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A BRIEF HISTORY
—OF—
COMPANY B,

27th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers.



ITS ORGANIZATION AND THE PART
IT TOOK IN THE WAR.

—♦—
BY D. E. BUELL.
—♦—

LYONS, N. Y.
Printed at the Office of The Republican.
1874.

THE

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OF



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Buell, D E.

A brief history of Company B. 27th
regiment N.Y. volunteers. Its organiza-
tion and the part it took in the war...
Lyons, N.Y., 1874. O.

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History of Company B.

In May, 1861, Company B, 27th Regiment N. Y. S. Vol., was organized in Lyons, and left for Elmira; where it arrived, and took quarters in a Baptist Church, until the Government could find other accommodations. (*That* just suited the boys.) The Company was composed of officers as follows: Captain—A. D. ADAMS; First Lieut.—HENRY R. WHITE; Second Lieut.—WILLIAM H. SWAN; Orderly Sergeant—M. W. GOODRICH; Second Sergt.—ROBERT E. HOLMES Third Sergt.—CROSBY HOPKINS; Fourth Sergt.—CHAS. SHERMAN; Fifth Sergt. WM. C. BELDEN; Corporals—First, WM. ROOKER; Second, JOHN D. McVICAR; Third, JAMES SNEDAKER; Fourth, GEO. M. BELDEN; Fifth, JOSEPH SEAVEY; Sixth, JAS. C. BOURNE; Seventh, WILLIAM SHATTUCK; Eighth, A. VAN AMBURG. After staying at Elmira for two or three weeks, and drilling every day, (meanwhile boarding at a hotel—which none of the boys disliked,) the Regiment was at last filled to its quota of men, and was organized into a Regiment by Gen. VAN VALKENBURGH, with the following Field Officers: Colonel—HENRY W. SLOCUM; Lieut. Col.—JOSEPH J. CHAMBERS; Major—JOS. J. BARTLETT. Special orders confirmed this election, accepted the Regiment, and numbered it. Company I, was mustered into the service of the United States, July 9th. The remaining Companies, Field and Staff Officers, July 10th. The muster, however, was for two years, from May 21st, 1861.

While at Elmira, Private D. of our Company, one of our best boys, happened to get in a little too much lager, (which was the case with a great many others,) and was bound to have a good time. Col. T., of the 33d Regiment, passing to the city from camp, came upon Private D, and seeing him a little out of the way, ordered him arrested and confined in the guard-house of the 33d. Meantime Company B got hold of the matter, and word was sent Col. T. for his release, but no definite answer was returned. The boys, however, were bound to have him out at any cost. The officers talked to the men, and they were quieted for a time; but at about nine o'clock in the evening the

war broke loose, the long roll beat to fall in, the boys sliding out of their bunks one over the other, and in a short space of time a line of battle was formed by the whole Regiment. Muskets were loaded, revolvers and bowie-knives flashed in the moonlight, and stones and clubs were brought together; but after a great deal of threatening and blowing, the prisoner was released—when he came to his Company on a run, and the whole Regiment commenced to cheer and hurrah for our side. “How are you, Gib?—how did you get away?” Col. SLOCUM came forward and talked to the men; but being satisfied, they retired to their quarters for the night.

As the Regiment is completed and its Companies filled, I will give a detail of the Companies, and where from, before proceeding any further:

Company A, White Plains—Capt. J. J. CHAMBERS.

Company B, Lyons—Capt. A. D. ADAMS.

Company C, Binghamton—Capt. JOS. J. BARTLETT.

Company D, Binghamton—Capt. HIRAM C. ROGERS.

Company E, Rochester—Capt. GEO. G. WANZER.

Company F, Binghamton—Capt. PETER JAY.

Company G, Lima—Capt. JAS. PERKINS.

Company H, Mount Morris—Capt. C. E. MARTIN.

Company I, Perry—Capt. C. G. GARDNER.

Company K, Albion—Capt. H. L. ACHILLES, JR.

The Regiment was supplied with arms, &c., and left the State on the 10th of July, 1861, for Washington *via* Harrisburgh and Baltimore. On its arrival in Washington the Regiment was quartered in barracks on Franklin Square, where the boys remained for a few days only. A movement against the enemy was then under discussion, and the officers sought an interview with the War Department, with a view to having the Regiment assigned to the field. This request was granted, and on the 17th day of July it took up its line of march from Washington, as part of the First Brigade, (Col. PORTER,) and Second Division, (Gen. HUNTER.) It reached Anandale on the evening of the 17th, and Fairfax Court House on the 18th, where a line of battle was formed, and the Rebs. driven from their rifle-pits. On the 27th it reached the town, and pulled down an old Seesh. flag that was floating on one of the rifle-pits. The Regiment bivouacked here for the night, the men, being hungry and tired after the day's march, took their muskets and went out after some fresh meat. Some of the boys succeeded in bringing in a fine steer; and some came in with turkeys, some with chickens, some with honey, bams, sugar, &c. A large

fire was kindled, and the boys resolved they would have a "square-meal"—and so they did, *that* night.

At an early hour next morning the Regiment was on the move. It reached Centreville in due time; after leaving which place it reached the Nine Mile Woods, where Company B was ordered out to deploy as skirmishers—and they did well, it being their first trial. For nine miles the Company scoured the woods. Every few minutes the bugle would sound to rally. The day was one of the hottest I ever remember. When the sun sank out of sight, and the whippowill commenced his evening song, the Regiment halted for the night; and so ends the day.

