th. Tents were struck shortly after noon, and camp equipage taken on cars to Morehead City, a guard being posted over it for the night. The regiment marched along the railway reaching Morehead about nightfall.

"We expected to embark immediately, but owing to some

* Emilio.

† Trowt.



SAMUEL H. HAMBLET.

mismanagement this could not be done. The weather was cold and stormy, and the prospect of sleeping all night in the open air, rather doleful. A consultation of officers resulted in orders to occupy the vacant houses of the neighborhood. Immediately a rush at double-quick was made, and, thanks to the efforts of our new 2d Lieut., Geo. V. Barrett, recently promoted from Sergeant-Major, Company F secured fine quarters. A few moments sufficed to get off equipments, make a fire and cook some coffee, and by ten o'clock all were asleep." *

Line was formed about ten o'clock next morning, and marching to the depot, we embarked on the ship "James Morton" to which we were conveyed by our old friend, the stern-wheeler "Union." The over-crowding on the "Morton" was a source of much discomfort.

23d. Towed by the steamers "Port Royal" and "Allison" to an anchorage off Fort Macon where we remained for a week or more. It was a sort of prison life, although there were some lively scenes, as there must be where so many men are crowded together. "At night the harbor was beautifully illuminated by the many lights displayed through the fleet." A heavy gale sprung up on the twenty-sixth continuing with considerable severity until the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, when it began to clear and the wind abated, although heavy rollers continued to pour in from the open sea.

At this late day, Bunker writes, "I wish, while pursuing your investigations, you would find out who it was that occupied the bunk over me on the ship 'Morton.' I crawled out of my berth one morning and *something* of nearly the consistency of gruel was emptied over the back part of my head and neck."

On the twenty-seventh, sealed orders were received to be opened when off Wilmington. Early on the thirty-first we were towed out of the harbor by the "James Freeborn," striking very

* Emilio.

heavily once as we crossed the bar. It was a perfect day, and we had a charming sail down the coast. The ocean was calm as a summer sea, and shoals of porpoises tumbled about the vessel, darting across our bows with great rapidity. Scores of gulls followed in our wake, screaming vigorously, as they swooped down to the surface of the water for bits of hard-tack and pork, thrown overboard by the soldiers.

Orders were opened about noon, and we learned that Port Royal, S. C., was our destination.

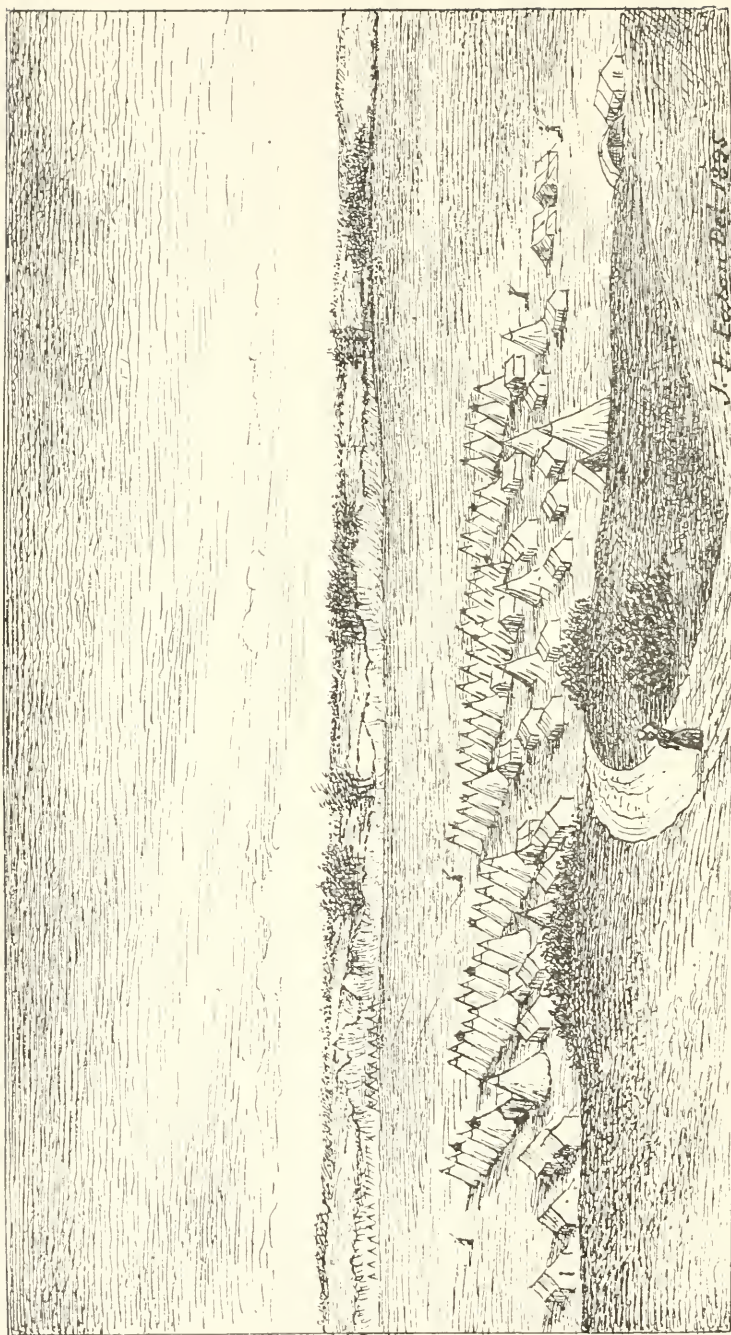
"In the evening some little excitement was caused on board by a challenge from the gunboat 'Genesee' of the Wilmington blockading squadron." *

February 1. At three o'clock in the afternoon we passed the blockading squadron off Charleston, and about noon of the next day entered the harbor of Port Royal, S. C., coming to anchor not far from the town of Hilton Head, whose low white buildings at once attracted our attention. The spacious haven had ample room for hundreds of vessels, and we found the steamers of our North Carolina fleet awaiting the arrival of the slower sailing vessels. Across the bay, their rugged lines and threatening aspect softened by distance, lay the frigates "Wabash" and "Vermont," and near them the formidable battery known as the "New Ironsides." A little nearer the shore the monitor "Weehawken" "showed but a dark line upon the water, surmounted by a black mass—her turret." Some of the diarists have recorded interesting visits to these novel craft in hours of "off duty."

10th. Towed by the steamer "T. S. Secor" to an anchorage just off the wharf at St. Helena Island, upon which the succeeding day we were landed by the "Wheelbarrow."

Although delayed somewhat by the non-arrival of our tents, we were comfortably settled at nightfall, and glad to find our-

* Trowt.



J. F. Eschborn Del. 1863

"CAMP RUSSELL" ST. HELENA ID. S.C.
—23^d MASS. VOLS.—
From Original sketch by H. E. Valentine
—Apr. 27th 1863.

selves on *terra firma* again after having been confined on ship-board, leading a tiresome life, for three weeks.

“Expecting to remain here some time we have made ourselves comfortable by covering our tent floor with moss which hangs profusely from trees in the woods. Some have used the immense palmetto leaves for the same purpose.”*

“We had here a fine camp; and having one day accidentally found clear water at a depth of four feet, we went that same evening to the edge of the parade ground and dug a hole about six feet deep. In the morning it was full of water. This we bailed out, and deepening the hole somewhat, placed three pork barrels with the ends knocked out, on each other, so that the top one stood out about three feet above ground. We thus had an unfailing supply of excellent water, and taking the hint from F, there was soon a well at the foot of each company street.”†

12th. General Hunter assumed command of the “recently-arrived re-enforcements,” as he termed our division, and it was reported that General Foster had gone to Washington to secure a settlement of mooted questions.

This morning our camp was visited by a white man and a negro, the former a government overseer. They appeared to be in search of something, and taking their bearings from some point across the river, the negro said “Here’s whar the house stood. Thar’s the old corner post.” They borrowed a shovel, and a few moments’ digging, just inside Company F’s headquarters’ tent, brought to light a stone jar about a foot high containing quite a sum of money in specie, the darkey’s hard-earned savings. A negro settlement had been burned shortly before we landed, on the very spot occupied by the 23d’s camp. Some of the men bewailed the ill luck which prevented their finding the jar.

Diaries of this period speak of trouble in the regiment, vari-

* Emilio.

† Browne.

ous causes being assigned; one writer attributing it to too much drill and too few passes to Hilton Head. Long confinement on shipboard, attended as it is by more or less laxity in discipline, is always demoralizing, and possibly those in authority making no allowances for existing conditions did not deal with the difficulty in the wisest way.

However that may be, the men were directed to remain in company streets, and orders for roll-call every two hours between sunrise and sunset were issued, said to emanate from Headquarters of the Department. The guard house, the buck and gag were both utilized in the punishment of what were deemed gross acts of insubordination. Even a row of stocks fronting the line was not void of occupants during the hour of dress parade.

Measures like these, painful to the self-respecting, and of doubtful efficacy as regards offenders, injured the good name of the regiment more than the lapses for which they were considered proper punishment.

When it is remembered that the regiment was, in drill and discipline, the peer of any of equal length of service, and that never before or afterwards, in camp or field, did it refuse duty, however difficult or dangerous, it may be conceded that whatever of discredit accrued to the 23d on account of these troubles, not all the blame should rest upon the enlisted men.

22d. In honor of the day, every vessel in the fleet was gayly decorated with flags and bunting.

A corporal and twelve men were detailed from the 23d for headquarters' guard. F was represented in this squad by Chas. O. Sargent and J. G. S. Carleton.

March 1. We learn from New Berne letters that Captain Whipple, whom we left in North Carolina ill with rheumatism, is almost well, but General Foster, it is said, allows neither officers nor men to leave his department for South Carolina.

6th. Lieut. R. P. Wheeler, formerly of F, who had been act-



JACOB C. HILTZ.

ing as Chief of Ambulance Corps for the Brigade, was to-day appointed A. A. D. C. on the staff of Brig.-Gen. C. A. Heckman.

14th. Mocking-birds were very abundant. One of Company F's boys, detailed at Brigade headquarters, wrote in his diary: —

“Stowell (K) and I have been sitting outside the office tent, watching the mocking-birds as they flit ceaselessly about the large bush in front of our camp. They sing the sweetest songs and very cleverly imitate other birds. They are about as large as our robins, but much quicker in their motions.”

20th. “Awoke this morning to hear the monotonous drip of the rain, as it fell with incessant patter upon our canvas roof. Yesterday was uncomfortably warm; to-day overcoats are in requisition, and they are to be envied who possess camp stoves.”

21st. “Since we came ashore, our time has been taken up with drill and fatigue, very little time being left for ourselves. Even Sunday is not spared to us, for we have been obliged to drill for the last two Sundays.”*

While we were thus inactive at St. Helena, some sixty-six men from the army (four from the 23d) were detached for special service, by an order from the War Department (promulgated through regular channels), as follows: —

S. O. No. 79.

WAR DEPARTMENT, A. A. GEN. OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1863.

The following-named officers and enlisted men are hereby detailed for special service, and will report for duty to Brig.-Gen. D. Ullman, 200 Broadway, N. Y. . . .

Q. M. Sergt. S. P. Driver, 23d Mass.

Sergt. Putnam T. Derby, Company F., 23d Mass.

Sergt. P. M. Fowler, “ “

Sergt. Luis F. Emilio “ “

.

By order of the Secretary of War,

L. THOMAS, *Adjutant General*.

* Tilton.

Sergeant Emilio did not report under this order, as he was allowed to accept a commission (tendered him somewhat later) in the 54th Mass.

"It certainly required at that time moral as well as physical courage to accept a commission in any colored organization," * an assertion which we think no one with any knowledge of those times will be disposed to controvert.

April 3. A pleasant day, but in the evening a fierce gust of wind swept over the island, raising the sand in clouds, so dense that the nearest camps could not be seen. The rain soon began to fall, and for a short time it poured in torrents.

Orders to strike tents were received, and "for two hours there was fun in the camp. Bonfires, fed by old chairs, tables, and other impedimenta collected during our fifty days' stay," lighted up the sky. At a late hour we marched to the landing and embarked on the steamer "United States," General Heckman's flag-ship.

5th. We sailed from Port Royal, and in a few hours anchored off the mouth of the North Edisto River, waiting for the tide to serve. The gunboat "South Carolina" hailed us, and directed that we follow her in about sundown. At the appointed time she entered the river, and, following her lead, we moved slowly and cautiously through the fleet, anchoring a short distance up the river, opposite the town of Rockville, S. C., which seemed pleasantly located on the northern bank.

Here, for several days, we enjoyed ourselves as well as we could, considering the monotony, and the sand-flies, which hung in clouds over the river, getting into mouth, nose, and ears, proving a veritable nuisance.

10th. Preparations were made to land, and some of the troops were already in the boats, when the "Nellie Baker," despatch boat, arrived from Stono Inlet, bringing news of the failure of the attack upon Fort Sumter, and directing General

* Emilio.



CHARLES MANNING.

Heckman to proceed at once to Hilton Head with his brigade and assume command of the post.

The order was received at 12 M., and at 1.15 P. M. the whole fleet was underway, reaching our old anchorage off Hilton Head in a few hours. Next morning the brigade disembarked, and the regiment bivouacked in front of the general hospital. General Hunter, with all his force, returned during the afternoon, and on the twelfth General Terry relieved General Heckman, who resumed command of the brigade.

On the thirteenth we went on board the "United States," leaving the harbor at a quarter past two o'clock, and on the morning of the fifteenth arrived off Beaufort, N. C. Signal was made for a pilot, but it was so rough he was unable to come out, so we laid off and on all day, putting out to sea quite a distance for safety. One diarist* (he was not alone) records, "Have not been up all day. Am *mighty* sick."

16th. We went over the bar in fine style, and at 10 A. M. were at the wharf at Morehead. Landing, we placed our stuff on platform cars, and, with the 23d's national colors and the brigade flag on the engine, left for New Berne, where we arrived at 4.30 o'clock P. M. As the 23d alighted from the cars there was great cheering, shaking of hands, etc., and the regiment proceeded to headquarters, receiving the congratulations of the commanding General and staff.

On return of the company from South Carolina, George A. Dodge, who had been in the hospital during our absence, was detailed as regimental post-master. He held this position until the regiment was disbanded.

"That this office was no sinecure, any one who was with the 23d during the period from Drury's Bluff to Cold Harbor, and the long, dreary months in front of Petersburg, knows full well."*

* Barrett.

* Trowt.

CHAPTER IX.

CAMPS AND TRAMPS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

APRIL 17. "About ten o'clock A. M. the Adjutant put his head into my tent and said, 'You will deal out to your men three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. Be ready to start off immediately.'"*

Not yet recovered from the effects of our late boisterous passage from Port Royal, sadly needing rest, our expectations of a few quiet days were dissipated. One o'clock found us on the other side of the Neuse River, where we waited for the 9th New Jersey, 17th Mass., and a section of Belger's battery. Upon their arrival, we took the advance in the direction of Little Washington.

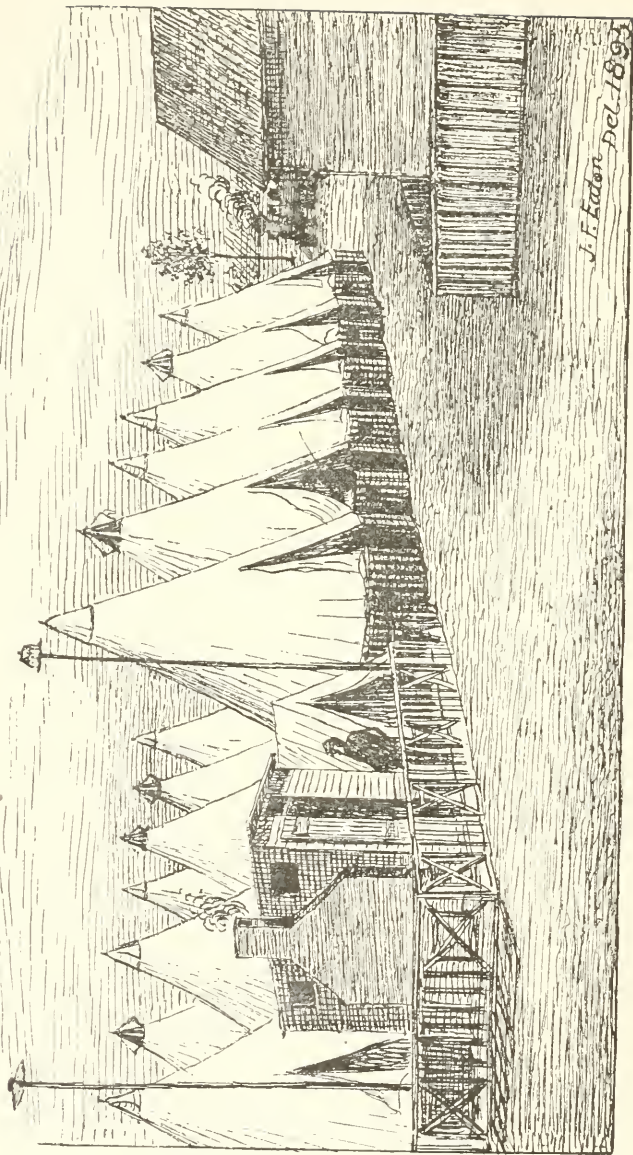
Captain Whipple, who had been ill with rheumatism, joined us at the boat and accompanied us until we halted for the night, about eight miles out. He found himself unequal to the task, and was obliged to return.

