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HISTORY
OF THE
114TH REGIMENT,
NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.

CONTAINING A PERFECT RECORD OF ITS SERVICES, EMERACING ALL
ITS MARCHES, CAMPAIGNS, BATTLES, SIEGES AND SEA-VOYAGES,
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EACH OFFICER, AND A
COMPLETE REGISTER OF THE REGIMENT, WHEREIN
APPEARS THE NAME OF EVERY OFFICER AND
ENLISTED MAN WHO HAS EVER BELONGED
TO THE SAME, WITH FULL REMARKS
RELATING THERETO, AND SEV-
ERAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY BREVET-MAJOR ELIAS P. PELLET.

NORWICH, N. Y.:
TELEGRAPH & CHRONICLE POWER PRESS PRINT.
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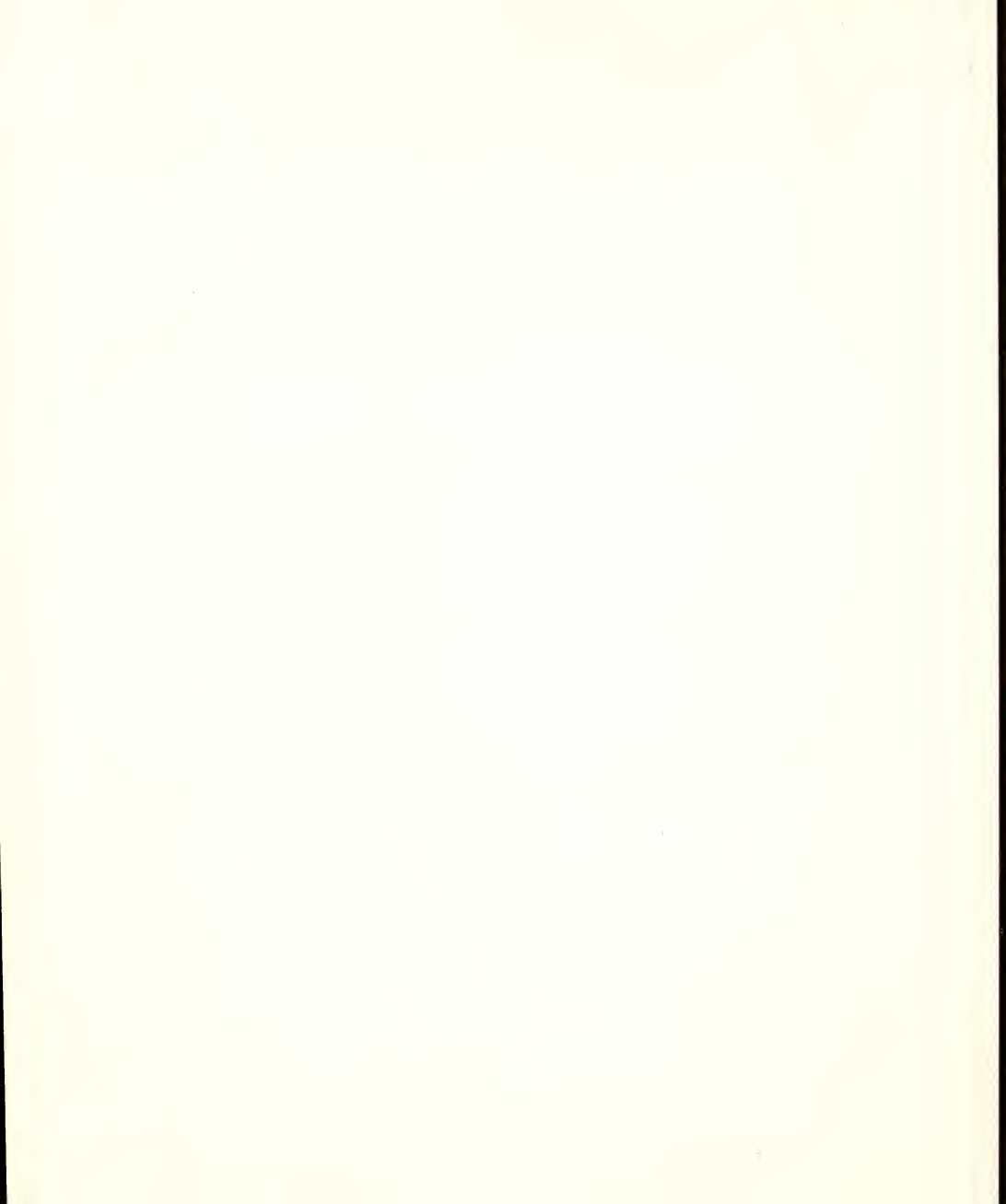
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PREFACE.

THE following pages of this History have been mainly compiled from Journals kept by the writer, during the service of the regiment. It was his good fortune to be with his regiment in all its campaigns, marches, sea voyages, skirmishes and battles, save the siege of Port Hudson, and the ten day's voyage to Sabine Pass. During this time he was charged with the painful duty of conveying to their final resting place, the remains of the lamented Colonel Smith.

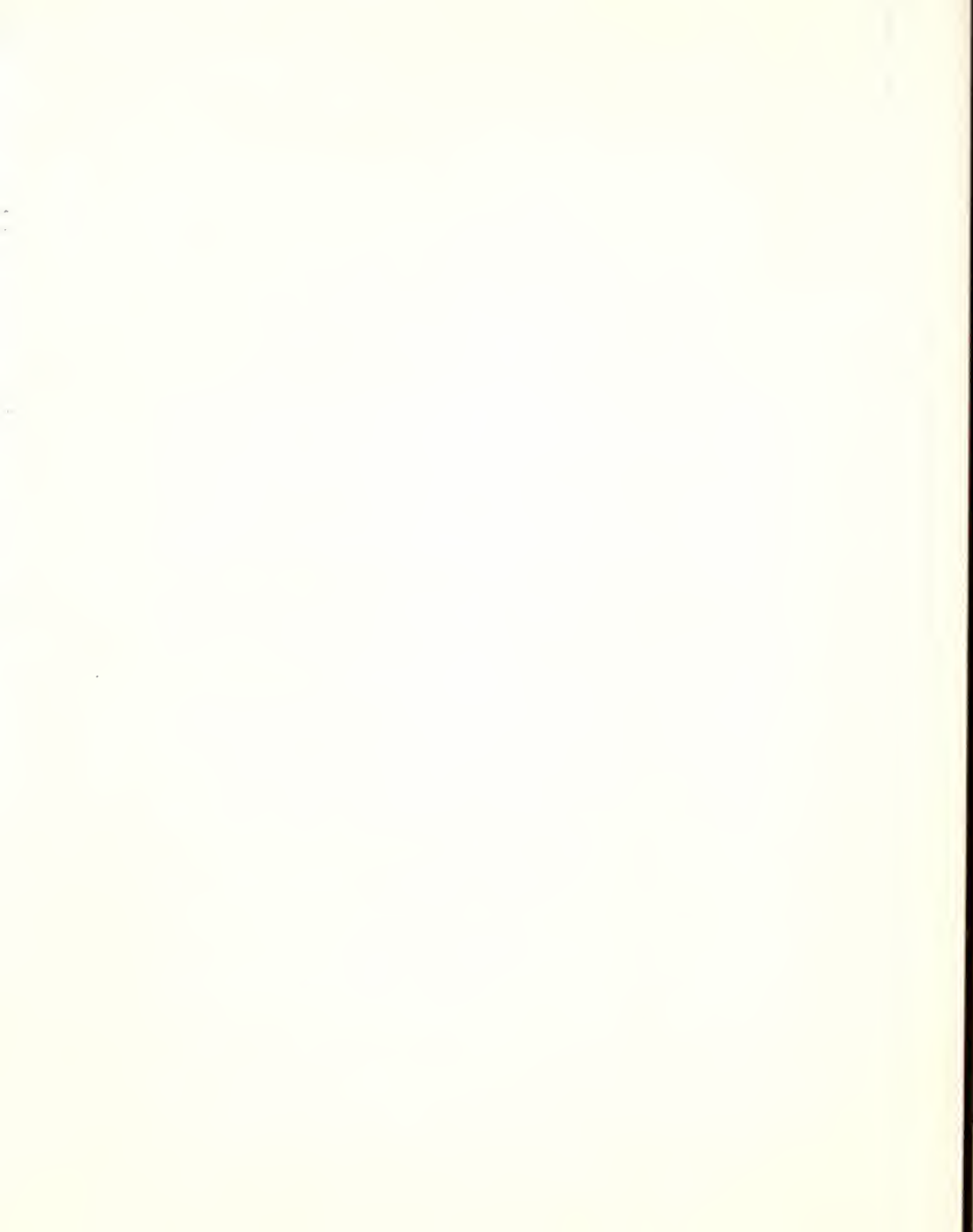
He has endeavored, faithfully, to portray the scenes through which the regiment passed; to follow it step by step through its marches, voyages, campaigns, sieges and battles; and to give as true a picture of its fortunes, its services and its conduct, as possible.

Whenever official documents could tell the story, he has given them the preference, rather than his own opinion. This is particularly true regarding the "Biographical Sketches." He has labored to give each officer a merited place in this gallery; to praise or censure none; and such official documents, complimentary to their services, as have been furnished him, he has cheerfully inserted.

To his faithful friend and comrade, Captain James F. Fitts, he is indebted for the chapters on Port Hudson and Sabine Pass—as well as for his opinions regarding the general style of the work.

He also feels under obligations to Messrs. Kingsley, Hubbard and Prindle, for their kindness in reviewing the manuscript, and for such suggestions, as their experience has given them.

To the editors of the *Chenango Telegraph*, *Chenango Union*, and *Chenango Chronicle*, he would return his thanks for their kindness in giving him access to their files; and to these papers he desires to credit the accounts of the reception of the regiment on its return to Norwich.



To the officers generally, he feels indebted for their promptness in furnishing him with the data from which their personal histories have been written ; and particularly to those who have furnished their portraits for the work.

The records of the casualties in the several battles are taken from the official reports, as sent to headquarters ; and the register of the regiment from the official copies of the Muster-Out Rolls.

He now presents this History to the public—asking an indulgence for whatever defects it may contain ; he will be amply rewarded if it serves to perpetuate the names and deeds of those brave men who periled their lives and fortunes for the honor of their country and their flag.

NORWICH, N. Y., December, 1865.

E. P. P.

DEDICATION.

To the Memory of those Officers and Men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, who perished in battle or by disease, while in the faithful discharge of their duties, this Volume is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

"There is nothing so hard as a beginning."—*Byron.*

ORGANIZATION—DEPARTURE.

MEETING OF THE MILITARY COMMITTEE—APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL BRUCE—HE DECLINES—COLONEL SMITH APPOINTED; ACCEPTS AND COMMENCES THE WORK OF ORGANIZATION—RECRUITING—ASSEMBLING OF COMPANIES AT GENERAL RENDEZVOUS—ENCAMPMENT GROUNDS—HOW THE TROOPS WERE SUBSISTED—APPOINTMENT OF SURGEON, ADJUTANT AND ACTING QUARTERMASTER—THOROUGHNESS OF MEDICAL INSPECTION—INSPECTION BY COLONEL SHEPHARD—MUSTERED INTO SERVICE—ALLOTMENTS—REGIMENT ATTENDS DIVINE SERVICE—PRESENTATIONS—FULL COMPLIMENT OF OFFICERS APPOINTED—DEPARTURE FROM NORWICH—ARRIVAL AT BINGHAMTON—RECEPTION—ARRIVAL AT BALTIMORE—CAMP BELGER—JUDGE BOND—ARMS—GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 1—CAMP REGULATIONS—OFFICER'S MESS—COMPANIES C, D, E, H, I AND K ON DETACHED SERVICE.

THE One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York State Volunteers, was organized under the call of the President of the United States in July, 1862—and was originally intended to represent the Twenty-Third Senatorial District, comprising the counties of Chenango, Cortland and Madison.

A Citizens' Regimental Committee was appointed by His Excellency Governor Morgan, to consider the best method for recruiting a regiment in these three counties, and to recommend a commanding officer.

It consisted of the following named gentlemen—and met at

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the Eagle Hotel, in Norwich, on the 16th day of July, 1862:

CHENANGO COUNTY—Henry A. Clark, Bainbridge; B. Gage Berry, Harvey Hubbard, Philander B. Prindle, Norwich; Henry R. Mygatt, Oxford; Levi Harris, South New Berlin; William D. Purple, Frederick Juliand, Greene.

CORTLAND COUNTY—Henry S. Randall, Horatio Ballard, R. Holland Duell, Cortland Village.

MADISON COUNTY—Benjamin F. Bruce, Lenox; Zadoc T. Bentley, William F. Bonney, Morrisville; John J. Foote, J. Hunt Smith, Hamilton.

The Committee organized by the appointment of Hon. Henry A. Clark, of Chenango, Chairman, and J. Hunt Smith, of Madison, Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Randall, it was resolved that the number of the Committee be increased by additional names, so as to make fifteen in each county in the District. Messrs. Isaac S. Sherwood, of Oxford; James M. Phillips, of Coventry; Elias Livermore, of German; John Clark, of Guilford; Charles T. Ackley, of McDonough; Henry N. Champlin, of Pitcher; T. H. Matteson, of Sherburne, were added to the Committee from Chenango.

After due deliberation, it was unanimously agreed that the Coloneley of the new regiment should be tendered to Hon. Benjamin F. Bruce, of Lenox, Madison County, a man of ardent patriotism, sound judgment, and unbending integrity.

General Bruce, on receiving notice of his appointment, telegraphed the committee, thanking its members for the honor bestowed on him, but declining the position on account of physical disability. He did not, however, abate his interest in the cause, and at numerous meetings, held for the purpose of raising volunteers, he eloquently urged the necessity of

springing to arms, to save our country, which at that moment seemed upon the verge of ruin.

At a subsequent session of the committee, the telegram of General Bruce was considered, and the discussion of the appointment, resumed. The names of General T. F. Petrie, of Peterboro, commanding a brigade of New York State Militia; and Hon. Elisha B. Smith, of Norwich, were presented as candidates for the position; and at the close of a late evening session, July 16th, it was announced that the last named gentleman was elected, by the unanimous vote of the committee, as the Colonel of the proposed organization.

Mr. Smith, upon being notified of his selection, appeared before the committee, and in returning suitable acknowledgements for the distinction, pledged his best efforts to execute thoroughly and to the best of his ability, the high and responsible trust confided to him.

Dr. Purple, from the Apportionment Committee, reported the number of men to be raised in the District one thousand and ten, and that the quota of the several counties was as follows: Chenango, three hundred seventy-four; Madison, three hundred and ninety-six; Cortland, two hundred and forty.

An executive committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Philander B. Prindle, Walter M. Conkey, and B. Gage Berry, whose duty it was, to act in the place of the general committee, having the general oversight of the regiment and its organization.

Colonel Smith entered on his duties with a zeal natural to the man, and immediately set about constructing the framework of his regiment.

Authorization papers were issued by the Governor, on his

recommendation, and recruiting began in earnest. The first enlistment is recorded July 22d; the last, August 30th, 1862.

Only those who witnessed the alacrity with which the patriots of Chenango and Madison rushed forward under the folds of the flag they loved, can form an adequate idea of the enthusiasm which pervaded the whole community, during the few weeks in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth was in process of organization. Public meetings were held; halls, churches, school houses were nightly crammed with old and young, and the hearts of the people were fully aroused to the work. A nucleus was formed here, another there, combinations were effected and companies fully organized—and with such rapidity did recruiting proceed, that Chenango and Madison soon filled the quota of the District—ten company organizations having been completed—seven being from the former, and three from the latter county.

The class of men enrolled at this time was different from that previously sent into the field, or from that sent since.

At this time, the dark cloud of war hung heavily over our land, and our best men—men of families, who had heretofore believed it impossible to leave their homes, their occupations, and those bound to them by the nearest and dearest ties, saw that a crisis was approaching, and that effective blows must be struck at once, if at all.

Actuated by such motives, the strong men—representing the capital and labor of both counties—came forward, and offered their services in this hour of general despondency.

Their object was not one of adventure—such as called many of our first volunteers to the field; nor fear of conscription, nor pecuniary inducements which undoubtedly influenced many who have since recruited our ranks; but a great major-

ity of the men in this regiment, entered the service from convictions of right.

Norwich, in the County of Chenango, was selected as the place of rendezvous, and there the several companies, as they respectively reached the mustering standard, repaired.

This village, situated far away from the scream of the locomotive, or the rattle of the car, at once assumed a martial air, and the roll of the drum, the bustle of camp, or the tramp of citizen soldiery, seemed alike to startle and amuse its quiet inhabitants, the great mass of whom never before nor since, saw fifty regular soldiers parade in uniform.

Two companies were recruited in Norwich, namely, B and C—the former under Captain Jacob S. Bockee; the latter by Captain Platt Titus, aided by their Lieutenants, to whom authority had been given.

On the 6th day of August, the first company, from Oxford, at the maximum strength, under command of Captain Oscar H. Curtis, was accepted at the general rendezvous, with marked enthusiasm and applause. The second and third companies, spoken of as recruited in Norwich, soon after reported to the commandant as of the required strength.

Captain Henry B. Morse, of Eaton, Madison County, presented a company of one hundred and thirty men—a portion of whom, under command of Lieutenant Robert P. York, were transferred to Company H.

Captain Curtis' company, being the first mustered, was assigned the right of the regimental line, and lettered A; Captain Bockee's company (B), was assigned the left, and Company C, the center and the colors.

Following in quick succession was Company E, from Greene, Captain Ransom Macdonald; F, from Sherburne, Captain

Charles Colwell; G, from Hamilton, Captain Charles E. Tucker; H, from Bainbridge, Captain Dyer D. Bullock; I, from Otselec, Captain J. Floyd Thompson; K, from Cazenovia, Captain Seneca Lake.

With a single exception, the companies were of the maximum strength allowed by General Order, No. 15, War Department, series of 1861; but although early in August, Colonel Smith telegraphed the fact to the authorities at Albany, no mustering officer was sent to fully complete its organization and muster the regiment into the United States Service, until September 3d, 1862.

The transportation of the several companies from their towns to Norwich, was in most cases the voluntary offering of the people; farmers often, taking their teams from the hay field, and filling their wagons with enthusiastic volunteers, would drive to Norwich, and in this way nearly one thousand men were collected at the rendezvous.

The ten companies were now located at Norwich. The contract for supplying them with rations, was bid in by Mr. Newman Gates. With John P. Smith, who was his partner and assistant, he erected a large wooden building on the encampment ground, on Rexford street, and generally known as the J. R. Wheeler lot. The accommodations were such that about one-half of the regiment could be seated at a time, and the tables were supplied with an abundance of wholesome food; but, coming from all the comforts of home, many of the men were dissatisfied, as they were unaccustomed to tin plates and pewter mugs as table furniture; but how often afterwards during the fatigues of a campaign, and the scarcity of even a reduced army ration, would those men have hailed the chance of paying roundly for such a meal as, in the early

days of their soldiering, they would have pushed aside as unfit to be eaten.

About one-half the required number of common, or A tents were supplied, and the balance of the regiment was quartered in a building on Mitchell street, known as the Milner Store House; in which, with the accommodations of our hotels, and those private residences which were opened to the men, they were very comfortably quartered.

Upon the recommendation of Colonel Smith, Samuel R. Per Lee, a well known citizen of Norwich, extensively engaged in the forwarding business, which he cheerfully resigned, was commissioned Adjutant, and likewise assigned the duties of Mustering Officer and Acting Quartermaster. He at once began the arduous labor of organizing the regiment. None, who have not learned by hard experience, the many perplexities of combining companies; of assigning positions; of mustering, inspecting and supervising the making up of a regiment of over one thousand men, can adequately judge of the magnitude of the work; but Adjutant Per Lee's general business qualifications fitted him for the place, and the progress of events developed his accuracy in the several departments under his charge. All of this work was done under the direction of Colonel Smith, as commanding officer—but he could hardly have selected another man who would, in these several complicated departments, have discharged the duties so correctly; and as a mark of high appreciation, Adjutant Per Lee was, at the request of the officers of the line, recommended as, and thereupon was commissioned, Lieutenant-Colonel.

The medical inspection was conducted by Dr. Levi P. Wagner, of Oxford, a physician of ability, who passed a rigid but

satisfactory examination before the Board at Albany, and who was appointed Surgeon, and assigned to this regiment.

Dr. Wagner gave the examination of the men, his personal attention, and no man was accepted, whose physical condition would not stand the test of the doctor's severe scrutiny; and the general sanitary condition, and the unusually small number of men afterwards discharged for disability, show how much is due to this officer for his thorough attention to his duties at the outset.

And it is greatly to be deplored, that in the latter days of recruiting, Examining Surgeons have so little regarded this point, and sent to encumber the army, anything which presented itself for a thousand dollars, or to fill a quota, careless of physical condition, age or infirmity, and not unfrequently sending to regiments, in the same squads, fathers and sons; the one, broken down with age—the other, unfit to bear the hardships which test the iron constitutions of the strongest men. For examples of the evils attendant on this negligent course, let the record of the recruits of this regiment attest.

Of the original members of this regiment, the records of the Adjutant's office show a smaller percentage of men incapacitated by reason of latent diseases brought out by the fatigues attendant on soldier life, than almost any other regiment in the service; and the number of men discharged during the first six month's or year's service on account of such diseases, was so small as to cause remark by the Medical Director of the Department of the Gulf; while, on the other hand, the estimate would not be too large, to say that one-third of all the recruits which were afterwards forwarded to the regiment, were discharged from hospitals in less than one

year from the time they were taken up on the Muster Rolls.

During the latter part of August, Colonel Shephard, Acting Assistant Inspector General, inspected the regiment on its parade ground, after which he complimented Colonel Smith, on having a body of men, as fine looking, both for size and cleanliness, as any he had seen.

On the 27th day of August, Colonel George Bliss, Paymaster General of the State, paid the men the Governor's Bounty of fifty dollars each. Colonel Bliss was an admirable officer, prompt, decisive and courteous.

The last of the month, the United States and County Bounties were paid, with one month's advance pay.

The United States Allotment Commissioners were present, and their report of the amount of monies allotted by the soldiers is very flattering. It is as follows:

Company A, allotted by ninety-four men,.....	\$1,022.
Company B, allotted by ninety-seven men,.....	945.
Company C, allotted by ninety-five men,.....	917.
Company D, allotted by eighty-eight men,.....	865.
Company E, allotted by eighty-seven men,.....	954.
Company F, allotted by eighty men,.....	780.
Company G, allotted by seventy-six men,.....	718.
Company H, allotted by by eighty-four men,.....	859.
Company I, allotted by eighty-nine men,.....	890.
Company K, allotted by ninety-six men,.....	981.

Nearly every man who signed at all, allotted at least ten dollars, some twelve; and when asked to whom the order should be payable, it was pleasant to hear the frequent response, "my wife."

The regiment was now full; the additional Field and Staff officers were appointed; the company organizations were

complete, and all that remained to be done, was the muster into the service of the United States.

On the 2d day of September, Captain David Ireland, Mustering Officer, arrived in Norwich, and on the day following, the regiment was marched to the public square, formed in column by companies, and there formally mustered into service. At that muster, not less than one thousand men were present; at its muster out, June 8th, 1865, four hundred and sixty two names appear on the rolls, as its aggregate strength present and absent. Let the campaigns from Bisland to Cedar Creek stand accountable for the discrepancy.

The Sabbath previous to the departure for the seat of war, the regiment entire, accepted an invitation from Rev. Mr. Benedict, Pastor of the Norwich Baptist Church, and was present at the morning services. The body of the house was filled with the soldiers, not less than nine hundred being present.

Mr. Benedict, with his characteristic eloquence, spoke of the relations of the soldier to his country in her hour of peril; portrayed the temptations which would beset his pathway at every step; urged the necessity of a determined resistance; counselled obedience and faithfulness in the discharge of the duties devolving on him. The sermon was deeply impressive, and was listened to attentively.

Shortly before the regiment left Norwich, some very interesting ceremonies took place, showing the interest manifested by the friends of our cause.

One was the presentation of a horse and equipments to Colonel Smith. The presentation took place in front of the Court House, in the presence of the regiment and a vast concourse of people. The gift to Colonel Smith, was from his

friends in the County, who had long known him as a kind man and a good citizen. They were now bestowing on him the trappings of war, and entrusting to his charge their sons and brothers, and the hearts of all, unbiassed by political or religious differences, were beating in unison with his own; all thinking of the one great object to be accomplished—the salvation of our country.

The speech on the part of the people was made by Isaac S. Newton, Esq., Colonel Smith responding in person.

Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee, was, at the same time, presented with a beautiful sword, sash, belt and horse equipments, which he accepted with the promise that they should be used only with honor; his townsmen know how well he has kept his pledge. The presentation speech was made by Rev. William Searle, of Norwich.

The ladies of Otselic, presented the company of Captain J. Floyd Thompson, with an elegant silk flag. Speeches were made by Hon. David B. Parce, and Judge Prindle.

Captain Morse's company from Eaton, was likewise the recipient of a stand of colors, which was borne by the regiment in all its engagements, until the close of the Red River campaign, when nothing but the bare flag-staff remained.

Presentations by companies to the officers of the line, were common, and numerous swords, sashes and belts changed hands with "neat and appropriate speeches."

The officers of the organization, as completed on the 3d of September, were as follows, viz:

FIELD AND STAFF—Colonel, Elisha B. Smith, Norwich; Lieutenant-Colonel, Samuel R. Per Lee, Norwich; Major, Henry B. Morse, Eaton; Surgeon, Levi P. Wagner, Oxford; First Assistant Surgeon, Henry G. Beardsley, Hamilton; Sec-

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>

ond Assistant Surgeon, Harris H. Beecher, Norwich; Adjutant, James F. Fitts, Lewiston, Niagara County; Quartermaster, J. Floyd Thompson, Otselic; Chaplain, Henry Callahan, Oxford.

COMPANY OFFICERS—Company A—Captain, Oscar H. Curtis; First Lieutenant, Samuel S. Stafford; Second Lieutenant, James E. Gilbert.

Company B—Captain, Jacob S. Bockee; First Lieutenant, Lauren M. Nichols; Second Lieutenant, Edwin O. Gibson.

Company C—Captain, Platt Titus; First Lieutenant, Shubael A. Brooks; Second Lieutenant, William H. Longwell.

Company D—Captain, Willie M. Rexford; First Lieutenant, James E. Wedge; Second Lieutenant, Smith Case.

Company E—Captain, Ransom Macdonald; First Lieutenant, Nicholas A. Dederer; Second Lieutenant, George G. Donnelley.

Company F—Captain, Charles Colwell; First Lieutenant, Adrian Foote; Second Lieutenant, John F. Buell.

Company G—Captain, Charles E. Tucker; First Lieutenant, Charles W. Underhill; Second Lieutenant, Homer W. Searle.

Company H—Captain, Dyer D. Bullock; First Lieutenant, Robert P. York; Second Lieutenant, Edwin M. Osborne.

Company I—Captain, Hiram S. Wheeler; First Lieutenant, Nelson W. Schermerhorn; Second Lieutenant, Elias P. Pellet.

Company K—Captain, Seneca Lake; First Lieutenant, Daniel C. Knowlton; Second Lieutenant, Erastus L. Carpenter.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF—Sergeant Major, Elijah St John; Quartermaster Sergeant, Augustus P. Clark; Commissary

Sergeant, George E. Hawley; Hospital Steward, Ebenezer McClintock.

Dwight Parce, of Norwich, was appointed Sutler.

Colonel Smith telegraphed repeatedly to Albany, announcing that his regiment was ready to move. On the evening of September 5th, orders were received to move on the day following.

On Saturday evening, September 6th, the line was formed on the parade ground, and the regiment marched by the flank, through the streets of Norwich, to the canal, on South Main Street, and embarked on boats for Binghamton.

The streets were thronged with anxious people, who lingered to bid farewell to friends, who were quitting the peaceful associations of home, and embarking in perilous and hitherto unknown scenes.

How strangely the appearance of that noble body of men, as it then was, contrasts with what it was two years later. Then, one thousand strong, its line of march had more showy significance than our war-worn brigades of thirty months' service; then, these men were citizens, newly dressed in the paraphernalia of war; with awkwardly fitting uniforms and unsteady step; unsoldierly and uncouth in every motion; but in two years, a little band, at least less than half its former strength; men, who in the very front of hard fought fields, have learned what hardships are; what dangers thicken at every dawn; what toil, and care, and fatigue, follow at every step, whether under Summer's heat or Winter's cold, alike they must on; from severe and constant contact, they have learned the lesson of stern and patient soldiering.

Ten canal boats were in waiting, and a company placed on each. Slowly they moved off, many of the people following

along the bank, seemingly unwilling to give up their friends and relatives. There were many sad hearts in Norwich, and in Chenango and Madison counties, that night. There were many brave men, too, who that evening, as they slowly sailed away, looked back on the green hills of Chenango for the last time, and who now sleep in honored graves from the Shenandoah to the Red, from the Potomac to the Mississippi Rivers.

Nothing extraordinary occurred during this canal voyage, save the chastisement of a man in Greene, who shouted for Jeff. Davis. A few enthusiastic members of one of the companies, in the politest manner possible, treated the offender to several plunge baths in the canal, whereupon he was allowed to retire, on promise of better conduct in the future.