On Sunday morning July 21st, 1861, the booming of cannon was heard in the distance. As our brave boys marched along through field and woods on that memorable Bull Run day, the water in their canteens gave out before reaching the field of action. Espying two porkers in a puddle of water near the roadside, they were summarily driven out; and the boys commenced to drink hastily of the vile fluid to quench their thirst. The water was stagnant, and made the boys vomit almost immediately. Some of them went here and some there, with canteens to be filled. As the 27th was going into action, the opposing force attempted to deceive it by displaying the Old Flag. Col. SLOCUM was distrustful, and directed Adjutant JENKINS to ascertain whether they were friends or enemies. With a haverlock on the point of his sword as a flag of truce, the Adjutant rode toward the commanding officer to make the necessary inquiry; but before he reached him, the Stars and Stripes were displaced by the South Carolina banner. The line of battle was formed, and a fire opened on the 27th, which was promptly and vigorously returned. The Adjutant, thus unexpectedly placed between two fires, had a miraculous escape. The attempted deception so exasperated the Regiment that the men fought like heroes, and utterly routed their tricky foes.

Our next encounter was with the 27th Virginia, which fell back in confusion. We then met the 8th Georgia, which fell back until reinforced, when the Regiment was in turn repulsed, and took refuge under a hill. It was soon after ordered to charge a battery stationed on a knoll, and the boys moved to the work under a heavy fire, which soon told with fearful effect upon the ranks of the Regiment. Col. SLOCUM was wounded; the color-guard was reduced from nine to two; and the movement was abandoned. Company B was then ordered to charge upon an old log house which stood near by, containing a number of the enemy's sharp-shooters. Before reaching the house the

Rebs. was seen getting to the rear as fast as they could, but the boys sent a volley of balls after them and made them "climb" still faster. Reaching the house, the door was instantly burst in, and before us stood one of the largest bloodhounds I ever saw—with bloodshot eyes and hungry jaws. He turned to attack his Yankee foes. One of the boys gave him a bayonet thrust. He leaped forward and broke the chain that held him, and away he went toward the enemy—between two fires. Whether the dog ever reached his master, no one knows.

The Company fell back and joined its Regiment; and Col. SLOCUM being wounded, Major BARTLETT succeeded to the command. Major B. kept the Regiment well in hand; and as it formed in line of battle for the last time, I think it was joined by the 14th (Brooklyn,) commanded by Col. Wood. Other Regiments joined on, but the Rebel forces coming upon and overwhelming us, our forces fell back to the rear, where the confusion attending the retreat broke it up, as was the case with other Regiments actively engaged in the battle. Portions of the Regiment reached Fort Corcoran about nine o'clock on the 22d, and at noon it was partially reorganized and marched to Camp Anderson, Franklin's Square.

The Regiment remained in Washington until some time in September, when it was assigned to Gen. SLOCUM'S Brigade with the 16th N. Y. of Gen. FRANKLIN'S Division, moved to the site of Fort Lyon, where it went into Camp, and was engaged in the construction of this Fort during the fall of 1861. As the boys were a little unused to this phase of soldier-life, they pitched their tents, and as a general thing (as "green" ones would naturally do) did not dig around them to let the water run off in case of rain. Alas! a rain-storm set in, and it being just at night, the boys divested themselves of their clothing, took the wood that belonged to the cooks of the Company, and made a raft on which they floated around in their tent all that night. As the day dawned, the first thing done was to fix the tent more comfortably; and there was no more getting drowned out afterward.

The Regiment spent the winter in Camp Franklin. Fort Lyon was built by SLOCUM'S Brigade in the fall of 1861; and later in that fall the Regiment moved its camp to a site near Fairfax Seminary, toward the southeast—its former quarters near Hunting Creek having proved unhealthy—the new location was named Camp Franklin. Here the Regiment spent the winter of 1861-2, during which time the boys were occupied in building Fort Lyon, doing picket duty, and chopping wood from the Heights where now stands the Fort. The Regiment was very comfortably situated in winter quarters here. It

was during this time that the 27th was assigned to the Second Brigade (Gen. H. W. SLOCUM's) of Gen. FRANKLIN's Division. This Brigade was composed of the 27th and 16th N. Y., the 5th Maine and the 98th Pennsylvania; and was not subsequently changed during the period of service of the 27th, except by the addition of the 121st N. Y., early in September, 1862. The position of the Brigade in the Army of the Potomac, however, was changed under the organization of March 13th, 1862. It was the Second Brigade, SLOCUM's First Division, FRANKLIN's First Corps, in May following; it was the Second Brigade, First Division, FRANKLIN's Sixth Corps; and in last relation it remained until it left the field, at which time Gen. BROOKS was in command of the Division, Gen. BARTLETT of the Brigade, and Gen. SEDGWICK of the Corps. This explanation will enable the reader to trace the movements of the Regiment.