Next day we pushed on about sixteen miles to a battery where we confidently expected a brush with the enemy, but to our surprise he had evacuated it. Here we bivouacked for the night, disturbed once by a shot from the pickets, a negligent cavalryman failing to respond to challenge.

Lieutenant Barrett, with a party of twelve men, was ordered to take despatches to the commander at Hill's Point, being furnished with a negro guide.†

* Hayward.

† This attempt proved abortive, for Barrett's squad joined us on the march next morning, having wandered about nearly all night, it being so dark the guide lost the way. — *Hayward*.



QUARTERS OF CO. F. 23RD MASS. VOLS.
CAMP DALE, CAROLINA CITY, N. C.
From Original Sketch by H. E. Valentine
May 25, 1863.

Sunday, 19th. The day was spent in marching and counter-marching without much purpose, as it seemed to the men. Finally, we halted near a cross-road where our battery was unlimbered for action and the pioneers were rapidly felling trees in front. Appearances indicated that trouble was brewing, but in this case proved deceitful, for we shortly moved on to the river and encamped for the night.

20th. Although we were not allowed to fire our muskets, some one managed to kill a pig, which was promptly made into bacon, and "we did ample justice to the porker."

Toward night we were ferried in detachments to the steamer "Phoenix" by aid of small skiffs and dug-outs, it being dark before all were embarked. At 4.30 o'clock A. M. of the twenty-first we started for New Berne. One diarist records that "the wind, and constant motion of the men kept the steamer out of trim." It was rainy at intervals and quite cold, and we did not reach our destination until 10 P. M., "thoroughly disgusted with the 'Phoenix' as a transport."

25th. In pursuance of orders received yesterday afternoon, we struck camp this morning early and proceeded by rail to Carolina City, arriving about 12 M. We were glad to find ourselves once more "tenting on the old camp-ground."

Sunday, 26th. Despite the day, the men were busy improving their quarters. Tents were floored, ovens built, and there was a good-natured rivalry between the 9th New Jersey and our regiment as to which should outdo the other. By night some of the ovens were ready for use.

A pencil sketch of the time figures a very comfortable cook-house, and near by, a large turret-shaped oven surmounted by a pole, on the top of which some genius, possibly Chapple the commissary, had placed a house for the martins, built after the model of a monitor. At the side of the cook-house, and somewhat in rear of the oven, was a barrel sunk in the ground forming a convenient well.

The whole was surrounded by an ornamental fence (betokening considerable skill and ingenuity in its fashioning), which, according to one writer, was the handiwork of Corporal Crocker, who, however, claims only to have had charge of the detail.

Nearly all the companies had bird-houses of various patterns, and the martins not only gave a lively aspect to the camp by their swift motions and graceful flight, but cheered us by their songs.

29th. Rumors of the resignation of Captain Whipple were confirmed to-day when he arrived in camp and made arrangements for the transfer of company property to Lieutenant Hayward. He has been discharged on Surgeon's certificate.

30th. "Our old time Corporal, now Assistant Surgeon Emmerton, paid us a visit to-day."

Sunday, May 3. "Received commendation from the Major for the good order and neatness of the company quarters. Had orders to make out furloughs for five per cent of our enlisted men present for duty."

"Chapple, F. S. Dodge, Fischer, and Symonds were selected by lot. Chapple and Dodge gave up their chances to Townsend and Woodbury, respectively. For some reason, Woodbury's furlough was disapproved."*

5th. Sergt. David Carlton promoted to Orderly Sergeant to-day.

Sunday, 10th. After dress parade, Chaplain Clark held a short service, "the first one for a long time."

12th. Review of the 9th N. J. and 23d Mass. by General Heckman.

13th. It is understood that Lieut. H. P. Woodbury has been recommended for promotion as Captain of F.

17th. "I believe F is the only company as yet that has

* Hayward.



HENRY P. WOODBURY.

Captain.

aspired to a chimney for its cook-house; but it enables us to cook inside at the open fireplace. The oven and well inside the yard are very convenient. Corporals Townsend and Mansfield have made me a fine rustic chair." *

27th. In furtherance of the rage for improvement, bricks were hauled to-day for the purpose of flooring F's cook-house.

31st. Sickness in the company, and large details for fatigue, leave not a man available for company drill.

June 1. Orders were read at dress parade appointing Lieutenant Woodbury Captain of F. The company books, and other property, were turned over to him by Lieutenant Hayward, who expresses relief at giving up the responsibility. It was some days, however, before Captain Woodbury took up his abode with the company.

4th. Charles M. Dow, of Company F, died at 5 P. M. Surgeon Roberts reported it as the first death in the regiment by disease for six months. Lieutenant Hayward visited him yesterday and expected to see him out of the hospital in a week. His discharge papers had already been made out and forwarded to headquarters.

Lieutenant Hayward sent to Morehead to take charge of a party at work there on the fortifications.

5th. Dow was buried to-day. This was the first funeral that the company had attended in a body. "We buried him in a beautiful grove of pines, a short distance down the railroad toward Morehead. Corporal Woodbury had charge of the escort, and with the roll of muffled drums and the piercing notes of the fife, the funeral procession marched to the grave in the usual order of inversion, — privates, corporals, sergeants, and commissioned officers."

8th. "Many tents in the regiment have been stockaded. We have finished ours with the exception of the Captain's which

* Hayward.

will be done to-morrow, probably. They are much more roomy and comfortable, and we are enabled to have bunks erected which are better than the ground to lie upon."

A team sent by Lieutenant Wheeler, was of great aid in hauling the stakes used for the stockades. "The company is now in good spirits and contented. Our new commander, Captain Woodbury, is a great favorite, and there is not a better officer in the regiment." *

July 2. Orders arrived to-day for the regiment to proceed to Little Washington, but at New Berne, en route for our destination, they were countermanded, and we went into barracks on the fairground, formerly occupied by the 24th Mass. Volunteers.

In the early part of the month our time was occupied with the various drills and in fatigue, much of the latter duty being with pick and spade upon the fortifications.

13th. Reveille sounded earlier than usual, and we proceeded by rail to Newport barracks where we took the road for Cedar Point at 10 A. M. The day was very hot and some of the men fell out, but the temperature soon after starting was modified by a smart shower which wet us to the skin. We bivouacked that night at Saunders' plantation, about twelve miles out.

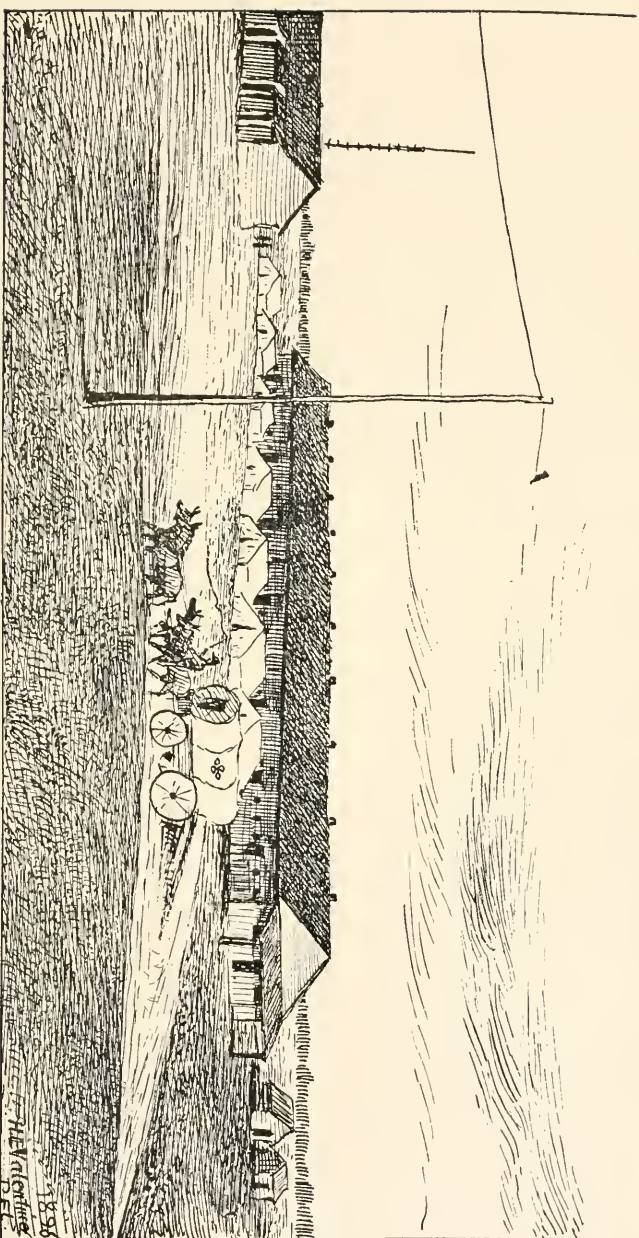
The bridge over Broad Creek was broken down, and Browne on the pioneer corps remembers repairing that and several other bridges on the route.

14th. At 5 A. M. the column was again in motion, and at 8 A. M. we arrived at Cedar Point, opposite Swansboro. Here the command encamped, we of the 23d being sent back some two miles to a cross road where we bivouacked for the night.

15th. One member of F,† on duty at headquarters, reports that a platoon of the 9th New Jersey, under Captain Harris, was sent up White Oak River in two boats to find, if possible,

* Tilton.

† Valentine.



BARRACKS occupied by 23^d MASS. VOLUNTEERS
FAIR GROUND, NEW BERNE, NO. CAR.

a fording place for cavalry. He was sent with this party to make a sketch map of the river and soundings. They proceeded as far as Hadnot's Creek, a squad of rebel cavalry keeping abreast of them on the river bank, evidently intending to resist a landing if any should be attempted. No fording place was found.

16th. Left camp at 5 A. M. and reached Newport Barracks an hour before dinner, making the twenty miles "at a rattling pace." *

"I well remember that march. It rained in torrents after nine o'clock. We had quite a feast of blackberries, which we found in great profusion along the road." †

25th. Left camp at 4 o'clock A. M. and at half past five pushed off from the wharf in New Berne, sailing rapidly down the Neuse. The force was made up of five regiments of infantry and Belger's battery, all under the command of Brig.-Gen. C. A. Heckman, whose headquarters were on the "Convoy." Company F was aboard the "Utica," and the fleet was accompanied by the "Commodore Perry," "Valley City," and one other gunboat.

About 10.30 P. M. we dropped anchor off the mouth of the Chowan, and on the next day steamed up the river, arriving at the wharf in Winton about 4 P. M. The troops landed immediately and pushed out into the country, having a slight brush with the enemy at a bridge over the creek, a short distance from town.

Winton is located on a bluff on the southerly bank of the river and was a flourishing place before the war. We remained here during the next three days, doing guard duty, with abundant opportunities for foraging, and the new potatoes, beets, and fresh veal are especially commended by one writer ‡ who adds, "We did not stop to inquire the age of the calves."

* 23d History.

† Crocker.

‡ Trowt.

About 10 P. M. of the thirtieth, five companies of the 23d, Company F among them, went on board the "Escort" (the steamer in which General Foster ran the blockade at Little Washington), and 8 P. M. of the thirty-first found us at our starting place at Craven Street Dock, New Berne. The fruits of the expedition consisted of sixty-six prisoners, forty-nine bales of cotton, and one hundred and forty-two horses and mules.

August 3. Pursuant to the following order a detail from the regiment was ordered to Massachusetts after conscripts: —

HEADQUARTERS 18TH ARMY CORPS,

S. O. No. 219, XV.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Aug. 3, 1863.

In accordance with orders from War Dept. of date July 3, 1863, the following-named officers and enlisted men of the 23d Mass. Vols. will at once proceed to Springfield, Mass., and report to the commanding officer of that rendezvous to receive and conduct to their regiment such drafted men as may be delivered to them, viz. —

First Lieut. Charles H. Hayward, Company F.

The quartermaster's department will furnish transportation.

By command of Brig.-Gen. I. N. Palmer.

(Signed) J. A. JUDSON, A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS FORCES AND DEFENCES OF NEW BERNE,

AUG. 3, 1863. *Official.*

(Signed) W. H. ABEL, A. A. G.

"When we arrived at New York the order to Springfield was countermanded, and Boston as our destination was substituted."

"Upon reporting in Boston we were assigned to quarters in tents on Long Island. For a time there was nothing to do, and the enforced idleness was very irksome, but as recruits began to arrive the work of clothing, organizing, and drilling fully occupied our time. As soon as ready the men were forwarded in detachments of from two hundred to four hundred, guarded by a strong force of old soldiers. This duty was exceedingly arduous, by reason of the character of the recruits. Nearly all were bounty jumpers of the most objectionable type." *

* Hayward.

10th. Received straw hats, presented by Gilmore's Band, the proceeds of a concert in our behalf.

15th. G. Warren Dudley and Henry Lufkin of F received discharge papers to-day.

19th. Woodbury was to-day detailed in the Medical Purveyor's department.

Sunday, 30th. "Witnessed the immersion of sixty-four negroes in the river at New Berne." †

September 20. Trowt and Valentine, off on a pass for a few hours, walked out to Fort Stevenson, on the Neuse River. Some additions were made to the sketch book.

October 11. One hundred men of the 23d were detailed to report to Col. S. H. Mix, 3d N. Y. Cavalry. Andrew Dodge, and perhaps others of F, were of this party. They went to Edenton to raid some "bushwhackers," and did not reach the regiment again until Oct. 20, when they rejoined us at Newport News.

† Trowt.

CHAPTER X.

TO VIRGINIA.

OCTOBER 16. In heavy marching order the regiment left New Berne at 9 A. M., and proceeding by rail to Morehead City embarked on the steamer "Maple Leaf" about eight o'clock that evening. Left the wharf the next forenoon, and twenty-seven hours' sail took us to Fortress Monroe, where we waited long enough for the Colonel to report our arrival. One member of F * has a pleasant recollection of favors received, during the trip, from the captain of the steamer, who was an old friend.

Steamed up to Newport News in the afternoon and landed early on the morning of the nineteenth, going into camp about half a mile from the pier.

Our camp was located on a high bluff overlooking the scene of the "Merrimack's" raid in March, 1862. A short distance off shore the wreck of the "Cumberland" was visible, a constant reminder of the terrors of that dread day and the service rendered by the gallant little "Monitor."

Here shelter tents were issued to us for the first time, although we had been in service for two years. They imparted the sensation of being in reduced circumstances, for we had always been accustomed to more commodious quarters when we had any at all.

While the men of the left flank were only fairly well sheltered, those of the right could not keep both head and feet indoors.

* Tilton.



J. ALBERT MANNING.

Yet they "learned to appreciate them somewhat later in their experience."

Excellent springs near the foot of the bluff from which the water flowed into the river furnished a never-failing supply for drinking and other purposes.

About two weeks after our arrival, we received **A** tents, which, by stockading and flooring, the men proceeded to make habitable for winter. In the tent in which Bunker, Brown, Burchstead, and occasionally Ellison, spent the winter of 1863-4, two double bunks were built. Forked stakes, one at each corner, were driven into the ground, upon which rested poles, forming the frame. Laid upon these, with the concave side up, were barrel staves, which, covered with blankets, made a very acceptable bed.