Arriving at Binghamton, the regiment was received by the One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh New York Volunteers. Its welcome and pleasant tarry is briefly described in the Binghamton Daily *Republican*, of the 9th of September as follows:

"Colonel E. B. Smith's regiment arrived at this place, on Sunday evening last, in canal boats from Norwich, the soldiers remaining on the boats. On Monday morning, by invitation of Colonel Ireland, of the One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh, they marched over to the barracks for breakfast. After breakfast they marched back to the depot, where they deposited, in the cars awaiting them, their knapsacks, &c., and awaited the arrival of Colonel Ireland's regiment, which escorted them to the front of the Court House, where an address of welcome was delivered by Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, which was responded to by Colonel Smith. The speech and response, were eloquent and patriotic. Mr. Dickinson welcomed his old friends from his native County of Chenango,

in the name of all classes, in the name of patriotism and of their country, and expressed his belief and hope, that a good account would be heard from the regiment.

“Colonel Smith in his remarks, alluded handsomely to Colonel Ireland, and expressed a hope that the regiments would be brigaded together, and that Broome and Chenango would stand shoulder to shoulder in the defence of their country’s flag.

“Colonel Smith is a fine looking officer, and has a clear, ringing voice of command. We expect to hear a good account of him.

“Clark, the war vocalist, favored the vast crowd with the ‘Sword of Bunker Hill,’ and the ‘Death of Warren.’

“Three cheers were given for Mr. Dickinson, Colonel Smith, Colonel Ireland, Clark, and the boys generally. The sight of two regiments in uniform, and the large concourse of our citizens, ladies and gentlemen, in carriages and on foot, presented a military pageant never before witnessed in Binghamton.

“The regiment got off about ten o’clock, in good order, and in ample cars, amid the shouts and cheers of the people. Both regiments presented a fine appearance, and the whole affair was creditable to them and to our people.”

The regiment reached Elmira, during the afternoon, and changed cars in a heavy rain storm. From thence to Baltimore, nothing of interest occurred.

Arriving at Baltimore, on the evening of the 10th, the regiment remained at the depot during the night, and Colonel Smith reported to Major-General Wool, commanding, for orders.

There had long been an acquaintance between the Colonel

and the General, and it was but natural that the latter should desire to retain so large and fine a regiment under his command. His desire was granted by the War Department, and the regiment was ordered into camp near Druid Hill Park, at a place known as "Camp Belger," which was vacated for that purpose by the Thirty-Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers. This camp was named in honor of Colonel James Belger, then Quartermaster in the United States Army, but since dismissed the service by General Order, No. 383, War Department, series of 1863.

Camp Belger had been fitted up in magnificent style, by the Thirty-Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, which occupied the ground during a three months' service, and was the most delightful location which can be imagined for the lodgment of troops. Camp life here, seemed like an excursion at home, or a pic nie on a grand scale.

The camp was well wooded and watered; regularly laid out in company streets, with broad avenues, and located at the terminus of the City Rail Road; the soil was hard and well adapted for drills and parades. It was in a North West-erly direction from the city, about two and one-half miles distant, and owned by Judge Bond, of the Criminal Court of Baltimore, a man of sterling Union principles, who, in the early days of the rebellion, suffered almost martyrdom for adhering to the cause of his country.

The Judge, whose beautiful residence was contiguous to the camp, (and from which floated an American Flag, even through the mob rule of the city), used frequently to visit the regiment, and speak words of cheer to all, which were indeed refreshing to hear, after the name which the "Monu-mental City" had gained by the memorable assault on the 15th

of April 1861. At that time, with a Baltimorean, we were accustomed to associate the most magnified ideas of a secessionist and a rebel. At the bounteous table of Judge Bond, many of the officers of the regiment were welcomed, and his doors were ever opened to the sick and suffering. He assured us that our ideas regarding public sentiment in the city were erroneous, and that Baltimore had many men as loyal as himself, who, from personal reasons were less free in their exhibitions of ardor in the cause of the union; and gradually our excited feelings were toned down to a healthier state, and, as we became more the soldier, we became less the alarmist.

On the 10th of September, arms were issued to the men. They were of the most approved pattern of the Springfield Rifled Musket, each weighing about twelve pounds; calibre .577, and carrying an elongated ball, one ounce in weight. These pieces were graduated for one thousand yards, but were effective about two-thirds that distance only. These muskets were undoubtedly the most serviceable in use. They had many advantages over the Enfield; and while for certain kinds of special service, Spencer's Repeating Rifle was preferable, yet there is no arm so effective for the use of Infantry, as the Springfield. The Government price for these arms and accoutrements, if carelessly lost or destroyed, is about twenty-seven dollars.

The men having been armed, began to have the appearance of soldiers. Drills in the manual, facings and marching were at once commenced—and both officers and men seemed to enter into the exercises with a commendable zeal.

At the evening parade of September 12th, the following General Order, was issued, announcing Camp regulations:

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REG'T NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS' }
 CAMP BELGER, BALTIMORE, MD., SEPT. 12, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.

Until further orders, the following regulations will be strictly observed in this Camp, viz:

Reveille,.....	5:30 A. M.
Police call,.....	6:00 "
Peas on Trencher,.....	6:30 "
Surgeon's Call,.....	7:30 "
Guard Mounting,.....	8:30 "
Company Drill,.....	9:30 to 11:00 "
Roast Beef,.....	12:00 M.
Company Drill,.....	1:30 to 3,00 P. M.
Camp Inspection,.....	4:40 "
Retreat,	6:00 "
Tattoo,	9:00 "
Taps,.....	9:30 "

The several company commanders will be held to a rigid accountability for the thorough policing of quarters, and a prompt observance of the above.

By Order,

COLONEL SMITH.

JAMES F. FITTS, Adjutant.

Such was our daily routine of life while we remained at Camp Belger.

The Officer of the Day and Surgeon were charged with daily inspections of the camp, and the kitchens. The latter were constructed in the best possible manner, nicely covered and furnished with stoves of a sufficient size to permit cooking for companies of one hundred men each. The streets and avenues were thoroughly swept each morning, and the general appearance of the Camp was excellent.

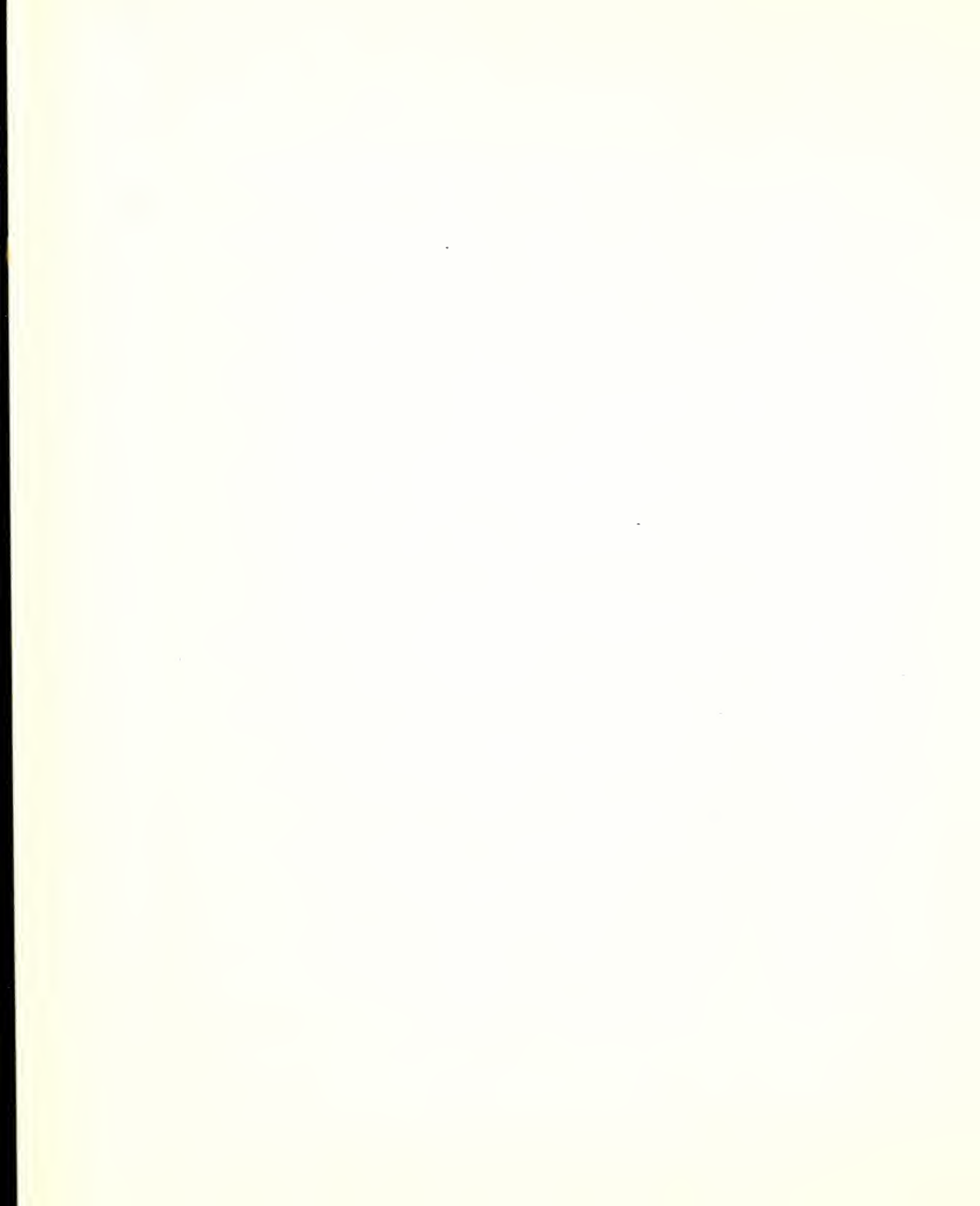
The regiment was brigaded with the Thirty-Eighth Massachusetts, and One Hundred and Sixteenth, and One Hundred and Twenty Eighth New York Volunteers, under command



of Brigadier-General Emory, who reported directly to Major-General Wool, commanding the Ninth Army Corps, and District of Baltimore. General Emory subsequently commanded a Division; and later, a Corps; of him more will be said as we reach the history of the campaigns of the Department of the Gulf.

Among the associations there, which will be remembered with pleasure, is the "Officers' Mess." Never since has there been a "Mess" accommodating all. This was under charge of our Sutler, Mr. Dwight H. Parce, assisted by Mr. Wells H. Ufford, as caterer. A large building was erected at the end of the camp, in the grove, of sufficient size to accommodate all. A set of rules was adopted, requiring the senior officer present to occupy the chair at the head of the table; a call to order; grace to be said by the Chaplain, and forbidding members from leaving the table without permission from the presiding officer. Conversations of a pleasing nature were freely indulged in; wit and humor prevailed; but all discussions, tending to excite or irritate, were forbidden, if indeed, they were ever desired. About thirty officers of the regiment were members of the "Mess," which was well conducted, until the breaking up of camp.

While lying at Camp Belger, the battle of Antietam was fought. It is not, even to this day, generally known among the officers and men of the regiment, that the One Hundred and Fourteenth was under orders to join our army at that place; but these were countermanded. Had we at that time been sent under them, we should probably have been permanently assigned to the Army of the Potomac; and, undoubtedly, the whole future course of our history changed, and while we should have had no fighting more severe,



we should have missed the vast experience of sea voyages and campaigns in the extreme South, as well as the luxuries in which that garden of America abounds.

On the 24th of September Colonel Smith received orders for the detail of a detachment for guard at the General Hospitals, and in complying with this order, details were made from the several companies. Company I was afterwards sent to Camden Street Hospital, but was subsequently relieved by Company D, in order that all the advantages of drill might not be given to one portion of the regiment. Companies C, E, and K, were later assigned to duty at the several Hospitals and Depots of the city, where they remained until orders were received for the regiment to be in readiness to move. These companies discharged their duties in a very soldier-like and highly satisfactory manner.

A detachment of fifty men of Company H, under command of Lieutenant Robert P. York, was ordered to Marlborough, for the purpose of enforcing the Draft which had been threatened with resistance by the people and the press of that rebellious vicinity. About the 1st of October, Lieutenant York left camp with his men, and proceeded to Bladensburg by rail, and from thence marched about eighteen miles to the place of their destination.

The duty was that of Provost guard, and although the people threatened much, no collision took place between them and the soldiers. Lieutenant York having been taken ill, was relieved by Captain Bullock, of the same company. The principal official acts of Captain Bullock were the arrest of one Captain Walter Buouy, a rebel officer, who was to be one of the party in obstructing the draft, whom he conveyed to the old Capitol Prison, and the suppression of a malignant

rebel sheet at Marlborough. As our preparations for a movement began, Captain Bullock and his detachment were relieved, and joined the regiment just in time to embark on the transports.



CHAPTER II.

"Aboard, aboard, the wind sits in the shoulder of your sail."—*Shakespeare.*

UNDER ORDERS.

ORDERS FOR DISTANT SERVICE—EMBARKATION BY DETACHMENTS—THE ATLANTIC, ARAGO, THAMES—CONDITION OF THE THAMES—DEPARTURE FROM BALTIMORE—ARRIVAL IN HAMPTON ROADS—ASSEMBLING OF THE FLEET—SCENERY—OBJECTS OF INTEREST—NEWPORT NEWS—THE CONGRESS AND THE CUMBERLAND—HAMPTON—ITS OLD CHURCH YARD—DIVINE SERVICE—VISIT TO NORFOLK—THE FLEET.

THAT portion of the regiment not detached in the city, remained at Camp Belger, drilling several hours each day, during the month of October.

On the evening parade of November 2d, a Special Order was read, dated Headquarters of the Brigade, and of which the following is an extract :

I. The following Regiments having been designated, will hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, on distant service : 110th N. Y. V., Col. D. C. Littlejohn ; 114th N. Y. V., Col. E. B. Smith ; 116th N. Y. V., Col. E. P. Chapin ; 128th N. Y. V., Col. D. S. Cowles ; 38th Mass. Vols., Col. S. Ingraham.

II. The commanders of Regiments will see that the arms and equipments of each man are complete, and that he has in his knapsack one pair of shoes, and a complete change of under clothing, i. e., shirts, stockings, and drawers.

We remember how welcome was this intelligence to the entire command. Now for active service—for practical campaigning, thought every man.

And "distant service." Did it mean Charleston, Mobile, or Texas ? All were points of interest, and towards which, it was believed, great expeditions were fitting. How many

were the surmises—how many times each day were company officers besieged with questions, “When and where are we going?” And how little did they know. Was it pride triumphing over Yankee curiosity and inquisitiveness which prevented the officers even, from making these inquiries of *their* superiors? We all wanted to know, but who should be the victim to ask, and be met with the just rebuke, “Your orders are to be ready—obey them.”

All were impatient. Delays, especially to beginners, are tedious. “Shall we never get started?” “What are we waiting for?” “Do you think we shall go to-morrow—this week—next?” were questions which might have been heard many times each day. An extra allowance of clothing was drawn, and each received a pair of shoes, which were strapped to the knapsacks. A general uneasiness pervaded the regiment.

On the morning of November 5th, the camp was all agog. Glorious news! Orders had really been received to strike tents, and embark on Ocean steamers.

Quickly, and with shouts of merriment, the tents were stripped down, and Companies A, B, and C, marched aboard the splendid United States Steam Transport, *Arago*. Companies D, F, and G, on the day following, embarked on the monster *Atlantic*, and later, the remaining companies E, H, I and K, were ordered aboard the propeller *Thames*.

Captain Curtis was the senior officer in charge of the detachment which took passage on the *Arago*; the officer however, in charge of the vessel, was Colonel D. S. Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Regiment New York Volunteers, which was also on this ship. Over thirteen hundred troops were on the steamer, and they were even less

crowded than those on smaller vessels, carrying not to exceed five companies.

It is believed that Colonel Cowles showed equal favor to the three companies of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, that he did his own regiment. He was a man of pleasing manners, affable and kind. He was killed at Port Hudson on the 27th of May, at the battle of Plain Store, while in the faithful discharge of his duty, at the head of his command.

Major Morse reported, with the detachment on the *Atlantic*, to Colonel Edwin P. Chapin, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, who was the senior officer on board. Aside from these troops, four companies of a Massachusetts Regiment were ordered aboard the *Atlantic*, which made an aggregate of about seventeen hundred men.

Colonel Chapin, like Colonel Cowles, met his death at Port Hudson, and later, our own beloved Colonel; thus the three Colonels of the New York troops so intimately associated together, were all destined to fall before that rebel stronghold. After the death of Colonel Chapin, a Brigadier General's commission was issued and forwarded to his father at Buffalo, as a mark of appreciation of his good qualities as an officer.

The companies on the *Atlantic* and *Arago*, were fortunate in having passage in first class steamers. The ships are well known to the world as a portion of the famous "Collins Line," which formerly plied between New York and the ports of England.

Not so, those aboard the *Thames*. She was an insignificant propeller, very narrow, ill-proportioned and frail. Up to the time when our government needed and pressed every available transport into its service, this vessel was a fourth

class merchantman. She had none of the conveniences which are so indispensibly necessary to a transport bearing levies of troops. Every portion of the ship was crowded. The galleys were insufficient, even for the ship's crew, and we were obliged to place the requisite supply of water in casks lashed to the railing; a dangerous experiment, as it afterwards proved. We were also obliged to take a quantity of coal and commissary stores on the deck, an encumbrance which nearly proved our ruin.

But the orders were that four companies *must* go on the *Thames*. It availeth little to go back of General Orders, especially for convenience, and rarely for safety.

The craft—which hardly merited the name of ship—was then fitted up as best it could be. Bunks were constructed in the hold, and a cooking galley erected on the deck, of sufficient capacity to accommodate two companies at once; then, by commencing at four o'clock in the morning, and working until ten in the evening, a sufficient quantity of rations could be cooked for "all hands." This night work in the galleys, was strictly forbidden by Army Regulations, but with the limited conveniences of the transport, it could not be avoided.

Colonel Smith made his headquarters on the *Thames*, and was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee, Surgeon Wagner, and Adjutant Fitts, of his Staff.

The three transports above mentioned, started for Fortress Monroe on the morning of the 6th, but all run aground on the bar in Baltimore harbor, and were more or less delayed. On the 7th, the *Thames* was towed off by a tug, and the second day following, the *Arago* was relieved from her position, and steamed down the Bay, to Fortress Monroe.

The *Atlantic*, being of greater draught, was detained on the bar for several days, but finally joined us.

The fleet assembled during the month of November, and anchored in Hampton Roads.

To one unpracticed in such scenes, it was magnificent. From the Fortress to Newport News, were stretched side wheel steamers of the largest class, with propellers, monitors, and shipping of all kinds.

The scenery around was calculated to awaken feelings of wonder. On the one side was Fortress Monroe, a gigantic piece of masonry, with its casemates protruding pieces of the best artillery in the world; its parapets thickly studded with heavy ordnance, which could sweep the country for miles around; its miniature Navy Yard of ammunition; the Rip Raps, rising like one mighty rock on the other; Cranney Island and Sewall's Point in the distance, famous at the commencement of the war; and the sunken wrecks of the ill-fated *Congress* and *Cumberland*, all combined to awaken a deep, thrilling emotion in the hearts of untraveled soldiers.

The detachment of troops on the *Thames* was more fortunate in one respect, than those on either of the other larger steamers. The draught of the *Thames* being less than they, she could steam up to the landing and disembark her troops, while the larger vessels were obliged to send the men ashore on tugs and ferry boats, which would occasionally be sent alongside. The men on the *Thames* had the advantage of going ashore each day for exercise and drill, while the others were at the caprice of dilatory Quartermasters, who were often negligent in sending the necessary light draught boats for transportation. To this cause, it is believed the better health of the troops on the smaller transports is due.

The *Atlantic* and *Arago* were kept constantly at anchor at Fortress Monroe, while the *Thames* made frequent trips to Newport News and Norfolk.

To those who were interested in the collection of relics, ample opportunities were afforded.

At Newport News the wrecks of the *Congress* and *Cumberland* were daily visited, by anxious relic hunters, and pieces of the wood work, bits of rope, or fragments of sails, were borne away as trophies; while a few were even fortunate enough to obtain shreds of the flag that was being whipped to pieces from the mast head of the *Cumberland*, and which defiantly fluttered in the breeze, long after the rebel monster had completed its work of destruction.

Hampton was likewise a place of resort. This was a small village, the seat of Elizabeth County, Virginia, situated on the left bank of the James River, about two miles from its entrance into the Chesapeake Bay. The part of the estuary of the river, between this town and Norfolk is called Hampton Roads. Hampton is a very old town, and possesses much historic interest. Its present importance is derived principally from its proximity to Fortress Monroe, which is about two and one-half miles distant. Hampton has suffered materially during the war, as it was one of the theatres of the commencement of our troubles, and was entirely destroyed by fire, by order of the rebel General Magruder, in 1861.

The old church and church yard are, perhaps, the objects of most interest; the walls of the former were remaining, and the latter bearing unmistakable marks of neglect, rapine and war.

The church yard is said to be the oldest in America, and its antique appearance would certainly tend to corroborate

this statement. Many of the tombs have crumbled to decay, and fragments of monuments and stones are strewn around.

On a broken slab of the finest Italian marble, is found the following inscription, which may serve to show how far back, in the history of this country, the record goes :

"der this Stone lyes the Body of Cap. W
Willson who departed this life the 19 D
ecember in the year 1701 being the 12
Memory of the Just is Blessed: Prov. 10: 7
nory be recorded and held in Everlasti
remembrance."

The stone was badly broken, and this was all the inscription which could be obtained. Another piece of this stone shows that "Capt. Willson" was one hundred and twenty-eight years of age when he died, which would make his birth in the year 1573.

Sunday, the 30th, the companies on the *Thames* marched to Hampton, where services were held by the Chaplain in the ruins of this old church. It was built in the form of a cross, and is said to have been the first church erected in the United States.

We visited Norfolk, where the companies went ashore for drill. Here we first practiced battalion movements, under the direction of the Adjutant, and one day for variety's sake, marched to Fort Norfolk, which was then used as a prison for such prisoners of state as had given offence to the government, and aid to the enemy in the vicinity of that city.

At Newport News we disembarked and prepared to go into camp, repairing and completing the deserted barracks, which had, the winter previous, been occupied by the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, but contrary orders were received, and we again went on ship board.

Thus, during the entire month of November we were kept on crowded transports, a portion of the time on short rations, with limited facilities for washing, so necessary to the sanitary condition of the command.

Early in December appearances betokened a movement, and we were all heartily glad, for there is nothing so unpleasant and discouraging for troops, as to be kept imprisoned on foul transports, with accommodations as limited as they must of necessity be when so large a force is moved.

The fleet consisted of the following named steamers, a part of which were side-wheeled; the remainder propellers:

Baltic, (flag ship and Headquarters of Brigadier-General Emory) *Atlantic*, *Arago*, *Ericsson*, *Thames*, *United States*, *Key West*, *Curlew*, *Thorn*, *City of Bath*, *George's Creek*, *S. R. Spaulding*, *Matanzas* and *Pocahontas*.

It was understood that the expedition was to be under the command of Major-General Nathaniel P. Banks, who, it was reported, had already sailed for the place of our destination.

CHAPTER III.

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. The wills of heaven be done! but I would fain die a dry death."—*Shakespeare.*

SEA VOYAGE.

SAILING ORDERS—UNDER WAY—RAIN—HEAVY WEATHER—THE STORM INCREASES—
CAPT HATTERAS—A GALE—DISABLED—SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—THE ERICSSON ASSISTS
THE THAMES—A COLLISION—A COGRE-PONDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE STORM—
ITS GRANDEUR—THE SHIP IN PERIL—COLLIDING AGAIN—SEA SICKNESS—ASSISTANCE
BY MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT—ARRIVAL AT PORT ROYAL.

On the morning of December 3d, the drum was beaten, and the following dispatch read to the troops:

"Commanding officers of transports will see that no officer or man is permitted to go on shore, as the departure of the fleet is hourly expected."

This intelligence was warmly received, and on the day following, the signal code and sealed orders were sent to Colonel Smith, with these instructions:

"When the *Baltic* signals, put to sea and follow her; open sealed orders only in case of separation or disaster.

Never was a ship so intently gazed at as the *Baltic*, and every flutter of her flag was tortured into a "signal."

At ten in the morning the long expected signal was given and we moved down the Bay, but on account of some delay were obliged to haul up until evening.

At eight o'clock, however, the *Baltic* signalled us again, and we put to sea.

Early on Friday morning a drizzling rain set in, and a fresh breeze sprung up. The wind increased as we approached Hatteras, and gave every evidence of a rough passage around

the Cape. The feelings of all aboard were those of mingled pleasure and fear. It was desirable to witness a storm at sea—but the dreaded consequences which might follow, seemed to overbalance this desire, but it soon became evident that willing or unwilling, we should have the opportunity of seeing the mingling of the elements.

The description of the storm, as given by a correspondent writing from the *Thames*, may serve to give some idea of its magnitude and grandeur.

"ON BOARD STEAM TRANSPORT THAMES, }
PORT ROYAL, S. C., DEC. 9TH, 1862. }

"Friday morning at the beating of the *reveille*, it was raining, with a smart breeze, which increased in freshness, by ten o'clock. It still continued to increase as we approached Hatteras, and by the time we were off the Cape, it was a perfect gale.

"We stood before the storm until four in the evening, when we became disabled by the breaking of the rock shaft of our engine, and were fearing all the horrors of going adrift in the terrible storm.

"We hoisted the signal of distress, the "Union down," by inverting the American flag at our mast head, and at this moment a heavy fog settled around us, and we were fearful that our signal would not be seen.

"The fog rising before dark, however, the *Ericsson*, which was ahead of us, saw our condition and hove down to our assistance.

"The sea was very foul. The *Ericsson* came alongside to get our hawser, to take us in tow, but unfortunately she came too near, and the rolling of the two ships brought us together, smashing one of her life boats to atoms, and breaking our spanker boom, which, falling, struck down Captain Arcy, of the *Thames*, severely injuring his leg. He was carried below, where he yet remains, unable to move from his bed.

"The moment of the striking of the two ships was one of dreadful anxiety, not only to us, but to those on the *Ericsson*. We were all fearful that she would crush us, and the variation of a second in the

roll of the sea, would have broken the stern of our ship, and sent us to the bottom.

"Our escape seemed almost miraculous, and we were all glad when our hawser was securely on her deck, and we saw her putting her wheels in motion. She towed us on, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane. The night was very light, with flying clouds—but the gale was terrible. I remained on deck all night to witness the grandeur of the scene.

"As far as the eye could reach, one mass of water, rolling and surging on, was all that could be seen. Each moment, this mountain of water came on, gathering might and power with every motion, then breaking, its foam-cap'd surges would madly retreat, throwing the spray high into the air; and, again gathering up its broken billows, to meet again the same fate. Oh, it was a terribly grand spectacle. The lightning played along over this boiling whirlpool of waters, and the phosphorescent light looked like diamonds glittering in the moonlight.

"The vessel rolled and tumbled about so that we were obliged to cling to the rigging to keep from going overboard.

"The companies' cooking galley fell, scattering the deck with its fragments, but fortunately, injuring no one.

"By twelve o'clock, midnight, the condition of the ship was such that it became a matter of necessity to stave her water casks, throw overboard quantities of our rations, beef, pork, beans, coffee, molasses, &c., as well as some clothing, and all our deck coal.

"This lightened her somewhat, but still she danced madly about. Standing amidships, it was a terrific sight to see her bow rise with the waves, and then sink down to kiss the whirling waters beneath.

"Thus things continued until long after light, when the wind abated somewhat from its fury, but the sea still rolled high. It was feared in the midst of the gale, that our hawser would part, and had it done so, we must have gone adrift, at the mercy of the waves.

"At three o'clock, the afternoon of Saturday, the wind had in a great measure ceased, but the swell was still heavy. The hawser, which was not well guarded on the *Ericsson*, chafed off. Again she run alongside for our line, and again the dread scene of the day before was enacted. We struck her again, staving another small boat, scattering the frag-

ments on our deck, and demolishing the forward rail of our ship. Oh, how vividly the scene stands out on my mind. All who witnessed it were confident it must end in our destruction, and every eye was intently riveted on these black monsters which seemed eager to grapple in the giant struggle. It was a moment of awful anxiety. But not a man cried out in terror, not a cheek paled, nor a lip quivered; but each gazed in silence, breathlessly awaiting the result. At the moment we struck, the waves parted and we separated. This was our salvation—as we nearly caught our anchor in her wheelhouse, which, holding us together, both ships must have unavoidably been crushed.

"She got our hawser and we put on. The wind gradually subsided, and as we got out of the Gulf Stream the waters became more calm. Sunday was a fair day, and at evening we were running in comparatively smooth waters.

"It was indeed a luxury to be once more quiet after being thumped about, against boxes and barrels, or tossed about by the raging billows for a day or two.

"Most of the officers and men had to "settle with Neptune," as the sailors call it, and the few who were not sick—and your correspondent is happy to be classed with this latter number—alternately pitied, aided and laughed at the sufferers.

"We arrived at Port Royal at sunset on Monday, and will probably remain here for repairs, or until we can get another ship.

"The rest of the fleet, as far as we know, went safely on; the *Thorn*, however, being of less tonnage than the *Thames*, was at last sight, rolling and wallowing badly—but she is probably safe with the rest of the expedition."

Not only was the *Thames* an unseaworthy vessel, but a greater portion of her officers and crew were landmen. Captain Arey, a perfect gentleman and kind man, was only accustomed to vessels which were in the coast and harbor service, and had never before been out of sight of land. Mr. Henry Toby, Mate, was an old sailor of forty years

experience—but at this time he was ill, and could give only partial directions.

The crew was composed of the ordinary class which might be picked up on any city dock, and with one or two exceptions were more frightened than any of those aboard, who had never before seen a larger sheet of water than a mill-pond.

One of them annoyed Mr. Toby exceedingly with his foolish questions. Approaching him at the height of the gale, he timidly asked: "Mr. Toby, what do you think?" "I think it blows like the devil," growled the old seaman. With this state of things, the consequences might have been much more serious, had there not been two "old salts" among the troops. Duncan McKeller and Jack Chidester, at the critical stage of affairs offered their services to the Mate, who afterwards complimented them by saying that they were worth to him on that night, more than all the ship's crew together.