The boys will long remember the picket-duty that was assigned them on the Little River turnpike road during the winter of 1861-2. It was there in one of those old buildings, that I remember a little incident which happened while on picket. The night was intensely cold, and a large fire was built in the old-fashioned fire place. The Corporals had posted their sentinels, and the hour being near midnight, when Corporal Mc. came to examine the pickets. While going the rounds he *imagined* he saw a Reb.; and as the moon came out from beneath a cloud the supposed Reb. was seen *distinctly*. He immediately called the guard's attention. The order was given to come in—"Advance with the countersign!" but no answer. It was repeated again and again. Then Private D's musket went to his shoulder, with true and steady arm and "bang" it went. Then followed confusion. Capt. WHITE says, coolly—"Fall in lively, men, fall in!" Reader, if you had been there you'd *thought* Company B "fell in lively." In about ten seconds from the time the alarm was given, a line was formed ready for battle, and advancing toward the supposed Reb.—which proved to be *an old stump*! The boys laughed heartily at the mistake and went back to their respective quarters; no more "Rebs." appeared *that* night. The boys had a good joke on Corporal Mc. for the next three months to come.

As the guard was released, one night the fire in the old fireplace was almost out and the men asleep. The guards came in; and it being cold, they brought rails from a fence near by, and filled the fireplace full. The fire commenced to roar, and give out heat; and lighting up the room, awoke the boys from a deep slumber. Then came the cry—"Fire! fire! fire!"—and such "climbing out" you nev-

er see. The mistake was soon discovered by Sergts. GOODRICH and BELDEN, and the men went to their bunks for the night again. Everything passed off quietly during the remainder of the time on picket.

As the Company was released from duty, it went back to its old quarters in Camp Franklin. It was there that Private TOM H. commenced business as a washerwoman—which was well done, and a great accommodation to the Company and also to the Regiment. TOM was a good fellow and a good soldier, but the boys did everlastingly steal his beef, and then borrow his own spider to cook it before he could discover the mistake. It was here, in camp, that the boys of Company B on one occasion blew the Captain's stove to pieces—at any rate, fifty rounds of cartridges were inserted into the pipe that stuck out of the tent, after dark. At an early hour next morning a brisk fire was kindled by little JOE SAMPTON, (or "Three Foot," as the boys called him,) when "bang!" came the explosion, and away went the stove—but no one hurt. The boys had a hearty laugh over it, and were not found out either—but Private L., who had a grudge against the Captain, and was bound to retaliate, was mainly responsible for this trick. Nearly every day cartridges were thrown down the chimneys, and old pants and coats were tucked in to smoke each other out; and thus the time sped away—the boys drilling, doing guard duty in camp, and having fun.

We shall long remember the snowballing battle we had in Camp Franklin. Col. BARTLETT thought the boys were aching for a fight, and ordered the Regiment to fall in without arms. The snow was about three inches deep, and just soft enough to pack well. The Regiment was divided into five Companies on a side, and soon the snowballs were flying like grape and canister. The bugle would sound to retreat and to rally. After two hours snowballing, the Companies retired to their tents, some with sore heads and bloody noses. It was an every day occurrence to see a fight; and as the Regiment had a Sutler he issued tickets—"Fighting 27th." At length marching orders came. The men had their knapsacks already packed. The bugle sounded. The orderlies called their Companies together, and everything being in readiness, the Regiment was on the move toward Fairfax Court House, but did not get there in time to take a part in the fight. After staying at Fairfax over night, the Regiment fell back to its old quarters. Here it remained a short time only, as orders came to be ready at a moment's notice. At last they came. The Regiment marched to Alexandria, and went aboard the

steamer *Spaulding*. Company B was placed in the midship; and as the steamer struck salt water, the boys became sea sick. After one or two days, however, they were all right. As the steamer got into Chesapeake Bay, some of the boys in the Company went into the water bathing. At last the steamer arrived at Shipping Point, Virginia, when the Regiment bivouacked in a small grove, at the mouth of the York River. While staying here the boys feasted on oysters, of which there were plenty. After staying here about ten days they embarked for West Point, where they landed on the 6th of June. The 27th was the first Regiment that reached the shore. Immediately orders were given to fall into line, as the enemy's cavalry were seen a short distance off. The Regiment advanced, and was on picket during the remainder of the day and night. At intervals the Rebs. kept up picket-firing. Two or three were killed out of the Regiment during the night. As day dawned, our forces advanced and drove the Rebs. from their position after a hard day's fight.

After the battle, the Regiment took up its line of march for Yorktown, where it remained until the battle of Williamsburgh. At the conclusion of the action the Regiment marched three miles up the York River, where it remained one day; thence toward Cumberland, three miles, where it remained two days. Here FRANKLIN'S (6th, Corps) was organized; and from this point the movement was in the following order: STONEMAN in advance, FRANKLIN'S Corps in support and PORTER'S Corps in reserve. The Regiment crossed the Chickahominy about the 20th of June, at about 3 P. M., went into action about 5 P. M. on the extreme right of PORTER'S Corps, drove the enemy from his position by a bayonet charge, and captured a large number of prisoners. It held its position until dark, when, after expending all its ammunition, it was ordered to retire. It was here, in the battle of Gaines' Mills, that Company B lost heavily, losing some of its best members—21 in all, killed, wounded and missing. Poor BILLY McELWAIN, EDWARD ALLEE, JOSEPH SEAVY—as long as there is a history, so long will their names be remembered at home by their loved ones. The battle being fought, our forces retired from the field, Captain W. badly wounded. The Regiment recrossed the river and went into camp. All that night and until early morning the wounded kept coming in. Private KNOMLOCK, I think, was wounded in three or four different places, as was also the case with others. A ball passed so close to TIE BELDEN'S head as to graze his scalp. Early next morning the bridge over the river was blown up; then commenced the retreat of the Army of the Potomac.