For heating, a hole about two feet deep was dug in the centre, and a cast-off camp kettle, with the bottom knocked out, was inserted. A flue, made of old stove-pipe, ran under the floor to the outside, where the upturned section was steadied with bricks. "It worked to a charm, making our tent very comfortable." *

These ends of stove-pipes, standing out of the ground, were often a great temptation to mischievous neighbors, for a board, slyly placed across the opening, would drive the smoke back into the tent, and the occupants hastily into the open air.

Comfortable as we made ourselves, we yet lacked many of the conveniencies of former camps, and one writer † voices a common thought, when he says, referring to the unusual fact that we were without an oven, "it don't seem like Sunday; no inspection, and no baked beans."

Doubtless the one would have been willingly endured had there been a plentiful supply of the other for the Sunday dinner.

These were quiet days, filled with ordinary duties of the camp,

* Browne.

† Trowt.

the customary drills, and occasionally a review by way of an extra polish.

Many of the men who had been furloughed while we were in North Carolina now returned to duty, and others were sent away, happy at the prospect of a few days with their friends at home. Among the former was Sargent, and of the latter were Martin and Wallis.

While we were at Newport News efforts were put forth to secure the re-enlistment of the men, and the necessary papers were distributed through all the regiments. Great efforts were made by our officers to induce re-enlistment, and the promised furloughs were alluring to many, but "few were captured in Company F." *

29th. Frank S. Dodge and John Dudley returned from furlough. At tattoo, Captain Woodbury was presented with sword, sash, and belt by the members of the Company as a token of their esteem, the Orderly making the presentation speech. Lieut. Geo. V. Barrett also was the recipient of a gift from the N. C. O.

Valentine, just returned from furlough, visited camp to-night in company with Stowell of K, and took supper with Tilton, the menu furnishing sausages, hardtack, and tea.

"The Sergeant of the guard passed us out of camp after sunset. It was quite dark but bright starlight as we walked slowly back to brigade headquarters. We passed one house from which a bright light streamed out into the darkness. The sound of voices and the rhythmic tread of many feet made us curious to see what was going on, and we crept cautiously up to the window. The large room was full of negroes of both sexes and all ages enjoying a 'walk around' to a very monotonous, oft-repeated strain, the words of which we could not catch. As we kept on, we noted the groups of cavalymen clustered about their fires down on the shore, while here and there the white

* Browne.



* HENRY MARTIN.

tents gleamed in the firelight. Some distance up the river lay the 'Commodore Barney,' black and motionless. To the left, toward the Fort, we could see the lights of the frigate 'Minnesota' and the three-turreted ironclad, 'Roanoke.' Back of us at a little distance from the river were the lighted camps of Heckman's brigade. Just as we reached headquarters the drums of the several regiments began to beat tattoo, and far off on our right rang out the bugles of the 3d New York cavalry."

December 25, Christmas Day. The usual drills were suspended and the day given over to sports, into which all heartily entered. There were foot-races, sack-races, throwing the hammer, etc. Target shooting held quite a prominent place on the list, the men competing for the silver medal offered by the General commanding the brigade to the best marksman in the regiment. Company F went down to the shore and each man was allowed three shots at the target, Andrew Dodge securing the best score.

The event of the day was a mock dress parade, the boys turning their coats inside out so that the line looked utterly disreputable. The military features, however, the formation on the colors, the alignment, the manual of arms, etc., were performed with the usual degree of excellence. The pompous manner in which the Acting Colonel and Adjutant performed their parts, revealing a lively sense of their own importance, could hardly be exceeded even by their originals.

The freedom of the occasion gave ample play to the imitative faculties of those who impersonated the officers, and we may be sure no opportunity in that way was neglected. The parade ground was thronged with spectators all day, and lights *ad libitum* were permitted after taps.

27th. Orders read upon dress parade to-night were of much interest to all who joined the Company in the summer of 1862. They were to the effect that recruits "will be discharged at the time of the muster-out of the regiment."

January 1, 1864. The ten men, who by trial at the target on Christmas day secured the best score in their respective companies, went back from the river near the woods, and again fired three rounds each. Dodge once more proved his superior marksmanship, and was declared the winner of the prize.

13th. The medal was presented to Andrew Dodge at dress parade this afternoon, in accordance with the following order: —

HEADQUARTERS HECKMAN'S BRIGADE,
NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Jan. 13, 1864.

Colonel,—You are directed to present this reward of merit at dress parade to Private Andrew Dodge of Company F of your regiment, for his skill as a marksman, and as a token of esteem from his brigade commander. . . .

By command of Brig.-Gen. C. A. Heckman.

(Signed) W. H. ABEL, *A. A. G.*

The re-enlisted men of the 23d left to-day on furlough, receiving the compliment of a speech from General Heckman on their way to the wharf, where they took passage on the steamer "Ashland."

22d. We broke camp and went on board the steamer "Escort" at nine o'clock P. M., Company F finding cold sleeping quarters on the upper deck. Next morning early we left for Portsmouth, and about eight o'clock landed on the dock, taking cars, after the usual delay, for Getty's Station, some three or four miles distant.

We found the ground upon which we were to encamp, a heap of ashes. Our predecessors, the men of the 16th Conn., feeling aggrieved that they should be compelled to relinquish their camp (upon which, letters of the time stated, they had laid out between two and three thousand dollars), determined that their loss should not be a gain to "Heckman's pet troops," and fired the camp in several places.

But we could build as well as they and spend a great deal less, and the result was one of the best camps we ever had, felicitously named Camp Phoenix.

Some little time was given to stockading and putting things in order, and then the routine of the camp and the ever present drills asserted themselves. The weather was cold, much of the time, and it was no pleasant task to stand on guard at the entrance to the fortifications with the mercury at 30°, descending to 15° in the small hours of the morning. This sort of duty, in alternation with other regiments, we performed until early in March.

February 10. An order from General Butler's headquarters transferred George S. Mansfield, Charles C. Morse, George E. Osgood, and John Waldron to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

26th. David Carlton and Philip J. Snapp arrived to-day from their re-enlistment furlough, and Oliver H. Saunders, discharged in March, 1863, on account of disability from wound received at Whitehall, reported, having re-enlisted in the company.

March 4. We took cars for the vicinity of Suffolk, where we relieved the pickets, being quartered in the barracks of the 20th New York Cavalry.

7th. We returned to camp at Getty's, remaining until March 9, when we received orders to move to Bowers Hill, as the rebels had driven in our outposts. We advanced up the railroad until we came in sight of the rebel pickets near Magnolia Springs, and they fell back before us. On the tenth we continued to advance, the enemy still retiring, although present in some force. We formed line of battle across the county road at the railroad crossing, and shortly after fell back to a position on the Sleepy Hollow road. During this last movement a ration of hardtack was issued to us, the first we had received since noon the day before.

A letter of the time, its writer being on picket near David's Mill, says, "We have a very pleasant post off the county road, with few to trouble us. There are eight in our squad, all but one from F, and we manage to have a pretty jolly time."

Trips to a near-by house, "where a certain young lady

dwells," are mentioned, but the writer adds, rather cynically, "No great danger of being charmed, for she's thoroughly secesh in her views, and chews snuff." *

12th. The rebels retired beyond Suffolk, and we returned to camp at Getty's Station. The next month proved a quiet one, "a few orders to march, with one hundred rounds, countermanded within the hour, did us no harm but rather added a little 'spice' to our otherwise uneventful life." †

Another diarist records occasional visits to the theatre at Norfolk, "plenty of oysters and very little duty." On the tent of this writer ‡ were painted a hive and three *bees*, Browne, Burchstead, and Bunker being the happy family which dwelt therein.

Short drills in the manual at early roll-call and at tattoo, ordered from regimental headquarters, made somewhat of a stir for the time being. Our level-headed Captain practically ignored the order.

The little log theatre at Getty's, built by "a New York Artillery regiment," was frequently filled with good audiences, drawn thither to witness plays performed by histrionic talent gathered from the various regiments of the division. Thornton of F played leading parts in drama, and a soldier from a Rhode Island regiment did the same for comedy, while Corporal Phippen assumed female parts. Once they had a joint benefit and were honored with a "splendid house which paid well." "Luke the Laborer" and "Poynet Arden" were among the attractions, and "Don César de Bazan" was in course of preparation when the rehearsals were cut short by marching orders.

Wednesday, April 13. We embarked on the "John D. Pentz" at Portsmouth and proceeded up James River for about eighteen miles, landing nine miles above Fort Boykin at four o'clock A. M. on the fourteenth.

* Tilton.

† Crocker.

‡ Browne.



ALEXANDER MONROE.

Took the road toward Smithfield, and some three miles out our skirmishers struck the enemy who seemed to be in small force and retired until, in the vicinity of Wrenn's Mill, he made a stand at the further side of the stream and pond.

Company F, deployed as skirmishers, was upon the left flank of the regiment and on the left of the road next the river. Here we were somewhat quiescent, simply guarding against any flank movement on the part of the enemy, who was giving our boys much trouble in front.

Past our company front, along the slope toward the woods, ran a foot path down which Crocker strolled a short distance. He had hardly returned to his place when a shout, "We're flanked," called attention to a rebel standing in the pathway taking deliberate aim at Fischer who had laid off his accoutrements and was wholly defenceless. The intrepid "Johnny" had crossed the stream and "gone gunning" on his own account.

Crocker, Snapp, and others taking in the situation raised their rifles and fired at the man who hastily disappeared among the trees. It was said that a horse was found in the woods shortly after, with marks of blood upon the saddle as if some one physically unable, by reason of wounds, had tried to mount the animal.

The fighting continued off to our right, "although we were not in it," many stray shots, however, coming our way. We soon commenced to move up the river road, carrying our wounded and followed closely by the rebels, F still maintaining its position on the flank next the river until we reached Fort Boykin. Here the regiment recaptured a piece of artillery which belonged to one of the gunboats. During the rest of the day our pickets were much harassed by the rebels, and after dark we re-embarked and returned to Portsmouth, thence to camp.

"Company F's loss in this scout was one man missing, — E. C. Thomas. Colonel Elwell directed Quartermaster Peirce to

secure transportation for the wounded, and, in compliance therewith, he took two men, one being Thomas, and went back toward the river.

"We could find nothing in the way of animals or wagons. We finally went to the river bank and signalled the gunboats. One sent a small boat ashore. The commander and eight men came in it. When I saw them coming, I sent Thomas to notify Colonel Elwell to send down the wounded. . . . I afterwards learned that Thomas was wounded and captured after he went over the hill, and that he died in Libby Prison." *

* Quartermaster Peirce in 23d History.

NOTE. — E. C. Thomas died Aug. 30, 1864, in Andersonville, and is buried in the National Cemetery there; grave No. 7,250.



WM. H. H. PRIME.

CHAPTER XI.

GETTY'S STATION TO DRURY'S BLUFF.

APRIL 22d. Orders received to-day to have "all baggage cut down to fighting weight."

26th. Gen. C. A. Heckman, who had been in command of all the troops at Getty's Station, to-day resumed command of his old brigade, preferring that to the division which current report said had been offered him. The brigade consisted of the 9th N. J. Vols., and the 23d, 25th, and 27th Mass., and although other regiments were added for longer or shorter periods, according to the exigencies of the service, the regiments named above formed what was known as the 1st (Red Star) Brigade, 2d Division of the 18th Army Corps.

Pursuant to orders, we struck tents about 7 P. M., but it was nine o'clock before Company F in the left wing marched to the station at Getty's, thence by train proceeding to Portsmouth, where we disembarked about ten o'clock.

Spreading our blankets on the sidewalks and overflowing into the adjacent enclosures, we slept until shortly after midnight when we boarded the steamer "George Weems," resuming our nap on the lower deck. We had slept but two or three hours when we were again aroused and ordered to the upper deck to make room for a portion of the 25th Mass.

Leaving the wharf, we steamed out of the Elizabeth River, past the Ripraps and Fortress Monroe, and moved swiftly up the York, arriving at Yorktown about 5 P. M. where we found the right wing encamped upon the beach.

Soon after landing, we received instructions to reserve a

change of clothing, as our knapsacks were to be sent back to Portsmouth. We saw them no more until the memorable summer campaign of 1864 was ended.

Shelter tents were again issued to us. Writes one, "I could not sleep well as I had retained only my overcoat and rubber blanket and the wind blew off the river very cold. About twelve o'clock, Swaney and I went over to a large pile of hay, and rolling out a bale, crawled into the cavity where we slept comfortably until morning." *

About 7 A. M. on the twenty-eighth, the brigade moved out about two miles and bivouacked on the left of the road. On the twenty-ninth, at an early hour, we moved on some five miles in the direction of Williamsburg. As we proceeded, the country, at first rather flat and sandy, became rolling and more attractive in character, and, a new feature to us, the roads were doubled. Before noon the regiments of the brigade were grouped about the headquarters' camp which was located on a beautiful knoll. Orders were at once received for frequent drills; skirmishing and firing in the forenoon and battalion or brigade drill each afternoon at four o'clock; but at half past one orders came to report back to Yorktown at once.

Before 3 P. M. the brigade had struck camp and covered (a large part of the way at double-quick) the seven miles of dusty highway over which we had so leisurely marched that morning and the previous afternoon.

30th. This afternoon General Butler reviewed the command. We reached the review ground by a march of two miles which took us through a portion of the works about Yorktown. We returned to camp at sunset.

Here we lay until the fourth of May. The weather was by turns pleasant and rainy, the second bringing a severe hail storm.

* Trowt.

Clouds of intense blackness came up swiftly from the northeast. Puffs of wind churned up the dust and scattered chips and twigs in its path. The men about brigade headquarters could be seen driving down tent pins and tightening guys, while every one at liberty to do so hurried to shelter.

Soon came rain mingled with hail; lightning, vivid in the extreme, followed by heavy thunder, and for a while the scene was startling. In a short time, however, the storm passed over, although the clouds hung low and the evening was "pitch dark."

It was a busy scene at the river on the 4th of May. Steamers and sailing vessels of the usual nondescript type, so familiar to us of the old Burnside Expedition, were awaiting their human freight, and troops were embarking from Yorktown and Gloucester Point. Company F went on board the "Montauk," sailing at 2 P. M. down the York and round to Newport News, where a portion of the fleet was lying at anchor. On the 5th we were moving in stately procession up the James, directly toward the rebel capital.

Heckman's brigade, following closely the gunboats and monitors, was in the advance. On either hand were high banks, finely wooded, save where bits of meadow land, sloping gently to the river's edge, broke the line of woods, and revealed charming views of the country beyond. Noble mansions, oftentimes disfigured by uncomely out-buildings, gave diversity to the landscape, while here and there earthworks ran in yellow ridges among the trees and across the intervalles, undeniable evidences of earlier warfare.

At Windmill Point, a short distance beyond Fort Powhatan, a troop of colored cavalry and a colored battery were set ashore, and as we came to anchor at the confluence of the James and Appomattox, two of the leading monitors were clearing decks for action.

We disembarked, the 23d being the first regiment to land, at

5.30 P. M., at Bermuda Hundred, across the Appomattox from City Point, and next morning early took the advance, proceeding slowly and cautiously toward Point of Rocks, halting about noon near a small one-story house, with log barn adjoining, while the other troops filed off to the right, and disappeared among the trees.

A small army of officers, generals with the members of their staffs, were gathered in and about the house, "Smith and Heckman being the only ones I knew." *

Here, on a line running almost due north from Cobb's Hill, on the Appomattox, to the James River, the "Army of the James" established itself, and to our camp at Cobb's Hill we returned in the intervals of active service at the front during all the operations of May.

Much of our off time was occupied with pick and spade upon the breastworks which were laid out along the line mentioned, and which later in the campaign served a good purpose in the protection of our base against frequent and persistent attacks by the enemy.

Late in the afternoon of the 6th, the brigade, in light marching order, and accompanied by two pieces of artillery, made a reconnoissance toward Petersburg. Just after crossing the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, our skirmishers developed a force in our front strongly posted behind breastworks, which, in a general way, ran parallel with the railroad.

General Heckman rapidly made his dispositions, sending the 23d to the extreme left as a precaution against flanking. The conformation of the land was such as to afford the men of the right companies a fine view of the field, and the deployment of the rebel skirmishers in front of our advancing lines was watched with interest.

The silence which had prevailed while the brigade was taking

* Trowt.