By the direction of the commanding officer their labors were recorded by the Officer of the day, in his report, as follows:

"Honorable mention is made of Duncan McKeller and Jack Chidester, Company E, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, for their gallant services during the late storm—and particularly for the aid rendered in their endeavors to prevent the chafing off of the hawser."

Our arrival in the beautiful harbor of Port Royal, gladdened every heart, and now we obtained our first night's rest since the storm began.

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CHAPTER IV.

"The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew."—*Dyon.*

RE-EMBARKATION.

BOARD OF SURVEY ON THE THAMES—THE BARQUE VOLTIGEUR—TRANSFER OF THE CARGO, &c.,—SEA VOYAGE—JOURNALINGS—CROSSING BAHAMA BANKS—"HOLE IN THE WALL"—THE ALABAMA—OUT AT SEA—FOUR HUNDRED MILES FROM THE COAST—CHRISTMAS—ARRIVAL AT SHIP ISLAND—BURIAL AT SEA—SOUTH WEST PASS—CLOSE OF THE YEAR—EPITOME.

On the morning of the 9th, Colonel Smith went ashore and reported to General Brannan, commanding the Post at Hilton Head.

General Brannan immediately ordered a Board of Survey on the condition of the *Thames*, and directed the proper witnesses to appear, among whom was Capt. Lober, of the *Ericsson*.

A careful investigation was made, and all the testimony drawn out regarding the structure of the *Thames*.

The report of the Board is shown by the following extract:

"That her stanchions, knees and braces are entirely too weak and inadequate for the purpose of a sea going transport vessel, and that her seams are exposed and open, and freely admit water, and that her plankings and timbers generally, are of such light proportions as to render her altogether unseaworthy."

Captain Lober also stated, that twice during the night of the 5th, he ordered the hawser to be cut, thinking that the *Thames* was swamped, as she entirely disappeared from his sight.

Approving this report, General Brannan ordered the United States Barque *Voltigeur*,—the only vessel at hand—to prepare to transport the troops to their place of destination.

The bunks were therefore changed from the *Thames*, and the cargo and baggage likewise transferred.

The accommodations on the *Voltigeur*, although limited, were much better than those of the *Thames*.

Large fatigue parties under charge of an officer were daily kept at work, and the remainder of the troops sent on shore for exercise and drill.

The climate was delightful, much like our Northern weather in June. The opportunities for sea-bathing and washing were ample—thus ridding ourselves of the ship's vermin. The change was highly appreciated. A detachment of the Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers was on duty here, and treated the officers and men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth with marked courtesy.

On the evening of the 16th of December, the entire cargo had been shifted from the propeller to the barque, and the troops changed quarters. It was understood that we were to sail on the morrow, and yet to all, save Colonel Smith, and possibly the Lieutenant-Colonel, our destination was unknown.

The voyage across the Bahama Banks and through the Gulf, can perhaps, be as briefly detailed by extracts from the Journal of the writer.

"*December 17.*—At seven this morning we were taken in tow by the *Boston*, and in about two hours we parted the hawser and put on sail. The wind was favorable, and we pushed along at the rate of eight knots an hour. The weather is clear, cool and healthy.

"December 18.—The breeze of yesterday raised to a smart blow, and the sea ran quite high. Most of the officers and men are again sea sick. Crossed the Gulf Stream.

"December 19.—The weather is fine, with the exception of occasional squalls. We are making extraordinarily good time, but as we are approaching the "Hole in the Wall," we took in sail, in order that we might not make it until daylight. Evening cloudy, with rain.

"December 20.—Latitude, 26°—Longitude, 77°. The observation at 12 meridian, showed that we had run too far to the South and East, and that we were near the Eleuthera Islands. Changed our course, and run north-west, towards the Island of Abaco. At eight in the evening her lighthouse was visible from the mast-head, and later from the deck. This light is on the south-east point of Abaco, and was erected by the English government in 1830. It being very dark, and fearing the keys, the ship was laid up for the night. About nine o'clock ship's lights were seen off our port, which the Captain pronounced to be from a large steamer. She seemed to be bearing down towards us, and it was soon a matter of speculation whether it might not be the pirate *Alabama*, which was supposed to be cruising in these waters. The question was naturally asked: "Why should a steamer be traversing the waters of the Bahama Banks?" This is a track seldom or never followed by any vessels having steam power. Quite a sensation was created. Finally, however, she disappeared from our sight. We subsequently learned by the papers, that at this date the *Alabama* committed some depredations on our shipping at this point, and there is little doubt but the lights seen were from this pirate, which has so largely preyed on our commerce.

"*December 21.*—Latitude 27°—Longitude 78°. At daylight the Island of Abaco was visible from the deck, and with a glass we could discern buildings at the left of the light-house. Captain Blye says they have been erected since he was on the island some years ago. Abaco is a long, crooked island—the largest of the Bahama group—near the Florida coast. It is about eighty miles long. The inhabitants occupy themselves in ship building in a small way, turtling and wrecking. The sailor's landmark, the "Hole in the Wall," is a perforation in the rock on the south-east end of the island, large enough to admit the passage of small boats. In crossing the Banks we shall frequently be obliged to run in two and one-half fathoms of water. As our vessel draws two fathoms we shall have but little to spare. Had divine services on the deck to-day. Being fearful of the keys, dropped anchor at nine and one-half o'clock, P. M.

"*December 22.*—Weighed anchor at daylight, and were again on our course. The waters on the Bahama Banks present almost a white appearance, being very shallow, with a bed of white clay. Run off soundings at five P. M., having made a track of about seventy miles across the Banks. Now running S. W. by W. By computation, found that our farthest point from the coast of the United States was on the 19th, being a distance of four hundred and seventy-four miles. It is very much doubted whether, during the whole transporting of troops in this war, any body of men have been further from the coast.

"*December 23.*—The captain of the *Voltigeur* is an old sailor of fifty years' experience, and is exceedingly annoyed by questions which are often asked him by our officers. While putting his patent log off the ship to-day, one of them

said to him: "Captain, what do you call that?" Looking keenly at him he replied, "The devil, Sir. I don't call it. When I want it, I go and get it?" Very warm. Running about eight knots an hour. At one P. M., the mountains of Cuba were visible, and later the coast. The highest mountain is about thirty miles inland. It is called the Pan of Matanzas. The land looks high and rolling. Run S. W. by W., till four P. M., then changed to W. Later, hauled up to N. W. by W., and in the evening to N. W. by N. The compass is eagerly watched, and many are the speculations as to our destination. Came near running down a brig, which carelessly passed under our bow.

"*December 24.*—Our reckoning showed our latitude $24^{\circ} 76'$, and longitude $83^{\circ} 15'$, a distance of four hundred and ten miles south-east of Ship Island. From our present course of steering, there can be but little doubt that this is to be our place of destination. The weather is uncomfortably warm. The men pass their time in singing, joking, reading and playing at cards.

"*December 25.*—Christmas. The men are all talking of home and Christmas dinners. We are now in the Gulf of Mexico. Latitude $26^{\circ} 40'$ —Longitude $86^{\circ} 42'$.

"*December 26.*—Weather warm. Running five knots per hour, and in a north-westerly direction. At twelve M., were one hundred and thirty miles from Ship Island. Spoke the ship *T. J. Southard*, loaded with commissary stores, and bound for Ship Island.

"*December 27.*—Little wind. Run Slowly. Saw land off our starboard. Probably the Chandaliers. Much cooler.

"*December 28.*—Arrived at Ship Island at ten A. M. An officer came on board with orders for us to join the other

troops at New Orleans. Kept on our course, but later, being becalmed we were like "a painted ship, upon a painted ocean." In the evening a slight breeze sprung up, and we made about two knots, against the Gulf current.*

December 29.—Light headwinds. Been "tacking," and made but little headway. Feel the monotony of a calm. A private of Company H, named Thomas Dolan, died last night, and was buried at midnight. He was sewed up in his blanket

*Epitome of dates and events of the sailing of the steamer *Thames*, from Baltimore, to Port Royal, and of the United States Barque *Voltigeur* from Port Royal to Ship Island, bearing Companies E, H, I and K, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Elisha B. Smith, Commanding.

Embarked on *Thames* from Baltimore, Md.,.....Wednesday, Nov. 5, 5 ½ P. M.

Left Baltimore for Fortress Monroe,.....Saturday, Nov. 8, 10 A. M.

Arrived at Fortress Monroe,.....Sunday, Nov. 9, 4 "

Put up at Newport News,.....Tuesday, Nov. 11, 4 P. M.

Re-embarked, and put back to Fortress Monroe,.....Friday, Nov. 21, 8 A. M.

Steamed down to Norfolk,.....Sunday, Nov. 23, 5 P. M.

Returned to Fortress Monroe,.....Friday, Nov. 23, 7 A. M.

Left Fortress Monroe on an unknown expedition and passed Cape Henry,.....Thursday, Dec. 4, 10 A. M.

Encountered a severe storm off Hatteras, and became disabled by the breaking of our engine, taken in

tow by the *Ericson*, at great peril,.....Friday, Dec. 5.

Re-embarked in U. S. Barque *Voltigeur*,.....Tuesday, Dec. 16, 6 P. M.

Sailed from Port Royal, S. E.,.....Wednesday, Dec. 17, 7 A. M.

Run across the Gulf Stream and to S. E.,.....Wednesday, Dec. 17.

Continued to run thus till.....Friday, Dec. 19, 2 P. M.

Run too far to the S. E., in sight of the Eleuthera Islands, and put back to N. W. Lat. 26 deg., Lon.

77 deg.,.....Saturday, Dec. 20.

Saw Abaco light, Lat. 28 deg., Lon. 77 deg. 15 min., course S. W.,.....Saturday, Dec. 20, 8 P. M.

Saw Abaco Island, S. W. W.,.....Sunday, Dec. 21, 6 A. M.

Crossed the Bahama Banks, S. W., Lat. 25 deg. Lon. 78 deg.,.....Monday Dec. 22.

Run along the Island of Cuba, W.,.....Tuesday, Dec. 23.

Passed Tortugas, N. W. ¼ W.,.....Tuesday, Dec. 23, 11 P. M.

Run in Gulf of Mexico, N. W., until Sunday, Dec., 28th, 10 A. M., when we arrived at Ship Island, Mississippi.

and a piece of sail, and at precisely eight bells, the escort, with muffled drum, marched along the deck and arranged themselves in the proper manner. The body was borne 'mid-ships—where services were held by the Chaplain—the Regimental Choir singing. At the conclusion, the signal was given, and the body was launched into the calm, blue sea, to await the last trump. Three volleys were fired over the soldier's watery grave. The ceremony was sad and impressive, and will long be remembered.

"*December 30.*—The day has been squally. We got no sun at noon, and consequently no latitude. Made little progress in the forenoon, but later a breeze sprung up, and we moved about five knots. We are making for the South-West Pass. The night was rough, and the ship rolled heavily.

"*December 31.* At 8 A. M., the water became muddy from the force of the river. At 10 A. M., a pilot boat came alongside, but as no steamer came to take us in tow, we anchored at 11 A. M., outside the bar. Thus closes the year of 1862.

CHAPTER V.

"We now embark into the future,
On which this question chiefly hinges.—*Byron.*

ON DUTY.

TAKEN IN TOW—COMPANIES A, B AND C DETAINED AT QUARANTINE—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY—SPRING IN MID-WINTER—ARRIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS—CARROLLTON—THE VOLTIGEUR—VOYAGES OF THE ATLANTIC AND ARAGO—SHIP ISLAND—NEW ORLEANS, OPELOUSAS AND GREAT WESTERN RAIL ROAD—MODE OF LIVING—CORPS D'AFRIQUE—HOW THE NEGRO SOLDIERS BEHAVE—DESTRUCTION OF THE GUN BOAT COTTON—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT BUCHANAN.

"*January 1, 1863.*—Still at anchor off South-West Pass. No steamer came to take us up the river. Very monotonous.

"*January 2.*—At 7 o'clock this morning a tug took us in tow, together with the ships *Southard*, *Harriet* and schooner *Henry Travers*. The latter was from Cuba, laden with natives and fruits. Passed Forts Jackson and St. Phillip in the afternoon. At dark we arrived at Quarantine, and were inspected by the Medical Officer. The *Travers* was detained.

Here we found Companies A, B and C, which, with the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Regiment, of the *Arago*, were kept in quarantine, as many cases of measles prevailed, and possibly a few cases of ship fever. Captain Curtis, and Lieutenants Gibson and Gilbert came on board. They brought an abundance of fresh oranges, which for sweetness, I have never seen excelled. All are very anxious to get out of this place, and the men on shore besought Colonel Smith to use his efforts to get them released from their "prison."

Cheer after cheer from the ship and shore went up as we continued on our way.

"*January 3.*—Still moving slowly up the river. It is impossible, adequately to describe the beauty of the scenery during our passage up this crooked stream. Leaving Fortress Monroe in December, bleak and barren; and having for two months been imprisoned on ship-board, with few accommodations—and encountering a most severe gale—the genial shores of Louisiana seemed almost like a new world—a paradise. On either side of the river we saw orange groves, their dark leaves glittering like gems in the sunlight, and laden with an abundance of the choicest fruit. It was like the sudden bursting of Spring in Mid-Winter. And when the spires of New Orleans appeared, it seemed almost like enchantment, and the glad shouts of the men showed how they welcomed the appearance of civilization. At New Orleans we received orders to proceed to the town of Carrollton, and join the other troops. Arrived at Carrollton at evening, and found Major Morse and Quartermaster Thompson awaiting us. They report Companies D, F and G, here in good health and spirits.

"*January 4.*—Went on shore this morning and went into camp. Transferred all our property, and bid adieu, to the *Voltigeur*. The Captain and all hands have seemed to interest themselves in making the troops comfortable. The *Voltigeur* was built in 1859, at Kennebunk, Maine, and was called the *Jacob Merrill*. She is one hundred and twenty feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and sixteen feet between decks. She has been owned by the government since 1861, and was at the battle of Roanoake, in the Burnside expedition. Her present officers are, Captain, William Blye; First

Mate, George A. Blye; Second Mate, Frank M. I. Peterson. Our trip from Port Royal to Carrollton was made in seventeen days. Our new camp is designated as Camp Mansfield. Carrollton is a thriving post-village, of the parish of Jefferson, on the left bank of the Mississippi, seven miles above New Orleans, with which it is connected by railroad. It is a neat little town and we are very pleasantly encamped."

The voyages of the *Arago* and the *Atlantic* were without incident worthy of record—both being staunch, first class steamers, out-riding the storm which had so fearfully deranged the smaller vessels of the fleet.

The former was detained at Quarantine by the prevalence of measles, where the troops disembarked; the latter on the 13th of December dropped anchor at Ship Island, and on the 15th, the detachment of the One Hundred and Fourteenth went on shore and encamped. This island, or rather sand bar, stretches along the gulf coast of Mississippi, and has been the rendezvous of naval expeditions destined for extreme Southern ports.

On the 25th the three companies of the One Hundred and Fourteenth sailed from Ship Island, on the propeller *Pocahontas*, and after a rollicking voyage of thirty-six hours, arrived and went into camp at Carrollton. There they awaited the arrival of the detachment on the *Thames*.

Our stay at Carrollton was destined to be brief. On the evening of the 7th, Colonel Smith received orders to deploy his seven available companies, as guard along the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad.

This road is completed from New Orleans to Brashear City; graded from Brashear City to Opelousas; surveyed from Opelousas to Alexandria, and chartered from thence to

Shreveport. It also has a proposed branch to some Texan town on the Rio Grande, whereby direct communication is to be formed with the Gulf ports.

It was an immense undertaking, and but for the breaking out of the war, would have been in successful operation to its projected extremity. The main road was to extend five hundred miles through the wealthiest portion of the State of Louisiana, and its branch to form a line of communication long needed with the Texan sea-board.

From New Orleans to Brashear City is a distance of eighty miles. Brashear was the extreme outpost of our lines, and consisted of a score of houses situated on Berwick Bay, which is nothing more than a swell in the Atchafalaya River. It is about fifty miles from the Bay of the same name.

This little place had considerable importance previous to the war, and here, for shipment, came nearly all the crops of sugar and cotton from that tract known as the Teche country.

After the occupancy of Upper and Western Louisiana by the Federal forces, this became the base of all our military operations; it was extensively fortified with earthworks, and a number of gun boats were kept constantly in the Bay.

Pursuant to his orders, Colonel Smith embarked his command on the river steamboat *Sallie Robinson*, for Algiers, whence the companies took the train for their several stations.

Company F, was left at Jefferson; Company K, at St. Charles; Company E, at Boutte; Company H, at Bayou des Allemands; Company I, at Raceland; Company D, at La Fourche; and Company G, at Tigerville.

Colonel Smith made his Headquarters at La Fourche, situated on the Bayou of the same name.

This Bayou is an outlet of the Mississippi, commencing at Donaldsonville, on the right bank. It flows south-easterly through the parish of La Fourche Interior, entering the Gulf of Mexico after a course of about one hundred and fifty miles. It is one of the most important channels of communication between the Gulf and the interior—being navigable by steamboats about one hundred miles from its mouth. The country along its banks is, perhaps, the best sugar producing soil in the world.

During the month of January, the three companies at Quarantine joined us, and Company D, was relieved by Company C, and proceeded to Terre Bonne, while Companies A and B were respectively stationed at Bayou Ramos, and Bayou Bœuf.

The road was now entirely guarded by the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment. The duty was light, and few of us will ever forget our experience "on the road." Trains passed daily to and from New Orleans, making a pleasant communication with the city.

We lived, to a great extent, on the country—and neighboring planters were glad to supply us gratis, with an abundance of sugar, molasses, meal, fresh meat, &c., probably to restrain the foraging propensities of the men. Game and fish were in abundance, and, as it has been expressively said, we "lived high."

We relieved, in this duty as guard, the Second Regiment, Corps d'Afrique, Colonel Stafford; as his men were recruited in that region, and at New Orleans, they used to delight in preying on such of "ole massa's" property as they could

turn to advantage; and thus we found the citizens, whom, nevertheless, we could see hated us with a bitterness common to rebels, forward in their offers of whatever they saw us in need.

Colonel Stafford's regiment was composed almost entirely of mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons. His Field and Staff Officers were white men, but those of the Line were selected from the classes before mentioned. He used to boast that in his ranks could be found the best blood of Louisiana, and pointed, in innumerable instances, to descendants of Senators, Representatives, Judges, Governors, and indeed, of the entire aristocracy of the State. They were generally bright and active, lacking of course, what has been so religiously prohibited in slavery—an education; and although very few could read or write, all seemed desirous of learning.

It was a source of infinite satisfaction to us, "Northern mud-sills," to see the "chivalry," the lords of broad acres, obliged to exhibit their "passes" to the dark skinned sentinels—men, who in some cases, were formerly their "chattels," subject to their orders, and yet almost smarting under their lash. And the effect was heightened by the manner in which Sambo would examine the pass, not a word of which he could read, and accept or reject the same, as his humor, or memory of past favors or wrongs might prompt.

The duty at the several stations was varied—but generally required the services of the men as often as every other day. This gave time for drills, hunting, fishing and sports—with good quarters, and ample rations—and in the midst of an orange country. It is certain that the regiment was never since as luxuriously situated.

On the evening of January 13th, General Weitzel made an

attack on the rebel gunboat *Cotton*, which was lying in the Bayou Teche, just above Pattersonville, and which our forces at Brashear City were daily expecting would pay them an unwelcome visit.

He moved the Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut, and Seventy-Fifth New York Regiments across and up the Bay, landing a few miles below Pattersonville, and on the succeeding day pressed them forward. At the same time he ordered two or three of our small gunboats up the stream, when the attack on the part of the land and naval forces simultaneously commenced. The skirmishing and fighting lasted nearly all day, resulting in a complete victory—having caused the rebels to abandon, and burn the *Cotton*. Our loss was very slight, but among the killed was Lieutenant Buchanan, an able officer, commanding one of our gunboats. The cannonading was distinctly heard at all the stations between Raceland and the Bay.

CHAPTER VI.

"St. Dennis, bless this happy stratagem."—*Shakespeare.*

BRASHEAR CITY—STRATEGIC MOVEMENT.

ASSEMBLING AT BRASHEAR—BRIGADED—GENERAL WEITZEL—COLONEL SMITH COMMANDS
THE POST—BERWICK CITY—PICKET FIRING—COLONEL SMITH'S MANIFESTO—GENERAL
WEITZEL APPROVES IT—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT GILBERT—MEETING OF THE OFFICERS
—RESOLUTIONS—FUNERAL SERVICES—GENERAL ORDER NO. 11—SINKING OF THE
GREY CLOUD—DUTY ON THE GUN BOATS—THE SOUTHERN MERCHANT—MEETING OF
THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK REGIMENTS—PATRIOTIC ADDRESS—RETROGRADE
MOVEMENT—BAYOU BOEUF—RETURN TO BRASHEAR—FERTILITY OF THE COUNTRY

On the morning of February 8th, the monotony of our quiet life was somewhat disturbed by the receipt of the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS 114TH REG'T NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,
LA FOURCHÉ, LA., FEBRUARY 8TH, 1863. }

The several companies of this regiment now on duty between Brashear City and Algiers, will be in readiness to move at short notice. The camps will be struck at once, and all baggage ready to be placed on the cars on their arrival at the stations. The troops will also embark on the train which will leave Algiers at six o'clock this P. M.

By Command of

COLONEL SMITH.

JAMES F. FITTS, Adjutant."

Pursuant to these orders, the regiment arrived at Brashear City on the morning of the 9th, and went into camp.

We were brigaded in what was known as the "Weitzel Reserve Brigade," composed of the Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut, Seventy-Fifth New York, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, and One Hundred and Sixtieth New

York Volunteers, under command of Brigadier-General Godfrey Weitzel.

It is remarkable what strong sympathies were soon manifested among the men of this command, and what affection for their leader. To such an extent was the fraternal feeling carried that one would suppose that the regiments were associated in some secret organization, with Weitzel at its head. Among the men of these five regiments there existed a kind of "mutual admiration society," and many were the secret foraging parties which were allowed to pass the guard line—contrary to orders, by the magic pass-word of the number of one of these regiments. For instance, a sentinel of the Eighth Vermont could never see a man of the One Hundred and Fourteenth passing the prescribed limits of the Brigade Camp, and *vice versa*.

And why should not the friendship of these comrades be thus cemented; together they endured the hardships of their first campaign; fought their first battles; won their first victories.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth was now together as a regiment—the first time since early in October, 1862.

Having been so widely separated we had had no opportunities of battalion drill, but now we began in earnest. Even General Weitzel himself condescended to drill us, and we made rapid improvement.

General Weitzel's Headquarters were at Thibodeaux, a small post village on the Bayou La Fourche, and the Capital of La Fourche Parish.

The command of the Post at Brashear City devolved on Colonel Smith, as the senior officer present.

The Colonel assumed his duties as commandant of the

Post, about the middle of February, with Lieutenant James F. Fitts as his Adjutant. The command of the regiment thereby devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee.

Across the Bay, and in musket range, was Berwick City, of even less significance than Brashear, and the whole tract of country above it was the undisputed property of our enemies. Further than Berwick we ventured not, save as some gun-boat would reconnoitre a few miles up the Bay, on picket or to convoy some boat on an expedition after wood.

The Bay or swell in the Atchafalaya, was not, in its widest part to exceed one thousand yards, and when the rebels discharged their arms in the direction of our camps, the balls, sometimes striking the water, would ricochet, causing unpleasant sensations in the ears of those near whom they passed.

To this practice Colonel Smith resolved to put an end. One afternoon as we were on battalion drill, these operations were again commenced. Bainbridge's Battery, of the First United States Artillery, soon wheeled into position, and sent a few shells with great precision among the assaulting party, which soon disappeared under cover of the woods.

Thereupon the indignant citizens of Berwick drew up a long statement of the grievances, which they claimed they had received by having their lives and property jeopardized by the occasional shelling, and sent it to Colonel Smith.

In his characteristic style he replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
BRASHEAR CITY, FEBRUARY 19, 1863. }

H. S. Clegg, Henry Watkins, and others, Citizens of Berwick City:

GENTLEMEN:—Your communication addressed to Captain Cooke, commanding United States Fleet, and myself, was duly received. I have in reply only to say, that I consider firing upon pickets, or upon

women and children, pusillanimous and cowardly, and that I will be the last to inaugurate such a system of warfare.

Our pickets have been constantly fired upon. I rode out on Sunday and witnessed it—the balls striking about and beyond me. Sunday night the enemy attacked us with shot and shell, under cover of the buildings on your side of the Bay: and they have been constantly in the habit of reconnoitering from them. All the protection we can vouchsafe to you, is inside our lines. I wish to give notice that the women and children can be removed, and that notice I give *now*; for, by the living God, if there is any more firing from your side, we will make it the hottest place in all rebellion. It is a little singular that no complaint comes to us of firing from that side, unless we return it. This won't do, gentlemen: the slope is the wrong way. Come within our lines or hold yourselves liable to get hurt. Every species of private property I intend to respect, and as far as in my power, keep inviolate.

Pieces have been discharged into the water, the balls of which would ricochet across the Bay. There is a peremptory order against firing, and you shall have no further cause of complaint, unless we are first fired upon.

Respectfully,

ELISHA B. SMITH,

Colonel Commanding Post."

This action was fully sustained by General Weitzel, as the subjoined communication will show:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION,
CAMP STEVENS, FEBRUARY 20, 1863."

Colonel E. B. Smith, Commanding Forces in Brashear City:

SIR:—I am directed by the Commanding General to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 19th inst., and to state that your reply is approved of. Return the fire of the enemy as you see fit, and if he takes shelter behind the buildings, shell the buildings. Your notice for the removal of the women and children is sufficient and proper. There is no law by which the enemy can dictate how or

when the fire shall be returned ; or, when attempting your life, or that of your soldiers, cry out from the door or window of a house, " Don't fire back. I'm protected by private property."

Very Respectfully,

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WEITZEL.

J. B. HUBBARD, Captain and A. A. General."

This manifesto of Colonel Smith had the desired effect, and miscellaneous firing on us from Berwick ceased.

On the 16th of February, Second Lieutenant James E. Gilbert, of Company A, who had long been suffering from typhoid fever, died.

At a meeting of the Commissioned Field, Staff and Company Officers of the regiment, held on the 17th, for the purpose of making a suitable expression on the occasion of his decease, Colonel Elisha B. Smith was placed in the Chair, and Adjutant James F. Fitts appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was briefly stated by the Chairman, in a few remarks of eulogy upon the deceased, and the following Resolutions were submitted and read by the Secretary, and unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That we learn with unfeigned sorrow the decease of Second Lieutenant James E. Gilbert, of Company A, of this regiment, a brother officer with whom a military connection of five months, has impressed us with his many good qualities of head and heart, and with his genial yet manly nature.

Resolved, That in this, the first solemn occasion in this regiment, we recognize with deep humility the mysterious workings of that Providence whose ways are truly "unsearchable, and past finding out," and we bow in sad assent to the edict which has called from us a companion and a friend.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved parents and relatives of Lieutenant Gilbert our heartiest sympathy and condolence, and would



remind them that they have given up their dead to his country, and that he was stricken down while in the ranks of its defenders."

It was also resolved that the officers attend the funeral of Lieutenant Gilbert in a body, and after designating Lieutenant E. P. Pellet to command the escort, and Lieutenants Stafford, Gibson and Longwell to make suitable arrangements for the funeral, and directing that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the parents of the deceased, and a copy to each of the Norwich and Oxford papers for publication, with the request for other papers of the Senatorial District to copy, the meeting adjourned.

The remains of Lieutenant Gilbert were escorted to the Railroad depot on the evening of the 18th, with all the impressive ceremonies prescribed by Army Regulations. The last honors to the deceased were rendered with the solemnity which an occasion of this character must always produce.

The following order was read on the evening parade of the 18th:

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS,
BRASHEAR CITY, LA., FEBRUARY 18, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.

The Commanding Officer is deeply pained to announce to the regiment the decease of Second Lieutenant James E. Gilbert, of Company A, who died at this Post of typhoid fever on the 16th inst. In his death, the regiment has lost a faithful and valuable officer, and one whose memory will long be cherished by the command.

As an appropriate tribute of respect, the Commissioned Officers of the regiment, will wear the prescribed badge of mourning—crapo on the left arm and sword belt—for thirty days from the promulgation of this order.

By command of

SAMUEL R. PER LEE,

Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

JAMES F. FITTS, Adjutant."

About this time, detachments from several of the companies were designated to go on board the gun-boats each evening, on picket up the Bay, but nothing of any importance ever occurred on any of these expeditions, with one exception.

On the evening of February 23d, a detachment of about twenty men of Company B, under command of Lieutenant Nichols, went aboard the gun-boat *Grey Cloud* to reconnoitre beyond Fort Buchanan. Unfortunately the boat ran afoul of a snag, which so injured her that she was soon found to be in a sinking condition. Efforts were made to run her ashore, but to no avail; the men and crew, by leaping overboard and swimming ashore, were saved. The detachment from the One Hundred and Fourteenth is said to have behaved with remarkable courage—even assisting the sailors to get on shore.

Detachments were, likewise, weekly detailed to go up the Bay through Flat Lake, and into Bayou Long, occasionally ascending Bell River and Bayou Go-to-Hell, on the *Southern Merchant*, an old worn out steamboat, which usually on such occasions took in tow two large flats after cargoes of wood. In this way the entire Post was supplied with wood, which we found in abundance, nicely corded up, on the banks of these streams.

This, together with an occasional beating of the “long roll” at midnight—just to see how quickly our lines could be formed—constituted our variety in camp life.