I must not omit about the Regiment, and also the Brigade, being at Mechanicsville and doing picket-duty at the time the battle of Fair Oaks was fought. The boys will all remember a little incident that happened there. The 27th was ordered to "fall in with arms" as marching orders, and marched down the road toward a bridge leading across the Chickahominy in front of the enemy's cannons. On, on, the brave boys marched, never flinching—when the order was given, "By the right about!" which the men did as if going on dress-parade. The object was to draw the enemy's fire, as our artillery was waiting for the purpose of shelling the enemy out of his entrenchments, where he had batteries masked; but the fire was not opened until evening when our artillery silenced them, and as night fell upon us the cannonading ceased for the day.

As the army fell back after the battle of Gaines' Mills, the Division marched about five miles, keeping on the highlands which skirted the Chickahominy, in order to protect the right of the army. It halted about two miles from Savage Station, and after remaining in line of battle a few moments, fell back to the station. After remaining two hours in the woods around the station, the Brigade marched two miles to the rear, where the men helped themselves to new clothing from a quantity of quartermaster's stores that were left from want of transportation. At the station a train of cars was standing; and as the enemy was advancing up the railroad track, a full head of steam was put on by the engineer, and let go. Away sped the train, on its errand of death; and away flew the Johnnies in every direction. All that night our boys marched along, keeping up good cheer. The boys of Company B stuck together like wax. Man after man from different Companies and Regiments would say "I am tired out—I can go no farther!"—and would drop down by the roadside with fatigue, and fall asleep only to wake up and find themselves prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

On the 30th of June the Regiment reached Charles City Cross-Roads, where the enemy attacked us. In this engagement the Regiment supported the 1st Massachusetts, and also Hexamer's Batteries. It was here that we had one of the hardest artillery fights of the campaign. All that long night the boys marched, and I think at daylight reached Malvern Hill; but the Regiment took no part in the battle. The Division having moved on and established a line of pickets near the James River, the next day's march brought us near Harrison's Landing. Before reaching the Landing, the Regiment was sent out as skirmishers. At the battle of Malvern Hill it was sent early into

the action, to the right of the army, to prevent a flank movement by the enemy; and during the entire seven day's fight it was under fire every day.

As the Regiment reached Harrison's Landing it encamped in the centre of a large wheat-field. The men being tired and worn out from the marching they had done during the previous seven days and nights, lay down to rest; and next morning there was not a spear of wheat to be seen, the mud being about four inches deep on the level. At an early hour the next morning the Regiment fell in, marched about two miles and established its camp at a point where the gun-boats protected either flank, the Regiment being about half a mile from the James River. Here the whole army halted for rest and to recruit its strength. The Regiment here did picket-duty and labored on fortifications until the 16th of August. Here we were during those hot days in summer, without water fit to drink, the men dying a few yards off in the Piney Woods of what some called the camp fever and some typhoid. The men would drink commissary whisky until they were half drunk, or swallow quinine till their heads buzzed around like a top; and what could antifogmatics do while we absorbed the terrible poison with every respiration? The living rotted faster than the dead; the dead multiplied like white mice. Men's minds, too, festered with their bodies. Stragglers loafed to the rear, and encamped in pairs and squads on their own hook. Officers saw them but took no note, or only cursed feebly or pretended to do something. The once jolly mess-tables at Elmira, that used to ring with jests and laughter, and glow with wit and good humor, was exchanged for continuation of low, peevish growls, resounding through the camp. A poisoned army lying in camp has about as much *morale* as you may find in a sheep-fold, especially here on the Peninsula.

One evening at about ten o'clock the enemy's battery opened on us from the opposite side of the river. The men fell into line of battle for another contest with the foe. We had not long to wait before our gun-boats came down and opened a heavy fire on the Rebs. with those "rotten shot," as the "Johnnies" called them—which put them to flight, the enemy doing no damage beyond killing a few mules. The next day a reconnoissance party was sent out, which burned some old buildings opposite Harrison's Landing and found some of the enemy's dead. There was no more artillery firing from the enemy after that, as those 500-pound shells did not sound exactly sweet in their ears.

It was here the men did picket-duty near the Rebel lines. Some of the boys went to a Rebel dance in disguise, and took part in it. I re-

member a little incident that happened here one day, which I will relate as nearly as possible. One of the "Johnnies" swam the river and came into our lines. One of our boys asked him where he was going. "Wal," said Johnnie, "Gen'l LEE made a speech the other day, and told us to strike for our altars and our fires, and as my fire is in Tennessee, I'm going to strike across lots for it." Another Reb. called out to one of our men across the river while on picket—"Yaak, oh Yank, is Little Mac your commander yet?" "What do you want to know for," asked our boy. "Oh, nothing," says Johnnie, "Only I think he must command us too; for whenever you get marching orders we get them too—with the difference that we go in advance." One of the boys asked a Rebel Major when he thought the war would end. "Wal," says he, "I think it'll end this fall." "Why so?" "Wal, you won't have any one to fight by that time if you keep on as you have done since May."