EDWARD B. PUTNAM.

position was broken by the discharge of a single musket, immediately followed by a volley from the entire rebel line, which seemed amply sufficient to wipe out our skirmish line. The movements of the other regiments of the brigade, upon whom the burden of the action rested, were viewed with admiration by our boys, quietly standing at rest in the shelter of the woods, and the "precision of the wing-firing of the 25th was splendid." *

During the action General Heckman's horse was shot as he stood on the flank of one of the regiments in the front line. "I saw the animal settle beneath the General, who cleared himself from the saddle, and coolly awaited the spare horse brought up by his Orderly, when he mounted, and, with a wave of the hand toward the enemy, galloped away in safety." *

A couple of files from the right of F (Crocker and Johnson among them) were directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers to advance over the swell of land some yards in front of the line, to observe the enemy's movements. Johnson crept into the ruins of a log house toward which Crocker was making his way, when a warning gesture from the former caused him to look toward the rail fence some fifteen yards in advance. "The heads of a rebel line could be seen peering at us above the rails, and we quickly got out of sight." *

"Orders not to risk bringing on a general engagement were peremptory," and at the "recall" we retired from the field, reaching camp at Cobb's Hill about 10 P. M.

May 7. The brigade moved forward to yesterday's battle ground, the 23d reaching its former position about 12 M. The enemy seemed to have been re-enforced, as artillery unnoticed the previous day was certainly posted in our front to-day. About half past two o'clock a bugle call was heard away off on our extreme right. It was but the prelude to a crash of

* Crocker.

artillery and musketry which followed almost immediately. Brook's division struck the rebel left, and after about two hours' heavy firing, the rebels retired. We were ordered forward in line of battle to the rail fence some rods in advance. We remained in this position until about 7 P. M., when we returned to camp to find that the pioneers had torn down the house near camp and cut most of the timber, and the engineers had already laid out a fort upon the knoll.

8th. A quiet day. Moved camp a short distance this morning. The only excitement was caused by the appearance of a party of the enemy on the hill across the Appomattox. A section of the 3d New York battery planted near us soon scattered them.

Just before dark we received orders to fill canteens and put one day's rations into our haversacks. We expected to be shelled out during the night, but all was quiet, and we enjoyed a good rest.

9th. We were aroused at daybreak, and immediately after breakfast moved out toward the front, leaving blankets and shelters behind. Notwithstanding the slow pace, the intense heat made the march very fatiguing. We passed over Friday's battle ground where lay our unburied dead, stripped and mutilated. The pioneers were at once set to work to bury the men where they fell. As we crossed the railroad we were pleased to see that quite a section had been destroyed. We halted for a time near a creek, and Sergeant Wallis and privates Trowt and Andrew Dodge were detailed to guard some prisoners.

Meanwhile, the brigade moved on, meeting the enemy, who fell back to Arrowfield Church and there made a stand. The 23d was in the second line on the left of the road, supporting the 25th Mass. The musketry fire was rapid, and as we emerged from the woods the enemy fired a volley and charged our front line. The answering burst of musketry caused them to waver,



BENJ. A. REED.

and the second line with fixed bayonets sprang forward, driving them back in confusion.

As we came to the top of the ridge, after crossing Swift Creek, the enemy opened on us with artillery from the redoubt. Here we remained in line of battle until the forenoon of the tenth, under a sharp fire from the guns of the battery, and here the detail just mentioned, under Sergeant Wallis, joined us. We were now relieved by the 40th Mass. and went to the rear to cook rations, having been without for twenty-four hours.

11th. While moving camp this morning half a dozen men of F were sent with others to the river to cut down trees and clear away the underbrush, that the guns of the battery on the hill overlooking the river might have an uninterrupted range.

"Two gunboats ran up the Appomattox and shelled the enemy on the opposite shore. We returned to camp at dark, just in season to avoid a heavy shower, and after turning in were aroused about ten o'clock to make sure that our ammunition was dry, receiving twenty additional rounds." *

At an early hour on the twelfth, with two days' rations in haversacks, we left camp, being shortly drenched to the skin by a thunder shower, which lasted for about two hours. Upon reaching the turnpike we were ordered into line of battle in a thick growth of pines, facing in the direction of Petersburg, but after a tedious wait turned about and proceeded toward Richmond, our advance soon developing a body of Confederates whose artillery had a close range on the hill we occupied. We bivouacked in line of battle, some eleven miles, it was said, from the rebel capital, and without overcoats or blankets passed a dismal night.

13th. Our line advanced slowly for half a mile, an artillery duel and heavy skirmish fire ensuing, lasting until dark. Late in the afternoon it was reported that Grant was driving Lee and

* Trowt.

had captured an entire army corps. The cheers which rent the air from the brigade must have startled the enemy within his entrenchments and lent fresh impulse to his vigilance. The night passed slowly, disturbed only by the constant fretfulness of the pickets. The ceaselessly falling rain saturated our clothing and but for extreme exhaustion none would have slept. A squad of F's men was sheltered by an improvised shanty of boards, which by some means had been secured.

14th. We again pushed forward, crossing the road which ran parallel with and just in front of our line. The brunt of the advance since moving out on the twelfth had fallen upon a strong body of skirmishers, which, followed closely by our line of battle, had pressed back the enemy step by step in spite of his determined resistance, until this morning he retired within the outworks of Fort Darling at Drury's Bluff. We came to a halt just in the edge of the woods, somewhat protected by a rise of ground. The rebel skirmishers were in full view, and from Fort Stevens floated defiantly the "Stars and Bars."

All day the skirmishers kept up a lively fusilade and our sharpshooters, posted at advantageous points, prevented, in great measure, the rebel artillerists from working their guns.

The night was comparatively a quiet one, and we were aroused but once.

Sunday, 15th. With the coming dawn began the usual firing between the skirmish lines. During the forenoon, parties were set to work gathering together the logs which lay scattered about near the line and with them a breastwork was built which furnished a slight defence against the troublesome minies, whose vicious "zip" was ever in our ears.

Here under this crude shelter * we lay until 7 P. M. "when we

*At such a time works like these must seem crude and unsatisfactory to those who lay behind them, but a writer who visited the ground some years after the war speaks of these hastily constructed works as "still standing, attesting their excellence and completeness."

were relieved by the 98th New York, and ordered further to the right, where, with no time before the darkness came on to learn the nature of the ground in our front, we were without any protection whatever.

"In front of the 23d the woods, a growth of small hard pine and shrub oak, extended a few yards and then the open ground gradually rose to the works of Drury's Bluff, a sort of natural glacis. A little-used wood road followed in a general way the line of the brigade. It cut the line of the 23d and afforded for some of the companies some protection to men lying in the road bed and firing over the bank. Water, perhaps the accumulation of three days' rain, filled the hollow between the 23d and 9th New Jersey. A road called the stage road, running more or less parallel to the turnpike from Petersburg to Richmond, was between the 23d and 9th."*

The latter regiment held the extreme right of the line, beyond which was a stretch of open country running to the river, perhaps a mile distant. The 23d's right company, G, rested near the hollow before mentioned, while F, with fourteen men all told, under Captain Woodbury was the second in line.

The men now proceeded to throw up what meagre defences they could in the darkness, albeit they were without proper implements, and some tried to improve their sleeping accommodations. Sergt. David Carleton and Crocker constructed a shelter for themselves out of an old barn door, which furnished fairly good protection from the rain.

In spite of adverse conditions, — the cold, the dampness, the disturbance along the picket line and the anxiety of all who knew the situation, — those to whom sleep was permissible, now sought their rest, the only condition favorable thereto being excessive weariness.

"I had lain down for a chance to sleep about eleven o'clock,

* 23d History.

when a volley of musketry came pouring in upon us. In the space of three minutes we were in line of battle ready for the attack." *

But this was only the prelude to the storm. For some time yet, comparative quiet reigned.

About 2 A. M. a squad of men was set to work strengthening the slight breastwork in our immediate front, Andrew Dodge, Trowt, and perhaps others of F being detailed for this work. Tilton, on the color-guard, also speaks of working upon the frail line, using dipper and bayonet in lieu of entrenching tools.

As the night began to wear away the firing of the pickets increased in rapidity. The fatigue party just mentioned had hardly turned in after an hour's labor when "there came a rush of shots, a volley, and the battle was upon us."

Leaving everything where they slept but musket and cartridge box, the men sprang to their places.

"The pickets came hastily back to the main line, yet for a time we hesitated to fire, fearing they were not all in." †

The dense fog which seemed to wall us in made it impossible for anything to be seen a few yards away. The men vigorously replied to the shower of bullets, standing or kneeling as they could make their fire effective and secure cover. Owing to the fog and the darkness, nothing could be seen save the flame from the muzzles of the guns whose rapid yet intermittent reports now developed into a continuous and deafening roar, while the ringing monotone of the rebel yell, sounding above the din, made a veritable pandemonium.

For a period variously estimated, probably not far from two hours, yet long enough for many to fire their sixty rounds, the brigade, "without sign of panic or wavering," held the enemy at bay.

Several speak of seeing Colonel Chambers passing along in

* Tilton.

† Trowt.



STEPHEN C. ROSE.

rear of the line with his hands upon the pit of his stomach, seemingly in great pain. The men continued to fire in the direction from which the enemy's bullets came, "receiving no intimation that anything was wrong" until they found the gray-backs coming up in their rear from the right of the line. In the midst of the tumult came the order to fix bayonets. Every man was on his feet in an instant.

"I heard Captain Raymond say, 'Fall back.' I kept close by Sergeant Wallis, who carried our national colors, and we made our way to the rear under a terrific fire. In passing through the woods we became separated, and when I struck the road I found myself in company with Daniels. We met the 112th New York marching down the road to re-enforce us. Within three minutes the 112th received a volley, and the brave Colonel, mortally wounded, passed us clinging to his horse." *

Crocker, moving toward the right rear, found himself confronting the rebel column, and was ordered to their rear as a prisoner.

"Instead of obeying, I jumped quickly back toward the line of the regiment (23d), hurried on by shouts of 'Shoot the d——d Yankee.' The regiment had already fallen back, and as I pushed on, I dodged under the barn door, seizing my haversack and canteen. My cap was knocked from my head, but the enemy was too near for me to stop and recover it. A short distance further on I came upon Lieutenant Wheeler, endeavoring to rally some men. Almost immediately he was wounded and was carried to the rear in a blanket. Just beyond this point I came across a negro, some officer's servant, terribly frightened and seeking a place of safety. I borrowed his cap, remarking that his skull could get along better than mine without a covering."

Near the spot where we bivouacked on the night of the thir-

* Tilton.

teenth, Captain Raymond formed what was left of the regiment. Wallis, with the national colors, was there, but the State flag was missing. Several batteries were placed in position near us, and stationed in support of one of them we awaited the course of events, soon having the satisfaction of witnessing a stay in the progress of the victorious enemy.

A detachment of the 23d was ordered by General Smith to occupy a house off on the right, to keep out rebel sharpshooters. In response to Captain Raymond's inquiry, "There are not many of us, shall I not take the whole regiment?" the General replied: "A company of such men is good enough."

That night we returned to our old camp, from which we had confidently marched forth five days before, and the whole army retired within the entrenchments at Bermuda Hundred.

It was a sad roll-call that evening. Of the fourteen men F had in line, seven were missing: Sergt. David Carlton, Corp. Silas Winchester, Privates Chas. Dudley, E. P. Grosvenor, G. O. Hinckley, Wm. H. Swaney, and Alvah Tibbetts.

Swaney was wounded, and died eight days later in Richmond. Grosvenor, Hinckley, and Tibbetts died at Andersonville, Ga., and Winchester at Florence, S. C. Carlton "met a sad fate. His indefatigable unselfishness kept him, as long as reason lasted, among the cheeriest and most useful to his fellow prisoners. After a time, his privations induced the dementia, so common in the inhuman prison-pens. In this condition he wandered too near 'the dead line' and was *murdered* by his guards." *

Dudley was paroled.

One member of F, looking back through the long vista of thirty years, remembering the little differences (fun he thought them then), that sometimes existed between himself and Swaney, writes: —

* 23d History.



ALVAH TIBBETTS.

DAVID CARLTON.



ELI C. THOMAS.



EDW. P. GROSVENOR.



GEO. O. HINCKLEY.



SILAS WINCHESTER.



WM. H. SWANEY.



EBEN N. JOHNSON.

F'S PRISON-QUOTA.

"But when I saw him lying on the field at Drury's Bluff, knowing his fate and the utter impracticability of even attempting to carry him off, there was no *fun* in that. When I saw Lieutenant Wheeler of the brigade staff—'Our Dick,'—shot down while trying to rally the boys of the Star Brigade, and Trowt and I helped put him in a shelter and carry him to an ambulance, there was no fun in *that*, and I felt that war was a more serious business than I had realized." *

"Lieut. R. P. Wheeler died in Chesapeake Hospital at Fort Monroe, Va., June 2, 1864, of a wound received in the attack by General Beauregard upon General Butler's lines on the sixteenth of May, 1864. He enlisted in the 23d as First Sergeant of Company F, Captain Whipple. Colonel Kurtz pronounced him the best Orderly in the brigade. Colonel Chambers spoke of him in the highest terms. For something over a year and a half he served upon the staff of Brig. Gen. C. A. Heckman, most of the time as A. D. C. He was thoroughly honorable, generous, and loyal; one who had the regard of all, officers and men. His life was beyond reproach." †

For most of the time until the twenty-seventh of May we were engaged in strengthening the breastworks in our immediate front, the enemy making frequent but unsuccessful assaults along the whole line.

* Putnam.

† Paper of the time.

NOTE.—In response to a question by the author, in 1895, Gen. C. A. Heckman, upon whose staff Lieutenant Wheeler was serving at the time of his death, wrote as follows:—

"His sterling qualities secured him the love and respect of all with whom he came in contact. He was faithful and eminently efficient in the performance of his duties. I had the fullest confidence in him as an officer, and became greatly attached to him personally. I was told that he had declined an offer of promotion which would have necessitated his severance from the staff of the Red Star brigade, and you will remember that he (greatly to our satisfaction) remained with us until his transfer to the great army beyond, leaving a record unsullied by a single unworthy act. His gentle nature would have asked no fairer tribute to his virtues than the unfeigned sorrow of all who were left to mourn him."

CHAPTER XII.

COLD HARBOR.

MAY 28th, at 6.30 P. M., we moved out on the road leading from Cobb's Hill to Bermuda Hundred, turning off to the Appomattox, near Point of Rocks. After a short delay, we crossed the bridge, a guard with a lantern standing at each pontoon.

Turning sharply to the left as we reached the other shore, we followed the road along the right bank of the river. One writer notes that we passed a church, the walls of which were covered with charcoal drawings of considerable merit, the artist being a colored soldier of Hinks' division which had been stationed there. The evening seemed exceptionally dark, and we trudged along, now tramping swiftly over a good hard road, then stumbling over a miserable corduroy; now wading a small creek, again plunging through a thick stratum of mud.

At a late hour we bivouacked near the James, at City Point. Sunday, 29th, about six o'clock, we went on board the "Mon-tauk," and while we waited in the stream for sailing orders, our new Chaplain, Rev. Lewis L. Record, preached a good discourse, his subject being "Loyalty to the Union and to God."

Just about dark we steamed away down the river, anchoring off Newport News until the next morning, when we moved on up the York, passing our old camping-ground at Yorktown about 2 P. M.

At West Point we left the York for the narrower Pamunkey, whose sinuosity surpassed anything we had ever seen in the way of rivers, and that we had had *some* experience in river navigation we felt convinced. The banks here were quite high, and on

one of the bluffs stood a collection of negro huts. From the window of one of them two black hands were thrust, waving a white cloth.

We ran aground in the afternoon, and were unable to get clear until about eight o'clock next morning (31st), when, taking in tow again the schooner which had anchored near us at the time we grounded, we steamed along up the river, reaching White House at 12 M.

Rations were drawn, and many improved the few hours of rest by making coffee and cooking, while others refreshed themselves in the cool waters of the river.

Among the many obscure hamlets to which the Civil War gave a national, if not a universal, reputation, was Cold Harbor, whose name, a relic of the "land across the sea," years before excited the interest of the philologist, then as now curious as to the derivation of words.