A request was circulated among the officers of the New York regiments to meet and draft a suitable address or series of resolutions, to the Electors of our State, touching the great political questions of the day, and giving an

expression of the feelings of those, who, by their absence in the army, were debarred from any action thereon.

A meeting was accordingly held on the evening of March 17th at the depot building, with Colonel Smith, senior officer as Chairman, and Captain Cray, of the Seventy-Fifth New York, Secretary.

A Committee, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonels, Babcock Seventy-Fifth; Per Lee, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and Van Petten, One Hundred and Sixtieth New York Volunteers, were appointed to draft an address, and two line officers from each of the above named regiments, were also appointed to meet with this committee. From the One Hundred and Fourteenth they were Captains Curtis and Fitts, and at a subsequent meeting the following address was read, adopted and signed by a greater portion of the officers, viz :

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
CAMP MANSFIELD, BAYOU BOITE, LA., APRIL 1, 1863. }

To the Citizens of the State of New York, Greeting :

"The undersigned, commissioned officers of the regiments of New York Volunteers attached to this Brigade, representing the Seventy-Fifth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Sixtieth Infantry, would earnestly invite the attention of their brethren (the citizens of a State whose voice has always been potential upon national questions,) to a subject of common and momentous interest.

"Almost two years have now elapsed since the outbreak of a wicked and infamous rebellion quickened the national pulse, and stirred to their lowest depths the springs of a great nation's existence. Two years have hardly passed since the extraordinary spectacle was exhibited to the world, of the sudden metamorphosis of a peaceful, happy and quietly industrious people into an armed host, and of the plains and hill sides of America into theatres of violence and blood.

"The causes which underlie this mighty struggle we need not

enumerate; the dark chapter of history in which the tale of this revolt is told, is equally familiar to us all. Conceived in the unholy ambition of traitorous vipers, begotten and born in fraud, in perjury and in political crimes; as causeless in its inception as it must finally be disastrous in its collapse,—the so-styled Confederate States of America have their liveliest existence in the firm determination of the loyal American heart, to crush and utterly expunge them as a nation, and in the loathing with which they are regarded by the civilized States of Europe.

"We know that the record of these two years of the dreadful tragedy of war, abounds with unnumbered proofs of your heroic and enthusiastic loyalty. We had watched your words and deeds, ere you sent us forth upon our glorious mission, with the patriot's blessing trembling upon your lips, and we well knew that your affection for the old Union and its flag was undying. We point with pride and satisfaction to the serried hosts of tens of thousands of stalwart soldiers, whose bayonets gleam upon the Rappahannock, the Potomac, the Blackwater, and the Mississippi, and we record it in your everlasting praise—"these were your sons, your brothers, your husbands and your fathers—and yet you gave them to your country." We are not insensible to your toils, your sacrifices, and your griefs; the stricken households of the fair valleys of the Mohawk, the Hudson, the Genessee, the Chenango, and the Niagara compare but too sadly with the yawning grave-pits of the South, where many of your fondest hopes were swallowed up forever. Even the banners of victory have trailed the sombre shadow of mourning across your hearth-stones, and your rejoicing for the public weal has been often linked with the bitterness of individual sorrow for your slain. Burdens have been imposed upon you, and you have borne them; with lavish plenitude have you poured out your substance for the comfort of the soldier, and the gentle hands of our sisters, our wives, our daughters, and our mothers, have been unweariedly employed in our behalf. For all this, as champions of a common cause, we send you our heartfelt thanks and greeting.

"In nothing would we censure or condemn you as a mass; our condemnation would rather lay its weight upon the disgraceful few by whose late arts and professions your loyal communities have been slandered and degraded. Far as we are from our homes, the debasing,

cant of political hypocrisy still reaches us, and our indignation is aroused by the report of the deliberate and willful falsehoods with which the contemptible faction to whom your charity has accorded the name of the "peace party," is seeking to humiliate a great nation at the feet of its rebellious citizens.

"We wish most cordially to declare, once and forever, our unbounded hatred and detestation of the men who are laboring with such means to the furtherance of such an end. We wish most solemnly to adjure you, by every consideration that can successfully appeal to the patriotic heart to hold yourselves entirely aloof from influences such as these, and to discourage, by every possible means, the diffusion of a spirit so baneful, so iniquitous.

"We join you in your desire for peace—permanent, enduring peace; but we wish for none other than that which is to be acquired by the unconditional submission of rebels in arms. The compromise and conciliation which we would offer, are at the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon; and there would we proffer our settlement.

"We solemnly warn you against the insidious craft of these demagogues, whose unprincipled cunning lays hold of all and any influences to embitter you against the conduct of the war. The infamy which could dictate the falsehoods relating to your armies in the field, which these men have diligently sown broadcast throughout the State, can hardly have a parallel in the history of political intrigue. For ourselves, we hurl back into their teeth the *barefaced lie*, which asserts that the army is discouraged, demoralized, and weary of the war. For ourselves, for our brethren in arms, wherever the winds of the continent fan the flag of our love—for all the grand army whose feet have learned to tread in no other time than that which beats to the music of the Union. We lift our voices in firm assurance to the disorganizers of the North and to the traitors of the South, that this army has put its hand to the plow, and that it will never turn back in the furrow. And unequivocally do we condemn the artful policy which would make the elevation or deposition of a commandant the ground of appeal to military jealousy. Be it known that the New York Regiments in the field still stand firm to the trust committed to them, and that their loyalty is conditional upon the peculiar *status* of no General, be he whom he may.

"We urge upon you the great necessity of patience and forbearance. The magnitude of the struggle, the extended area covered by your armies, the questions involved, and, above all, the character of the combatants, all signify that the war can come to no precipitate close. We ask you to arm yourselves with fortitude to bear the reverses which may be in store for us; with equanimity the successes. We would have you repose your trust and confidence in those who are now at the head of the Government, and to give them your cordial support. Already the light is breaking in the east; in the Military Conscription Act of the last Congress, in the establishing of Union Leagues in the great cities of the North, and in the emphatic expression of the metropolis, radiating new devotion to the cause throughout the land, we discover, with satisfaction earnest pledges for the prosecution of the war, to be redeemed by every citizen of the North.

"With the solemnity of farewell words, we ask you to weigh well the language with which you communicate with your soldiers. One letter, such as many that are received, filled with gloomy forebodings and misgivings, has its natural effect when it dampens the ardor, and excites the apprehensions of the soldier. Hopeful, hearty words are looked for from home, and these we feel assured that you will extend.

"And finally, we would have you renew with us the pledges of unswerving allegiance to the flag, and unsparing enmity to its rebel opposers. We look to you for countenance and support; let us not look in vain. To your hands we commit the disreputable plotters for dishonorable peace; they are worthy of your vigilance. Let it never be said, that while the nation was convulsed with a terrific struggle for its self-preservation, treason stealthily lurked and stabbed in loyal New York. As individual members of the mighty army of the Union, the tread of whose advancing columns echoes from the Chesapeake to the Gulf, we renew to you our pledge, that, come what may, the national honor, the territorial integrity of our beloved land must be preserved inviolate. To this end, we would put away from us all minor questions of policy, leaving them to the wise discretion of those to whom we have confided them. The Union which our fathers instituted and maintained, is worth all the sacrifices of blood, of treasure, and of patient endurance which we can offer, to preserve it; and by the blessing of God upon our

united efforts, it shall yet arise, purged from the taint of treason, and sublime in its asserted strength.

SAMUEL R. PER LEE, Lieut.-Col.	R. P. YORK, 1st Lieutenant.
HENRY B. MORSE, Major.	J. F. BUELL, 2d Lieutenant.
O. H. CURTIS, Captain.	E. S. CARPENTER, 1st Lieutenant.
D. C. KNOWLTON, Captain.	W. H. LONGWELL, 1st Lieutenant.
H. S. WHEELER, Captain.	N. W. SCHERMERHORN, 1st Lieut.
N. A. DEDERER, Captain.	E. O. GIBSON, 2d Lieutenant.
JAMES F. FITTS, Captain.	R. N. EDDY, 2d Lieutenant.
J. S. BOCKEE, Captain.	E. P. PELLET, 2d Lieutenant.
HENRY CALLAHAN, Chaplain.	WM. D. THURBER, 1st Lieutenant.

L. M. NICHOLS, 1st Lieutenant,

Of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteer Infantry."

The rebels having captured the ram *Queen of the West*, from our forces on the Mississippi River, moved her up into Grand Lake. General Weitzel received information, that they were about to run her down Bayou Beuif, which was seven miles in our rear—destroying the bridge and cutting off our communication with New Orleans. Acting on this information, all the troops, with the exception of those on the gun-boats, and the detachment in Fort Buchanan, were, on the morning of the 22d, marched aboard the cars, and transported to the Beuif. This movement fully frustrated any attempt to get a force from the Teche country into our rear.

Our camp at this place was knee deep with mud, but with continuous labor the avenues and streets were soon rendered not only dry, but beautiful, by paving them with white shells, which we found in great abundance along the bank of the Bayou.

A general Order announced the place as Camp Mansfield. The alarm attendant on the reported approach of the rebel

ram, having passed away, the troops were ordered back to Brashear City, and at six o'clock on the evening of the 2d of April, we began our march for that point. The evening was beautiful, and as this was our first march, it was highly enjoyed by the men. We arrived at Brashear at ten P. M., and went into bivouac.

The country at this time under our control, in South Western Louisiana, is the richest, and best sugar producing part of the State. The whole La Fourche District, watered by the Bayou of the same name, the Bœuf, Atchafalaya, and the several smaller streams, was fertile and well adapted to the production of cane, which grew in almost incredible abundance.

These innumerable Bayous which so wonderfully wind and turn through almost every portion of Louisiana, are of the utmost importance to producers; for without them the interior crops could never be transported to the sea-board—and to the great sugar mart of the world.

CHAPTER. VII.

"O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake."—*Shakspeare.*

EXPEDITION UP THE TECHE—ISLAND.

ACTIVITY AT BRASHEAR—AN EXPEDITION ON FOOT—ASSEMBLING OF THE TROOPS—THEIR DISPOSITION—CROSSING THE BAY—BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY—THE ENEMY IN OUR FRONT—WEITZEL'S BRIGADE IN THE ADVANCE—DRAWING FIRE—DARKNESS—BIVOUAC FOR THE NIGHT—THE BATTLE RENEWED IN THE MORNING—THE ENEMY'S WORKS—THE INFANTRY ENGAGED—DARKNESS AGAIN ENDS THE BATTLE—"A SOLDIER'S COUCH. A SOLDIER'S FARE"—THE ENEMY EVACUATES HIS WORKS—CASUALTIES.

Rumors were rife that our forces were to advance up the Bay, but we gave the little heed to them which rumors in camp generally deserve, until about the 4th of April, when an unusual activity was manifested in the Quartermaster's department, at Brashear, and innumerable quantities of commissary stores received. Then appearances indicated that an expedition was on foot.

The mania common to fresh levies, seized us all—when to add to our excitement we learned that we were to remain at the Post as guard for the stores.

With this prospect we were thoroughly disgusted. We wanted to go, and nothing short of this could appease our desire. Thus for several days, we were alternately elated or depressed in spirits—as various rumors found credence.

It is a marked fact that all new troops are eager to get into battle; to hear the roar of artillery, and the crash of arms; to meet the enemy and test his strength. And it is no less

significant that, having been once really engaged—the same are equally ready to avoid a second. Not, however, being in, but they will bear themselves bravely, but that eagerness to seek battles, usually dies out with the first hot engagement.

Vast numbers of troops were collected at Brashear, from New Orleans, and the river stations—and probably not less than eighteen thousand men composed the expedition.

The First Division, and to which "Weitzel's Brigade" was attached, was under command of General Emory, but for a time Weitzel's troops formed an independent detachment. The Second Division, under General Cuvier Grover, was to embark on transports, and move to Indian Bend, near the village of Franklin, and attack the enemy's rear, while we assaulted his works in front.

The disposition of the troops was as follows:

General Weitzel's Brigade, five regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. This constituted the advance. General Emory's Division, twelve regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery.

These forces embarked under the immediate command of Major-General Banks.

General Grover's Division consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, with a corresponding force of cavalry and artillery.

On the 9th the troops of the First Division crossed the Bay on gun-boats and transports, and bivouacked on soil occupied by the rebels.

We remained there until the 11th, when we took up our

line of march, the Second Division at the same time embarking on transports up the Bay.

We moved slowly, passing Pattersonville at sunset; moved a quarter of a mile beyond, and went into bivouac.

This was our first day's march. We were well begun on our long wished for campaign, and although the day was excessively hot, the men managed to steal out of the ranks long enough to forage a little, and early that night all lay down on their mother earth—happy.

Pattersonville is a small post-village, in the parish of St. Mary on the right bank of Bayou Teche, about nine miles from Berwick. Near this point the Teche forms a junction with the Atchafalaya and loses its identity.

The Teche is a stream less in width than some of our Northern rivers—even smaller than the Chenango—but deep, and capable of floating steamboats for a distance of thirty miles from its confluence with the Atchafalaya. This stream is of inestimable value to the country through which it flows, making a perfect line of communication with New Orleans and the Gulf cities.

The Teche country has been likened to the Garden of Eden. It is certainly the garden of Louisiana, and subsequent campaigns convinced us, that through the length and breadth of the State, there is not elsewhere its equal.

From Brashear to Opelousas, in this spring time we were reminded of one vast flower garden. The woods, beautiful with grey moss, which adorns every tree; the magnolia in full bloom—the thousands of wild roses, which spread our pathway on either side—seemed like the fairy-land of some olden tale.

But soon these ideals became realities, and fancies fled away before the vicissitudes of war.

On the morning of the 12th we were early in motion. It was a beautiful Sabbath, and all nature seemed wreathed in smiles. We had not moved far before we were halted in a grave-yard, so old that the solid masonry of the tombs was crumbling to decay. The skirmishers were at work in front, and it seemed a fit place to meditate on the uncertainties of human life. Let us hope the lesson was not lost.

"Fall in, Colonel—move by the flank," was the order. After a few hours slow marching, as is usually the movement of troops against an enemy, when known to be in close proximity, we formed our line of battle.

This was our first real line of that sort. Heretofore our lines had been formed for parade, for show—but now in earnest. Slowly we moved on. Weitzel's Brigade was to advance and draw the fire of the enemy. Delightful task, to move up to be shot at! Targets on which the enemy might try his skill in gunnery. But an object was to be gained. Once opening fire his position is revealed. We went on the errand of discovery.

We moved on in the direction of the supposed enemy, the Seventy-Fifth Regiment on our right, the One Hundred and Sixtieth on our left, with the Sixth Massachusetts Battery on our left and in our rear.

Passing into an open field, we kept on the even tenor of our way, when presently a wreath of smoke curled into the air—bang—whiz—and shot and shell from a concealed battery came crashing in amongst us.

The battery moving on our flank was temporarily disabled, a twelve pounder, solid, passing entirely through both leading

horses. This was plainly seen by the entire regiment, and for an instant the line wavered, then steadily advanced to the front.

Shot and shell now rattled around us like hail, but the position of the enemy being known, our labors, for a while, were suspended. "Lie down," was the order. Prostrating ourselves in a ditch which was providentially at hand, our batteries opened in reply, and for nearly one hour and a half we were lying between the fires.

To those newly practiced in war, it seemed as if all the horrors of battle were at once showered upon us.

Every rebel gun belched forth its missiles of death; every available battery on our side responding.

Artillery is very terrifying to new troops. The terrific roar; the screaming shells, bursting and filling the air with fragments, seem to unman the strongest, but they soon learn that being under artillery fire is comparatively playing war to less noisy but more destructive volleys of musketry.

The battle, or as it may be more appropriately called, artillery duel, commenced about four o'clock in the evening, and was kept up unceasingly until darkness put an end to the work, and even then, the occasional discharge of a sullen gun, showed how loth either side was to give up the work of death.

As we lay in the ditch, our batteries, and among them the famous Indiana guns—being thirty pounder parrotts, were scarcely ten yards in our rear, and not unfrequently, pieces of copper, bits of plugs and fragments of broken shell would fall thickly around us, and we were in almost as much danger from our own guns as from those of the enemy.

We remained in this position until about six o'clock, when

we were ordered to fall back. We retired amidst the vigorous shelling of our rear. We moved back about one mile, where we took up quarters for the night, but as fires for cooking would reveal our position—we went supperless.

That night we received a mail, but we could have no lights, so we placed our letters from peaceful homes in our pockets and eagerly awaited the morning's dawn.

It was a restless night for us all. Sleep came not to our lids, but each sound startled and disturbed. There was an excuse; we had been for the first time under fire.

On the morning of the 13th we were early under orders, and the artillery on both sides began its work, and again we had several hours cannonading, while the infantry was ordered to remain well to the rear.

This gave us an opportunity to read the letters which we had received the night before, and to those who were fortunate enough to have a sheet of paper and a pencil, to answer them. Many seized on the inspiration of the moment, and not a few epistles, *a la Beauregard*, began, "On the field, within sound of the enemy's guns."

Our position in line now, was next to the left of the line, the Seventy-fifth having that flank.

The real position of the enemy was now discernible. The country was a narrow belt of land, extending from the Teche on our right to heavy woods and a deep swamp on our left. Stretching across this belt a distance of two miles, and from the stream to the swamp, the enemy had erected a strong line of earthworks, which mounted twenty-five pieces of field artillery and several siege guns, and even on the opposite bank of the Bayou small redoubts were thrown up—the guns of which annoyed our right exceedingly.

Another source of serious inconvenience was the severe shelling from the gun-boat *Diana*, a boat which the enemy had, some weeks before, captured from our fleet, and which was now turning her rifled pieces on us with great havoc, from a concealed place, in an arm of the Bayou.

We now moved cautiously forward and halted in an immense cane field. At this season the cane was nearly at its full growth, and entirely concealed our regiment from the enemy, and to this we owe our small proportion of casualties.

About four o'clock in the evening the Seventy-Fifth became severely engaged with the enemy in the woods, and for a time we were fearful that he would be successful and flank us, but with all the stubbornness which ever characterized the Brigade, this regiment held its ground, although against overwhelming numbers.

Colonel Smith had orders to send three companies out as skirmishers, and Companies B, D and E, were accordingly sent, behaving with such skill as to call forth praise from the commanding officer of the line.

Company F, under Captain Fitts, was early sent to support a battery, which was perhaps the most dangerous service of this engagement, and which duty was discharged in a satisfactory manner.

During the battle, the remaining companies of the battalion fired but a few volleys, and except on the extreme left, musketry was rarely heard.

Thus affairs continued. Again darkness settled down, and apparently the situation was unchanged. It had been a hard day's work, charged with the most intense excitement, and again we retired a short distance, and hungry and fatigued cast ourselves down on the damp ground supperless, save a

few hard-tack, and having for covering only the broad canopy of heaven.

Pending the engagement several sugar-mills had been fired by our batteries, and their lurid flames lighted up the heavens, seemingly making them blush to witness such unholy scenes on so lovely a spot.

All that livelong night we were disturbed with rumors. One said that the force which embarked from Brashear had entirely cut off the enemy's retreat, should he attempt one; another said we were to assault the works at daylight, and the thousands of stories so prevalent in camp, found believers.

At four o'clock A. M., of the 24th, we advanced on the works. Not a shot was fired. We moved on almost breathlessly. Soon we saw one of our flags waving from the parapet of the works. The cause was apparent. The enemy had fled. Such was the battle of Fort Bisland.*

*The casualties in the One Hundred and Fourteenth in the engagement, were: Wounded—Privates Waterman Ensworth, hand; Chauncey A. Bradley, arm; George S. Peck, head, Company A. First Sergeant George Ballou, knee, (died of wound June 17, 1863.); Private F. W. Fish, shoulder; William F. Weston, breast, Company B. Privates Isaac Odell, breast; William Roberts, breast, Company D. Private James Hill, head, (died of wound.) Company H. No official report relating to the part taken by this regiment in this action, was ever made. The entire casualties in Emory's Division were scarcely fifty killed, and twice that number wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'Tis sport to maul a runner."—*Shakspeare.*

PURSUIT—OUR RETURN.

THE REBEL WORKS—HOW THE ENEMY ESCAPED—WE PURSUE HIM—FATIGUES—BIVOAC
—RESUME OUR PURSUIT—GRAFFENBERGH'S—VERMILLION RIVER—A HALT—ORDERS
FOR THE 114TH REGIMENT TO RETURN—COLLECTING HORSES AND CATTLE—THE
SOLDIERS AND PLANTERS—ARRIVAL AT OUR OLD CAMP—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT
DONNELLY.

We moved over the deserted works. The position was apparent. The long line of fortifications had been constructed with great care, and the flanks were well protected by natural advantages. Adding to these the works on the opposite side of the Bayou, and the hidden position of the *Diana*, the chances of success were strongly on the side of the enemy. It was indeed a long line of works to be carried by so small a force, but examination showed that our artillery had made fearful havoc on them, and the enemy's knowledge of a force marching on Irish Bend, made his position untenable.

Two circumstances combined which favored the escape of the rebels. The officer of our picket failed to give timely notice of the moving of artillery and wagons, which he afterwards stated, began about one A. M., of the 14th, and thus they were permitted to retire without molestation. General Grover, either through his own mistaken idea of the country, or through neglect on the part of his guides, left one avenue of retreat unoccupied, and thus the entire force of the enemy

was allowed to slip through our hands, although it is evident from the reports of stragglers captured, that General Taylor, the commanding officer believed himself hemmed in, and was on the point of asking a capitulation when informed of the unguarded road, which was fatal in the crowning of our victory.

Not a moment was now lost. Pursuit began. The enemy had succeeded in getting away all his artillery, excepting a heavy siege gun which was spiked and left in the works, and which we recognized as the piece that damaged us so much on the day previous, and now the idea was to press so closely this retreating force, as to cause an abandonment of artillery and transportation, or a halt for a renewal of the fight.

The men, although tired and hungry, were urged on, and did not halt until nearly noon, and then only for a few moments. Raw pork and hard-tack were issued and eaten with a relish. Again we pushed on under the burning sun, and over dusty roads; the enemy was said to be just ahead, and we must press forward. Sore-footed and worn out, we were encouraged by the prospect of capturing the foe which had so adroitly evaded us, and being constantly assured that we were soon to realize our hopes, little complaint was made. Our every thought was to press the enemy. We caught no sight of him, however, that day.

At seven o'clock we halted a mile or more above Franklin, utterly exhausted. Our feet were blistered, bleeding and sore. Every one was glad when darkness forced us into bivouac.

At four o'clock A. M., the day following, we were in motion. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the roads ankle deep.

with dust. We were barely allowed time to breathe, and were hurried along at almost a double quick step.

Many, unaccustomed to marching, fell out, but a majority declared they would keep in the ranks, and pride alone kept the army together that day.

We bivouacked on the Graffenbergh plantation. Here we found a magnificent repast of boiled mutton, intended for the rebels, but they were forced along at such a rate that they could not stop to enjoy it. Our boys were not long in making the discovery, and soon appropriated the feast to themselves. No one went hungry to his blanket that night.

We continued this marching for four days, and halted on Vermillion Bayou, one of those small streams which so frequently intersect that portion of the State.

This was the first rest we were allowed, and for this we were indebted to the rebels, they burning the bridge, the repairs of which caused a day's delay.

This rest was most thankfully received. The men now had an opportunity of washing themselves and their clothing, which was blackened with dust, and to care for their feet which were in a wretched condition. Hardly a man escaped being foot-sore, and some were so bad as to entirely disable them from walking. In this plight it may well be supposed the delay was not regretted.

So precipitate was the flight of the enemy that he did not stop to take advantage of the high banks along the Bayou, where with his artillery he might certainly have checked us, and possibly successfully disputed our crossing. He chose rather to push on beyond Alexandria, and then scatter his forces over different roads. Further pursuit with chances of gain to us was useless.

On Saturday evening, April 18th, Colonel Smith announced to his officers that he had received orders to proceed down the country and collect all the horses and cattle which he could find, and drive them to Brashear.

This intelligence was unwelcome enough. We knew that the army was to move to the front on the morrow, and notwithstanding the severe trials of our march, we were anxious to go with it. But our regrets were of no avail, and at daylight Sunday we bid adieu to our comrades; they to move up the country, perhaps to win victories and laurels; we to become cattle-drivers and government horse-gobblers.

As we shall not again have reason to recur to the forward movement of the rest of our expedition, it is proper to state that the command moved about twenty miles beyond Alexandria, when finding the rebel army so broken up as to warrant no further pursuit, returned to Simmesport, and from thence marched to Port Hudson, where again the One Hundred and Fourteenth joined the "Old Brigade," and shared largely in its honors and its losses.

We entered on our new duties in a rain storm, the first one of our campaign, which was very welcome.

The regiment was now divided into squads and sent on each side of the highway, to collect and bring in all stock worth driving away.

It has been previously stated that this country was the richest portion of the State. The people in this region believed that the works of Fort Bisland, were impregnable, and had allowed their stock to remain. They now had barely time to conceal the best of it, from the sight of the "Yankee invaders," and not unfrequently herds of cattle and droves of horses were found by some vigilant scout, hidden in the

woods. In one instance a rich old seed of rebellion, had led his horse into his bed-chamber, and discovery having been made, the animal of value to the Government was led forth, leaving the other showering his curses on the "contemptible robbers," and "miserable thieves." Such were the pet names bestowed in great abundance on us during our "collecting tour."

Our herd kept daily increasing, but no remarkable incident transpired beyond occasional disputes of ownership of property between the soldiers and the planters, but the decision always conferred the title on the former.

On the 28th we arrived at Berwick, having not less than eight hundred horses, and three thousand head of cattle. The result, with all the reluctance with which we turned back from the main army at Vermillion, showed no lack of energy on our part in fully discharging the duty assigned us.

Colonel Smith turned all this property over to the Quartermaster's Department.

We moved across the Bay that evening, and went into our old camp which was left standing. We were well worn down with our march, and satisfied for the time with practical campaigning.

At this point we were met with the sad intelligence of the death of Lieutenant George G. Donnelly, of Company E. Lieutenant Donnelly, while in the discharge of his duties as commandant of the guard at the depot, had met with a serious injury, which confined him to his bed for a long time. He suffered much, but patiently, and died on the 26th, two days before our arrival. He was a genial companion, a faithful friend, and a true christian.

CHAPTER IX.

"Charge! and give no foot of ground."—*Shakspeare.*

UP THE COUNTRY AGAIN—RETURN TO BRASHEAR.

AGAIN UNDER ORDERS—NEW IBERIA—OPELOUSAS—HOT WEATHER—WIDOW WEBB'S PLACE—"BONNIE BLUE FLAG,"—EFF'S PLANTATION—CHENEYVILLE—ORDERS TO TURN BACK—ALL THE NEGROES TO BE TAKEN OUT OF THE COUNTRY—A "YANKEE TRICK,"—TEMPORARY BRIGADE—GENERAL PRATT'S PLACE—ATTACK BY GUERRILLAS—A CORRESPONDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGHT—VALOR OF COLONEL PER LEE—NIGHT MARCHING—THE TRAIN—ARRIVAL AT BRASHEAR—THE REGIMENT COMPLIMENTED.

All were in bed early. At midnight we were aroused by orders to march on the morrow, and the cooks were set at work preparing three days' rations. There was not that eagerness manifested as on the setting out of the other expedition. Sore feet and weary bodies voted against another campaign. Again our preparations for "light marching order," were completed, and on the afternoon of April 30th, we embarked on the *Empire Parish*. We proceeded as far as Franklin, but as our boat was drawing too much water to proceed up the Teche, we changed to the *Quinebaug* of Norwich, which was probably some Connecticut trading propeller.

As Colonel Smith's orders did not contemplate moving us beyond New Iberia, he reasoned that we were to remain and protect the neighborhood from strolling bands of guerrillas, and predicted a "summer residence." We therefore took up our quarters on a deserted plantation; the tents of the

men being nicely put up in the door-yard which was commodious and shady, and the officers occupying the house. This was about one mile beyond the town. The Colonel had also designated an officer of his regiment to proceed to the village and take possession of a printing office, and commence the issue of a weekly newspaper. We had "great expectations" but they were very summarily dispelled by orders to move on the morning following.

Of course we moved. The orders said to Opelousas, and we were once more hopeful that we were again to join the "Old Brigade."

As appearances gave evidence of a long march, the sick were sent back to Brashear. Among this number was Colonel Smith and several of his officers. The command of the regiment now devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee.

On the 7th of May we crossed Vermillion Bayou, the point at which we had turned back, and marched several miles beyond the town of Vermillionville. We resumed our march on the day following, and arrived at Opelousas at five o'clock P. M.

This is a post-village and the Capital of St. Landry Parish. It is an old dilapidated looking town, built by the French and Spanish, and contains Franklin College and a Nunnery.

Here we remained only one night. The heat was intense and the roads dusty. Our marches were long and fatiguing. On one occasion we marched nearly ten miles without rest, and destitute of water. Finally in the heat of the day we halted in the door-yard of the Widow Webb. Arms were stacked, blankets thrown down, and one grand rush made for the cistern. Mrs. Webb had taken the precaution so common among the inhabitants on our approach, and removed the

pump. Yankee ingenuity was not long at fault, and soon buckets and ropes were doing the work. Then came the female termagant with a choice tirade of abuse. She wished the water would poison all of us, miserable, meddling Yankees. There were dead cats in that cistern, she said, and on being informed that the cat was no uncommon dish in the North, her rage knew no bounds. She soon discovered, however, that the necessities of life we would have, if possible, and to the soldier, or in fact to any one, water is not the least. We are sorry to add, however, that notwithstanding the vigilant care which the Colonel exercised to prevent any destruction of private property, pillaging was to some extent practiced.