The Regiment remained at Harrison's Landing until about the 16th of August, when one fine morning orders came to pack knapsacks and be ready at a moment's notice to march. The men began to wonder where they were going. Some would say one place and some another. One of the boys asked the Orderly, "Where *are* we going any how?" Orderly says—"On an expedition." "Where too, I wonder?" "*I don't know!*" Then the boys commenced to laugh and cheer, when one of them said—"I'm mighty glad to get out of this mud, *anyhow*—aren't you, boys?" "Where *do* you suppose we are going?" everyone asked everybody else; and as they were disputing, orders came to fall in without knapsacks, and in a few minutes the camp was broken up and on its line of march. When we came to Charles City Court House—by the way, the boys say there are "Court Houses" enough there to fill a hundred-acre lot—we halted for rest a few moments; then going on we crossed the Chickahominy at Barnett's Ford on a pontoon-bridge, marched through Williamsburgh and Yorktown, and arrived at Newport News, where we halted again for rest. I think there was not a man in the Regiment but went in swimming; and it was a sight to see them! The men were glad enough to get where they could find some good water to *drink*, as well as wash in. Here lay the old Rebel gun-boat *Merrimac*, sunk nearly out of sight in the mud and water, where it had its encounter with the "little Yankee cheese-box on a raft," the *Monitor*.

The Regiment here took a steamer for Alexandria, arriving about the 24th, marched to near its old camp ground, and formed its old line of pickets. It remained here a few days only, when it took up

its line of march for Centreville, which it reached about the 31st of August. Here it was thrown in front, to check the advance of the enemy and to cover the retreat of Gen. PORE; but it was not heavily engaged in battle. It followed the retreat to Alexandria, and went into camp near Fort Lyon. The Regiment was not long permitted to remain inactive, however. On the 6th of September it crossed the Long Bridge, and marched through Washington and Georgetown to Tenallytown, where it arrived the next morning, and continued on its march until it reached South Mountain on the 14th.

Here the Regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and drove in the Rebel pickets. Company B came to a stone wall within one hundred yards of the enemy, and here the Regiment silenced the enemy's battery with their rifles. The Regiment was fighting Cobb's Legion, of the Georgia troops; and as the Rebel General rode down the road to cheer on his men, his horse was shot from under him by Company B's boys. The old Reb. barely escaped with his life. As the men shot at him, his horse went down; and when the boys reloaded their muskets, he was not to be seen. For about one hour the battle raged furiously, when Gen. BARTLETT made a charge with the rest of the Brigade, and drove the enemy up and over the mountain. The Regiment rested on the mountain's crest, after an action of about three hours. It was here that BILLY BELDEN lost his arm, which eventually caused his death. He was afterward promoted to Lieutenant; and he will ever be remembered by the Company as a true and faithful soldier. At Antietam our Regiment supported batteries in that memorable corn-field, under a heavy fire of artillery all day. The famous corn field was honey-combed with balls, and the trees were filled with unexploded shells.

Permit me here to give a sketch of the manner in which an attack is planned and executed: The Union armies usually made *offensive* movements, and our battles were those of *attack* rather than of *defense*. The commander of an attacking army first thoroughly learns by all means at his command, such as spies, scouts, deserters, prisoners, reconnaissance, &c., the position of his enemy; he then determines the point and mode of attack. Ordinarily the attacking army is brought almost within striking distance of the enemy, one or more days previous to the general conflict. The outpost of the defending army is driven in and by a number of skirmishes its position is farther developed and its intentions understood. When the time for the general conflict approaches, the principal commanders are informed, and usually two attacks are made—one a feint and the other a real one.

While each Corps generally has a reserve of its own, an entire Corps may be held as a grand reserve while the Cavalry is posted on either flanks.

I will now go back to where I left the 27th. Neither our Brigade nor our Regiment were engaged here, the corps lying in reserve. After the battle the Regiment took up its line of march, reached Cramton's Gap near Berlin, crossed the river on pontoons, and resumed its march until it reached Belle Plain Landing on or about the 4th of December. It was here the boys were encamped *in the snow*. The members of Company B will not forget their friend the Sutler about that time. The Regiment had not received any pay for some time. One evening at about dusk the 16th and 27th N. Y. made a grand rally on the Sutler; and "the consequences were" the men next day could be seen exchanging right-hand gloves for left, some trading butter for tobacco, &c. I will not state here the cause of the raid, as the boys are all aware how it occurred. Just ask one of the Company, and he will tell you. The Regiment remained at Belle Plain until about the 10th; then marched to the Rappahannock, at White Oak Church, and went into camp.

I will state here, before going farther, that after the battle of Antietam the Regiment went into camp near Bakersville, Md., and remained nearly one month. While at Bakersville the boys will remember the darkeys who stole Gen. SLOCUM's wine and cigars. They were marched through camp with barrels over their heads fixed in such a way as to have their heads come out at the top, while their arms protruded through holes in the sides. As they were marched along they were met at each Company's street by handfuls of flour from the men, which was thrown into their faces, filling their eyes and mouth. Such looking darkeys were never heard tell of before. When they were let loose the men got a blanket, and they were thrown up in it. All at once they started to run, and the men started after them. The darkeys jumped into a small creek and swam to the opposite side.