To the general reader of history, who wonderingly peruses the story, and notes the comments of the actors in the conflict, it appears to have been sanguinary in the extreme, utterly wasteful of human life, and wholly fruitless of good in its results.

Of it, General Grant said: "Cold Harbor is the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight over again under the circumstances," and the rebel general Law, as he stood behind his lines that day and watched the Star Brigade in its gallant but ineffectual charge

"Into the jaws of death,"

noted the melting away of those serried columns, and long afterward declared "*it was not war, it was murder.*" Those who participated in the Cold Harbor campaign look back to it as upon a picture whose gloomy shadows are unrelieved by a single gleam of light. They have vivid recollections which the passing

years fail to dim, of the hot and dusty march, the advance into the seething, pitiless storm of missiles, and the backward movement of the assaulting column as with decimated ranks it retired to the shelter of the rifle pits.

And then the following days of anxious vigil, when the works erected mainly by aid of bayonet and plate, were so near those of the enemy that the slightest exposure of person brought death or mutilation, while with terrible directness the wind bore to their unwilling senses the effluvia from the decomposing bodies of the slain, blackened beyond recognition, lying where they fell under the blistering heat of a southern sun.

To those dread days of hardship and suffering the men of Company F, with their fellows, marched bravely forth from White House on the thirty-first of May.

At 3 P. M. that day the brigade moved out about two miles along the Richmond & York River Railroad, and then took the road running northwesterly in the direction of Newcastle. It was excessively hot, one of the diarists characterizing that march as "the hottest we ever made"; but says the Orderly,* "there was no falling out, and every man was in his place when we went into camp that night."

A short halt about 7 P. M. gave scant time for rations, and one of the boys at brigade headquarters then learned from a member of the staff that our march would probably be prolonged until one o'clock. As a matter of fact we bivouacked about eleven, thankful enough for the rest so tardily accorded us.

June 1. We were on the move at 7 A. M., and after marching two hours halted, it being whispered that we were on the wrong road. We had heard artillery far away to our left all the morning, and as we trudged along on the back track for a short distance, and then by a road leading directly south, the firing

* Daniels.



BROWN E, SHAW.

became more distinct. We waited at the cross roads for a portion of the 6th Corps to pass, and then followed on at a rapid pace, coming to a halt about 3 P. M. The choking clouds of dust superadded to the heat of that June day makes *that* march memorable in the minds of many of the comrades.

There was no mistaking the sounds of war in front. "The 6th Corps was already engaged and we were ordered in to their support. The firing along our lines was heavy and continuous until night set in. Company F was ordered out on picket. We could distinctly hear the enemy at work strengthening their line of works. We were relieved next morning by a detail from our own regiment." *

Some five hundred prisoners went along down the road that morning, and in response to a remark by one of the Union soldiers, a "Johnny" replied "There's a right smart lot of us behind to fight you," adding, with a laugh, "It's a long road to Richmond yet."

With us the second was comparatively a quiet day. One writer † remembers plucking strawberries that afternoon near the Kelley house, and contrasts such peaceful occupation with the stormy scenes of the next morning. At 10 P. M. the 23d was ordered out to picket the Bethesda Road and protect the trains of the 5th Corps, then passing to a new position on the left.

3d. We left the vicinity of Beulah Church, moving past the Cold Harbor House and along the road to the left for perhaps half a mile, then through the fields directly toward the front. The 23d was now formed in close column by division, six companies only being present.

The other regiments of the brigade, in front, formed *en masse* by division, "were in full view, and when we marched in that morning I said to Wallis, 'We're all right to-day, Dave, look

* Tilton.

† Browne.

there! there are men enough ahead of us to go through to the Gulf of Mexico.' " * At the order the brigade moved forward, the enemy opening from artillery and small arms a tremendous fire, to which the command was exposed every instant during the advance.

"F, on the right of the 2d division, was commanded by Capt. H. P. Woodbury, who, indeed, led the division from the time when at the order 'Forward' we clambered over our works and moved steadily up the gradual slope, under that terrible shower of shot and shell, until we came to a stand within a short distance of the enemy's works."

So intense was the fire, "that the divisions in front seemed to melt away like snow falling on moist ground."

As the 23d's colors, borne by Sergeant David Wallis of F, went over the works, lying in the line of the charge, a minie ball struck the staff, passed close by his neck on the right side, killing a Corporal of Company G in rear of him. The staff was knocked from his hand, and, as the mass of humanity came surging back he was forced, notwithstanding all his efforts to recover the flag, to the Union side of the breastwork. He afterward jumped over the work, secured the standard from under the bodies of the men who had fallen, and amid a shower of balls bore it safely to shelter. Two bullets went through his blouse and a piece of bunting about as large as one's hand was torn from the flag by a bursting shell.

Any movement on the part of men lying amid that "wind-row" of dead and dying, marking the extreme point reached by the column which moved so bravely to the assault in the gray light of the early morning, evoked a rain of bullets from the rebel riflemen, evidently watching the ghastly heap for those who dropped there, possibly unhurt, and whom they hoped to take prisoners of war.

* Daniels.

Gen. Geo. J. Stannard, commanding the brigade, in his official report, says: —

“As soon as the intervening rifle-pit was cleared, and my command reached the edge of the ravine, it at once became evident, in view of the converging fire of musketry, and the direct fire of artillery, which was cutting down each successive division as it rose the knoll, that it would be impossible for a sufficient number of men to reach the works to produce any effect upon the enemy, and, as no concert of action on the part of other commands was apparent, I ordered the remnant of my command to retire to the rifle-pits, which they did in good order, holding the advanced line for more than two hours, when, having strengthened my second line with the 9th New Jersey Vols., which had opportunely arrived, I withdrew to that line.”

“We dropped close to the ground, and may have been two or three hours engaged, when I felt a sharp twinge in my left arm, the blood running freely down my hand. I realized that I had been ‘winged’ by a rebel bullet, and that I could render no further service. I jumped back over the rifle-pit, and wended my way through the ravine. Such a sight, — all about me were men killed or sorely wounded. Reaching the place where we went in that morning, I found a hospital established on the knoll, but the surgeons were too busy to attend to me. Many of the poor fellows were beyond help, and their lives were slowly ebbing away. I found a surgeon still farther to the rear, who fixed me up, but my wound was not properly dressed until I reached White House Landing.” *

“I was wounded after, as I understood, the order ‘down’ was given, and lay there long enough to take in the position of the rebel lines, which were not over twenty-five yards distant. In our immediate front was a battery of three guns, which kept up a rapid fire, and to which the contiguous works converged, they being lined with infantry which poured into us during the charge a continuous shower of bullets.” †

* Tilton.

† Crocker.

A little experimenting satisfied Crocker that he could make some use of his wounded leg, and getting on his feet, with some effort, he made a bee-line down the slope, plunging into the swampy ground at the foot.

"The firing was continuous, but now more like a drizzle after a heavy shower of rain. My overcoat had five shot-holes in it, but only one had drawn blood."

Fischer, unhurt himself, except that the flat side of a spent piece of shell made a black and blue spot on "the small of the back," found afterwards nine shot-holes in his shelter, seven in his woolen, and two in his rubber blanket, the several folds thus conspiring to magnify the effect of three bullets.

Daniels was one of those who found shelter on the Union side of a line of works over which the brigade had charged. There he remained until late in the day, when word was sent in that all who could must get out, as a new line of works was to be erected, and they would be between the lines. "Quite a number, not many were able, started for the rear, the movement being the signal for another dose of canister."

Night came down upon the field with our dead and wounded lying where they fell between the lines, the groans of the wounded and the moaning of the dying being described as heart-rending. Hampered by lack of entrenching tools and still more by the peevishness of our "misguided neighbors," just across the debatable ground, who had little regard for life or limb, if the property of the hated Yankee, the men toiled all night throwing up in front the earth which could be manipulated by plate and dipper, only as it was loosened by the bayonet. When the morning dawned, a respectable breastwork, bristling with bayonets, stood over against those erected by the rebels. Behind this shelter the Army of the Potomac waited orders for the next flank movement which was to take it southward to and beyond the James.

That morning we were ordered farther to the left where we



SAMUEL S. SOUTHWARD.

found some really excellent works. Here it was that Captain Woodbury was wounded. He was in the trenches, safely covered by the breastwork, when a minie-ball struck the limb of a tree overhead and glancing down hit him in the leg.

For several days, "no cessation of hostilities was asked for, and common rumor gave as a reason that there was fear of a refusal, as there were no dead or wounded of the enemy between the lines to be cared for." *

"It was done at last on the evening of the third day after the battle, when for the most part the wounded needed no further care, and our dead had to be buried almost where they fell." †

Upon our former comrade, Doctor Emmerton, now Assistant-Surgeon of the 23d, devolved the duty of bearing the flag of truce. Let me quote his own words: —

"Towards night an order, which was said to have been addressed in turn to all the medical officers of a superior rank in the corps and had found all too busy to attend to it, came to me to go out with a flag of truce and arrange for the rescue of the wounded and the burial of the dead. There was little time for ceremony. Carrying a ramrod to which had been fixed a sheet of lint, I climbed over the works. On the neutral ground I met a Mississippi Major, who speedily assured me, it needed little demonstration, that all our men, not already dead, had been made prisoners by the enemy. The little space between our works and the old well-finished works of the enemy was thickly strewn with the dead. But whose dead? There were no colored troops charging with us. These faces are black as ebony. Five long summer suns have changed our comrades to bloated Ethiops. The all-devouring worms are pouring forth in disgusting eruption, from mouth and nostril and ear. There was little chance for recognition. Here and there some comrade could certify the place where his friend fell dead beside

* Major-General Smith in "The 18th Corps at Cold Harbor."

† Brevet Maj.-Gen. Martin T. McMahon in "Cold Harbor."

him. . . . For the most part, the seventy-one bodies found were consigned to a common grave 'in one red burial blent.' " *

For ten days, a part of the time in the very front line, we lived, or rather existed, on this "field of death." All day the riflemen on either side watched their opponents with ceaseless vigilance, improving every opportunity to speed the deadly bullet straight to its mark in body or limb of some careless enemy. Although there were some reckless ones, most men learned to be cautious under such conditions. At night the construction of the works was pushed, the weary men building anew here, strengthening there, again running a parallel or zig-zag closer to the enemy's lines, often dropping their entrenching tools to seize their rifles and man the breastworks, when in the darkness of the early morning the conditions seemed favorable for an assault.

There was hardly any cessation in the din of small arms, punctuated by the sharp reports of the field-pieces and the hollower boom of the mortars, while the heavy atmosphere was charged with the sulphurous fumes of powder.

Out of the fifteen or sixteen men that Company F carried into Cold Harbor (the whole regiment numbered but one hundred and sixty-seven), half were wounded, strangely enough none being killed. The wounded were: Capt. H. P. Woodbury, Corp. J. P. Tilton, Corp. J. M. Crocker, Privates Peter Becker, Ezra L. Browne, Albert C. Ellison, Frank R. Bunker, and Eben N. Johnson.

Johnson was wounded in the head and taken prisoner. It was learned after the war that on the morning following the charge, suffering intense thirst, he essayed to crawl in search of water, perhaps hoping to obtain it from the canteen of some dead comrade. The rebels saw him move and called out, "Come this way," and he was compelled to do so.

* 23d History.

Johnson may possibly have had a premonition of disaster to himself, for before going into the battle that morning he said to a comrade, "If anything happens to me I want you to get me out, and I will do the same for you." He died a few months later at Andersonville.

12th. About 9 P. M. we left the trenches and marched rapidly to White House Landing, covering the distance, some twenty-two miles, before five o'clock next morning. On either hand along the road stood long lines of army wagons, to which the mules were attached, doubtless gathering for their trip "across country" to the James River.

Embarking on the propeller "J. Devenny," she carried us safely over what had come to be for us a regular thoroughfare to City Point, this being the fourth time we had sailed over a portion of the route. As we steamed up James River the troops which had crossed the Peninsula were being ferried over at Harrison's Landing. At City Point we were directed to proceed up the Appomattox to Point of Rocks, and just at night landed, finding ourselves once more on familiar ground.

Went into camp in rear of the entrenchments about midway between the rivers, where we quietly remained until the twentieth, one day making a reconnaissance to and beyond the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, where a section of the track was torn up and telegraph connection destroyed "*ad libitum*."

The last of the month Assistant Surgeon Emmerton left the regiment to assume new duties and higher rank. Although we came somewhat under his care in the spring months of 1865 at Kinston, N. C., he was never afterward officially connected with the regiment. Company F may claim the honor of furnishing a good surgeon and first-class historian to the 23d.

CHAPTER XIII.

PETERSBURG.

JUNE 20. Crossed the pontoon to the south side of the Appomattox, and moved out along the Spring Hill Road to the Petersburg front. The next morning we joined the brigade, from which we had been temporarily detached since our return from Cold Harbor, and that night between nine and ten o'clock went into the trenches.

Grant's investing lines were now being drawn about the city in python-like folds, whose close embrace was never to be loosened until the end. From the Appomattox River, where rested the right of the 18th Corps, the double line of works — Union and Confederate — circled in a wide sweep toward the south and left for several miles.

A deep ravine, beginning at the river, ran toward the left, in rear of and generally parallel with our line. It was said to extend for a long distance in that direction, although gradually becoming a less prominent feature in the landscape. The Petersburg and City Point Railroad bridge crossed it a short distance from the river. In this ravine the regiments in reserve encamped when at the rear, and here, perhaps half a mile south of the bridge, Company F rested in the intervals of duty in the trenches.

In small spurs or branches of the main ravine were located the camps of the several division and brigade headquarters, screened from the heat of the sun by boughs and bushes laid overhead upon a frame or scaffolding. The writer remembers one of these embowered camps, that of the headquarters of the



JOHN P. TILTON.

1st Division, 18th Army Corps, which was a model in its way and admired by all visitors.

These lateral fissures were very uncomfortable dwelling places during those hot days, for, unless the wind was in the right direction, not a breath of air penetrated them.

The tour of duty at the front began, say at 10 o'clock P. M., continuing for forty-eight hours, thus giving one full night in the trenches, the troops always entering and retiring after dark. The period of rest at the rear was for the same length of time. We usually entered at about the same place, through what first appeared to us a labyrinth of traverses and covered ways, by which the danger was minimized in approaching the front line.

For a week after we went to the Petersburg front the nights on which we withdrew from the front line were spent in levelling old works, in rear and somewhat toward the right of the 18th Corps line.

Our life in the trenches, though sometimes exciting, was for the most part very monotonous. It was not possible to take a constitutional "in the open," for our friends just over the way were too assiduous in their attentions. Although on portions of the line, common report said, there was an understanding that neither side was to fire upon the other, it would not do to tempt the Johnnies too strongly, for they had long been accustomed to consider us legitimate targets for their rifles, and the force of habit was hard to overcome. We read the papers when we could get them, principally the New York *Herald*. Those given to the use of the weed blandly puffed at their pipes, as if war and fighting were unknown.

Much of the time was given to sleep, the men thus making up for wakeful nights. Some report card playing as one of the pastimes, not at all unlikely when we remember the passion for the game exhibited in the old Highlander days. Then there were letters to write, for ours was an army of letter-writers, and few there were, certainly from our own New England, who did

not do something in that line. We could hear the cars running in and out of Petersburg and the clang of her church bells, softened by distance, came floating over the lines, often mingled with the clamor of belligerents.

It was very hot in the pits on those bright summer days. Here and there a tree, spared by the builders and shells, may have cast its scanty shadow over a small fraction of ground; occasionally the line ran through a bit of woods, but generally there was nothing to screen us from the sun's rays. Those who had "shelters" spread them across the trench, but even then when there was a light wind or none at all the heat was stifling.

Often, in the darkness, we were treated to brilliant displays, interesting in direct ratio to their distance. The mortar-firing always attracted attention. A flash at some distance on our right was followed by the hollow boom of the mortar, and a little spark of fire could be seen rising slowly into the air, describing a beautiful curve as it reached its height. Beginning to descend, it moved more and more rapidly, the hissing of the fuse sounding louder and louder as it came nearer. Suddenly, coincident with the explosion, came a flash that illumined the whole landscape, and the ensuing darkness could almost be felt.

The Coehorn mortar was small, and easily carried by two men. The direction of its fire was thus readily changed, and a single mortar, moved from place to place, might to the enemy appear to be a whole battery.