Later in the day the widow and her niece, a very pretty specimen of a Southern girl, invited several of the officers into the house, and favored them with some excellent music. Here, for the first time, we heard sung with true secession spirit, the Southern air, "Bonnie Blue Flag."

We passed the Epps plantation, famous as being the home of Solomon Northrup, whose book made such a sensation in anti-slavery circles some years ago. Old Mr. Epps yet lives, and told us that a greater part of the book was truth, and that many old negroes remembered Northrup. He spoke of him as an unusually "smart nigger," and seemed hardly to credit the fact that we had come from so great a distance as New York.

At Holmesville we met a man who was formerly a dancing-master at Utica, and who knew many of the prominent people of that vicinity, but who was a most arrant rebel, and endeavored to annoy us to the fullest extent of his ability. For his pains he was arrested and punished.

Our first day's march beyond Cheneyville brought us within twenty-five miles of Alexandria. Here we were met by an officer of General Banks' Staff, with orders to turn back and collect all the able-bodied negroes, and take them to Brashear. Swearing availed nothing, and we were soon measuring back the road over which we had passed.

As one looks on the Map of Louisiana, and places one finger at Brashear City and another on Cheneyville, it seems but a step from the one place to the other; he can hardly comprehend the dusty roads, the burning sun, the scarcity of water, which conspire to weary and break down the soldier.

We found the negroes ready to follow us. A greater part of the plantations were deserted by the white population: the slaves were not delicate in appropriating whatever of massa's property they wished for, and there was no disposition on our part to instill into their minds the impropriety of such actions.

At every plantation we found them ready, with their goods and chattels stored in sugar carts, while from far and near on either side of the highway, they came, as they said, to "go wid ye all."

Sometimes very amusing incidents took place. At one halting place the plantation was owned by a nephew of General Scott. The owner was absent, a Colonel in the rebel army, but the mistress and slaves were yet at home. Evidently the lady wished to "play on us." She asked Colonel Per Lee if he would not ask his drum corps to favor her with some music, some "real old fashioned tunes," as she expressed it. The drum corps was ordered to "discourse their most excellent music." Soon, however, it was noticed that the Madam had left. The reason was soon obvious.

While the attention of all had been directed to the music, she had taken the opportunity of shutting her female house servants in a room up stairs. The fact was communicated to some of our smartest negroes, and at dark the gallant Romeos, by the aid of ladders rescued the dark Juliets from their prison, to the great merriment of all. When Madam discovered what had transpired, she flew into a serious passion, and declared that it was a "regular Yankee trick."

The girls were left to their choice, whether to go with us or remain, but they decided to accompany the train. From this place we took slaves who were as white as our soldiers.

We had received information that we would be joined by the forces which were engaged in embarking cotton from Barre's Landing. They consisted of the Ninetieth New York, and detachments of the One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth New York, Fifty-Second Massachusetts Infantry; three companies of the Forty-First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, mounted, and acting as cavalry, with two pieces of artillery, all under command of Colonel J. S. Morgan, of the first named regiment.

While awaiting the arrival of these troops we were quietly in bivouac in the door-yard of the residence of Brigadier-General Pratt, of the rebel army. Our time was passed in foraging on the country, and converting a barrel or two of sugar, each day, into candy. We were enjoying our leisure, as soldiers so well know how to do.

On the 21st of May we received orders from Colonel Morgan, to move to St. Martinsville, a thriving post-village, the Capital of St. Martin's parish, on the right bank of the Teche.

We arrived at this place on the morning of the 23d, and a

temporary Brigade was organized. We resumed our march on the morning following, passing New-Iberia. Nothing of interest occurred until the evening of the 25th when the alarm was sounded that our rear was attacked by the enemy.

A correspondent writing from the scene of action, says:

"We passed Franklin on the afternoon of the 25th, the music playing the national airs, and the regiment singing,

"We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a Palmetto tree."

"The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment was the rear of the infantry, with a squadron of cavalry covering our march, to pick up the stragglers which fell out by the wayside. The day was beautiful, and just as the sun was setting we were marching leisurely along, hoping soon to halt for the night, when in our rear we heard shouting, and soon a mass, a mob, came dashing headlong, crying, 'get out of the way, the rebels are coming.'

"At first we thought the mounted negroes and soldiers were running a race, but soon a cavalryman, dust-covered and bare-headed came dashing down, and said the rear guard had been attacked and some killed.

"The panic now began to be general among the negroes, ambulance drivers, and teamsters, and only the prompt and earnest endeavors on the part of the officers, prevented disaster, as the road was filled for miles with our trains.

"As soon as sufficient information could be gathered from the frightened horsemen, Colonel Per Lee countermarched his regiment and determined to go to the aid of the rear guard. We marched back about two miles, and formed our line of battle, where we could hear the exchanging shots further up the road.

We had hardly completed our formation, when several cavalrymen came rapidly down, and one of them gave his opinion as to the number and position of the enemy. Colonel Per Lee halted them, and ordered them to return with him. The one before mentioned did not move. 'My boy,' said the Colonel, 'are not you going?' 'I would go Colonel,' replied the brave fellow, 'only for this,' and he pointed to a gaping

wound in his side. He was placed in an ambulance and well cared for but to no avail.

"Colonel Per Lee pressed on and was soon met by the entire cavalry force retreating. These he likewise halted and ordered them to return. The dust was so thick that he could discern nothing, but pushed on up the road, and was presently met by the enemy, who poured a volley into our little band, killing Lieutenant Wood of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, and severely wounding several others. Our men returned the fire, and after several exchanges of shots, the rebels retired. The Colonel and his miniature force pushed rapidly on, and drove the enemy into the town, and returned. Seven of the guerrillas were reported killed. The dust rendered it impossible for our men to judge how many of the enemy had attacked them, but estimated the force to be about one hundred.

"Colonel Per Lee rode back to his regiment, and with his characteristic energy said: 'Boys, there are a lot of those devils there, and I am for going back and cleaning that town out!' The men gave three cheers, and asked the Colonel to lead them, and they would cheerfully follow. A courier was immediately despatched to Colonel Morgan, who was at the head of the train, and nearly six miles distant, for some cavalry. Colonel Per Lee marched his regiment nearly to Franklin, halted and threw out his skirmishers. Soon two companies of the Forty-First Massachusetts, mounted, came up and were sent in advance of the infantry line. It was now evening, but the moon was full, and it was quite light. The skirmish firing was rapid, but gradually the enemy withdrew. Colonel Morgan now arrived and assumed command. One piece of artillery came up and threw four shells, at short range into the town. We all hoped that the town might be burned, and so it would, had Colonel Per Lee been in command, but we were ordered to fall back. We could distinctly see them firing from the windows of the houses, and yet this treacherous town was spared.

"Our killed and wounded were all taken in charge, and attended in the best possible manner. Great credit is due to Surgeon Wagner for his untiring labors towards these sufferers.

We were now put under rapid marching, and at 11 P. M., overtook the forces which had been halted. We moved on, marching all night.

and rested but twenty minutes. It would not do to halt any length of time, for the men were so worn out, that falling asleep, they could be awakened only with great difficulty. *Many slept as they walked.* Incredible as this may seem, it is true. The men said that they would often march along wholly unconscious, and only a severe jostle would arouse them.

"We continued on until five A. M., of the 26th, when we halted for coffee. The *Kepper*, a small river boat, came up from the Bay, having on board two pieces of artillery. We pushed on under her cover, but were annoyed no more by the enemy, although the Captain said by the aid of his glass he could discern a party of horsemen slowly following us at a distance.

"We arrived at Brashear at 11 A. M. A more dirty, dusty, ragged and fatigued party of men never lived. The excitement of the march was now over, and without even eating or washing the men sank down to sleep. From Monday morning at five until Tuesday morning at eleven, we had marched continually, had a skirmish and made a distance of forty-three miles. The returns showed that our loss was ten killed, several wounded and a number taken prisoners. Thirty will probably cover our loss.

"The arrival at Brashear of this motley crowd created much excitement. At New Iberia I halted and let the train pass. It consisted of four hundred and six carts, each cart averaging not less than six negroes. Every day added to our number. In addition to these, the able-bodied male portion either marched or rode captured horses as we proceeded down. It was a sight perhaps never witnessed before, and may never be again. The carts were those used to transport cane and cotton from the field, and would hold as much as a small canal boat. They were covered with awnings made of all kinds of material. Carpeting, clothing, reed mattings, dried cow hides, boards and everything else which would serve to protect from the sun were used. They presented a most ludicrous appearance. The propelling power was equally varied. Some of the carts were drawn by oxen, some by horses, some by mules; an ox and a mule drawing at the same cart were not infrequent, and in one case a cow and a mule were harnessed together. The cooking utensils, clothing, bedding, and in fact all the traps of a negro cabin.

were loaded on, and the aged and young were piled in promiscuously together. A birth and a death occurred on the passage, the 'gain' and 'loss' were the same, and no 'recruits required.'

"The train was over five miles in length, and when we reached Brashear our crop of negroes was not less than twelve thousand heads."

We again crossed the Bay and took quarters in our old camp, with orders to be ready for a movement at a moment's notice.

The conduct of Colonel Per Lee and his regiment in repelling the rebel attack called out the following complimentary notice :

"SPRINGFIELD LANDING, LA., MAY 29, 1863.

"*Lieutenant-Colonel S. R. Per Lee, Commanding 114th Regiment :*

"In accordance with orders received, this Brigade is dissolved.

"I take this opportunity of returning to yourself and command my sincere thanks for the good feeling displayed, and the prompt manner in which you quieted the panic caused by the unexpected attack of guerrillas on our rear guard, and the bravery shown by you, and the alacrity with which all orders were obeyed on our recent arduous march. I shall take pleasure in presenting your name for the favorable consideration of the Major-General Commanding.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

Colonel J. S. MORGAN, 90th N. Y. V."

Since the 1st day of April, halting but three days at the most, the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment had marched a distance of seven hundred miles.

CHAPTER X.

"See a siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages."—*Shakespeare.*

SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—THE SITUATION.*

LOWER LOUISIANA—BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI—PORT HUDSON—ITS NATURAL ADVANTAGES—ITS DEFENCES—IMPORTANCE OF ITS REDUCTION—THE PLAN—PORT HUDSON THE OBJECTIVE POINT OF THE TECHE CAMPAIGN—THE TROOPS—BATTLE OF MAY 27TH—THE 114TH REGIMENT.

THE banks of the Mississippi for a distance of a hundred miles above the Delta, rise but a few feet from the water. The adjacent country is an extended level, protected from the overflow of the river by artificial dykes, or levees, which are periodically renewed by the watchful proprietors. The whole extent of Lower Louisiana exhibits the same remarkable feature; there are no elevations, except those artificial ones just referred to, and much of this low-lying country has doubtless been created by alluvial deposits of the many streams which find their way from the northern regions to the Gulf of Mexico. From New Orleans to Baton Rouge the banks gradually increase in height, rising at the latter place to fifteen feet; and at a point about thirty miles above, the eastern bank assumes the decided appearance of a bluff. Here is Port Hudson—the name of an obscure landing for the shipment of the products of the country, hardly mentioned upon the maps prior to the war; but, like hundreds

*For this, and the six following chapters, the public are indebted to the pen of Captain James F. Fitts.

of kindred places, brought into world-wide notoriety by the stirring events of the Great Rebellion.

The advantages of this situation, as a defensive position, could not escape the rebel leaders' attention. On a river front of more than a mile a cliff springs perpendicularly from the water, to the height of eighty feet, forming an impregnable wall against attack from the river; running in an irregular semi-circle of seven miles from the upper to the lower verges of this cliff is a chain of hills, intersected with deep and tangled ravines, and embracing the few buildings to which the name of Port Hudson was given—a church, a school-house, a railroad depot, and half-a-dozen sheds—which were used as hospitals during the siege. It was a natural fortification, strengthened by all the appliances which military engineering could devise. Earthworks of formidable strength crowned the hills, making a continuous line of defence from the river above to the river below. Ditches protected these works from assault, and a bristling abattis of felled timber filled the ravines in front. Guns of heavy calibre commanded the river, and every point of assault by land; a garrison of eight thousand veterans held the position, and thus sealed the lower Mississippi to all commerce and communication with the country above. It was the key of the rebellion south of Vicksburg, the reduction of which would be a barren victory without the fall of Port Hudson. It was the one indispensable point, the barrier which the Union arms in the Department were exerted to overthrow, in order that the Great River might pass “unvexed to the sea.”

The campaign which finally resulted in the capitulation of this important post was virtually commenced about the middle of March, 1863, when a division of the Union army

was moved up the river from Baton Rouge, and thrown forward to the vicinity of the rebel works. The attention of the garrison being thus distracted from the real object sought, and while considerable skirmishing was going on in the rear, the fleet attempted to run past the batteries on the river face, and to gain a position which would effectually cut off Port Hudson from succor. The audacity of this attempt has not been exceeded during the war. Favored by the darkness, two of the vessels succeeded in passing the works; one was crippled and destroyed by the enemy's fire, and others driven back. But the object had been gained; the Union forces held the river above as well as below Port Hudson, and the troops which threatened it were withdrawn.

At this juncture of the campaign, it is highly probable that the rebels conceived themselves masters of the situation. Mistaking the fact that the demonstration of Grever's Division in their rear was merely a feint, intended to assist the boats in passing the batteries, they viewed the withdrawal of that Division as an entire discomfiture of our army, and immediately dispatched several thousand troops from the Port Hudson garrison to Vicksburg, reducing the strength of the former to about eight thousand, as has been stated.* The subsequent progress of the campaign must have convinced them of their delusion.

The "Teche Campaign," in Western Louisiana, during the

*This statement is made upon the authority of prisoners present at the surrender of Port Hudson, who could have had no motive for deception. *Per contra*, General Halleck, in his Report of Military Operations during the year 1863, asserts that the place was poorly garrisoned and but slightly fortified at the time of General Grever's feint, and might have been easily taken! Those who fought before Port Hudson, in May and June of the same year, will question the correctness of this assertion.

following April, including the Battles of Bisland, Irish Bend, Grand Lake and Battle-a-la-Ruse, had but a single objective point—Port Hudson. The dispersion of the rebel forces west of the Mississippi secured New Orleans from immediate danger arising from the withdrawal of the army from its immediate vicinity, and still further deceived the Port Hudson garrison as to the ultimate object of the campaign. They could not reasonably suppose that General Banks had collected two-thirds of his army at Brashear City, his extreme western outpost, two hundred miles south-west of them, for the purpose of striking at their stronghold; nor could they imagine that the advance of that army to Alexandria, through hundreds of miles of hostile country, reaching a point one hundred and fifty miles north-west of them, was prosecuted in the furtherance of that object. The movement *appeared* precisely like an invasion of Texas; it was, in fact, a difficult and comprehensive piece of strategy, the results of which fully justified its undertaking.

The main army of General Banks, comprising the divisions of Emory and Grover, marched from Alexandria about the middle of May, pursuing a general south-easterly direction, and crossed the Atchafalaya at Simmesport. Somewhat later General Augur, commanding the reserve division, broke camp at Baton Rouge, and moved continually northward. The out-lying pickets of the rebels maintained a running fight with this division until it effected a junction with the main army in the vicinity of Port Hudson, about the twentieth of May. The Nineteenth Army Corps was now for the first time united in the field, and ready for the offensive. The first deliberate blow against the rebel Gibraltar of Louisiana was now delivered.

On the twenty-seventh of May, the whole force advanced upon the outworks of the enemy. A battle ensued, bloody, desperate, and protracted through the day. The rebels had chosen their ground near Port Hudson Plains, and steadily resisted the efforts of the Union army to drive them within their fortifications. The loss of our troops was heavy, but their attack succeeded, and towards night the enemy abandoned their position and fell back to their works. At several points they were closely followed by several regiments, but the assault of the works did not become general, and our army took up a position conforming to that of the rebels and at once entered upon the labors of the siege.

Although the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York did not rejoin the army until after the investment of the place, and had no share in the battle of the twenty-seventh, the foregoing sketch of the situation at Port Hudson, and of the operations which affected it, prior to the first of June, is considered necessary, in order that the reader may gain a better understanding of the events which followed, and more thoroughly appreciate the important connection of the regiment with those events.

CHAPTER XI.

"I do believe,
Satist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war."—*Shakspeare.*

SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—FROM BRASHEAR TO THE FRONT.

BRASHEAR AGAIN—ORDERS FOR FORT HUDSON—CAPTURE OF BRASHEAR—THE COUNTRY
—ALGIRS—EMBARKATION ON THE CAHAWBA—RAIN—A RIOTOUS REGIMENT—UP
THE RIVER—"WHAT'S THE NEWS ABOVE?"—SPRINGFIELD LANDING—DISEMBARKA-
TION—MARCHING—PHILOSOPHISING—PROSPECT OF PLENTY OF FIGHTING—CANNON-
ADING—THE REBEL WORKS—SHELLING—ARRIVAL AT PORT HUDSON.

A POCKET-DIARY of this campaign informs us that the regiment arrived at Brashear City from the Teeche country, on May 26th, 1863; that it was placed *en route* for the front on the 29th, and that it reached our lines before Port Hudson on the 31st.

The march of the regiment from Cheneyville to Brashear was attended by exciting events, elsewhere described in this History, and the latter part accomplished through much fatigue and danger. At one point of march the scene of hostilities was less than fifty miles eastwardly from the route, and dull, booming sounds were more than once heard across the intervening swamps and lakes, telling significantly that the strife had already begun. The country was filled with rumors of attack, defeat and victory; and the more credulous of us were swift to accept the reports of the "intelligent contraband," as true, and to believe that the rebellious stronghold had already fallen. Many of the regiment who read these lines will recall, with a grim smile,

the cheers that were given, a month previous, over the intelligence that our iron-clads and monitors in Charleston harbor had entirely reduced Fort Sumter, and that our flag floated in triumph from its parapets; and some will doubtless recall the enthusiastic demonstrations of joy with which this premature news of our success on the Mississippi was welcomed.

Brashear City, well known to the One Hundred and Fourteenth as the scene of its camp for a month prior to the Teche expedition, and the late base of supply of the army, is built upon a narrow flat of land between Berwick Bay and the swamp that borders it. Situated eighty miles westwardly from New Orleans, at the embouchure of the Teche and Atchafalaya, it was before the war, an important station upon the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Rail Road, which had not been completed beyond it. Several flourishing plantations, a depot, a wharf, a hotel, and a small collection of unpretentious houses, made up the unattractive summary of Brashear, unless we include in the estimate the impenetrable swamps surrounding it, and the legions of rapacious mosquitoes issuing from them, thirsty for Northern blood. It could never have been an inviting place in the palmiest days of peace; war had desolated it, driven away its inhabitants, and made it a mere military outpost and station. It reeked and sweltered under the burning sun as the regiment again occupied their deserted tents on the 26th of May, and the wearied soldiers gladly sought their refuge after six weeks' exposure to the broad canopy of heaven.

"What next?" was the question anxiously asked by the enlisted men of the officers, and by the officers of each other. Nobody pretended to know. Had Port Hudson fallen?

Very likely. If not, was it not probable that the regiment would be left at Brashear, to strengthen the weak garrison in defending it? Probable, certainly. Everybody wanted rest and all were willing to be spared any unnecessary exertion. But the event was otherwise ordered.

The first assault upon the enemy's lines was made on the 27th of May. On the afternoon of the 28th, a brief and significant dispatch came to Brashear by telegraph from New Orleans. It said:

"There is severe fighting up the river. Forward at once all the troops that can be spared."

There were three or four regiments which could be spared from the listless inactivity of the present situation for the fiery work before Port Hudson. There was one in particular, which was invariably "spared" in this manner, upon such occasions, and so the order was published to the One Hundred and Fourteenth to proceed immediately to Algiers by rail, in light marching order. The news was received quietly and did not elicit any demonstrations whatever. Your true soldier is too thoroughly imbued with the first and last maxim of the art military, to take exceptions or enter protests. "Obey orders," is the knot that binds together the whole mass of our army; it is the leaven that infuses it and makes it serviceable. And so our regiment denuded itself of tents and baggage, strapped on its blankets, slung its haversacks with three days' rations, burnished its arms, and declared itself ready for Port Hudson.

It may be stated here, in parenthesis, that all the property stored at Brashear by the One Hundred and Fourteenth and other regiments, including every description of camp equipage, private baggage and medical stores, was lost by capture, on

the 23d of June following. The position was of the greatest importance. It was the key to the country west of the Mississippi, and upon occupying it, the rebels were enabled to march upon New Orleans, and embarrass the army besieging Port Hudson. It was surrendered through the imbecility and cowardice of officers, who shall here be nameless, with consequences which threatened the greatest disaster to our arms, besides the loss of millions of dollars in stores.

On the morning of May 29th, at ten o'clock, the regiment was marched to the depot and placed on board a train of platform cars. With banners displayed, with the music of fifes and drums, with the cheers of the spectators, and with no face darkened by the shadow of coming disaster, we sped over the rails, away from Brashear, with its familiar wretchedness, and were *en route* for new scenes and adventures.

The railroad from Brashear City to Algiers passes through what is popularly known as the La Fourche country, one of the most productive as well as one of the most utterly dreary in the State. It is intersected with numerous Bayous which wind a sinuous course from the Mississippi to the Gulf. The sugar plantations of the district are embraced in a narrow belt of land bordering the Bayous; the rest is wild, unreclaimed swamp, generally covered with an exuberant growth of cane or forest, and peopled with every repulsive species of animal life. Alligators splash and paddle lazily in the turbid pools; snakes also inhabit the waters, or hiss from the trees; owls, lizards, and tarantulas abound, and dense clouds of insects, poisonous and irritating, infest the air. It is almost impossible to convey with the pen an adequate idea of these swamp thickets. They are absolutely impervious; you cannot penetrate them save by the slow labor of destroy-

ing everything before you, and cutting yourself a path. In the wet season it would never be attempted, since the country is flooded with water. When the heat of mid-summer has parched the ground, a thick growth of spiked palm bushes springs up between the trees, and the luxuriant trails of the Spanish moss are interlaced and interwoven from branch to branch. Nature interposes her barriers against your advance, and you are content to withdraw with moderately scratched hands and face.

And yet—as I have heard their own lips narrate—into the very depths of these frightful and pestiferous swamps have the torn and bleeding negroes fled from the perpetration of horrors at which the heart sickens in relating; pursued by bloodhounds, watched for with loaded rifles, they have sickened and died in these slave-pens of nature, the victims of a system so accursed that the honest millions of the North might blush with shame that they ever tolerated it.

Through this territory, known in a doleful negro melody as “the Louisiana Low-lands, Low,” we passed with the slow progress common to troop-trains—getting thoroughly dampened on the way by a passing shower—and arrived at Algiers, opposite New Orleans, during the afternoon. Lieutenant Loring, of General Emory’s Staff, awaited us, with orders to proceed immediately to Springfield Landing, in the steamer *Cahamba*; and the story of the battle of the 27th was quickly spread abroad through the ranks. Sorrowful intelligence was part of it: Colonel Chapin, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, Colonel Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York; Captain Hubbard and Lieutenant Wrotnowski, of the staff—all, and many more, slain on that bloody field-day. General T. W. Sherman had lost a

leg, and the casualties were numbered by hundreds. Weitzel had been promoted from the Brigade to the Division; our lines completely encircled the enemy; artillery on shore and mortar-boats on the river, great guns and small, were pounding away, day and night, at the defences. The rebels had a strong position, and probably would not capitulate. All this, and more, greeted our eager ears; but the prevalent feeling of the moment was one of deep, heart-felt sorrow for the scores of valued friends and good soldiers whose names were in the dead-list.

In the thickest of a pouring rain, the regiment took arms and marched aboard the *Cahawba*. Here one of those painful scenes was presented which sometimes shock the senses of the orderly soldier. The Ninetieth New York was to occupy the steamer with us, and were already aboard. Most of the officers were absent in the city, discipline was relaxed, and the men had taken advantage of their liberty to become intoxicated. It seemed, at first sight, as if one-half the regiment was hopelessly drunk. Half-a-dozen fights were in progress on deck, and the yells and screams which came from the hold would have shamed a tribe of Camanches. Order was finally restored, and our regiment located in the forward part of the boat. It has never been our peculiar privilege to see sufficient transportation furnished for the comfort of the troops, nor was the present occasion an exception. Almost every square foot, above and below, fore and aft, was densely packed with a blue mass of humanity, rendering elbows and heels unpopular, and two superfluous coils of rope were gladly appropriated to lie upon, saving contact with the wet deck; one sleepy wight took the bow-anchor for his pillow and drowned his troubles with his snores.



All night the *Cahawba* stemmed the swift current of the river, passing sometimes within a few yards of the shore, as the variable channel shifted, and morning found us well on our way toward the great torment above. The river rolled its turbid waters down to the Gulf, undisturbed by the strife that crimsoned its banks; but the myriad craft of almost every description which, a little more than two years before, had enlivened it, were gone. There was neither freight nor travel to employ them, for Vicksburg and Port Hudson had imposed their fiery veto. Passing Donaldsonville and Plaquemine on the western bank, ravaged and made desolate by the torch and shell, Baton Rouge was reached about noon of the 30th. The engine was stopped for an instant, and the shore hailed:

"What's new from above?"

"Nothing."

And we went ploughing on our way, tolerably certain that our flag was as yet a respectable distance from the rebel ramparts.

A few miles above Baton Rouge, the lower extremity of Prophet's Island—a long, thickly-wooded strip of land—divides the river into two channels. Taking the easterly one, a short distance further brings us to Springfield Landing. A bank of ten feet or more springs from the water at this point; the shore is fringed with willows and backed with thick woods. The southern extremity of the enemy's works was, perhaps, six miles further up, by the shore; our gunboats were concealed from sight around a point. A huge pile of cracker-boxes and barrels was erected on shore, for here all the supplies of the army were landed; a huge hospital-tent was crowded with victims from the last fight; and

wagons were continually rolling away with loads of hard-tack, salt-horse, and kindred dainties.

The regiment was disembarked. Some twelve roundabout miles lay between us and our destination, and it was wisely concluded that the heat of the day might better be passed in the shade at Springfield Landing. So we gathered about in groups under the trees, and, with all the loquacity of anticipation, speculated together about the future, and what a few days would bring forth. Well for us that the curtain could not then be lifted on the succeeding two weeks, and the ordeal of fire and blood revealed!

At four o'clock the line was formed, and we took the route-step for the front. The road was an uninteresting one, bordered by forests upon both sides; but as we passed beneath the branches which here and there overhung the way, that beautiful stanza of Childe Harolde, beginning,

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,"

was impressively forced upon my thoughts. There is nothing in the peaceful and lovely aspects of nature which accords with human violence; there is no spot on earth so rude as to be fitly dedicated to that fiendish display of human passions which we know as a battle. But hang such philosophy. A soldier must have nothing to do with it, or with the thoughts that suggest it. Sad evidences of the battle passed us occasionally, in the shape of an ambulance freighted with wounded. Every degree of physical suffering is represented in these melancholy processions; there is one mortally hurt, and unconscious of the pain of his injuries; others moan and groan in an agony of suffering, clenching their teeth hard to suppress a shriek; and there are some slightly wounded who part the curtains of the ambulance to look at the passers.

Between these latter and the soldiers, questions are asked and answered:

"Is there fighting up this way?"

"Plenty of it: you'll see when you get there." And then, with a sympathizing grin,

"They're saving a place for you!"

Six miles of the march were made while there was light enough to march, and the night was passed in bivouac in an open field. We were tired from the fatigues of a week, and it required but little time to make coffee to accompany our simple rations, to spread our blankets on the bare ground, and to lose ourselves in sleep. The hours wore away toward midnight; then a noise in the distance, and a rustling of blankets and rising on elbows.

"Hark!—What's that!"

It was a rumble, a roar, something like a short peal of thunder, from up the road; another, and yet another; a rattle of small arms, now seeming quite near, and anon growing fainter in the distance; then more growls and grumbles, and soon a mingling of rattle and boom, in a din of sounds which could mean but one thing.

"They are fighting the great battle," said one. "Port Hudson will fall before morning," suggested another; and with a general chorus of "Good thing; let it fall!" everybody lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Somebody said once, "When ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." We did not realize that this sudden outburst of noise was merely the nightly exchange of courtesies from the opposing lines—the *serenade de l'enfer*—with which besiegers and besieged were accustomed to regale each other.

Early morning found us again on the road. Indications of the near neighborhood of an army thickened as we proceeded; empty wagons and full ambulances streamed back towards Springfield Landing, and full wagons trundled slowly toward the front. Stragglers from late reinforcements were resting by the roadside; troops were on the march behind us; the roar of cannon was now and then borne back to us. Here was another great edifice of hard-tack boxes, as high as a four-story house; near by, the Agent of the Sanitary Commission was establishing a small depot in a pleasant grove. Detached camps appeared in the woods; we were hard by the left of the line. As we proceeded, our attention was arrested by shot and shell marks on the trees, indicating the severity of the battle of the 27th; and one great oak was adorned with a scrap of a cracker-box, nailed up seven feet from the ground, and red-chalked with a piece of bravado which my best recollection preserves thus:

"You rebels, do you want to meet the —st Massachusetts here again?"

And so, defiling through the woods, after passing several camps, we came to a nearer acquaintance with the situation. The ground became uneven, being cut up into ravines; there were endless woods, and nobody seemed to have a very clear idea of where Port Hudson really was. An opening in the woods suddenly revealed a yawning gulf, and a section of the rebel works beyond, more than a thousand yards away. We must have been discovered the same instant; an invisible mass came rushing by overhead, with the peculiar *scish*, *scish*, only made by shell, and exploded harmlessly in the air. Another came, and this a better shot. The missile struck a large tree near the head of the column, scattering

a cloud of splinters, but without harming any one. A third was still better aimed, exploding in the air, directly overhead. Several of the centre companies were disorganized for the moment, the men throwing themselves flat on the ground to escape the flying fragments. Shells at long range are rarely destructive. In this instance the range was short and the firing admirable, although it inflicted no injury. The regiment moved on without delay, and soon passed out of range of the shells.