While in Maryland the boys did picket duty at Nolan's Ferry, Dam No. 5, on the Potomac. Here some of the Company B boys used to plague the enemy, whose pickets were on the opposite side. An enemy would get behind a tree, and our boys would keep him there from early morn until dark. Some of the Company exchanged newspapers with the enemy, and exchanged salt for tobacco, &c. One day some Company A boys (27th) were stationed at that point, when one of the enemy's pickets came from behind a tree. After firing

at each other for some time, one said—"Let's have a little talk."
"All right," says Company A to the other; "go ahead." Company A—"Why do you want to break up the Government?" Secesh.—
"Because you Yankees want to destroy our institutions and put the nigger on a level with white men. Company A—"We aren't Yankees; we are northern men, and we don't want to injure you or your institutions, but to protect all loyal citizens in all their legal rights." Secesh.—"Wal, this is a d—d bad war, anyhow. Good-bye!" Then another Secesh. says—"Hold on! Don't shoot yet! I'll sing Dixie, and Bob will dance." Company A—"Go ahead!" Secesh. commences to sing and his comrade to dance, when Company A cries "Time!" and the "Johnnies" rush to their hiding places; when they sing out "All right—bang away!" and the firing begins again.

A good story is told of one of the Regiment while stationed on viddette. While the two armies lay near each other at Fredericksburgh, a solitary sheep was walking along on the Rebel side. A Rebel viddette fired and killed the sheep, dropped his gun and advanced to get his prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of one of our boys, who said—"Divide is the word, or you are a dead Johnny!" The proposition was assented to; and there between the viddettes the Rebel skinned the sheep, and took his half, and moved back with it—while his challenger dropped his gun, and went for the other half of the sheep, and resumed the duties of his post amidst the cheers of our boys—who expected to help eat their share of the mutton.

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The model American soldier is patient, likes camp life, is good-natured and jolly, makes fun for his comrades, is always ready for any duty, helps do the cooking for his tent-mates and himself, washes a shirt occasionally for a tent-mate, has his knapsack ready to start at a moment's notice, spends all day Sunday cleaning his gun, can eat raw pork on a march, sleeps with his boots and cap on, carries his pocket full of ammunition, doesn't consider it healthy to drink much water on a march, has his tent up and supper cooked within ten minutes after a halt, knows where to find plenty of rail-fences, always has plenty of straw to sleep on, doesn't have too high an opinion of his officers, wouldn't do anything for the Colonel, thinks the Major ought to do something to keep from getting lazy, thinks his Captain a first-rate fellow, won't stand any nonsense from his Lieutenant, don't like battles better than anybody else, but is ready to do his duty, tries to take care of his health, sends home all his pay, intends to buy land and settle down when the war is over, never spends much money at

so many days longer!" and at night they would cut a notch on a log over the fireplace, to remember. One incident I remember while in camp here, which I will relate. A heavy rain set in, almost drowning the boys out of their tents; and CROSBY II., our Lieutenant at that time, was returning to his quarters one night about 12 o'clock. His tent was at the foot of the Company street, and he had dug a deep hole instead of putting up logs. As he stepped in he immediately found himself in water up to his arms, and he came near being drowned. He said he got out just about as soon as he could, with his boots full of water. The night being cold, he woke up some of the boys to build a fire. He thought he would not sleep in his tent any longer; he did not consider it healthy.

I forgot at the right time to mention that JACOB RODENEACH, of our Company, was badly wounded, taken prisoner and sent to Libby, at Richmond. He had to undergo more hardships during the time he was a prisoner than during the whole of the campaign. He was one of our best soldiers.

After the engagement at Fredericksburgh Gen. HOOKER took command of the Army. The men said "Old JOE is a first-rate fellow; he gives us all the potatoes we want to eat—something we haven't had before!" On or about the 28th of April the 6th Corps, under Gen. SEDGWICK, crossed the river at about the same point where the Division crossed in January. The morning before the boys got marching orders it was reported through camp that we were going to cross the river again—and so we did. I will give the reader a detail of the march.

The bugle has blown for reveille. The roll called by the Orderlies. Breakfast is scarcely over when the bugle at Brigade headquarters sounds "Strike tents!" In a moment all the Regiment bugies catch up the sound, and all blow "Strike tents! Strike tents!" A regular shout now goes up from the men. In a moment one can see acres of tents melt away like April snow. Soon all of the tents and blankets are tied up in little bundles, ready at the proper signal to be shouldered by the men. The field, which a few moments ago was white with canvass houses, is now covered with armed men standing among the smoking camp-fires. After a time the proper signal is given by the Bugler, FRED BENDER, of the 27th, and every man takes his place in the ranks. At the same time the Orderly calls to the men to "Fall in!" At last we move off. We get out to the road. Some Artillery or Cavalry is ahead of us. "Halt!" is blown by the bugler. Arms are stacked. We lie around for a hour or more, when the bugle

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sounds "Attention!" The men take arms and move off again. We go perhaps two miles, when we run into some wagon-train, blocking up the road again. We stop and lounge around for another hour or two, and then move on again. Soon we overtake the blockading train. A team of mules is stuck in the mud. Drivers are whipping and cursing, and wagon-masters and guards are trying to pry the wheels, which are sunk almost out of sight in the mud—but it is no go. It is useless to wait here, so we take to the fields and bushes on either side of the train. The officers cry—"Close up, men!" Then we take a double-quick for about two miles, to catch up with the rest of the Corps. And so it goes with the soldier.