The lines of fire from the several batteries were soon understood, and when we saw a puff of smoke, and an instant later heard the roar of the heavy gun, we could at least approximate the objective point of the shell. Occasionally a new battery would be placed in position, and the line of flight of its projectiles would be unknown. "One stands with eyes and mouth open, every sense alert. Where will it drop? We soon learn, and if not *too* uncomfortably near, we borrow no further trouble on account of *that* battery."

There was great diversity in the sound of the various missiles which our considerate friends hurled at us. The shriek of a Whitworth, seeming to cry, "Which one, which one, which one?" the whir-r of a round shot, and the scream of a conical shell, were readily distinguished. Some good, honest shells flew over, with a professional directness which insured respect. Occasionally one appeared, as it were, to stumble along with a sideling motion and a swaggering noise, which was often interpreted as saying, "Where 's that nigger? Where 's that nigger?"

On the hill across the valley, in rear of the 18th Corps, was planted a heavy gun, which, at intervals of fifteen minutes, occasionally less, sent a shell into Petersburg. We could hear the report, then the scream of the missile as it flew overhead on its deadly errand. "There goes the Express," would pass from lip to lip. In a few seconds came the explosion of the shell, then the reverberations among the buildings, and, "for the nonce," stillness reigned.

26th. This evening there was a little flurry on the line. Just in the rear of the regimental camp, in the great ravine, Henry Martin and Whit. Dodge had turned in for the night under one blanket. A few stray missiles reached them even there, and Martin was struck by an explosive ball, which made an ugly wound in the right foot, another ball, at the same time, passing through the collar of his coat. He was sent to Fort Monroe.*

Soon after the first of July, Bunker was wounded. At that time he was on detailed service at brigade headquarters, and was shot while going into the trenches to deliver a message. He was carried to the rear by some men belonging to a New York regiment, and being for a long time without proper care, it was several months after the war ended before the wound properly

* Martin left Fort Monroe on the 4th of July by steamer for Philadelphia, where he had quite an experience in three of its hospitals. He received his discharge Nov. 17, 1864.

healed. The tibia was splintered, and nine pieces of bone were taken out. Early this month Wm. H. Townsend died at the Corps Hospital.

July 15. Ivory Thompson and A. D. Trowt returned to the company, having been on detailed service as guard at Division Headquarters since June 2.

16th. One member of F remembers his first night in the gopher holes in front of Petersburg.

"Two of us were marched over the breastworks after sundown and left in an oblong cavity the size and shape of a grave, and *grave* were our thoughts as we pondered on our not very pleasant position. I do not remember that we talked much; think my comrade took in the gravity of the situation as much as I. It was a cloudy night; between the lines was a melon-patch, and we could dimly see some of the more venturesome 'Yanks' and 'Johnnies' flitting about like ghosts or ghouls in search of the luscious fruit. What was out of my reach was perfectly safe as far as I was concerned, and I was glad when our two hours were over and we safely inside our works again."*

17th. The rebel sharpshooters seemed specially active all day, and men on our side had to lie low and keep under cover. At 2.30 A. M. of the eighteenth we were ordered up, as it was very foggy and a surprise was feared. Drury's Bluff was fresh in mind.

It was not unusual, however, for the troops in the trenches, and sometimes those in reserve, to be aroused at three o'clock in the morning, and required to remain under arms till daylight, in readiness to repel any attack.

At some parts of the line the free exchange of papers and tobacco was allowed. "On one side or the other a paper is waved above the breastworks. Upon return of the signal the men climb over the works and walk out to the middle ground,

* Trowt.



ANDREW D. TROWT.

shake hands, have a few minutes' chat, and separate. On the twentieth some seven or eight of our boys thus passed out and drove quite a brisk trade" in the above commodities.

One night a large fire raged in the city and the bells rang a general alarm. Trains were running constantly. The battery of thirty pounders on the "point" at the right of the first division was in full play, and the spiteful sound of rifles from the "gopher holes" in front added to the general din. Even the "Petersburg Express" sent across the valley its somewhat doubtful messages of condolence. "Orders from Headquarters stopped the firing from the battery, and soon all became quiet."

On the night before Burnside's mine was blown up we occupied the usual position at the left of the first division, whose right rested on the Appomattox River. There were three lines of works at this point roughly parallel to each other. Captain Raymond, now in command of the regiment, directed the Sergeant-Major* to go in and order the men out from the pits and instruct them to report to their companies.

"I crawled in, and as fast as I reached the men I ordered them to report at once to the regiment at the rear. When I reached the last man we crept out together, but at the first line which we expected to find full of men we found none. The second line was also empty, but we were challenged at the third, the countersign carrying us through safely. Inquiring for the 23d we were told it had been relieved and was back in the ravine, and there we found it making preparations to move."

Moving toward the left we took position assigned us in rear of the Union line. Here we waited until the dawn gave us a view of the scene. The troops were massed closely and an air of expectation pervaded the whole army. At half past four there was an upheaval of the ground, a mass of rocks and earth and smoke was thrown up in one tremendous column, the dull

* Daniels.

roar of an explosion following. All along the line every gun opened its brazen throat, the air was full of shells, and the roar of musketry was terrific.

"It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages, and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge." *

After the explosion we moved first to the left a short distance, then to the right, where we took position on the right of the 9th Corps. Here we were nearer than ever to our friends of the other side, the opposing lines being so close that hand grenades were thrown from one to the other.

August 1. A flag of truce to-day secured a short reprieve from the killing business. On both sides men were standing in crowds on the breastworks gazing curiously toward those of the enemy. A rebel officer stalking about in a fine new pair of top boots was accosted by one of the bluecoats: "Say, where did you get those boots; capture them in Pennsylvania?" "No," was the response, "I bought them and paid for them." †

At 9 A. M. a peaceful blank cartridge was fired by the "Johnnies." "Get back, Yanks, into your holes," they shouted. The truce was ended. Every man sprang for cover and the ball again opened.

The enemy had tunnelled just in front of the 23d's position, evidently with the intention of blowing up a sap that had been run toward their works. The explosion took place at five o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth, at some distance in advance of our line. "The smoke from the explosion had

* Major W. H. Powell in "Battle of the Petersburg Crater."

One of the rebel prisoners asserted that he went up two thousand feet, and struck on his head when he came down.—*Letter of the time.*

† Fischer.

hardly cleared away, when our men answered the rebel fire and drowned the rebel yell with their wild cheers of derision at the failure of their mining operations." *

At the time, one of F's men, just returned from detail at New Berne, was engaged in hunting "*graybacks*," of which the trenches held an abundant supply and no man had the monopoly. It is yet a question with Bunker as to "who raised the strongest stock." He is rather inclined to give —— credit for the most fearful mixture, claiming "that he got them from his chopping crowd."

9th. Papers received to-night report that General Heckman has been exchanged.

15th. "On the plain at the farther side and just at the edge of the big ravine stood two army wagons. We had before noticed the teamsters who seemed to be taking it pretty leisurely, for we thought they must be within sight of the enemy and range of his guns. All at once, boom — whirr — came a solid shot, striking the ground not far from them. The teamsters sprang to their feet and began nervously 'to hook up.' Boom — whirr — came another, this time a little nearer. It was amusing to watch them. At the report of a gun anywhere on the line, no matter how distant, they fell flat on their faces, springing again to their feet as they found themselves unharmed, and continuing the hitching up process. They finally moved away and no more shots came." †

This afternoon occurred the severest storm of the summer. In less than an hour the little brook, which flowed lazily along toward the river at about the central part of the ravine, became a roaring torrent, spreading out into a respectable lake where the floor of the ravine was lowest. Sutlers' stores, planks, barrels, logs, and shelter tents went sweeping along toward the Appomattox. The soldiers along the banks secured barrels and

* Correspondent New York *Herald*.

† Letter of the time.

boxes of commissary and sutlers' stores for the benefit of their commissariat, and Trowt fished out a huge watermelon which, too large for one, helped out the evening meal of his immediate friends.

The water rose to the bodies of the army wagons, and in some cases the mules tied to the "tongues" had to be cut loose. Within two hours the water had nearly all disappeared, and the ground was a mass of mud covered with wreckage.

Along the line the water was fully as abundant, filling "the excavations, turning bomb-proofs to cisterns and zigzags to canals." * Much of the ammunition was wet, and until new could be issued there was grave anxiety over the situation, although it is probable that the enemy were as badly off as ourselves, and possibly quite as anxious.

On the twentieth it rained very hard and water rose two or three feet in some parts of the ravine.

21st. For several days the shelling had been unusually active, and shells frequently struck the ground near our camp at the rear. It was great fun to all but Chapple to watch Curly dash after them as they reached the ground, and the adjectives and epithets which he applied to her as he endeavored to restrain her seeming waywardness, were not altogether complimentary, even to a dog.

The boys were very social with the "Johnnies," who told us that the men of the 5th Corps, which preceded the 18th at this part of the line, made an agreement with them not to fire on each other except in case of a general attack.

"From the plain just outside our works a fine view of the Crater and adjoining works is obtained."

Captain Woodbury returned from furlough to-day.

24th. Relieved from duty in front and returned to the ravine, reaching our sleeping place not far from midnight.

* 23d History.



O. W. H. UPHAM.

25th. Drew rations and "moved," this time in the direction of Bermuda Hundred, crossing the pontoon bridge at Broadway Landing, and settling down to bivouac at a short distance from the river. There are rumors of an early departure for North Carolina. The men hope they are well founded.

General Heckman visited the brigade to-day and was greeted with much enthusiasm by the men of the several regiments.* After his exchange, General Heckman was ordered to the Army of the James. He had command at the capture of Fort Harrison, and was highly complimented by General Grant for the ability he displayed.

When the 10th and 18th Corps were consolidated into the 24th Corps in December, 1864, the three colored divisions were organized by the General into the 25th Corps, and he was in command of it through that winter.

He resigned May 25, 1865. He devoted all his energies to the great cause, in which he did "yeoman's service," and as has been well said, "he was a true soldier of the Republic."

*The boys of Company F, remembering General Heckman as the efficient and daring commander of the Red Star Brigade until his capture at Drury's Bluff, Va., will regret to learn that he passed away at the age of seventy-three, Jan. 14, 1896, at his pleasant home in Germantown, Pa. He had been for some years quite an invalid, and his last days were filled with suffering, except at the end, when he peacefully closed his eyes as in sleep. His last word was "Forward," spoken "with some trace of his old habit of decision and command." His disease was kidney complaint, which had troubled him for years, "and was the result of the bruise he received at Port Walthall when his horse 'Mustang' was shot." It was the author's privilege to spend several hours with him, May 16, 1892, twenty-eight years to a day, after the disaster at Drury's Bluff, when he saw the General for the last time during that long period, as he mounted his horse at the sound of the rebel yell and dashed down the road to the front. He entertained the liveliest feelings of regard for the men of his old command, and often spoke of them in his letters.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO THE OLD NORTH STATE.

SEPTEMBER 4. Orders were received to-night for the regiment to embark for New Berne. It may be easily imagined that the prospect of return to the Old North State was especially pleasing to our weary men. Her piney woods, the haunt of the wild pig, so often in the old days a mark for our "Enfields," and her sandy levels, luxuriant with the "gamey goober," and the "festive flea," associated as they were with our earliest service, had many attractions for our 23d boys, and there were no laggards in the work of preparation for the trip.

5th. At 11.30 A. M. boarded the steamer "Wenonah" and left Bermuda Hundred, anchoring at 9 P. M. near the wharf at Fort Monroe. Here Carleton and Sargent rejoined the company, and Glazier, on duty at Hampton, paid us a short visit. Next day we sailed over to Portsmouth and procured our knapsacks, from which we had been parted since the last of April, when we left Getty's Station on the summer campaign. We were detained here until the ninth on account of a severe storm, but at 5 P. M. of that day we lifted the anchor and sailed out between the capes, bound for our old stamping ground in North Carolina, to which "a calm sea and prosperous voyage" brought us by 10 P. M. on the eleventh.

Landed at the wharf near Fort Spinola, and went into camp between the river and the railroad, not far from Camp Pendleton, where we passed many pleasant days in the fall of '62.

On the thirteenth we moved into the camp formerly occupied by the 9th Maine, now named after the lamented Chambers, who fell at Drury's Bluff. Pleasantly situated on the banks of the



DAVID B. WALLIS,
Color-Sergeant 23d Mass. Vols.

Neuse, our tents were well stockaded, and if we might judge by their cook-houses, the cuisine of the Maine boys had been well cared for.

Glazier, Winchester, and Edgerly now returned to the company, and J. W. Dodge was detailed for service at the hospital. Our duties here were not very arduous; beside those pertaining to the camp, there was an occasional detail for picket, and now and then a trip to Morehead as guard for trains.

20th. "Visited the city and called on Woodbury, Pinkham, and Shaw, on detailed service, and last but not least, my devoted friend, Aunt Hannah Robinson, fat and jolly as ever, delighted that the boys had returned to 'Ole Carline.' " *

Those members of F who, when the band was discharged with others in 1862, went into their quarters on Pollock Street, doubtless remember Aunt Hannah, or will at least when we speak of the biscuit and sweet-cakes she used to make, for ofttimes the stomach has a wonderfully quickening effect upon the memory. She always gave the boys a cheery welcome, and was especially pleased to see Osborne, Putnam, and Trowt (happy trio) upon their return from our numerous expeditions.

During the latter part of September the yellow fever raged in New Berne, and many poor fellows, spared by bullets, went down before the dread scourge. The city became like a charnel house. A funereal stillness pervaded the streets, fires burning at every corner, and only those compelled by duty were suffered, or cared, to enter.

During the prevalence of the disease those whose duties required their presence at the hospitals remained bravely at their posts, performing deeds none the less heroic because invisible to the outside world.

"I do not know that he is alone, but there are certainly not many whose meed is greater than that of Corp. Henry F. Waters of Company F. He had been, more than two years,

* Trowt.

clerk in the general hospitals. The time for which he enlisted had expired, and he might have honorably sought safety in his northern home. He remained at his post till *all* around him had been stricken down; till he himself fell, and then, after a few days at Morehead, returned and remained until the danger was over."

"Nor did the fact that he had been detached more than two years, in fact promoted out of the regiment for the greater part of the time, help much the sorrow in the regiment at the loss of Billy Prime, once of F, who died Sept. 27. Though not of us he had been hearty in receiving, and watchful in caring for, all of us whom wounds or disease had sent to general hospital." *

At the expiration of their term of service the non-re-enlisted members of the company, with those who joined it in 1862, left for home on the steamer "Thorne," sailing on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh. A slight accident to the machinery detained us several hours in the river. For once, Hatteras was respectful and gave us a quiet "send-off," and we anchored in Hampton Roads early on the twenty-ninth; we were quarantined here a short time, as we came from an infected port. On the thirtieth, Pinkham, who had been quite sick, died, and the steamer ran out to sea several miles, where his body was consigned to the ocean.

October 2. Ordered up the York River to Yorktown, but we had not proceeded far before the tug "Blackbird" overhauled us with orders to return. We were transferred to the "Admiral Dupont," and just at night sailed for New York, there being again transferred, this time to the steamer "Charles Thomas." We reached Boston on the sixth. Colonel Kurtz was almost the first person to greet us, and we received on every hand a most cordial welcome. On the thirteenth the company reported at Lynnfield for final muster out and pay.

* 23d History.



JOSIAH H. WOODBURY.

On the 27th of September one of F's men,* who had been on detached service at 18th Corps headquarters, came down from the Bermuda Hundred front, expecting to meet the company as it came up from North Carolina. The regiment not having arrived, the Provost Marshal sent him out to Camp Distribution, promising to notify him when it was ready to leave for Boston. This he failed to do, and it was not until Oct. 11, a week after the regiment had sailed, that he secured a pass to Baltimore, the Provost Marshal there threatening another detention at Camp *Distribution*. He was finally passed on, reaching Boston on the fourteenth, the day after the company was mustered out.

For a brief space let us return to the old North State, across which Sherman, with his "dashing Yankee boys," is steadily making his way. Company F, reduced to a mere handful by the fortunes of war and especially by the departure of its non-re-enlisted men, moved out from camp with the regiment soon after the 1st of March.

A large number of Westerners, convalescents sent from Washington to New Berne to rejoin their commands, now moving north with Sherman's army, had been temporarily transferred to the 23d, F receiving her proportion of the new levies.