But the incidents of the day were not yet over. We were ordered to a ravine of considerable depth, with wooded and sloping sides. Hardly were we established in this position when a heavy solid shot whirled directly overhead, striking the ground beyond with a dull thump. Others visited us in the course of the afternoon, and every man had his narrow escape to relate. Toward evening we were ordered to move to an adjacent ravine, which we found comparatively safe from these unwelcome visitors. The three days' rations were exhausted; and somewhat hungry, and entirely convinced that we were before Port Hudson, we slept that night with the lulling music of huge guns, untroubled by any sense of insecurity.

CHAPTER XII.

"Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents;
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baasalisks, cannon, culverin;
And all the currents of a heavy fight."—*Shakspeare.*

SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—SHARPSHOOTING AND SKIRMISHING.

THE LINES—POSITIONS—BROKEN COUNTRY—HEADQUARTERS—HOSPITALS—SIEGE GUNS
AND MORTARS—RIFLE PITS—SHARPSHOOTING—DESERTERS—EAGERNESS TO SHOOT
EACH OTHER—EXCESSIVE MUSKETRY FIRING—CONVERSATIONS—NOTE ON THE
REBEL WORKS—A, F, AND D ORDERED FORWARD—BLUNDERING BEARERS OF DIS-
PATCHES—SHARP ATTACK—BEAUTY—WAITING FOR ORDERS—A LONG NIGHT—
LIEUTENANT STAFFORD WOUNDED—PARTICULARS—CARELESSNESS OF COMMANDING
OFFICERS—A MISTAKE—COLONEL SMITH ARRIVES AT PORT HUDSON—BANKS ASKS
A SURRENDER—REFUSAL—COLONEL SMITH COMMANDS A BRIGADE—ASSEMBLES HIS
OFFICERS—AN ASSAULT TO BE MADE—COMPANIES B, F, D, E, AND G SELECTED—
PREPARATIONS.

OF the precise shape and conformation of our lines at Port Hudson it would be impossible to convey a correct idea, except in a description given by those whose duties rendered a thorough knowledge of them necessary. The country adjacent to the rebel works was so diversified by ravines and masked by woods, that no one serving with his regiment could hope to gain more than a general, and not very definite idea of the precise relation which our works bore to those of the enemy, or of the extent of the former. We knew very well that our army entirely surrounded Port Hudson by land, cutting off all its communications with the world without, and that Farragut's fleet on the river was jealously guarding the approaches, both above and below. We understood that we composed a fraction of the force that was

laboring for the reduction of the place, and in the prosecution of our share of the great work, had but little time or disposition to visit other points of the situation. Our experience in the interval between May 27th and June 14th, was that of many other regiments, and a brief history of that experience, if faithfully told, will be recognized by thousands who were present.

Between the spot where the One Hundred and Fourteenth lay, and the enemy's works, was a great ravine or gulf; the latter word will best describe it. In some places the hills upon either side shouldered out sharply and prominently, with steep sides; at other points the descent was gradual. The crests of the hills bounding this pit, upon both sides, were fortified and held by the opposing parties, lying within easy rifle shot of each other; the gulf between was debateable ground, over which, balls, shells, and bullets were hurled back and forth. A diminutive thread of water ran along the bottom of the gulf. The slopes of the hills and the little intervening level at their bases, were thickly grown with brambles and thorny briars, tangled with felled timber, and abounded in precipitous and difficult descents. It was all that lay between us and the prize, but it was for many days neutral ground. By daylight no man set foot in it, hundreds of eyes were watching for a mark, and none transgressed the limits of his own works without being instantly made a target.

The two sides of the ridge which our sharpshooters occupied were strikingly contrasted. The side which lay beneath the rebel guns was as bare of life and motion as though a pestilence had swept it; the other, although quite as rough in its character, teemed with animation. The nature of the

ground was such that the companies were somewhat detached from each other, a felled tree often serving as a means of communication. They lay well down from the top of the ridge, in order to avoid the danger of the flying balls, when not on duty in the rifle pits. Many, for greater security, burrowed in shelters in the side of the bank. At the bottom of this bank ran a stream of water much too small for the wants of the numbers which crowded it. The heat was well nigh insufferable, although shade was abundant; the flies came in swarms to annoy us; all the cooking was done a mile to the rear, as the smoke would have betrayed our position more exactly. And here in this wide wilderness we lay, stifled by the sultry atmosphere, and some times drenched by the rains. Back of us, at eligible points, were Brigade and Division Headquarters, and field Hospitals, enclosed in a paling of leafy branches, and sometimes fortified at exposed points, by cotton bales. Still further back were the supply depots, from which the army was fed, and the reserve artillery; and to and fro from Springfield Landing, six-mule teams constantly passed and re-passed, laden or empty as they came or went.

From the right to the left of the line our siege guns and mortars were in position at easy intervals. How many the total numbered we never knew. The guns were artfully concealed with branches, so that their position could be seen only at the time of the discharge. The gunners were protected within an out-work of cotton bales, seven feet high which effectually sheltered them from bullets.

Our rifle-pits were mere excavations of earth near the crest of the ridge, hollowed out square, so as to entirely conceal a man standing upright. An open way of the same

depth led down to the middle part of the hill, so that we could pass to and fro without exposure. They were dug large enough to contain half a dozen men, with elbow room sufficient to admit of the ordinary motions of loading and firing. Each company furnished a detail for one or more of these pits, the details being relieved generally every twelve hours. Their business was to stand, rifle in hand, scrutinizing sharply the rebel position; to give warning of anything suspicious or unusual, and to send a bullet after a rebel who might be incautious enough to show his head. The rifle-pits were completed by heavy loop-holed logs, laid flat upon the top of the ridge. Through this narrow opening, three inches square, the rifleman surveyed the situation, giving emphasis to his vigilance now and then by the bark of his "Springfield." What we could actually see of Port Hudson from these loopholes (and there was no other safe point of observation,) was very little. Heaps of earth surmounting the ridge upon the rebel front indicated where their defences lay, but the trees in the background stood so thick that it was often impossible to define the shape of the earthworks. There was a forest with a rebel flag waving from the summit of the tallest tree, and two or three dilapidated buildings; there was a desperate and stubborn enemy within those works, but invisible to our eyes. Between us and him "there was a great gulf fixed," with boundaries of fire and lead, which, for the present, were respected.

Sometimes, after orders to cease firing, a silence would brood for an hour over both the camps, as if both besiegers and besieged had laid aside their weapons, and anon the crash of musketry from every part of the line, quickly and furiously answered by the enemy, and the thunderous roar

of heavy ordnance, flinging death and destruction, pealed up in a wild tumult of discord. The sharpshooters were sometimes instructed to keep up an uninterrupted fire, and sometimes to wait for a mark. Deserters occasionally found their way into our lines at night; and to distinguish them from enemies, particular orders were sent to the rifle-pits to allow single men to come in, who appeared outside without arms. Sometimes the batteries fired in regular alternation, from right to left, with an impressive effect upon the listener. At night, when the darkness was a sufficient shelter from the rebel riflemen, it was interesting to mount above the rifle-pits and watch the flashes from the heavy guns, and the flaming shells from the mortars, hissing and gyrating in a wide sweep far overhead, and sinking out of sight behind the trees. There was, always, at night, a rumbling in one of the old buildings opposite, which was suspected to be occasioned by the grinding of corn. They were swept from the ground by our shells before the siege had terminated.

Many artifices were used in the rifle-pits to delude the enemy, and draw his fire. A favorite ruse was the exposure of a cap or coat above the loop-holes, upon a stick. Small puffs of smoke would instantly break out from the rebel works, and bullets whistle overhead, or sink into the log outside; and the same instant a dozen rifles would ring out from our pits, and as many balls speed over toward the little smoke-puffs. A shovel was observed one morning to rise regularly over the edge of the rebel works, throwing earth upon an unfinished part. Several marksmen upon our side immediately engaged in the task of *stopping that shovel*. The dirt flew from the embankment as their balls perforated it, several striking near the top where the earth was sup-

posed to lie thinner, and where a ball might find a head beyond. Some rebel may or may not have been killed by the persistent hail of lead that was poured upon this spot; but the shovel rose and fell for an hour, depositing the earth as nonchalantly as if there was sense in it to appreciate its own audacity. Suspicious noises—the barking of dogs, the rumbling of wagons and the like—would quickly draw a heavy fire. Clumps of bushes, half-way down the opposite bank, which looked like inviting spots for the concealment of a lookout, were subjected to the same searching inquiry.

The casualties on our side during this desultory warfare were not numerous, although some occurred daily at different points along the lines. Stray bullets sometimes entered the loopholes, killing or wounding the man on duty behind them. There were places where our paths ran over ground so high as to be in range of the rebel rifles, and at these places wounds, sometimes mortal ones, were inflicted. The stream of bullets passing overhead was enormous. It is no exaggeration to say, that tons of lead must have been thrown away for every life taken by them. Leaves, twigs, and bark dropped from the trees, severed by passing bullets; several men of the regiment exhibited their clothing, torn by the flying missiles; and one instance occurs to me of a round hole perforated in the middle of a newspaper in the hands of its reader, by a bullet. Upon the termination of the siege, the rebels admitted that our sharpshooters had done remarkable execution.*

*During the last week of July, 1863, an opportunity was afforded me to examine the rebel fortifications. My attention was chiefly directed to the ingenious structure of the works. They were of great thickness, commanding flanks as well as front, and constructed of barrels filled with stones, firmly impacked with earth to the

Thus the siege "dragged its slow length" until the morning of June 14th. There had been no nearer approaches made by engineering. General Banks had thus far trusted to the weight of his metal for final success. There had been a flag of truce from our lines, for some purpose, upon which occasion all hostilities were suspended, and the combatants, relinquishing their rifle-pits, crowded the parapets, and conversed back and forth. Messages like the following were exchanged:

From them.—"Say, Yanks, when are you coming over here?"

From us.—"Before long. Wouldn't you like some coffee?" (an article unknown in their commissary line.)

From them.—"We can do without. Did you ever hear of Bull Run?"

From us.—"Oh yes, and of New Orleans, and of Dick Taylor and his trampers. Do you get your mail regular?"

And much more "chaffing" of the same kind. A signal having announced the termination of the truce, the rifle-pits were again occupied, and the work of war resumed.

Upon the early morning of June 11th, not later, I think, than one o'clock, orders were quietly delivered for every regiment to fall in under arms, observing the utmost silence. It was done, and with suppressed whispers "the hour has

requisite height. The hollow in front of the rebel left was a hopeless chaos of abattis, where an assaulting column would be certain to become entangled and held to its destruction. The ground occupied by the enemy's batteries was significant of the precision of our artillerymen. Several of the rebel guns were dismounted from their carriages; one lay on the ground with the trunnion upon one side as nicely severed as if with a chisel; another had its muzzle blown off. An estimate of the quantity of iron and lead thrown into Fort Hudson, between May 27th and July 9th, would exhibit some interesting figures.

come!" the regiment was moved up to its line of rifle-pits. A short pause in breathless suspense, then the order, "Three right companies move forward toward the enemy's works." This was the order, as it had been received at Regimental Headquarters; whether it was as an assault or a reconnoissance, nobody knew. So we of A, F, and D, clambered over the top of the ridge, and moved down the hill. The night was too dark to distinguish objects thirty yards distant, and we were continually reminded of the character of the ground we were traversing. Stumbling over obstacles, falling down precipitous descents, and with a liberal allowance of scratches from the briars, we reached the bottom of the pit. The faint outlines of men several yards to the right made us aware that the movement was general; very soon the line spread out toward us, and we gave ground to the left. Still, there were no orders. Nothing could be learned from those on the right of us. It was an awkward predicament; just the situation where the subordinate should not have the opportunity of using his own discretion. Somebody's blunder in transmitting the orders to the regiment had placed us in the very jaws of destruction, without indicating what we were to do. We had moved forward so far that we were almost under the rebel defences; we were at the base of the hill which they crowned; if the advance was to be pushed much farther, we must consider ourselves as a forlorn hope.

At this juncture the enemy discovered the movement, and opened a vigorous fire. In any other situation than ours, the spectacle must have been a magnificent one. Flashes of light burst in quick succession from their works, and the war of artillery and the crash of musketry were blended together. Crouched close to the earth, and partially sheltered by a

ditch, we passed the following hour in a state of helplessness. Friends behind us, and foes before us, were pouring volley after volley over our heads, many of the balls striking around us. It was too dark for either side to take correct aim, and much of the firing must have been at random. It gradually slackened, and finally ceased, and then recurred the anxious question—what were we to do? A messenger from our detachment succeeded in crawling back to our lines, with infinite peril of being mistaken for an enemy, and returned with the intelligence that we were to *do as the others did*. Not very encouraging or definite certainly, but it was made definite by the discovery that those who joined us on the right proposed to remain where they were until they received orders.

And so we waited, crouching low down in the muddy ooze of the ditch, to avoid discovery, and anxiously watching the eastern sky for daylight. There was a thin skirt of trees just beyond, which aided our concealment; by peering out beyond it, the forms of several rebels could be distinctly seen on the hill above. They might have been picked off with ease, but the crack of a rifle would have drawn down a destructive fire upon us. The long hours of that memorable night will not soon be forgotten by any man who was present. We might have withdrawn during the darkness without much danger of detection, but there were no orders—and there we lay. The night passed, as it always will, be the trouble great as it may, and the first faint streaks of dawn discovered the line scattered and broken, and withdrawing. The vigilance of the rebels was not at fault; one of their batteries opened with repeated discharges of grape, raking the hill between us and our lines. One by one the castaways sprang

from their shelter and ran up the acclivity, tumbling back into the rifle-pits and into safety. Several who did not hear the order to return passed the whole day in the gulf, hidden from sight, and returned the following night. Several were killed and wounded in other regiments; in our three companies but one was seriously hurt, First Lieutenant Samuel S. Stafford, of Company A, who was struck just as he reached the works on his return. The wound was so severe as to incapacitate him for further service.

The particulars of this singular movement show how easy it may be to sacrifice hundreds of men by carelessness in issuing orders. Why this demonstration was ever made, no one who shared in it has been able to tell; what was expected of the troops engaged in it, they know now no better than they did then. The delay in recalling them before daylight, (and the order never reached our detachment,) thus needlessly exposing brave men to the chance of slaughter, was the fault of an officer in temporary command of the Brigade, who confessed to Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee that the delay was occasioned by his *oversleeping himself*. Such are the chances of war. The life and limbs of a soldier are held at the merey of trifles as insignificant as their effect may be momentous.

There had been other movements upon that morning. A detail of several officers and a hundred men from the regiment was sent to the left to assist in cutting a road very near to the rebel works. A mistake in relieving the picket left the party without a guard in front, and in this condition they were driven from their work by a volley of musketry. Several were wounded, some fatally. It was, altogether, the most eventful day we had seen since the fight at Bisland.

Colonel Smith was left sick at Brashear City, on the 29th of May. The previous campaign had greatly debilitated him, and he found himself unable to perform his duties during the month of May. Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee had commanded the regiment from that date. Colonel Smith returned to the command on the 12th of June, and was warmly welcomed.

We were now apparently on the eve of an important event. Whispers at Division Headquarters had been overheard, or had been confided to somebody by the clerks who copied the orders. About the middle of the afternoon of June 13th, we knew that a flag of truce had conveyed a polite note from Major-General Banks to Major-General Gardner, demanding the immediate surrender of Port Hudson, and that the rebel commander had returned a polite reply, to the effect that he considered it to be his duty to defend the place to the last extremity. This was on Saturday. General Weitzel had said that he should attend church the next morning in Port Hudson. The opinion prevailed that there was to be an assault.

It was about nine o'clock that evening—a still, starlight night—that Colonel Smith assembled the Field, Staff and Company commandants together under the trees where the Headquarters were located, and arranged the details of the next day's work. He was himself to command the Brigade. The orders called for five companies as a storming party, and five more to remain in the rifle-pits. Major Morse was to command the former, Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee the latter. The companies designated for the assault were B, F, D, E, and G. They reported at this time an aggregate, present, of less than two hundred and fifty men. The line was to be

formed at one o'clock in the morning. Coffee was to be ready before leaving the ground. The deep silence of the next few hours was broken now and then by a solitary gun from the rebels; ours were all held in reserve for the morrow.

The impression generally prevailed on the evening of the 13th, that the assault of the next day would be a complete success. Everything had been done to create and strengthen such an opinion, and the command was led to believe that it was entirely able to penetrate the rebel works after a short struggle. Colonel Smith had been during the afternoon to reconnoitre the ground, and his explanation of the means to be used in our attack was listened to with breathless interest. Weitzel's Division was to be led by the old Brigade. A sunken road had been dug to a point within a few rods of the angle where the struggle would begin. The skirmishers, the Seventy-Fifth New York, were to be thrown forward before daylight, next a regiment with hand grenades, and cotton bales to fill up the ditch and render it passable; then the Eighth Vermont; then the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York. A heavy force was to follow us. We were to deploy upon reaching the mouth of the road, rush forward, scale the works, and finish the attack with heavy blows. Success was almost certain.

The general plan of the assault was to throw heavy masses of troops simultaneously upon different points, some of which it was expected would be found vulnerable. With a footing once gained inside, troops could be concentrated at the favorable point, and the weight of the attack made irresistible. But the first grand requisite was to make an impression

—to gain a foothold. With that done, we could use it as a lever to roll the garrison into the river if necessary.

The descriptions and incidents of the next section have reference only to the work of Weitzel's Division, and more particularly to that of the One Hundred and Fourteenth. Our assault was made near the center of the rebel position; of others, upon other parts of the works, we saw nothing and knew nothing, except by report. Whether it ever should have been made, is a question not in the scope of this chapter to discuss. After it was undertaken, very careful and considerate measures were used to ensure success, and I have no doubt that there was much sound sleeping in our lines that night from this anticipation of a brief fight and a decided victory. At all events, we slept, just as we are told by travellers, that men sometimes lie down by the crater of Etna and sleep, when the earth is heaving and shaking with the throes of a mighty eruption.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!
Or close the wall up with our English dead!"—*Shakespeare.*

SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—JUNE FOURTEENTH.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASSAULT—MOVEMENT OF THE BRIGADE—DESCRIPTION OF THE
MOVEMENT—THE SURROUNDINGS—IN THE WOODS—THE SUNKEN ROAD—"FIX
BATONETS"—DELAY—"FORWARD"—PERILOUS SITUATION—TERRIFIC FIRING—
FEARFUL PICTURE—THE WAY BLOCKED UP—SLAUGHTER—FRIGHTFUL SCENES—
COLONEL SMITH AND CAPTAIN TUCKER—WITHDRAWAL—THE COLOR-BEARER KILLED
—PRIVATE COLLINS SAVES THE COLORS—CASES OF INDIVIDUAL BRAVERY—THE
WOUNDED—SABBATH—FAILURE OF THE ASSAULT—TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN—COLO-
NEL SMITH'S RESPONSIBILITY—HE DIES A MARTYR TO THE FLAG.

THE sleepers were aroused at one o'clock, and each company formed on its own ground. There was no *reveille*, nor any unnecessary noise to break the stillness of that early Sabbath morning. The stars were still in the sky, but there were also clouds, and the faces of the men were distinguishable from each other only on close inspection. The roll-call was not loud, but under the breath, and what little conversation was necessary was spoken in a low tone. Belts were buckled, cartridge-boxes settled into place, canteens slung, rifles shouldered, and each company was ready. The battalion formed in a hollow, where Major Morse and Adjutant Underhill joined it. The color-guard reported to Company D; the five companies not included in the assaulting-party had already moved into the rifle-pits. There was no more preparation to be made; everything was ready.

The Brigade was in motion as a unit by two o'clock, the regiments falling into the column promptly. Then there was

a halt of half-an-hour, or more, near Division Headquarters, and there the whole attacking column was organized. A few lights shone faintly through the leafy screen around the Headquarters, and we fancied that there were being final words spoken, and cautious advice repeated. The word "forward" was spoken from mouth to mouth, and the column took the route-step, marching in fours. The step was not hurried; there was ample time to reach the operations before daylight, and there were occasional halts to be made to allow troops collected ahead of us to clear the road. Most of the way was through the woods, with gullies and ravines now and then to be crossed. There was not light enough to show us the depth of the column; but we could hear muffled foot-falls far back to the rear, and could distinguish a mass of dimly defined figures filling the road in front—all moving on with a steady tramp toward the scene of the conflict. In many places there were arms stacked among the trees, and the soldiers who bore them (probably the reserves) lined the road, and peered curiously into the faces of the passing column. There was a slight wind stirring, just enough to move the branches overhead; the air was cool and pleasant. There was little noise to break the stillness of these most silent hours of the night, and a curious observer might have fancied that he beheld a phantom army sweeping through the forest.

"No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang;
Still were the *file* and drum."

The distance marched that morning was several miles, by a sinuous path which served to lead at first toward the rear, and then opened into a road running toward the fortifications. The column turned into this road, and passed rapidly over

it. There was a thick growth of timber bordering it upon the right, and soldiers stood thickly by its edge. It had grown less dark within an hour, although there was half-an-hour yet before the first light of morning. As we passed close to the road, Generals Grover and Weitzel stood near by, talking earnestly together. A little further on, a ravine intersected the road, which was bridged over for the more expeditious passage of the troops. Very few eyes failed to observe that the planking had been carpeted with cotton, which entirely disguised the noise of feet. It was an unmistakable sign that we were in the immediate vicinity of the enemy.

From this point the excitement of the morning fairly begun. Filing sharp to the right, after crossing the bridge, the column plunged into a thick wood—traversed it—emerged upon the other side—and the position of the rebels was in sight. It was scarcely daylight yet; but there was a transparent gray in the atmosphere which was the prelude of dawn, and which obscured objects without concealing them. A series of low, irregular hills was before us, covered with earthworks; far over to the right, where the hills seemed higher and partially veiled in the exhalations of the morning, the batteries of our friends had already opened the ball. The effect of their cannonade was magnificent. Every discharge rent the misty cloak that partially covered the hills from our sight, and the echoes of the sound rolled through the ravines, and were repeated till they died in the distance.

The sunken road referred to in the previous section was cut through the base of a hill, and opened near the woods. It must have been an hundred and fifty yards in length, and was excavated to the depth of six or seven feet, and in some

places much deeper. As our regiment entered this road, the order was given by General Weitzel to fix bayonets. There was no halt made for this purpose. While the order was being executed, the first musket was discharged from the skirmishers up the road. I consulted my watch; it was just five. Daylight had come at last.

And now commenced one of those sickening, disheartening delays which are more painful to bear than the agony of the fight itself. The road was quite narrow; a group of fours almost filled it from side to side. The order "forward; double-quick," was given immediately after bayonets were fixed; but a few steps brought us to a stand-still against a mass of soldiers who filled the road in front, and were unable to go on. Shouts came up from the rear: "For heaven's sake, don't stand there: go on, go ahead!" And those in front replied, "We can't; the road is blocked by the men before us." We were now in the deepest part of the cut, so that all view of the scene of the conflict was shut out from us. There was an increasing clamor of shouts and cries somewhere on the hill overhead, and an incessant rattling of small arms burst forth from the same quarter. Flashes of fire darted from the hills, half-a-mile away, where our batteries were working, and their shells went low over our heads, while volleys of musketry were poured from our rifle-pits. Every gun, great and small, around Port Hudson, united in this tumult of destruction, and the blended sounds of the strife were indescribable. Whoever attempts to describe a scene like this, will be painfully reminded of the inadequacy of mere words and phrases to do it justice. Of all discords that ever violated the repose of nature, that of a battle is the worst. It is simply a hell on earth. What Vic-

tor Hugo is pleased to call the *quid obscureum* of a battle, seems to be the whole of a battle. It is all rush, and roar, and tumult, until the decisive point is turned by one party or the other.

Step by step, little by little, the regiment worked its way up the road. The crash of musketry overhead was redoubled as the shooting bullets now and then buried themselves deeply in the side of the cutting, or whistled sharply overhead. Shells from our batteries were bursting painfully near us, and flying fragments passed through the ranks. That narrow cut, just then, presented a strange picture; it was as if two human currents were setting past each other; one strong and vigorous, making all haste to reach the scene of action; the other feeble and halting, limping back to the rear. There was no way for the wounded to leave the field, except by this same road; they hurried past us with dripping wounds, some able to go alone, and others supported by some friends whose anxiety for their own personal safety had no doubt, much to do with their humanity. It was a ghastly procession, warning us of the reception which we were to meet.

By slow degrees the column worked its way upward. The delay seemed to me to proceed from the hesitation of those who had reached the *debouchure* of the road, which was evidently choked up with men. Filing sharply to the left, the column passed under the prostrate trunk of a tree, lying across the cut; the way narrowed here so that the files were undoubled, and the men were obliged to stoop half-way to the earth to pass the obstacle. General Weitzel's Aids were endeavoring to make their way on foot through the dense mass, now up towards the front and again back to the

rear. And during all this time the crash of small arms in advance, grew sharper, and the yells were louder and more startling.

It must have been more than half an hour from the time that our regiment entered the sunken road until it emerged from the other extremity, under the fire of the enemy.

The sound of the strife rolled down from above in an increasing tumult. The bullets fell thicker into the road; the air was mingled with noises of battle. The scene was still hidden from us, although every step brought us nearer to it. The sides of the cut began to slope toward the level of our feet; two rods more and we were out of the covered way. There was an abrupt ascent, then a rough uneven extent of ground, small in area; then a ditch seven feet deep, and quite as wide; and, beyond all, there rose a steep earthwork, apparently fifteen feet high, built in the form of a retreating angle. This was the point chosen for our assault.

And now began a scene of slaughter replete with all the horrors of a close and desperate fight. There was not sufficient ground to allow a regiment to deploy to advantage; as fast as they were unmasked from the cut, the companies rushed up the ascent, across the intervening ground, and into the ditch. From the parapet of the rebel work there was a continuous flash of rifles—not in a volley, but in an irregular burst, which never ceased while the attack continued. The rebels were entirely sheltered behind their defences; hardly a head was to be seen above the parapet. The open space before the work was strewn with soldiers in blue, dead, dying, and severely wounded; they lay among the bushes, on the hill-side, and covered the bottom of that awful ditch, yawning like a grave at the foot of the slope. For half an

hour there was a continual repetition of this scene; a yell, a rush, shouts, musket-shots, cries and groans. The ditch was filled with the living and the dead; the former striving within six yards of the muzzles of enemies' rifles to climb the earthwork, and continually dropping back with bullet-holes clear through their bodies. The cotton bales which were intended to fill up the ditch were scattered over the ground before it, with their bearers, in some cases, crouching behind them; the hand grenades, upon which much reliance had been placed, exploded harmlessly against the face of the work. Wounded men were killed while trying to crawl beyond the range of the fire, or lay helpless under it, unable to hazard the attempt. The contracted space in front of the ditch was swept with rifle balls and buckshot; every repetition of the assault was met by the same murderous discharge, strewing the ground with its victims, and adding to the horrors of the scene. The air rang with shouts, groans and imprecations; it was a Babel of noise, an Aceldama of destruction.

The close of the first hour, when the east was reddening with sunrise, found the regiments scattered and broken up in hopeless confusion. All that desperate courage could do had been essayed, to no purpose, except to show that the assault could not succeed at that point. Charge after charge had been made and repulsed; the ditch could not be crossed. Most of those who jumped into it never returned; it was a trap from which there was small chance of escape. One third of the One Hundred and Fourteenth were disabled; of the officers, Colonel Smith, Captain Tucker, and Lieutenant Corbin, were mortally hurt, the two latter dying on the field, and three more were disabled by wounds. At sunrise the

day was virtually decided against us. The troops were not withdrawn until some hours after, but lay prone to the earth behind logs, stumps, and ridges, discharging their rifles over the top of the work, and occasionally picking off an exposed head. Even dead bodies were made shelters for the living, and soldiers fired from behind their slain comrades. As the troops crowded up from the rear, they were sent forward to join in this brush fighting; but there was little demonstration made after the sun was an hour high. The battle was lost, and the blood shed before sunrise.

On the first charge made by the One Hundred and Fourteenth, the color-guard was almost destroyed. The color-bearer, George H. Beckwith, was killed, and but two or three out of the nine escaped. As the regiment fell back in disorder the colors were left, in the confusion of the moment, on the top of a ridge, exposed to the fire of the enemy. They were saved by the bravery of Private George Collins, of Company D,* who crept forward to the spot and brought them away under a shower of balls. Many conspicuous instances of individual courage were exhibited; there was no lack of daring, and the lists of dead and wounded will show how lavishly some of the best blood of the North was expended in that fruitless attempt.

All the morning, while there was work to do, stretchers and ambulances were busy bearing back the wounded to the field hospital, half a mile to the rear. The sights and sounds of that place will scarcely bear description. A large inclosure of bare ground, surrounded by branches, was crowded in every part with the victims of the fight, and the number

*Since killed in action, at Winchester.

constantly increased. The Surgeons were busy at their sickening work, and a Chaplain was also there striving to benefit the sufferers. Some were quiet, hardly conscious of the approach of death; some were writhing with pain, but laboring hard to suppress any audible tokens of it; others, entirely unnerved with pain and apprehension, shouted, blasphemed or prayed, in frantic tones. Some expired under the knife; some died before the Surgeon could reach them, and others were carried from the table, groaning with pain, to make way for more sufferers. It was a scene too painful to delineate in detail.