We passed one day an old frame-house, the boards of which had been torn off and burned, and the frame stripped of everything except the roof, we noticed that some soldiers had placed a large board over where the door had been—"Admittance Nite!" and in large letters, written with chalk where the hall had been—"Rooms to Let!" At another time we were passing a large deserted plantation, and saw where in the gateway that opened into the yard in front of a little old negro cabin some soldier had placed the bed of an old buggy, and had set on it a cook-stove, in which a fire was burning. On a board stuck up over the gate was written in large letters with chalk—"Hot Coffee here at all hours!" and on the side of the old cabin was written in like manner—"Pigs' Feet—Fresh Oysters—Hot Coffee—Warm Meals at all hours!" &c., &c. As the men went trudging along one would perhaps cry out "How are you, Restaurant?" and another—"Bully for the Restaurant!" another—"Cooking-stoves are played out!" as he went waddling along, almost played out himself. An Orderly comes along on horseback, "how far to camp?" "Two miles and a half," he cries along the line as he passes by; but those Virginia miles, where they say "two shoots and a horn-blow," or "a sight and a half," I reckon are long ones.

After numerous patience-trying stops, we finally reach camp—upon a steep hillside, while there is plenty of level land in the neighborhood, rocky, and a perfect thicket. Who made such a selection of a camp as this? No matter; it has been done by proper authority, and our duty is to submit. We march by faith, we fight by faith, we crawl up on the hillside and in among these rocks and bushes by faith. We have no faith, however, to believe that the officer who selected such a spot in which for us to camp, camps to-night himself in such a place! There are more curses than prayers among the boys in the bushes, just now. We have had no dinner to-day, and we have had

a forced march of over twenty miles. At last the fires are kindled, coffee is made, with a little salt-horse and crackers we make our supper. We spread our blankets among the bushes, lie down, and are soon oblivious to the toils, trials and dangers of this "cruel war." Morning dawned, clear and bright, and found the 27th on the banks of the Rappahannock river, ready to cross in pontoons. As the Regiment advanced, it was met by the enemy's pickets. After an exchange of fire the enemy's pickets fell back, and the Regiment crossed the river, our men holding their own ground against the enemy's shot and shell. At last a deep ravine was reached, where we halted and exchanged fire with the enemy for some time. At last the firing ceased, except now and then a shot from the sharpshooters, who were busy while the Regiment expected orders to charge—which orders did not come. In that ravine under a hot sun we lay until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we heard the men cheering. Upon looking up we could see the gallant 6th Corps advancing toward the enemy's heights on a double-quick. Then the music began. The 27th was held back to support the pickets, and our boys sent up cheer after cheer to see the enemy retreat from his stronghold. Our Regiment fell back after a time, and also the pickets, (our Regiment was the picket's support in case of an attack,) but we soon reached the city and gained the Heights; and as darkness fell upon us the fighting ceased for the day. At dawn next morning a squad of men from our Company was detailed as videttes—G. M. BELDEN (in command,) J. C. BOURNE, J. KNOBLOCK, GIBSON DUNN, D. E. BUELL, TOM HILLIARD, FRANK HECON, RAYMOND LAWRENCE and ROBT. DURKEE. They advanced to a house beyond the picket-line, and stationed themselves to watch the enemy's movements, occasionally exchanging a shot with him. The boys were posted behind the fences and barn near the house, when they espied come cavalrymen coming toward them from the enemy. They all kept their places until the cavalrymen rode up near them, and then at a given signal jumped up with muskets to their shoulders and demanded a surrender. The Seceshers obeyed, but they hated to surrender to private soldiers. One was a Colonel of Cavalry, one a Colonel of Infantry, and one an Orderly. They were sent to headquarters.

After about two hours the boys said "Look out for a fight! They will miss their men, and will send out reinforcements." Sure enough, at about 4 p. m. the enemy's pickets began to advance, but were held at bay by our rifles. A telegraph-line of men was posted from us to general headquarters. Word was sent in that the enemy was advancing.

ing. An inquiry came back, what Regiment the videttes belonged to. "The 27th New York," was the answer; and soon the response came—"27th, hold your places as long as possible!" And the boys *did* hold their places until the enemy came up in force; then they loaded, fired and fell back. Number 1 front rank fired and fell back twenty paces, while number 2 rear rank did the same. This is the way we held the enemy back. One Regiment (the 27th) held at bay more than two Divisions of the enemy's Infantry. But it was dark, and we did not know how many we had to contend with until afterwards. The Colonel of the 13th N. Y. rode toward Col. ADAMS and spoke to him. Col. ADAMS rode along the line and says "Put in and walk, men, because it is *very necessary*." I think that was about as lively a walk as I ever saw. The boys will tell you that Bull Run was nowhere (for the length of time) compared to this. We fell back to U. S. Ford and crossed on pontoons, while the enemy was sending shot and shell after us; but come to find out, the Corps had fallen back, and left our Regiment to hold the enemy in check, though the boys did not know at the time anything about it. There were about 583 killed, wounded and missing out of the Brigade, GEO. WALRATH and ROBERT DISBROW were taken prisoners from our Company. HENRY BROWN and SERGEANT HOOPER were wounded. HENRY BROWN was shot in the leg, breaking it instantly. He was taken to the rear, where the surgeons attended him.