The 23d Battalion formed part of General Schofield's force, advancing for the purpose of opening communication with General Sherman's army at Goldsboro. They moved up the railroad toward Kinston, having an occasional brush with the enemy until they reached Southwest Creek about the seventh.

For several days the rebels disputed their advance, but eventually retired, being closely followed by the Federals. During one of these encounters, on the 8th of March, Sergeant Snapp was wounded in the arm and Private John Forrest in the chest.

The 23d was detailed to remain at Kinston, to guard the

* Valentine.

bridge over the Neuse River. Here Sherman's men left them, proceeding on to join their respective regiments.

The 23d also guarded at this point hundreds of bushels of grain intended for Sherman's army, and here they remained until the 2d of May, when the command was ordered to New Berne to patrol the city. It went into camp near Fort Totten, performing this duty until the last of June.

About this time Charles Dudley, who was captured at Drury's Bluff, rejoined the company. He was the only man of Company F who survived the horrors of the rebel prisons.

On the twenty-fifth an orderly rode into camp with a large envelope tucked under his belt. "When the boys saw him there was a general cry, 'Fall in to be mustered out.' In a very brief time the order came and we were soon mustered out of service, and everything turned over to the United States authorities."*

Gardner received from Colonel Raymond a warrant as principal musician. It was dated Sept. 28, 1864. "He said I had done the drumming for the regiment from that time, and I might as well have the pay for it."

The company was soon *en route* by rail to Morehead City, where a steamer was taken for home.

Not long after, "the ragged remnant of the 23d Mass. Vol. Infantry, after nearly four years of service, arrived in Boston. The Adjutant and Quartermaster had left us at New York to proceed by rail to Boston for the purpose of notifying our friends of our prospective arrival. The discomforts of the crowded steamer we willingly endured for a while longer, consoling ourselves with the thought of the feast of good things for body and mind that was being prepared for us in old Faneuil Hall. For had we not borne the nation's flag and the white

* Gardner.

banner of the Commonwealth through the war, making a record that was the pride of every member?"

"As we rolled into the station a half dozen of 'Boston's Finest' were on hand to do the honors, and with the drum beating two-four time, we marched to—Faneuil Hall to eat turkey? Ah! no; to the Providence Railroad Station, where a train was kindly provided to take us to Readville, there to encamp until we were paid and finally mustered out." *

The returning veterans were hardly noticed as they marched through the streets of the city. When they reached the station some of the men (Putnam was one) stepped on the cars from one side and off on the other, "deserting the regiment for the first and only time." After a short visit at their homes, these absentees reported at the camp in Readville in season to be mustered out with the regiment.

One of the last, if not the very last, promotion in the regiment was that of Sergeant Snapp of F, to the rank of Second Lieutenant, to which office, however, he was not mustered.

Company F was fortunate in the officers assigned to fill vacancies, and it will not be out of place to make some mention of them here.

Col. Henry Pickett Woodbury responded to the first call of the country in 1861 and went to the front with the Beverly Light Infantry as First Sergeant. At the close of the three months' campaign he joined the 23d Regiment as First Lieutenant of Company G. Was promoted to Captain and assigned to Company F while at Carolina City, in May, 1863, and later received commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. He did loyal service through the war, and at its close returned to his home at Beverly, being honored with various positions of trust, in 1877 representing Beverly in the Legislature. He was Commander of Post 89, G. A. R., a Marshal of Liberty Lodge of Free Masons, a Good Templar, and a Son of Temperance. He died at

* Putnam.

Beverly, Jan. 9, 1884, at the age of forty-eight years, eleven days, his disease having its foundation in the exposure incident to his army life. He was active in church work and was highly esteemed in the community in which he lived and died.

Second Lieut. George V. Barrett was promoted from Sergeant-Major in January, 1863, and assigned to Company F while at Camp Pendleton, reporting one afternoon just as the company was forming for dress parade. Later he received a commission as First Lieutenant and was transferred to another company, but he remained long enough with F to secure the good-will and esteem of the men, and proved himself an efficient officer.

Comrades, my task is done. We have followed the fortunes of the boys of F through the years in which, for love of country, they willingly endured hunger and thirst, the winter's cold and summer's blinding heat, while they tirelessly struggled for supremacy on bloody fields. All familiar with the trials of those days will agree that "the half has not been told."

Three decades have gone since they touched elbows in the ranks, and marched with swinging step to the music of the Union. Many since the war have been ordered forward, and the sweep of years has widely scattered the survivors. Now and then they meet each other in the busy world, but only to say, "Hail and farewell."

We are possibly yet too near those days of conflict for a just judgment upon their work, but future generations will fully realize its significance and value, and the people who shall occupy this fair land of ours, after not only the smoke of battle but the aftermath of factional friction shall have passed away, will look back with unclouded vision upon the terrible struggle, and devoutly thank the God of Nations that the boys of '61, in all the strength of their young manhood, so bravely, so persistently determined that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."



IN REUNION AT CLIFTON, MASS, JUNE 3d, 1889

BROWNE,	UPHAM,	DODGE,	FISCHER,	BAKNARD,	CHAPPLE,	LEE,	ROSE,	VALENTINE,	TILTON,
MCDUFFIE,	JENNESS,	ARRINGTON,	BRICKSTEAD,	DERBY,	TROWT,	WOODBURY,	SCRIGGINS,	DRIVER,	HAYWARD,
OSBORNE,	HOBBS,	NEWHALL,	AUSTIN,	TARBOX,	HAMBLT,	CROCKER,	FARLEY,	FIELD,	BECKER,
WALDRON,	CAIRD,	REED,	DERBY,	SOUTHWARD,	MANSFIELD,	DANIELS,	GRAY,	WHIPPLE,	COOK,

THOMAS.

THE ROSTER.

GEORGE MANTON WHIPPLE, Captain; b. Jan. 9, 1830; Bookseller; Mard.; Sergt. Salem Lt. Infy.; Capt. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. May 2, 1863; resides at Salem, Mass.

CHARLES HENRY BATES, 1st Lieut.; b. June 26, 1837; Clerk; Sing.; Salem Lt. Infy.; 2d Lieut. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Res. Jan. 8, 1863; Mard.; Last Reunion attended, 1889; died suddenly, Bedford, Mass., July 25, 1895.

GEORGE ROBINSON EMMERTON, 2d Lieut.; b. Feb. 9, 1836; Merchant; Sing.; 4th Lieut. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Prom. 1st Lieut. July 24, 1862, not mustered; Dischg'd. for Dis. Aug. 7, 1862; Mard., two daughters; Last R. 1886; died, Salem, May 22, 1888.

SUBSEQUENTLY ASSIGNED.

WOODBURY, HENRY PICKETT; b. Dec. 29, 1835; Cordr.; Mard.; 1st Sergt., Co. E, 8th M. V. M., 3 mos. Serv.; Enrd. Sept. 8, 1861, Co. G, Beverly; Capt. Co. F, May 3, 1863; Wd. C. H.; Comd. Lt. Col. Sept. 20, 1864; Dischg'd. as Captain from Hospital, June 25, 1865; died, Jan. 9, 1884.

BARRETT, GEORGE V.; 24; Sing.; Conductor; Co. B, 6th M. V. M., 3 mos. serv.; Enrd. Oct. 2, 1861, Shirley; 2d Sergt. Co. H; 1st Sergt. March 6, 1862; Sergt. Major Nov., 1862; 2d Lieut. and assigned to F Jan. 10, 1863; 1st Lieut. Oct. 8, 1863; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Ayer, Mass.

SERGEANTS.

RICHARD P. WHEELER, 1st Sergeant; b. Danvers, Aug. 16, 1835; Merchant; Sing.; Sergt. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861, Salem; 2d Lieut. March 15, 1862; 1st Lieut. Dec. 9, 1862; A. A. D. C., Staff of Brig.-Gen. C. A. Heckman; Wd. D. B.; died of Wd. June 2, 1864, Chesapeake Hospital.

PUTNAM T. DERBY, 2d Sergt.; 25; Tin worker; Sing.; Co. J., 8th M. V. M., 3 mos. Serv.; Enrd. Oct. 5, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Prom. March 30, 1863, Capt. U. S. C. T.; Danvers, Mass.

CHARLES HENRY HAYWARD, 3d Sergt.; b. Jan. 23, 1837; Clerk; Sing.; 1st Sergt. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 7, 1861, Salem; Sergt.-Maj. May 10, 1862; 2d Lieut. Aug. 20, 1862; 1st Lieut. Jan. 10, 1863; Wd. Whall.; Det. Rec. Serv. in Mass. 1863; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard., one son, two daughters; Salem, Mass.

PHILIP M. FOWLER, 4th Sergt.; Tailor; Mard.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861; Salem; Dischg'd. for Prom. Capt. U. S. C. T., March 30, 1863.

FRANCIS HIGGINSON LEE, 5th Sergt.; 24; Gentleman; Sing.; Corpl. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Det. Q. M. Dept.; Dischg'd., Order of Gen. Dix, July 19, 1864; Salem, Mass.

CORPORALS.

DAVID CARLTON, Corpl.; 34; b. Chelmsford; Carpenter; Mard.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Sergt.; 1st Sergt.; Wd., Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862; Pris. D. B.; killed by Prison Guard, Charleston, S. C., Sept. 25, 1864.

JOSEPH G. S. CARLETON, Corpl.; b. Aug. 10, 1837; Clerk; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Det. H. Q. Guard, and as Forage Master from November, 1863; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard.; Lynn, Mass.

CHARLES W. DAVIS, Corpl.; 32; Co. A., 5th M. V. M., 3 mos. serv.; Carpenter; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 5, 1861, Salem; Sergt.; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; died, Salem, Nov. 1, 1864.

JAMES ARTHUR EMMERTON, Corpl.; b. Aug. 28, 1834; Physician; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Gun crew; Asst. Surg., July 31, 1862; Dischgd. for Prom. May 27, 1864, Surg. 2d Mass. Hy. Arty.; Dischgd. end of war; Historian of 23d Regt.; Last R. 1887; died, Salem, Dec. 31, 1888.

GEORGE S. MANSFIELD, Corpl.; 29; Upholsterer; Mard.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Trans. to V. R. C., Feb. 8, 1864; Greenwood, Mass.

JACOB NAGEL, Corpl.; 34; Tailor; Mard.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. March 20, 1863; Egleston Sq., Mass.

LOUIS L. ROBBINS, Corpl.; b. Dec. 5, 1841; Salesman; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 2, 1861, Salem; Commy. Clerk on "Pilot Boy"; Wd. N. Berne; Dischgd. for Dis.; Mard., 2 sons, 1 daughter; Nyack, N. Y.

HENRY FITZ-GILBERT WATERS, Corpl.; b. March 29, 1833; Harv. Coll. 1855; Teacher; Sing.; Sergt. U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 17, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Civ. Clerk; Commy. Dept., Beaufort, S. C., 1865; London, Eng.

PRIVATES.

ALMY, HIRAM H.; b. Adams, Mass., March, 1841; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Nov. 2, 1861, Boston; killed Dec. 16, 1862, Whall.

ARNOLD, RICHARD B.; 21; Baker; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 22, 1861, Lynn; died Feb. 20, 1862, Fort Monroe; Bd. Hampton, Va., No. 5, 134.

ARRINGTON, BENJAMIN F.; b. June 13, 1836; Printer; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Detchd. Printer on *Progress*; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; died April 9, 1871.

ARRINGTON, JAMES, JR.; b. Sept. 10, 1832; Painter; Mard.; Salem City Guards; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. March 4, 1862; Re-end. July 7, 1864, in V. R. C.; Assgnd. to E, 6th Reg.; Dischg'd. Nov. 8, 1865, O. W. D.; Pension; Somerville, Mass.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM R.; 19; Currier; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Salem; Asst. wagoner; Pioneer, 1864; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

BARNARD, SAMUEL; 34; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 17, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. Sept. 28, 1863; Salem, Mass.

BATCHELDER, GEORGE H.; 25; Fireman; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. Dec. 31, 1861; killed by fall from fire engine, Lynn, Nov. 3, 1891.

BAUER, ANTON; 23; Tailor; Mard.; Enrd. July 17, 1862, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. Sept. 14, 1863.

BECKER, PETER; 30; Tailor; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 2, 1861, Salem; Wd. C. H. June 3, 1864; Orderly, Reg. H. Q.; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

BROOKS, SAMUEL H.; 26; Merchant; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 7, 1861, Salem; Wd. N. B., March 14, 1862; died, Salem, April 6, 1862.

BROWNE, EZRA L.; 18; Currier; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Wd. March 14, 1862, N. B., and June 3, 1864, C. H.; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

BUNKER, FRANK R.; 19; b. Cambridge; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. July 7, 1862, Belmont; Re-end.; Wd. C. H., June, 1864, and Petersburg, Va., July, 1864; H. Q. Gd.; Dischg'd. Sept. 18, 1865; Mard., two daughters; Atlanta, Ga.

BURCHSTEAD, DAVID W.; b. Jan. 26, 1843; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Corp., April 6, 1864; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard., three sons, one daughter; North Leominster, Mass.

CAIRD, FRANCIS S.; 24; Teamster; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861, Danvers; Wd. Rke.; Dischg'd. for Dis. Sept. 5, 1862; Danvers, Mass.

CHAPPLE, WILLIAM F.; 35; Police; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 4, 1861, Salem; Co. Commy.; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

CLARK, CHARLES P.; 45; Farmer; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861, Topsfield; Dischgd. for Dis. Dec. 31, 1861.

COOK, JEREMIAH; 35; Cordr.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Danvers; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 25, 1862; Rowley, Mass.

COOK, WILLIAM S.; 17; Student; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Oct. 13, 1862; died, Dec. 10, 1872, at Salem.

CROCKER, JOSIAH M.; b. June 29, 1842; Currier; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Salem; Corpl.; Wd. C. H.; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

CUMMINS, EDWARD (S.); 18; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Topsfield; Wd. N. B., March 14, 1862; Dischgd. for Dis. Oct. 4, 1862; Re-end. in Co. A, 19th U. S. Inf., July 17, 1863; Dischgd. July 17, 1868, Exp. of Serv.; died, Soldiers Home, Chelsea, Dec. 21, 1894.

DANIELS, WILLIAM F.; 18; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 22, 1861, Salem; Corpl. Sept. 8, 1862; Sergt. March 1, 1863; 1st Sergt. 1863; Sergt.-Maj. 1864; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

DERBY, PERLEY; 38; Dentist; Mard.; Enrd. July 28, 1862, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Aug. 7, 1863; Salem, Mass.

DODGE, ANDREW, 2d; b. Oct. 4, 1843; Cordr.; Sing.; Enrd. Aug. 4, 1862, Wenham; won medal for marksmanship Jan. 1, 1864; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Beverly, Mass.

DODGE, FRANCIS S.; b. Sept. 11, 1842; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Danvers; Corpl.; Dischgd. for Prom. Dec. 19, 1863; 1st Lieut. 2d U. S. C. Cav., Dec. 20, 1863; Capt. 2d U. S. C. C., July 6, 1865; Hon. mustered out, Feb. 12, 1866; 1st Lieut. 9th Cav., July 28, 1866; Accepted, Jan. 24, 1867; Capt. July 31, 1867; Accepted, Sept. 6, 1867; Major and Paymaster, Jan. 13, 1880; Accepted, Jan. 25, 1880; Major by Brevet, Feb. 27, 1890, for "gallant services in action against Indians at Milk Creek, Col., Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1, 1879"; Mard.; San Antonio, Tex.

DODGE, GEORGE AUGUSTUS; b. March, 1842; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. July 28, 1862, Wenham; Reg. Postmaster; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard., one daughter; died, Dec. 16, 1879.

DODGE, JOSEPH W.; 37; Mason; Mard.; Enrd. Dec. 31, 1863, Hamilton; Hosp. Cook; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Malden, Mass.

DOW, CHARLES M.; 18; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 10, 1861, So. Reading; died, June 4, 1863, Carolina City, N. C.; Bd. N. B. No. 1,726.

DRIVER, GEORGE H. S.; b. Salem, Feb. 4, 1842; Clerk; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 7, 1861, Danvers; Det. Commy. on "Highlander"; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 28, 1862; Wakefield, Mass.

DUDLEY, CHARLES; Forger; Mard.; Enrd. Feb. 8, 1864, Claremont, N. H.; Pris. D. B.; Paroled Jan., 1865; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Boston, Mass.