There was one thought in connection with this assault, that must have occurred to thousands who were engaged in it. Upon that memorable Sabbath morning, while the fight was raging the fiercest, there were thousands of households far away in the North just awakening to the repose and serenity of the Lord's day, in which the first thought and prayer were given to sons, brothers and husbands, who were at that very moment breasting the storm of war in front of Port Hudson. Petitions were that morning offered up for those who were already still in death, and many a fond hope and aspiration for the absent were crushed in death before they were uttered.

The assault failed at every point where attempted. It was the same story throughout, of desperate daring and unavailing slaughter. The losses in killed and wounded exceeded twelve hundred. That of the rebels was slight, owing to their protected situation; probably less than one hundred fell inside their works. A truce was agreed upon on the 16th, for the purpose of burying the dead. Several hun-

dred were buried where they fell, many so blackened by exposure as to be past recognition.

The slain and crippled of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, in that one morning's work, embraced some of the most faithful and intelligent of the enlisted men. To mention merely the names of the good soldiers and noble fellows who laid themselves down as sacrifices for their country upon that bloody field, would occupy space not allowed to this chapter. No tribute could flatter them, nor could the affectionate warmth of friends too greatly eulogize their heroic fate. May the day never come when their names and their histories shall be forgotten.

Of the three officers who fell in this action, motives of personal friendship alone constrain the writer of this chapter to speak more particularly. A feeble tribute of praise is their due from one who knew and loved them well.

Lieutenant Henry P. Corbin had been but lately promoted from the ranks. He was one of the most valuable and efficient members of Company G; was always quiet and zealous in the discharge of his duties, and a general favorite in his company. His death was that of a brave soldier; he fell in the first charge, and died on the field.*

Captain Charles E. Tucker had already made his mark among the line officers of the regiment. Young, buoyant, light-hearted, with a face of almost womanly beauty, a winning address, and that *bonhomie* which always captivates, he was one of the rare few who could win friends from stran-

*Unfortunately he was never mustered as a Lieutenant, and therefore was never properly a commissioned officer. For this reason his name does not appear in the "Biographical Sketches," but it is eminently proper that he have a place in these pages.

gers, and create attachments where others would hardly make acquaintances. He seemed to enter into the perils and hardships of the war as gaily as though it had been a day's frolic; if there was a thoughtful undercurrent in his mind, he never allowed it to come to the surface. His Company was proud of him, and deservedly; there were few in the regiment who could command so well, or in whom the spirit of leadership was so quickly recognized by subordinates. He was the *beau idéal* of a gallant, dashing officer; with a richly-stored mind, an active body, a capacity to do much and well, the future seemed to promise brightly for him. After an acquaintance of nine months, I can speak of him honestly. The praise of those who knew him during the whole of his short life will give him no stinted measure of affectionate admiration. He was one of the first to fall, on the 14th of June. He was shot through the breast, and lived but a few minutes.

It was the peculiar privilege of the writer of these lines to pass the first six months of the existence of the One Hundred and Fourteenth in close official relationship with Colonel Elisha B. Smith, and, learn, by repeated observation his jealous care for the regiment, and the unflagging zeal with which he labored to promote its interests. His patriotism, his remarkable social qualities, his warm friendship for those who merited it—these are well known to all who ever knew him, and need not be repeated here. But I deeply feel that his industry in behalf of the regiment, his honest anxiety to make it all that it afterward became, and his almost paternal care for every soldier in his command, are not sufficiently appreciated because they are not sufficiently known; and here I will bear most willing witness of his good labors.

There are some men who are satisfied to discharge a duty, and then throw its burden from their minds, leaving the consequences to follow in their own good time. With Colonel Smith, whenever his act affected the regiment, his anxiety only began with its performance; he felt the heavy responsibility that devolved upon him in the case of a thousand souls, as I have never known it to be felt in the military service. The safety, the honor, the usefulness of his regiment were his constant aim. Were it necessary, individual acts and instances could be cited to show his thorough devotion to it. The last act of his life was a sacrifice to the regiment. Unwilling that the One Hundred and Fourteenth should go into action at Port Hudson without him, he hastened after it, although just convalescent from a severe attack of sickness, and reached the front in time to fall at its head. His wound was known to be mortal from the first, although he lingered five days. He was calm, even cheerful at times, and entered the Dark Valley with a happy confidence in the future.

These were but three of the precious lives given by the One Hundred and Fourteenth, for the cause of an imperilled Union. There is a lofty strain in one of the classics which tells how long we should reverence their memories:

*"In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae,
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."*

CHAPTER XIV.

"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory."—*Shakespeare.*

SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—CAPITULATION.

BRASHEAR FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY—GUERRILLAS—GENERAL BANKS—A
STORMING PARTY—IT IS NOT REQUIRED—RECONNOISSANCE TO JACKSON—THE
FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS—SHAME—DISHONOR TO THE COWARDS—VICKSBURG—
NEGOTIATIONS FOR CAPITULATION—THE RESULT—VICTORY—CASUALTIES IN THE
114TH REGIMENT—NOTE—OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERALS BANKS
AND GARDNER.

THERE was one time, subsequent to the assault of June 14th, and before the 9th of July, when the situation of the besieging army around Port Hudson seemed critical in the extreme. On the 23d of June, Brashear fell into the hands of the rebels, and a powerful force under Dick Taylor, immediately occupied the La Fourche district, and penetrated as far as the Mississippi. The object of this bold movement was to menace New Orleans, and thus create a diversion in aid of the garrison of Port Hudson, by compelling General Banks to withdraw to the succor of New Orleans. Rebel batteries at several points on the west bank of the river succeeded in destroying our transports, and seriously embarrassing communications between the city and the front. New Orleans was garrisoned by a small and insufficient force, and in view of the near approach of a rebel army, the inhabitants became turbulent, and threatened an outbreak. Bands of guerrillas infested the road between Port Hudson and Springfield Landing, cutting off wagon trains and guards, and making

prisoners within a short distance of our lines. One party, more audacious than others, made a descent upon the supply depot, at Springfield, creating much alarm, and causing much damage. It was indeed a critical period.

Whatever may be said of the generalship of Nathaniel P. Banks, as demonstrated in this, and in the Red River Campaign—a question which it is not within the province of this chapter to discuss—he is certainly entitled to all praise for the determination with which he held his gripe upon Port Hudson during the dark days of the latter part of June, and for the steadfastness with which he disregarded all efforts of the rebels to compel him to raise the siege. The fall of the stronghold of the lower Mississippi was the great central object of the campaign, to which everything else was made subordinate; and it is more than probable that even the occupation of New Orleans by Taylor would not have withdrawn him from his lines while his supplies lasted.

After the assault and repulse of June 14th, a volunteer storming party was organized, composed of men drawn from almost every regiment of the command. Another assault was talked of as certain to occur within a week. The volunteers were organized into a body, and promotion was promised to every man of the party who should gain the interior of the enemy's defences. The One Hundred and Fourteenth furnished two men for this desperate undertaking, whose names are not known to the writer of this chapter. The occasion for the employment of this forlorn hope did not arise, and its volunteers have the honor of offering their lives and limbs to this desperate work, in good faith, and with the expectation that the test of another assault was to be applied. Allowing credit to the bravery of the officers and men

who composed this party, it is very questionable whether they could have made any more impression by an assault than was made in the attempt of the 14th. All that the most determined bravery could do had been essayed to no purpose; and it may well be doubted whether two thousand men, drawn indifferently from the whole army, and unused to acting in concert, could have borne themselves more gallantly, or with more effect than the troops engaged on the 14th. The test was not applied, and therefore the question cannot be answered.

On the 20th of June, at eleven o'clock, P. M., the Reserve Brigade, including the One Hundred and Fourteenth, marched from the lines to the interior, toward the town of Jackson. The object of this expedition was probably to intercept a small force of rebel infantry which had been heard of in that vicinity. Nothing was discovered, however, and on the 24th the Brigade returned.

During the closing days of the siege, the nine months' regiments caused much trouble, and in one case, that of the Fourth Massachusetts, refused to obey orders, and openly maintained. The reason alleged for this disgraceful conduct was that the term of service of these troops had expired, and that they did not propose to be subjected to any further danger. The situation of the army should have been a sufficient reason for acting the honorable and manly part, but these men were disposed to insist upon the strict letter of their rights, and in so doing drew a heavy punishment upon themselves, as well as the scorn and detestation of the whole army. The Fourth Massachusetts were forcibly disarmed, deprived of their colors, several of the officers stripped of the badges of their rank, in presence of the enlisted men, and

then dismissed, and most of the regiment confined for a long term at the Tortugas. General Banks took the occasion to address the troops, *en masse*, and alluded in terms of indignant reproach, to the conduct of the nine months' men.

The end was very near at hand. Vicksburg capitulated on the 4th of July, and the intelligence reached our lines before Port Hudson within the next two days, by boat from above. It was communicated to the troops, and was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of cheers all around the lines. The triumphant shout, "Vicksburg has fallen!" reached the ears of the rebels, and the news in due course came to General Gardner, who immediately dispatched a flag of truce to General Banks to inquire of the truth of the rumor. The latter returned an official copy of General Grant's dispatch, upon which General Gardner made a proposition for the appointment of commissioners upon each side to arrange the terms of a capitulation, as he was "satisfied of the uselessness of a further defence." The terms, as agreed upon, provided for the surrender of the place with all arms and munitions, and troops to the number of almost eight thousand.

The closing scenes were enacted on the morning of the 9th of July. With drums beating and banners flying, the victorious soldiers of the Union army marched unchallenged into the rebel works, before which so much good blood had been shed, and had the satisfaction of seeing the long line of rebel muskets grounded, in token of submission. It was the end of a drama which had lasted forty-three days, and the close of arduous and perilous labors, in which our regiment bore a most conspicuous part.

The casualties in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regi-

ment at the siege of Port Hudson, as taken from the official report sent to Headquarters, were as follows:

Field and Staff—Colonel E. B. Smith, minnie ball through fifth *dorsal vertebra*; Major H. B. Morse, buckshot through ankle joint.

Company A—Privates Henry L. Isbell, left thigh; Vincent Adams, scalp wound.

Company B—Sergeant Horace Gale, buckshot in right shoulder. Corporal Albert Sumner, hand. Privates, W. W. Bowers, left lung; Harvey Felton, right arm; Israel Monroe, minnie ball left side; Samuel Edmonds, hand; Colonel Tyler, left arm; R. G. Wheeler, seriously; David H. Bentley, minnie ball through thigh; George Doyle, left knee; Stephen N. Leach, minnie ball, thigh; John D. West, killed.

Company C—Corporal George Beckwith, killed. Erastus Gregory, killed.

Company D—Sergeants, M. D. Chamberlain, killed, Truman Smith, wounded in head. Corporals, Lewis Jones, killed; Eugene Brown, teeth knocked out. Privates, H. D. Ayres, killed; Byron Smith, right temple; A. Stearnes, left arm; C. Brown; Griff Morris, right shoulder; H. D. Brigham, minnie ball through left fore arm; W. I. Kinney, buckshot, right shoulder; David Bristol, right shoulder; Pat. Devaney, right arm; J. Beale, nose and cheek; H. Erskine, head; George Cramphin, left arm.

Company E—Lieutenant W. H. Longwell, buckshot, left hand, Sergeants, Uriah Rorapough, flesh wound, thigh; H. G. Rogers, buckshot, forehead. Corporals, S. C. Horton, leg; John Stoughton, missing. Privates, Edward Post, arm and leg; Jack Chidester, right arm and neck; David McBirney, right shoulder; Charles Davis; Lewis Handy; Charles Hayward, left hand; Robert Wedge, hurt by fall; Benjamin Pittsley, head; P. R. Peck, missing.

Company F—Captain James F. Fitts, left region abdomen. Sergeants C. L. Brown, right thigh; J. C. Tallman, killed. Corporal D. W. Putnam, head and abdomen. Privates, S. C. Sisson, right lung; John Spurr, hand; L. S. Shaw, shell wound of arm; Smith Hill, right arm; C. H. Bryant, minnie ball, both thighs; W. H. Mumbalo, right leg; G. W. Roberts, killed; J. L. Marvin, left side and wrist; William D.

Knapp, flesh wound, right leg; C. T. White, left arm; R. T. Baker, right hand; George A. Beach, right arm; E. M. Utley, head; E. F. Smith, leg and abdomen; C. B. Tefft, buckshot, right hand; Jacob H. Haveley, right temple; George Fontaine, buckshot, arm.

Company G— Captain Charles E. Tucker, killed. First Lieutenant, H. W. Searles, right lung and leg. Second Lieutenant, H. P. Corbin, killed. Corporal A. J. Sawdy, left lung. Privates I. W. Haling, chest; Frank Brooks, slight; J. R. Collier, slight; D. L. Clark, buckshot, left shoulder; Albert Fisk, left hip; Peter Flynn, left knee; L. N. Fulford, flesh wound, right thigh; J. J. French; Leroy B. Wood, right knee joint; George L. Root, right thigh; Elbridge Lamunnion.

Company I—Privates, William S. Sipples, killed; Morrell Sturges, killed.

NOTE 1.—The writer of this chapter regrets that it is impossible, for him to elaborate the concluding section of it, and to describe in detail occurrences of great interest, subsequent to the 14th of June. No person other than a participator in events like these, can give a faithful and satisfactory description of them; and the absence of the writer from the regiment, after the time stated, will account for the brevity of this last section.

The question is often asked—did the fall of Port Hudson depend upon the fall of Vicksburg? In a certain sense it did, and in another it did not. The fall of Vicksburg did not impair General Gardner's strength of resistance, but made him certain that the besieging army would be doubled, if necessary. Port Hudson, like Vicksburg, was certain to fall, from the moment it was completely invested, because there was the necessary force around it to reduce it—if not by assault, at least by starvation, by continued bombardment, and by patient waiting. It was a question of time, which the fall of Vicksburg hastened. After the 14th of June great progress had been made in running saps toward the rebel works, and mining would have been resorted to, had the siege been protracted further. The rebels were already reduced to desperate straits, and were consuming mules for food. Of the final result there could be no doubt, whatever might have been the fate of Vicksburg.

It is somewhat remarkable, that during the siege the rebels attempted no sorties. Usually in the defence of fortified places, desperate sallies are frequently made to break up the besieging lines, and to destroy the approaches, but at Port Hudson the rebels maintained a strict defensive, with one or two small exceptions. But that the defence was a gallant one, and persisted in with extreme tenacity, none who acted with the besieging army will be inclined to deny. The Nineteenth Corps found at Port Hudson, "a foe man worthy of its steel."

NOTE 2.—The following is the official correspondence between Generals Banks and Gardner, relating to the surrender of Port Hudson:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, JULY 8, 1863.

“GENERAL: I have the honor to report that the garrison of Port Hudson surrendered this afternoon upon the terms stated in the accompanying copy of the articles of capitulation, terms which you will perceive are those of an unconditional surrender. We shall take formal possession at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.

“I enclose a copy of the correspondence preliminary to the surrender.

“Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,

Major General Commanding.

“Major General H. W. HALLECK,

Commander-in-Chief, Washington.

“HEADQUARTERS, PORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA, July 7, 1863.”

“GENERAL: Having received information from your troops that Vicksburg has been surrendered. I make this communication to ask you to give me the official assurance whether this is true or not; and if true, I ask for a cessation of hostilities with a view to the consideration of terms for surrendering this position.

“I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

FRANK GARDNER.

Major General Commanding C. S. Forces..

“Major General BANKS,

Commanding U. S. Forces near Port Hudson.”

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 8, 1863—10.45 A. M.

“GENERAL: In reply to your communication, dated the 7th instant, by flag of truce, received a few moments since, I have the honor to inform you that I received yesterday morning, July 7, at 10.45 o'clock, by the gunboat *General Price*, an official despatch from Major General Ulysses S. Grant, United States army, whereof the following is a true extract:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
NEAR VICKSBURG, July 4, 1863.

“GENERAL: The garrison surrendered this morning. The number of prisoners, as given by the officers, is 27,000; field artillery, 123 pieces; and a large number of siege guns, probably not less than eighty.

“I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Major General.

“Major General N. P. BANKS,

Commanding Department of the Gulf.”

"I regret to say that, under present circumstances, I cannot, consistently with my duty, consent to a cessation of hostilities for the purpose you indicate.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS, Major General, Commanding.

"Major General FRANK GARDNER,

Commanding C. S. Forces, Port Hudson."

"HEADQUARTERS, PORT HUDSON, July 8, 1863.

"GENERAL: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, giving a copy of an official communication from Major General U. S. Grant, U. S. army, announcing the surrender of the garrison of Vicksburg.

"Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself, at nine o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender; and for that purpose I ask for a cessation of hostilities. Will you please designate a point outside my breastworks where the meeting shall be held for this purpose?

"I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FRANK GARDNER,

Major General, Commanding C. S. Forces.

"Major General BANKS,

Commanding U. S. Forces, near Port Hudson."

"HEADQUARTERS, U. S. FORCES,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 8, 1863—4.30 P. M.

"GENERAL: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, stating that you are willing to surrender the garrison under your command to the forces under my command, and that you will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by me, at nine o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender.

"In reply, I have the honor to state that I have designated Brigadier General Charles P. Stone, Colonel Henry W. Birge, and Lieutenant Colonel Richard B. Irwin as the officers to meet the commission appointed by you.

"They will meet your officers at the hour designated, at a point near where the flag of truce was received this morning. I will direct that active hostilities shall entirely cease on my part until further notice, for the purpose stated.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS, Major General, Commanding.

"Major General FRANK GARDNER,

Commanding C. S. Forces, Port Hudson."

"*Articles of capitulation proposed between the commissioners on the part of the garrison of Port Hudson and the forces of the United States before said place, July 8, 1864.*

"ARTICLE 1. Major General F. Gardner surrenders to the United States forces under Major General Banks the place of Port Hudson and its dependencies, with

its garrison, armament, munitions, public funds, material of war, in the condition, as nearly as may be, in which they were at the hour of cessation of hostilities, namely, six o'clock A. M., July 8, 1863.

"ARTICLE 2. The surrender stipulated in article 1. is qualified by no condition, save that the officers and enlisted men composing the garrison shall receive the treatment due to prisoners of war, according to the usages of civilized warfare.

"ARTICLE 3. All private property of officers and enlisted men shall be respected, and left to their respective owners.

"ARTICLE 4. The position of Port Hudson shall be occupied to-morrow, at seven o'clock A. M., by the forces of the United States, and its garrison received as prisoners of war by such general officer of the United States' service as may be designated by Major General Banks, with the ordinary formalities of rendition. The Confederate troops will be drawn up in line, officers in their positions, the right of the line resting on the edge of the prairie south of the railroad depot, the left extending in the direction of the village of Port Hudson. The arms and colors will be piled conveniently, and will be received by the officers of the United States.

"ARTICLE 5. The sick and wounded of the garrison will be cared for by the authorities of the United States, assisted, if desired by either party, by the medical officers of the garrison.

CHARLES P. STONE,
Brigadier General.

W. N. MILES,
Colonel, Commanding Right Wing, Army Port Hudson, La.

WM. DWIGHT,
Brigadier General.

J. G. W. STEEDMAN,
Colonel, Commanding Left Wing.

HENRY W. BIRGE,
Colonel, Commanding 3d Brigade, Grover's Division.

MARSHALL J. SMITH,
Lieutenant Colonel and Chief H. A.

" Approved:

FRANK GARDNER, Major General.

" Approved:

N. P. BANKS, Major General, Commanding.

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
13TH ARMY CORPS, PORT HUDSON, July 10, 1863.

"SIR; I have the honor to inform you that with the post there fell into our hands 5,000 prisoners, including one Major General and one Brigadier General; 20 pieces of artillery, five complete batteries, numbering 21 pieces of field artillery; a good supply of projectiles for light and heavy guns; 44,000 pounds of cannon powder; 5,000 stand of arms, and 150,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition, besides a small amount of stores of various kinds. We captured also two steamers, one of which is very valuable. They will be of great service at this time.

"N. P. BANKS, Major General, Commanding.

"Major General H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

CHAPTER XV.

" They surfeited on honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness."—*Shakspeare.*

FROM PORT HUDSON TO BRASHEAR CITY.

EMBARKATION—THIBODFAUX—DONALDSONVILLE—INACTIVITY—SOLDIERS' CORRESPONDENCE—MARCH TO THIBODEAUX—A BIVOUAC—PREPARATIONS FOR A MORNING'S MARCH—DESCRIPTION OF THE MARCH—FORDING—ENCAMPMENT OF THE RESERVE BRIGADE—CAMP HUBBARD—DESCRIPTION OF THE CAMP—WEITZEL COMPLIMENTS THE BRIGADE—DEPARTURE FROM CAMP HUBBARD—AT BRASHEAR AGAIN.

THE record of the regiment for the two months following the fall of Port Hudson, may be briefly outlined as follows:

On the 9th day of July, it was placed *en route* for Donaldsonville, on board the steamboat *Empire Parish*, and landed at its destination on the next day. In camp there until the 30th, when it took the march toward Thibodeaux, going into camp near that place on the 31st. Continued there until August 19th, when it marched to Terre Bonne, and was thence transported by rail to Brashear City. In camp at Brashear City until September 2d. From that date until the 11th, its time was occupied with the Sabine Pass expedition.

These two months embraced many occurrences of interest, both to individuals and to the organization, which are set forth in this and the following chapter.

Donaldsonville is situated upon the west bank of the Mississippi, some seventy miles above New Orleans. It was a town of some size and consequence before the war, but suffered severely during military operations along the river, and was almost reduced to a heap of rubbish by shells from

our gun-boats. It is here that Bayou La Fourche takes its departure from the river, and on the neck of land thus formed is Fort Butler, the scene of a most desperate assault by the rebels under Taylor, in June, 1863, and of their gallant and bloody repulse by the garrison. The enemy were still in force when a Division of Union troops was landed near the town, and a collision occurred between one of our Brigades and a larger body of the rebels. Our troops were upon both sides of the Bayou, and were at first driven back with loss, but upon the coming up of reserves, the rebels retired, and the following day began their retreat out of the La Fourche country without further resistance to our arms. Berwick Bay was shortly after occupied by our gun-boats, and two-regiments stationed at Brashear. The situation in Western Louisiana was, therefore, exactly the same as before the loss of Brashear.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth was not in the action at Donaldsonville, but was hastened up to the front with the Reserve Brigade, to stem the tide of battle which was setting to the rear, in a way that threatened a disaster. The Brigade came up on the double-quick, and formed a line of battle, with every prospect of an immediate and severe fight. It did not come; the rebels chose not to continue the conflict, and it was not until nine months afterward that our regiment met these troops again on the battle field.

No incident worthy of comment transpired during the three weeks following. The Reserve Brigade lay quietly in camp near the ruins of Donaldsonville, enjoying a grateful rest after the fatigues of the memorable campaign just closed. It had been under command of Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont, during the siege; it now passed to Colonel

Merritt, of the Seventy-Fifth New York. There was little military duty to occupy the time, and ample opportunity was given for letter-writing. Probably several bushels of correspondence went down the river from the One Hundred and Fourteenth during this inactive interval, and the lights and shadows of soldier-life were copiously done up in ink and foolscap, by hundreds of artists. The writing of letters may sometimes be accomplished under what might appear insurmountable difficulties to the uninitiated. A pencil and a scrap of soiled paper for materials, the ground for an easy chair, your knee for a table, and "all out doors" for a study, and the thing is done. Patience, perseverance, and a total disregard of the visits of bugs and mosquitoes, will enable any body to write a letter in Louisiana under these circumstances.

The force lying at Donaldsonville was disposed by Brigades in various directions at the end of July, and the Reserve ordered to Thibodeaux, thirty miles down the Bayou. The march was made in a day and a half, in the hottest of weather. The road runs close by the Bayou, which is flanked by a high levee along its whole length. The country bordering this stream is exceedingly fertile, bearing abundant crops of sugar-cane and minor products; but at this time one-half of its fields were untilled and overgrown with a wilderness of weeds. No more fatal delusion ever entered into the mind of man than that which plunged the people of Louisiana into the rebellion. They were assured by the leading spirits of the movement, that their own State could never be invaded, that their agriculture would remain undisturbed, and the community generally be as prosperous as in a condition of peace. Ruinous folly! During the year 1863, not one-half



of the State yielded crops to the owners of the land, and some of the best plantations were entirely abandoned and given over to neglect.

A great deal of ink has been shed in describing the marches of various columns over various roads, during the war, and in some cases very intelligent gentlemen who have never been near an army in the field, have given us long accounts in the magazines and newspapers, of how an army lives, moves, and fights. These are matters of which nobody ever obtains much knowledge except through actual experience; and then it is difficult to write intelligently of them. The march of a body of troops, like a storm at sea, or a prairie on fire, has its own special characteristics, which must have been practiced to be thoroughly known. A page of experience of this kind may not be digressive, since the march from Donaldsonville to Thibodeaux had its discomforts—and the regiment, during its service, encountered every variety of them that can be enumerated.

It might reasonably be inferred from many of the high-flown press reports, that an army starts out for the march with the left foot foremost, music playing the national airs, ranks well dressed, and everybody traveling gaily along at the regulation quickstep. This is somebody's ideal of a march; the reality is widely different. It would be something like this:

You are to fancy a plain, a meadow, a wood, a hillside, (which latter must not be in Louisiana,) or any spot convenient for the night's halt of a body of troops: time, four o'clock A. M., an early hour, much before daylight, and uncomfortably chilly. Almost any center of observation will show you



long vistas of stacked arms, and motionless forms recumbent on the ground, covered with a single blanket or a tent-fly. They lie in all shapes and positions, just as they laid themselves down late last night, after a wearying day's march—some with heads pillowed on their boots, some singly, and others in groups of two, four, or six—all as quiet as death, still as silence itself. You will look in vain for the officers; the confusions of field service are complete in the bivouac. The form shrouded in yonder rubber-blanket may likely enough be that of some son of Mars who is privileged to wear the leaf, the eagle, or, perhaps, the star, but who appears to no better advantage now than Private Mahoney, at his elbow, who has his heels over the next man's chest, and who snores like the explosion of a thirty-two. In the back-ground is an indistinct assemblage of picketed mules and horses, and the canvas thatching of the wagon train. Suddenly rises a distant bugle-note (when the enemy is not in the vicinity,) suggesting uncomfortable dreams to the lighter sleepers. Then a fife and drum; presently another; and soon the whole bivouac is jarred out of its slumbers by the merciless *reveille*. Prostrate soldiers start to their elbows, sore and stiff, and not much refreshed by the copious dews of the night; eyes are rubbed, consciousness regained, maledictions invoked on the drum-corps, and everybody is quickly in motion. It is true that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but the author of that sentiment never heard the tune, "Get up, you lazy soldier," played at four o'clock of an unpleasant morning.

We will imagine that orders have been received for a march in half an hour, and in the meantime blankets are to be dried out and rolled up, and breakfast cooked and eaten. This last



is a very simple matter; kettles full of coffee, the main dependence of the soldier in the field, are shortly prepared, and a tin cup full of the fluid, a couple of hard crackers from the haversack, and perhaps, a scrap of salt pork, make up the repast. Nothing very tempting about such fare as this, but it is the habitual diet of the soldier on the march, varied occasionally by such additions as his shrewdness and the careless habits of barn-yard fowls enable him to make.

Next the drums sound the assembly, and the regiments fall into line. The marching unit of the Brigade and its movements are directed by the bugle, from the head of the column. Staff officers gallop from place to place and indicate to Brigade and Regimental commanders the order of march; the battalions file into the road and the column is *en route*. The cavalry has the lead, as it must watch the front for danger; the artillery moves with the different Corps, and the long wagon train, mile after mile of it, has the rear. When guerrillas are plenty and troublesome, detachments of cavalry accompany the wagons to guard them. Only a bird's-eye view can embrace all these details; and could the observer overlook the scene from a very elevated stand-point, he would see different Corps, Divisions and Brigades separated by miles, half, and quarter miles of distance, or marching by different roads in parallel columns, and without much compactness—masses of men moving on with little apparent order, and yet each man knowing his place, and falling into it at the word; clouds of dust rising from the shuffling feet of men and horses, and hanging heavily above the moving masses; stragglers sitting or lying by the wayside, faint and weary, or skulking; the whole incongruous throng pressing slowly on, over tiresome hills, through forests and across

meadows, halting occasionally for a brief rest, and sometimes an hour at noon for coffee, and then tramping on until night-fall and the welcome bivouac come together.

So much for the general aspect of the march. A closer acquaintance exhibits it in a still more painful character. For the first hour after the column has started, before the heat of the day comes on, and while everybody is tolerably rested from the labors of yesterday, you will probably see cheerful faces and hear cheerful words, but by and by, after the sun has scorched us, and while he is still glaring down on us, and when our ears, eyes, and noses are full of dust, and there are no feet but sore feet, and we limp along like a convention of cripples—then you shall see faces full of distress, (and dirt,) and possibly hear remarks more emphatic than polite. Should it rain, the footpads trudge along through the mud, with as much of philosophy as may be extracted from the situation; the soldier is the sport of the elements, and has only the cheap luxury of grumbling. If he is a private, he will carry a load of not less than seventy pounds and often more. Make an inventory of the whole, and you will have a musket—a dead weight, which must be shifted to a dozen different positions in the course of an hour; a set of accoutrements, wretchedly uncomfortable to wear in hot weather; forty rounds of ball-cartridge in the cartridge-box, and sometimes ten more in the pocket; rubber and wool blankets strapped across the body or folded in a knapsack; a haversack slung at the side, loaded with four days' rations; a canteen, holding three pints of water; and a dozen small affairs, stowed away wherever practicable. To march twenty miles between sun and sun, burdened in this way, in rain and shine, heat and cold, in spite of aching limbs and bla-



tered feet, and to prolong it for a week, make a school of endurance, in which are learned lessons for a lifetime.