At daylight next morning we crossed the river, where we halted and took breakfast. The Company being out of provisions, some hard tack was sent to us from the Quartermaster's. One box was of peculiar shape and labeled different from the rest of them. It was marked "B. C. 603." Various interpretations were given, but all were rejected until Private D declared it was all plain enough—couldn't be mis-understood, in fact. "How so?" was the eager inquiry from the boys "Why," said he, "it is *603 years before Christ*!" (603 B. C.) The boys thought he was about right. They were the *hardest* tack we had seen during the service.

After breakfast the Regiment fell in line and took up its line of march for the old camp, which it reached at about dark. The next evening an order was read off on dress parade by the Adjutant, that the Regiment's time was nearly out—two years—and asking us to reenlist; but no one offered to do so. The boys had counted the number of days they had to stay, and some of them the hours. At length the morning came on which we were to take our departure from Dixie. Cheer after cheer was sent up; the bands commenced to play;

and the boys, bidding the three-year troops good-bye, were soon on the march for Falmouth, when they took the cars for Washington. Reaching Washington, they took *cattle-cars* for Elmira. I guess those cars were about stripped of their sides. The men kicked them to pieces and left nothing but the top. At every station along the route the men would send up cheer after cheer. The people brought them refreshments at nearly every station, and nothing was thought too good for the boys. At last we reached Elmira, and took up quarters in our old barracks after two long years of absence; and here we were met by a committee sent out by the citizens of Lyons to welcome us home. We remained in Elmira a few days, when the Company received permission to return home to Lyons for a short time, until the men could be mustered out of the service and paid off.

The 27th came home in May, 1863, with about 600 men; leaving the State two years before with something over 1100 strong. It was received and welcomed by Gen. BARTLETT at Elmira, in a speech made in front of the Brainard House. The General said he was glad to see the fullness of the ranks, after the dangers the Regiment had passed through. As a Colonel, he said he loved the old Regiment, and had relied upon it on many occasions. No Regiment in the service had won a more desirable fame. The Gen. withdrew, followed by three rousing cheers from the Regiment; after which the men were dismissed.

Company B left Elmira at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 20, 1863, for Lyons. Arriving at Geneva, the boys were met by numbers of citizens from Lyons, with carriages to take us to our long-loved home. We reached Lyons shortly after 12 o'clock, and dismounted from the wagons near the railroad track, where we were met by the Board of Trustees, Military Organizations, Fire Companies and Bands of Music. Then we formed in line and marched into the village. All along the line our townfolk, and especially the ladies, exerted themselves to the utmost to show their appreciation of the services of the gallant Company whose patriotism, coolness and courage had been demonstrated on many a well-fought field. No words can convey an adequate impression of the tumult of joy that swept through the bosoms of both the welcomers and the welcomed. All along the route every available space in the street, the doors, the windows and the yards, were crowded with people, endeavoring to express in every conceivable manner their joy at the return of the Company. Our old battle-flag was borne proudly along, and thousands of eyes were dimmed with gratitude and pride as they gazed

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upon its tattered, bullet-torn folds. Col. ADAMS rode the horse that had carried him safe through all the battles since his promotion to the command of the 27th. The most affecting scene of all was that when the Company arrived nearly opposite Mrs. McELWAIN's residence, where the orders was given to reverse arms, and we marched in Company front past the house of one of our brave boys who lies beneath the southern sod. More than one of the boys endeavored in vain to repress the tears which would come into his eyes, as he thought of the brave boy who fills the soldier's grave in Virginia.

The Company arrived upon the Fair Ground. Here we exchanged greetings with hosts of friends who came flocking around us; then we were marched into Floral Hall, where a sumptuous dinner awaited us, gotten up and served by the ladies of LYONS and the friends of the Company. After dinner came a speech of welcome, from Rev. Mr. MONTGOMERY—one of the best I ever heard; appropriate, concise, eloquent, and not too long. Referring to the brave fellows who are sleeping the sleep of death under Virginia sod, he brought tears to every eye by his tender, sympathetic remarks. Said he: "We cannot soon forget the names of ALLEE, of DUNN, of GAUL, of HOLMES, of McELWAIN, of METZKER, of SEAVY, of MILLS, of KEESLER, of MOREY, of ANDREWS, of BRINK, of HENNIGAN, and of STRICKLAND;" and further on—"officers and soldiers, it is because you have had a share in the great work of saving the Union that we welcome you to-day. It is because you have been fighting to defend us in our property and homes, that we thus tender you a most grateful welcome. Happy families are waiting to receive you. Happy hearts are waiting to embrace you. Prize them as among earth's best treasures; and amid the duties and pleasures of those happy homes, see to it that you show yourselves christian men and christian patriots." After the address, came singing—a song composed for the occasion by Mrs. ANNA R. HALLIDAY, of LYONS, and dedicated to the 27th.

The 27th Regiment, in which Company B had an honorable place, was in most of the important battles fought on the soil of Virginia, and acquitted itself (as all know) with credit to the members thereof and to the respective towns, represented therein. The same may be said with equal truth of the other Companies in our Regiment. A nobler body of men never left the State; and no other Regiment endured more hardships. Many who left Elmira with the Regiment have found a soldier's grave, and many are home maimed for life.

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