DUDLEY, GEORGE WARREN; b. No. Troy, Vt., April 10, 1846; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. July 19, 1862, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Aug. 14, 1863; St. Louis, Mo.

DUDLEY, JOHN S.; 24; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861, Topsfield; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; dead.

EDGERLY, CHARLES E.; b. June 5, 1846; Tinman; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 11, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Sebec Village, Me.

ELLISON, ALBERT C.; b. Chester, Vt., July 17, 1841; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. July 10, 1862, Belmont; Wd. Whall.; Re-end.; Wd. C. H.; Dischg'd. end of war; died, Holyoke, Mass., April 8, 1892.

EMILIO, LUIS FENOLLOSA; b. Dec. 22, 1844; Student; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 19, 1861, Salem; Corpl. Aug. 22, 1862; Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862; Dischg'd. for Prom. Feb. 27, 1863; 2d Lieut. 54th Mass. Inf.; Capt. May 23, 1863; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; New York.

EMMERSON, JAMES O.; 18; Upholsterer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 30, 1861, Boston; Dischg'd. for Dis. April 15, 1862.

FARLEY, JAMES H.; 21; Cooper; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

FIELD, CHARLES; 46; Cordr.; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Danvers; Dischg'd. for Dis. July 8, 1862; Danvers, Mass.

FISCHER, WILLIAM F.; b. Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, Oct. 5, 1835; Tailor; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 1, 1861, Salem; Corpl. January, 1864; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard.; Salem, Mass.

FLOYD, CHARLES J. P.; b. Newburyport, April 16, 1829; Corder.; Married.; Enrled. Oct. 23, 1861, Topsfield; Discharged. for Dis. Aug. 1, 1863; two sons, two daughters; Last R. 1886; died, June 1, 1890, at Topsfield.

FLYNN, PATRICK; 18; Corder.; Sing.; Enrled. Feb. 15, 1865, Boston; Discharged. Exp. of Serv.

FORREST, JOHN; 28; Gas fitter; Sing.; Enrled. Nov. 23, 1864, Acton, Mass.; Wd. Kinston, 1865; Discharged. Exp. of Serv.

GARDNER, ALBERT G.; 15; b. Salem; Farmer; Sing.; Enrled. Oct. 19, 1861, Boston; Drummer; Re-enl.; Prin. Mus. on N. C. S. to date from Sept. 28, 1864; Discharged. July 8, 1865; Dartmouth, Mass.

GLAZIER, JAMES E.; 27; Mason; Sing.; Enrled. Oct. 10, 1861, Salem; Det. Hospital Attendant, on Steamer "Cosmopolitan" in 1863; Hampton Hospital, April, 1864; Discharged. Exp. of Serv.; Ukiah City, Cal.

GRAY, JOHN; b. Jan. 15, 1840; Printer; Sing.; Enrled. Oct. 16, 1861, Salem; Det. on Gun crew; Printer on *Progress*; Storekeeper with Med. Purv. Oct. 10, 1862, to May 15, 1864; Acting Hospital Steward in Virginia, 1864; Discharged. Exp. of Serv.; Melrose, Mass.

GROSVENOR, EDWARD P.; 29; Cooper; Sing.; Enrled. Aug. 30, 1862, Salem; Pris. D. B.; died, Andvle., Aug. 1, 1864; Bd. there, No. 4,511.

HAMBLET, SAMUEL H.; b. Jan. 23, 1845; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 21, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Prom. Sergt. Co. K, 2d Mass. Arty. Dec. 5, 1863; Dischg'd. for Prom. 2d Lieut. 5th Mass. Batty. June 19, 1864; 1st Lieut. Oct. 4, 1864; Dischg'd. end of war; Salem, Mass.

HILL, AROET M.; 35; Shoecutter; Mard; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Topsfield; Dischg'd. for Dis. July 8, 1862; died, Danvers, May 3, 1887.

HILTZ, JACOB C.; 19; Mar.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 10, 1861, Salem; Det. barque "Voltigeur"; Dischg'd. for Prom. Nov. 8, 1863; Last R. 1886; died, Malden, Feb. 24, 1889.

HINCKLEY, GEORGE O.; 21; Junk-dealer; Mard.; Enrd. July 28, 1862, Salem; Wd. Whall.; Pris. D. B.; died, Andville., Sept. 28, 1864; Bd. there, No. 9,968.

HOBBS, EDWARD F.; 23; Farmer; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 15, 1861, Wenham; Det. in hospital; Trans. to V. R. C., April 27, 1864; Beverly, Mass.

HOOPER, SAMUEL S.; 20; Painter; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Manchester, Mass.; on Gun crew; died, April 13, 1862, New Berne.

JANES, WILLIAM H.; 22; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861; Topsfield; Dischg'd. for Dis. Nov. 12, 1863; died June 14, 1866.

JENNESS, LORENZO; b. Plymouth, N. H., Oct. 26, 1835; Fruit dealer; Mard.; Lynn City Guards; Enrd. Oct. 10, 1861, Marblehead; Sharp-shooter; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Ossipee, N. H.

JOHNSON, EBEN N.; 21; Laborer; Sing.; Enrd. Nov. 9, 1861, So. Danvers; Pris. C. H.; died Andvle., July 1, 1864.

KING, RUFUS; b. Oct. 13, 1847, Bath, Me.; Bookseller; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 18, 1861, Somerville; Drummer; Dischg'd. for Dis. Oct. 3, 1863; Mard., one son, two daughters; died, Boston, Nov. 14, 1884.

LAKE, JOHN B.; 44; Farmer; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861; Topsfield; Wd. Rke.; Dischg'd. for Dis. June 10, 1862; died, Feb. 3, 1878, at Boxford.

LINCOLN, JOHN L.; 33; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Dec. 31, 1863; Trans. to V. R. C. March 7, 1864; Lynn, Mass.

LUFKIN, HENRY; 23; Cordr.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, So. Danvers; Dischg'd. for Dis. Aug. 14, 1863; died, August, 1885.

MCCLOY, JOHN B.; 21; Painter; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 17, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. March 4, 1862; died, Haverhill, Mass., July 5, 1878.

MCDUFFIE, AUGUSTUS P.; 27; Peddler; Mard.; Enrd. Aug. 8, 1862, Salem; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Salem, Mass.

MANNING, ALBERT E.; 17; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 2, 1861, Salem; Printer on *Progress*; Dischg'd. for Prom. 2d Lieut. 1890, U. S. C. T.; Mard., one daughter; died, April 29, 1885, at Boston.

MANNING, CHARLES; 29; Cordr.; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 12, 1861, Middleton; killed Whall., Dec. 16, 1862.

MANNING, JOSEPH A.; 19; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Prom. Aug. 4, 1863; Mard., one son, two daughters; died suddenly on cars at Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 26, 1894.

MARTIN, HENRY; b. Feb. 2, 1826; Carpenter; Sing.; City Gds.; Enrd. Oct. 28, 1861, Salem; Wd. Pbg.; Dischgd. for Dis. from Wd. Nov. 10, 1864, leaving Hosp. at Phila. Nov. 17; Pension; Roxbury, Mass.

MATTHEWS, FERDINAND; 18; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 4, 1861, Salem; Commy. on "Pioneer"; died, N. B., June 10, 1862.

MORSE, CHARLES C.; 24; Peddler; Mard.; Enrd. Aug. 8, 1862, Salem; Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 8, 1864; Salem, Mass.

MONROE, ALEXANDER; 19; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Nov. 9, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard., one son, two daughters; Lawrence, Kan.

NEWHALL, GEORGE; 20; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. May 6, 1862, Danvers; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Swampscott, Mass.

NOURSE, GEORGE II.; 19; Printer; Sing.; Enrd. May 14, 1862, Salem; Wd. Whall. Dec. 16, 1862; Dischgd. for Dis. April 27, 1863; dead.

OSBORNE, FREDERICK M.; 17; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Nov. 7, 1861, Salem; Trans. to V. R. C. April 27, 1864; Salem, Mass.

OSGOOD, GEORGE E.; 19; Saddler; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 5, 1861, Salem; on Gun crew; Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 8, 1864; died, Salem, June 5, 1879.

PEABODY, JOHN W.; 44; Cordr.; Mard.; Enrd. Nov. 9, 1861, Middleton; Dischgd. for Dis. Jan. 2, 1864; Last R. 1890; died Jan. 8, 1892.

PERKINS, EBEN S.; 26; Mar.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv; Salem, Mass.

PHIPPEN, GEORGE P.; 19; Cordr.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 10, 1861, Salem; Corpl.; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard.; died, June 24, 1884.

PINKHAM, WILLIAM A.; 25; Baker; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 15, 1861, Salem; Wd. N. B.; Det. Baker; died, Sept. 30, 1864, Ft. Monroe.

PRIME, WILLIAM H. H.; b. Oct. 28, 1840; Clerk; Sing.; Salem Cadets; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Salem; Hosp. Steward, April, 1862; Dischgd. for Prom. Dec. 6, 1862, Hosp. Steward U. S. A.; died, N. B., Sept. 27, 1864.

PUTNAM, EDWARD B.; b. Jan. 23, 1846, Danvers; Printer; Sing.; Salem Lt. Infy.; Enrd. May 2, 1862, So. Danvers; Musician; Re-end.; Dischgd. end of war.

REED, BENJAMIN A.; 26; Carpenter; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Dischgd., for Dis. Oct. 27, 1862; Salem, Mass.

ROBERTS, JOHN S.; 24; Teamster; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Amb. Driver; Dischgd. for Dis. Nov. 22, 1863.

ROLLINS, ABIJAH; 28; Stone-cutter; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; dead.

ROSE, STEPHEN C.; Farmer; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 7, 1861, Marblehead; Det. Commy Dept.; Dischgd. for Prom. Aug. 26, 1862, 1st Lt. 40th M. V. Inf.; Capt. June 9, 1863; Dischgd. for Dis. Jan. 25, 1864; Clifton, Mass.

SARGENT, CHARLES O.; 23; Carpenter; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 24, 1861, Salem; Det. H. Q. Guard 1863, and Q. M. Dept. 1864; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; died N. B. Oct. 1865.

SAUNDERS, OLIVER H.; Farmer; 19; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Hamilton; Wd. Whall.; Dischgd. for consequent Dis. March 16, 1863, as Corpl.; Re-end. Dec. 31, 1863; Det. as Clerk, Orderly, and Reg. P. M.; Dischgd. end of war; Mard., thirteen children; Sturgeon Lake, Minn.

SCRIGGINS, JOSHUA C. 42; Mar.; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 22, 1861, Salem; Det. "Voli-teur"; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 5, 1862; Last R. 1891; died, March 22, 1894, at Soldiers Home, Chelsea.

SHAW, BROWN E.; b. Oct. 24, 1836; Gilder; Sing.; U. D. C.; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Salem; Det. Q. M. Dept. through Serv.; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; died, Salem, June 17, 1870.

SNAPP, PHILIP J.; 35; b. France; Bootmaker; Mard.; Enrd. Aug. 6, 1862, Salem; Re-end.; 1st Sergt. Jan. 1, 1865; Wd., Kinston, N. C., March, 1865; Prom. 1st Lieut., not mustered; Dischg'd. from Hosp. end of war; Boston, Mass.

SNEDECOR, WILLIAM; 42; Hotel-keeper; Mard.; Enrd. Dec. 15, 1864, Williamsburg, N. Y.; Det. Brig. Q. M.; Dischg'd. end of war.

SOUTHWARD, SAMUEL S.; 30; Carriage-maker; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 15, 1861, Salem; Gun crew; Dischg'd. for Dis. Jan. 13, 1863; Marblehead, Mass.

STONE, GEORGE B.; 21; Mason; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Salem; Dischg'd. for Dis. Sept. 8, 1862; Salem, Mass.

SWANEY, WILLIAM H.; 17; Laborer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 13, 1861, Salem; Wd. D. B., May 16, 1864; Captured; died, Richmond, May 24, 1864.

SYMONDS, NATHANIEL C.; 17; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 11, 1861, Salem; Det. Commy. Dept.; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.

TARBOX, SAMUEL A.; 26; Teamster; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Salem; Wagoner; Dischg'd. Exp. of Serv.; Last R. 1889; died, Marblehead, May 9, 1890.

TEBBETTS, ANDREW R.; 34; Corder.; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Salem; Wd. Rke.; Sergt.; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 18, 1863; Soldiers Home, Togus, Me.

THOMAS, ELI C.; 19; Enrd. Oct. 4, 1862, Salem; Pris., Smithfield, Va.; died, Andvle., Aug. 30, 1864; Bd. there, No. 7,250.

THOMAS, RICHARD H.; 20; Mar.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 2, 1862; Last R. 1889; died, Oct. 18, 1889.

THOMPSON, IVORY W.; 21; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 15, 1861, Hamilton; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; died, Shapleigh, Me., June 22, 1883.

THORNTON, JOHN; b. March, 1843, Ireland; Corder.; Mard.; Enrd. May 19, 1862, South Danvers; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Soldiers Home, Togus, Me.

TIBBETTS, ALVAH; 18; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Dec. 31, 1863, Hamilton; Pris., D. B.; died, at Andvle., Aug. 2, 1864; Bd. there, No. 4,634.

TILTON, JOHN PRESCOTT; b. April 7, 1842, Lanesville; Clerk; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 16, 1861, Boston; Corpl. March 27, 1864; Wd. C. H.; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Pension; Mard., two sons, one daughter; Salem, Mass.

- TOWNSEND, WILLIAM HYLE; 19; Mar.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 23, 1861, Salem; [Corpl.; died, 'Corps Hospital,' Point of Rocks, Va., July 2, 1864; Bd. City Point, Va., No. 2,872.
- TRASK, AMOS W.; 17; Heelmaker; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 11, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 5, 1862; died, East Boston, Dec. 1, 1872.
- TROWT, ANDREW D.; b. June 16, 1842; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. July 25, 1862, Wenham; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Wenham, Mass.
- TRUSSELL, ARTHUR B.; 20; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Feb. 16, 1864, Hamilton; Pioneer; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard.; died, Boston, Jan. 23, 1892.
- UPHAM, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; 18; Student; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 21, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Nov. 22, 1861; Salem, Mass.
- VALENTINE, HERBERT EUGENE; b. Jan. 18, 1841, South Danvers; Photographer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 5, 1861, Salem; Det. Commy. "Vidette," Dec. 23, 1861, to May 25, 1862; Clerk R. Q. M. May 25, 1862, to July 20, 1862; A. A. G. office Brig. H. Q. Jan. 2, 1863; 1st Div. H. Q. June 21, 1864; H. Q. 18th A. C. Aug. 20, 1864; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Mard., one son, one daughter; Somerville, Mass.
- WADLEIGH, CURTIS E.; 22; Peddler; Mard.; Enrd. July 28, 1862, Salem; Wd. Whall.; Dischgd. for Dis. March 3, 1863; Salem, Mass..
- WALDRON, JOHN; 20; Mar.; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 7, 1861, Salem; Det. "Voltigeur"; Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 8, 1864; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Last R., 1889; died Salem, May 16, 1890.

WALLIS, DAVID B.; 19; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 15, 1861, Hamilton; Corpl.; Sergt.; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Lynnfield, Mass.

WHITTREDGE, JOHN E.; 21; Farmer; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 15, 1861, Hamilton; died, N. B., July 8, 1862.

WILSON, ASA A.; 19; Laborer; Sing.; Enrd. Nov. 21, 1864, Salem; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.

WINCHESTER, ISAAC; 44; Stair-builder; Mard.; Enrd. Aug. 28, 1862, Salem; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; died, Lynn, May 21, 1894.

WINCHESTER, SILAS; 24; b. Danvers; Cordr.; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 14, 1861, Salem; Corpl.; Re-end.; Pris. D. B.; died, Oct. 19, 1864, Florence, S. C.

WOLCOTT, ROYAL E.; 29; Machinist; Mard.; Enrd. Oct. 8, 1861, Salem; Dischgd. for Dis. Sept. 8, 1862; Hilltop, Kan.

WOODBURY, JOSIAH H.; 21; Morocco dresser; Sing.; Enrd. Oct. 9, 1861, Salem; Det. Med. Purv. 1863-4; Dischgd. Exp. of Serv.; Last R., 1895; died, Salem, Aug. 5, 1895.

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