But all this can be borne with patience and without complaint, when contrasted with a forced march, prolonged far into the night, when the system is well nigh prostrated with the fatigue of the day's labor. We read a description somewhere of a punishment applied to criminals in some of the barbarous countries of Asia—deprivation of sleep until the unhappy subject expires under the torture. No person has a better opportunity to test the miseries of overtaxed physical powers than the soldier. The desire for sleep is something that cannot be disregarded beyond a certain point; abused nature will assert its claims. Many a night march will the soldiers of the regiment recall, when scarcely a man was wide awake, and many were absolutely *walking in their sleep*, moving along only because they were fractions of a moving mass of humanity. Reeling and staggering in the effort to follow the file leader, eyes closed and feet stumbling, clearly conscious of nothing except motion—this is the very height of bodily discomfort. The bugle sound will not waken a sleeper in this strange condition; he will mechanically subside in his tracks at the halt, without knowing or caring whether he lies in a mud hole or on a heap of stones; he could sleep soundly on the brink of Niagara. "Attention," sings the bugle, and the sleeper mechanically finds his feet and resumes the perpendicular; the column moves on and he partakes of the motion. He may be thirsty, weary, and aching in every bone; but the craving for sleep surpasses every other, and makes him insensible to every minor pain.

Possibly the exigencies of the campaign may require us to ford a river. This is a disagreeable business, but not without

its humorous aspect. Preparations for the crossing are generally made at the top of the bank, consisting simply of removing boots and socks, and rolling up pants. The sight at the water's edge is unique enough to be remembered. Regiments entering the stream quickly lose their cohesive-ness, and are resolved into a crowd of soldiers who struggle with the current, and limp painfully over the pebbles and rocks at the bottom. Boots suspended over the shoulder on the musket, swing to and fro like pendulums; cartridge-boxes are strapped between the shoulders to keep them clear of the water, and now and then you will see some poor unfortunate with insecure footing, struggling frantically to preserve his equilibrium, and perhaps clutching at his neighbors as he trips, involving them with himself, in "too much of water." And so, splashing, stumbling, and wading, regiment after regiment reaches the opposite shore, the lower apparel is resumed, the chaos reorganized, and the march is continued.

This is a feeble outline of the march of an army, and very much what the war-correspondents mean when they inform you that "General Quickstep moved his column yesterday twenty-seven miles on the Breakneck road," and add the stereotyped phrase, "*the troops are in excellent spirits.*" And possibly these words may have been read by many excellent citizens at the North, just before betaking themselves to their feather-beds, and, perhaps, they may have remarked impatiently thereupon—"Well, then, if they are in such good spirits, why could'nt Quickstep march them twenty miles farther before he rested them?"

Why not, indeed? It is a very simple business, merely putting one foot before the other!

Thibodeaux is an ancient town of two or three thousand

inhabitants, situated upon Bayou La Fourche, about three miles above the railroad which the One Hundred and Fourteenth guarded in January and February. The Reserve Brigade halted two miles further up the Bayou, and went into camp. The next three weeks were passed here, with little duty under arms to do. The weather was remarkably pleasant for the season, and many of the days were wholly without the sultriness of the Southern summer.

All the tents and camp equipage of the regiment, as well as its books and records, had been lost in the occupation of Brashear City by the rebels, and a new supply was now obtained. Clothing was also issued to meet the pressing needs of the command, after its vigorous campaign; and the important business of making out the numerous returns and reports which are required of company and regimental commandants, and of preparing new record books, received a large share of attention.

Camp Hubbard was the designation of this locality, a name given in memory of a very gallant officer of General Weitzel's Staff, who fell at Port Hudson. The camp of an infantry regiment, when laid out with military precision, and kept with neatness and care, is a very pretty sight; and that of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, at Camp Hubbard, was perhaps as pleasant and as perfect as any that it ever inhabited. It might be described as a canvas village, as the tents have something the form of miniature houses, and are arranged in streets of an average width of ten feet. The tents of each company face its own street, upon both sides, and the shape of this part of our camp was an oblong square. Back of the company tents, with a wide interval between, were those of the company officers, arranged upon one line;

still further back, also upon a single line, the tents of the Field and Staff. Within a few days after the location of a camp the grass disappears under the hundreds of feet which are constantly passing over it, and the ground becomes hard and firm. A narrow ditch is dug around each tent, to carry off the water, and every soldier makes the interior of his abode as comfortable as the materials at hand and his mechanical ability will allow. At Camp Hubbard the tents were raised upon a foundation of wood three feet high, and a brick pavement ornamented both sides of each street. The parade ground occupied the space between the front of the camp and the road; the Bayou with its high levee was just beyond. It was, in short, a very pleasant spot to occupy for a breathing spell, before the toils of another campaign.

There is little variety in the life of the camp; we rise in the morning at the tap of the drum, and live through the day by its signals—eating, working and sleeping by music. There is a prescribed routine which rarely admits of change. And Camp Hubbard was as quiet as an encampment usually is. Nothing of an exciting nature occurred to vary its monotony, or impart additional interest to our existence there. Many took advantage of passes to visit New Orleans, and some of the men disabled at Port Hudson returned, almost recovered from their wounds. At one of the dress parades a complimentary order from General Weitzel, was read, commending the good conduct of the Brigade in the late campaign, and admonishing it to prepare for future labors. And on the evening of the 18th, an order came to the regiment to break camp and move to Brashear City.

It was not without some feeling of regret that we bade farewell to Camp Hubbard, and marched for Terre Bonne

before daylight on the morning of the 19th. The distance was five miles, the road being heavy from recent rains. Passing through Thibodeaux, we reached Terre Bonne by nine o'clock, and were thence transported to Brashear by rail. Once more deposited in that desolate corner of Louisiana, after a long and eventful absence, we pitched our tents in a pouring rain, flanked on one side by the swamps, and with a dreary stretch of uncultivated cane-field in front, and waited for further vicissitudes. They came after two weeks waiting.

CHAPTER XVI.

"At Badajoz, we fellows of the ——th
Foot, danced up to the enemy's works—
And then," said Uncle Toby,
"And then danced back again."—*Sterne.*

SABINE PASS.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS ON THE TEXAN COAST—THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS EMBARKS
FOR TEXAS—MOVEMENT ON SABINE PASS—REBEL SARCASM—ON THE CAHAWEA
AGAIN—NEGLECT IN TRANSPORTING TROOPS—THE TRANSPORTS AND GUNBOATS—
ARRIVAL AT THE PASS—SHORE BATTERIES—THE GUNBOATS DISABLED—A SURREN-
DER—AN EXPLOSION—DISASTER—RETURN TO ALGIERS.

THE port of Galveston, Texas, was the only one on the rebel sea-board which was not either captured or effectually sealed by our armies during the rebellion. Although blockaded by our fleet, it was not entirely closed against the light-keeled craft which made their base of operations among the Bermudas, and hung upon the Southern coast, watching their opportunity to dash through the blockading fleet, and discharge an invoice of arms and munitions for the Confederacy, and to pass out again with a freight of cotton. Much of this contraband traffic was carried on at Galveston and adjacent points of the Texan coast, and several expeditions were sent in this direction to occupy these ports. Several vessels of General Banks' expedition, in December, 1862, steamed into the harbor of Galveston, and landed troops on the wharf, where they were captured on the following morning by a superior force, and at the same time a partially successful attack was made by the rebels upon our gunboats. No fur-

ther attention was given to this quarter of his Department by General Banks, until the following September, when the accession of the Thirteenth Army Corps to his command, enabled him to send a formidable expedition to the coast of Texas. It embraced the whole of the Nineteenth Corps, then under command of Major-General William B. Franklin, who had reported to General Banks in July. The objective point of this expedition was, no doubt, Galveston; but it was deemed best to effect a landing at some contiguous point—probably from the fact that Galveston Bay had been liberally strewn with torpedoes, which might prove effective in the shallow water, which is one of the peculiarities of this coast. Moreover, the approaches to the city were commanded by artillery, and the rebels boasted that the situation was impregnable to a sea attack.

The point selected for the first demonstration, was Sabine City, situated at the very south-eastern limit of the State. The Sabine River, which is the western boundary of Louisiana, expands into a small lake within a few miles of the Gulf, and opens into the latter through a narrow pass at the junction of which with the lake, is the inconsiderable town known as Sabine City, fifty miles from Galveston. It was expected that any opposition that might be encountered at the mouth of the Pass could be easily overcome, and a landing effected. A base of operations could thus be established and Galveston menaced by land.

The story of this expedition—of which the One Hundred and Fourteenth was a part—is the subject of this chapter.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, the Twelfth Connecticut, and a colored regiment, were the only troops at Brashear City during the two weeks following August 19th,

1863. The colored regiment was a new one, and could not have been depended on in case of an extremity, so that the effective force was reduced to these two regiments. Colonel Per Lee was in command of the Post. There were two gunboats in the Bay, and the place was, perhaps, sufficiently garrisoned, but it had been surprised and captured less than two months before, and the situation was so isolated as to create some uneasiness. There was a rebel picket-post some two miles up the Teche, to which two officers of the regiment one day went with a flag of truce, and were asked by a rebel officer whether they were accumulating some more dry goods for Dick Taylor.* Rumors of an intended attack were brought down the Bayou by escaped negroes, and the regiments were one day turned out by an alarm of musketry up the Bay, which proved to be a careless discharge of arms by the relieved picket. The general sense of insecurity was at this time increased as it became known that both the gunboats were fast aground in Grand Lake, whither they had gone to reconnoiter.

But there was no attack. A strong and vigilant picket kept watch above and below the town, assisted by clouds of ravenous mosquitoes, and the month passed without any incident of serious moment. On the 2d of September the regiment was relieved by the One Hundred and Thirty-First New York, and ordered to report at Algiers. The railroad had been partially destroyed by the rebels during their occupation of the La Fourche country, and the bridges

*During the occupation of Brushear, some sarcastic wag inscribed in charcoal on the wall of a small building—"Major-General Banks, late Commissary to Stonewall Jackson in the Valley; and at present, Chief Ordnance Officer to the C. S. A., in Louisiana."

burned, but was repaired in July and August, and was now in good order. The One Hundred and Fourteenth and the Twelfth Connecticut, were placed upon one train, and reached Algiers at an early hour on the morning of the 3d.

The Reserve Brigade was at Algiers, with many other troops. The river was crowded with transports, and many came down from Carrollton, during the day, laden with troops. The *Cahauba* lay at Algiers, and on the 4th, four regiments were ordered on board. The Eighth Vermont, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, marched aboard, and with still another regiment to come, the boat was found to be uncomfortably overcrowded. The weather was extremely sultry, and the hold insufferably hot, while the deck was filled from stem to stern. Still, it was proposed to crowd more men upon this transport, and the act was only forborne upon the urgent protest of several commanding officers. Nobody has ever supposed it necessary that United States' troops should be packed on transports as cattle are loaded on cars, thus jeopardizing the health, if not the safety of every soul on board, but it would be difficult to find a single expedition by sea where this has not been done to a greater or less extent. Besides the troops, there were thirteen days' rations in the hold, and the *Cahauba* was sent to sea thus freighted, with one wheel so disabled as to be useless. If this does not show a culpable carelessness of the lives and health of thousands of men, it would be difficult to find any such carelessness in existence. Just one week elapsed before the return of this vessel to Algiers, and then twenty men were lying sick and helpless with fever, while one more was left at the bottom of the Gulf—and all this misery the direct consequence of cruel

mismanagement in transportation. The evil is past now, and does not call for a remedy; but there have been hundreds of just such unnecessary abuses during the war, which it is well to put on record. The One Hundred and Fourteenth suffered most grievously from lack of proper transportation by water, upon more than this one occasion, and it appears perfectly proper to mention the fact in its history.

The *Cahawba* steamed down the river, running down and sinking a prize schooner laden with cotton, during the darkness of the night, and reached the rendezvous at Pilot Town, before daylight. The *Sultana*, carrying the Headquarter's flag of the Nineteenth Corps, and several other transports, were lying at anchor, and others were going outside the bar for anchorage. Early the following morning the fleet had crossed the bar, and daylight found it out of sight of land, steaming in a westerly course. Up to this time, the destination of the expedition had been kept a profound secret, and opinion was divided between Galveston and Mobile; but the direction now taken settled the question in favor of the former. The sight was a gallant and inspiring one; twenty-three steam transports and three gun-boats stretching away in two lines over the smooth surface of the Gulf under a cloudless sky; the decks of the vessels and the rigging up to the tops crowded with soldiers, laughing and chatting, and everybody speculating good humoredly upon the events of the coming week. The healthy inspiration of salt water in fair weather will make even soldiers forget their miseries, and the stirring strains of several bands lent interest to the scene.

On the evening of the 7th, the fleet anchored two miles outside the Sabine Pass light-house. On the previous after-

noon the more advanced vessels had dropped their anchors for some hours, to allow the fleet to close up. The flat sandy coast was in sight during the last twenty-four hours, and as the fleet neared the Pass, the darkness of the night was relieved by the glow of distant fires, pronounced by some to be signals of our approach. Many letters were written during the evening, as it was supposed that the disembarkation was to take place the next morning, and that the return of the *Cahamba* to New Orleans would be the last opportunity of reaching the mail for many days.

All were on the *qui vive* in the morning. A close scrutiny of the shore with a powerful glass revealed nothing but a barren stretch of sand, and the light-house at the entrance of the Pass. As the morning wore on, the question began to be asked, "Why don't we land?" and was presently answered by the explanation that a small battery had been discovered, upon reconnoitering the Pass, and that the gun-boats were steaming up to reduce it. All eyes were at once strained toward the point of interest, and the glass again brought into requisition. One of the gun-boats was thought to be of too heavy draught to venture into the shallow water; the other two went in close to the shore, and opened with their guns.

The first shot was fired shortly after twelve o'clock, noon. The distance to the transports was too great to allow the troops to see the details of the fight; the most that could be discerned with the naked eye, was the continuous puff of smoke from the guns of both gun-boats and battery, and the glass, at first, revealed nothing more. After the lapse of two hours the firing ceased altogether, and the glass revealed the astounding fact that a white flag was flying from both

gun-boats, and that they had been boarded by a small boat from the shore.

This intelligence was too unexpected to be readily believed, but a boat from Division Headquarters soon confirmed it. The gun-boats had ventured so close to the shore, in order to do greater execution, that one of them had grounded and was laid up in a position which rendered her guns ineffective. The other continued the fight until a shot from the battery exploded the steam-chest, killing several of the crew and infantry which was aboard, and badly injuring many others by the escaping steam. The boat was thus rendered helpless and left with no choice but to surrender. Several intrepid men jumped overboard and swam out to one of the transports. The gun-boat which had grounded was equally helpless, and could do nothing but display the white flag. A steamboat presently came down from the direction of the lake, and towed the captured vessels out of sight.

Such was the disastrous termination of the Sabine Pass expedition. There was nothing left with which any further attempt upon the battery could be made, and none of the transports were provided with sufficient means to land troops at any other point; in fact, nobody had such a knowledge of the coast as to make it safe to attempt a landing. One of the transports had dragged anchor, and got aground and was pulled off with great difficulty. Had the rebels been able to send out the gun-boats just captured, against us, the whole fleet would have been at their mercy. There was nothing to be done but to return to New Orleans, and accordingly, on the morning of the 9th, the transports tripped anchor and laid their bows to the east.

There were a thousand opinions expressed at the time,

bestowing censure promiscuously for this untoward result; but it seems difficult now to declare anybody responsible for it. A parallel case cannot be found in the history of the war; it was the decisive check of a large and well appointed expedition by three or four guns, manned by a single company. Yet there was no reason before the engagement to apprehend any such result, and we are bound to suppose, in lack of positive knowledge to the contrary, that all due forethought was taken. The result was unexpected—was humiliating, but, in all probability, inevitable.

And so the expedition returned to New Orleans, barren of results, and with the ship fever dealing havoc through the transports. On the night of the 11th, the *Cahawba* again reached Algiers, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth, with the other regiments went ashore and bivouacked in the open air, and the next morning each individual soldier rose from his hard bed, dried out his blankets, and asked his neighbor the question, "what next?"

CHAPTER XVII

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them."—*Shakspeare.*

UP THE COUNTRY AGAIN—FALL CAMPAIGN.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION ON FOOT—THE FORCES—THIRTEENTH CORPS—BAYOU BANI CRO-
QUANT—VERMILLIONVILLE—GOVERNOR MOUTON—FIGHT OF CARRION CROW—
BURBRIDGE ATTACKED—THE NINETEENTH ORDERED TO HIS RELIEF—THE FALL
CAMPAIGN A FAILURE—GENERAL ORDER NO. 55—ANOTHER CHANGE OF CAMP—CLOSE
OF THE YEAR.

THE unsuccessful expedition to Sabine Pass, as has been stated, returned on the 11th of September, and the troops encamped at Algiers, opposite New Orleans.

General Weitzel was now in command of the Division, and Colonel Robert B. Merritt, of the Seventy-Fifth New York, in command of the Brigade.

Shelter tents had been issued, and other preparations betokened another expedition.

It was rumored that we were to move up the Teche country, and cross into Texas. To accomplish this, Barres' Landing and the Atchafalaya, were to be the base of supplies.

On the 16th we took cars for Brashear; on the day following crossed over to Berwick, and marched two miles up the Bay on picket. There was no enemy in our front as we could learn, and our principal duty consisted in fighting mosquitoes, which swarmed in vast numbers, and caused us much annoyance.

General William B. Franklin was now in command of the

Nineteenth Army Corps, of which our Division formed a part, and very stringent orders were issued in regard to foraging, but, nevertheless, the men were sometimes sharp enough to evade his vigilant Provost Marshal, Captain Inwood, and add to their army rations the proceeds of their labor, in chickens, pigs, and geese. While in this country, the One Hundred and Fourteenth had the reputation of foraging more—with less detection—than any other regiment in the Corps. The men seemed to understand that the crime did not so much consist in foraging, as in being detected, and many was the pig so stealthily conveyed into camp as to outwit the closest detective. On this campaign we found the best varieties of pecan nuts in great abundance.

Our forces were augmented by the Thirteenth Army Corps, under Major-General John A. McClelland, united under the command of General Franklin.

We continued to move up the country to Opelousas, and from thence to the right about six miles, to Bayou Bani Croquant, near Barres' Landing. From this latter place we were to receive our supplies for an expedition into Texas.

After remaining here about ten days it was rumored that the Atchafalaya was too low to admit of navigation as far as the landing, and that we would soon return, where our supplies would be more accessible. Accordingly, on the 1st of November, we broke camp, and in charge of a wagon train, proceeded about eighteen miles to Carrion Crow Bayou, and from thence to Vermillionville. Here we halted and made preparations to go into quarters. Our Brigade was on the plantation of Ex-Governor Mouton, our regiment being in his door yard. The Governor was early identified with secession in Louisiana, and was the President of the

Convention which took the State out of the Union. He had been a prisoner in New Orleans, but was released on his parole, and was then suffering from the fruits of his own labor. A grey headed, broken down old man, he would come begging of the teamsters for the little corn which their mules wasted, which he would pound into coarse meal, and bake to appease the hunger of his family. Yet his spirit was unbroken. He never would submit to Northern rule, but was glad to beg from the feed boxes of our teams.

The Thirteenth Corps was still encamped at Carrion Crow Bayou, Burbridge's Brigade in the advance. At one A. M., the 4th of November, the Nineteenth Corps received orders to fall in at once, and march to the support of the troops in our front, which had been attacked.

Arriving at Carrion Crow at seven A. M., we found all quiet, and learned the particulars of the affair.

On Tuesday at two P. M., Burbridge's Brigade was attacked by about four thousand mounted rebels, and driven from its camp. The enemy succeeded in capturing, destroying and scattering a greater portion of the camp equipage. General Washburne re-inforced Burbridge, and the enemy was driven back, not however without a sharp fight.

Most of the fighting was in the woods. One hundred of the enemy's dead were left on the field, but he succeeded in carrying off part of his wounded. Many of our wounded were also captured, but an exchange was effected on the day following. We took about one hundred prisoners; the rebels about five hundred. The enemy evincing no desire to renew the fight, we moved back to Vermillionville, on the 5th, the Thirteenth Corps accompanying us. Subsequent investiga-

tion showed that the attack was a shameful surprise, and was declared by General Weitzel disgraceful to our arms.

We continued in our quarters on the banks of the Bayou until the 16th, when we fell back to New Iberia, and were ordered to go into a permanent camp. The weather was now cold. Lumber was desirable to fix the quarters, and sugar mills, out-buildings and fences were rapidly converted to this purpose. In a few days the camp presented an appearance of a little city, with chimneys rising on every side. Few, unless accustomed to this mode of life, can imagine the comforts of snug winter quarters to the soldier. The regiment was hutted together in one brotherhood, and the most perfect order reigned. There were no quarrels, brawls or street exhibitions so common in villages, but this seemed like a little city of content. Books, papers, and magazines, were obtained in abundance from the deserted dwellings around, and the men enjoyed themselves in reading, writing, and gaming.

At the evening parade of the 19th, Colonel Per Lee directed the following order to be published to the command:

"HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOL.,)
NEW IBERIA, LA., NOV. 19, 1863.)

GENERAL ORDERS No. 55.

"The commanding officer takes pleasure in announcing to his command, the gratifying result of the late election in the Empire State. The issue was plain and direct. Loyalty and disloyalty were striving for the mastery. The enemies of the administration had marshalled their forces, and relying mainly on the absence of so many loyal sons of New York in the military service for the defence of the Union, were making every effort to defeat the great object of the war—the maintenance of our nationality on the basis of humanity and freedom. But

our friends at home have not proved recreant to the trust reposed in them. Nobly have they retrieved the fallen fortunes of New York, and proudly have they declared their devotion to the cause for which we are battling. The civil and the military of the Empire State can once more join hands in the common cause of freedom, justice, and right. Soldiers! a majority of thirty-five thousand in our native State, proclaims her devotion to the Union and the Constitution. Let us rejoice, then, that the sceptre has departed from those inimical to the great interests of our country, in this her hour of peril.

By order of

SAMUEL R. PER LEE,

Colonel Commanding Regiment.

E. P. PELLET, Adjutant."

On the 16th of December we moved our camp half a mile, the wind blowing a hurricane and the rain pouring in torrents at the time. Everything was drenched, and the men lay down wet and cold, to dream away the night. A few days, however, sufficed to make the quarters comfortable again.

Without other interruption we closed the year in this camp.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Awake, remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats."—*Shakespeare.*

"I reckon this, always, that a man be not undone until he be hanged."—*Shakespeare.*

THE FALLEN BRAVE—AN EXECUTION.

THE NEW YEAR—COLONEL PER LEE OBTAINS LEAVE OF ABSENCE—GENERAL ORDER NO. 1—REVIEW OF THE YEAR—STATISTICS—RESULTS—SAD EPISODE IN OUR HISTORY—COURT MARTIAL, FINDING, SENTENCE AND EXECUTION OF PRIVATE CHARLES TURNER—A CORRESPONDENT'S REPORT.

THE 1st of January of the new year found us quiet. The whole army of Louisiana was inactive and no appearance of a movement was visible. Such amusements as were consistent with the good of the service were allowed; among them horse racing was one of the most prominent. General, Field and Staff Officers freely indulged in it; in every race, with one exception, the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment bore off the palm. It was declared to be the "fastest" regiment in the Corps.

Colonel Per Lee having obtained leave of absence, the command of the regiment now devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Morse.

The following review of the year was published by his direction.

"HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS.,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR NEW IBERIA, LA., JANUARY 1, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1.

Another year having drawn to a close, it is deemed proper to review the changes which have taken place around us, and to mark the results, as well as note the impress which the hand of time has made. A little more than a year has elapsed since the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment pledged its fortunes under the banner of the gallant Banks, and landed on the shores of Louisiana. Since that time the history of the Department of the Gulf has been its history. Since April, 1863, the regiment has been on one unbroken campaign, and has invariably been where the duty has been most onerous. In its three expeditions up the Teche, it has marched over nine hundred and fifty miles—much of the time under the burning sun of a Southern summer.

In its engagements, the battle of Bisland and the siege of Port Hudson will ever be memorable, as well as the part it acted alone, in checking the rebel raid at Franklin, in May last, which called upon it commendatory orders from the officer in command of the force escorting an immense and valuable train to Berwick's Bay. It has borne, well its part, and never, having been called, was found wanting.

But, in its victories, it has been called to mourn the loss of those who were prominent in its interests, who gave it character and standing, but who have gone to the land of heroes.

Soldiers! It is not inappropriate to give a passing tribute to those brave officers and men who yielded up their lives on the 14th of June, in that fatal charge at Port Hudson. The lamented Colonel Smith, whose interest in his regiment was akin to that of himself; the youthful Captain Tucker, just entering the field of usefulness and promise; the valiant Corbin, ever ready in his duty; and those others of our comrades who fell while bearing the banners of Liberty even into the very teeth of the enemy, shall always have a place in our hearts, and their names and deeds shall ever remain green in our memories. And, further, the following report is hereby submitted for the information of this command:

CASUALTIES IN THE REGIMENT.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in battle.....	3	13
Died of wounds and disease.....	3	150
Discharged,	15	100
Deserted,.....		5
Transferred,.....	1	32
Total casualties for the year ending Dec. 31, 1863.....	21	290

But with all these losses there has been much gained. In this department, the surrender of the rebel stronghold, Port Hudson; the occupancy of the vast tract of country in Western Louisiana; the opening of the Mississippi; and last, the recent victories in Texas, admonish us that it has been a year of advancement in our cause, and of the prosperity of our interests. This refers not only to our immediate department, but everywhere has victory perched on our banners, and we may well return our acclaim of thanks to the Ruler of all things, for our prosperity at home; the great loyal results throughout the North, in October and November, and our successes in the field.

By Order,

HENRY B. MORSE,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Regiment.

E. P. PELLET, Adjutant."

The discipline in the regiment had always been good, and punishments limited. Cases of misbehavior were rare, and the number of desertions small. We now come, however, to a sad episode in our regimental history:

Charles Turner, a Private of Company C, was arraigned before a General Court Martial, charged with capital offences.

We propose to subjoin the official records of the case, and let them tell their own story.

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOL., }
NEAR NEW IBERIA, LA., JAN. 3, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7.

The following extracts from General and Special Orders, Department

of the Gulf and Defences of New Orleans, are hereby published for the information of all concerned;

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER 7, 1863."

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 80.

EXTRACT.

VIII. Before a General Court Martial convened pursuant to Special Orders, No. 5, of September 18, 1863, Headquarters First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, and of which Major W. H. Sentell, 160th Regiment New York Volunteers, was President, was arraigned and tried:

2. Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment, New York Volunteers.

Charge I.—"Misbehavior before the enemy."

Charge II.—"Disobedience of orders."

Charge III.—"Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

Charge IV.—"Desertion."

Finding.—Of 1st charge, Guilty; of 2d charge, Guilty; of 3d charge, Guilty; of 4th charge, Guilty.

And the court does sentence him, Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment, New York Volunteers, "to be shot to death by musketry, at such time and place as shall be appointed by the commanding General of the Department of the Gulf; two-thirds of the members of the court concurring therein."

XII. The proceedings, finding and sentence in case of Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, are approved. He will accordingly be shot to death with musketry between the hours of sunrise and sunset, on the 28th day of December, 1863. The General commanding the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, is charged with the execution of the sentence, and will designate the place of execution.

* * * * *

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

G. NORMAN LIEBER, A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NEW ORLEANS, LA., DEC. 23, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 321.

EXTRACT.

5. So much of paragraph 12, General Orders No. 80, current series, from these Headquarters, as relates to the execution of Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment, New York Volunteers, now in the hands of the Provost Marshal General at New Orleans, is modified so as to read, the commanding officer of the Defences of New Orleans, is charged with the execution of the sentence.

By command,

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

(Signed,) G. NORMAN LIEBER, A. A. G.

Official Copy:

CRAWFORD WILLIAMS, A. A. G., Defences New Orleans.

HEADQUARTERS DEFENCES NEW ORLEANS,)
NEW ORLEANS, LA., DEC. 27, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 195.

In pursuance of General Orders, No. 80, Headquarters Department of the Gulf, December 7, 1863, promulgating the proceedings of a General Court Martial, convened by Special Orders, No. 5, September 8, 1863, from Headquarters First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, and of which Major W. H. Sentell, 160th Regiment New York Volunteers was President, and directing the execution by shooting to death by musketry of Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, convicted of the crimes of misbehavior before the enemy; disobedience of orders; conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and desertion; and in further pursuance to paragraph 5, of Special Orders, No. 321, Headquarters Department of the Gulf, of December 23, 1863, the execution of Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, will take place at nine o'clock A. M., on Monday, 28th day of December, 1863, at the Vicksburg Cotton Press. All the troops (not detached or on post) composing the garrison of this city including Cavalry (directed from Department Headquarters for the service) and Artillery, will assemble under command of T. W. Cahill, commanding the Second Brigade.

Fourth Division,) at the place of execution, at eight A. M., Monday, December 28, 1863. The Provost Marshal of the Defences of New Orleans, Captain John Pickering, will take charge of the firing party. He will report to Captain E. D. Phillips, commanding First United States' Infantry, (at four o'clock, P. M., of this day,) who will furnish him with a suitable escort and firing party, and will immediately thereafter report to Colonel T. W. Cahill, who is charged with the command of the troops, and the execution of so much of the General and Special Orders above cited as refers to the execution of Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, and will cause that portion of General Order No. 80, Department of the Gulf, that relates to the prisoner, to be read to him and the troops at parade. Captain Pickering will immediately apply to Brigadier-General Bowen, P. M. G., for an order, giving him the custody of the prisoner. Colonel Cahill will attend to the details, giving the prisoner the benefit of clergyman; providing Surgeon, coffin, transportation, and see to the burial of the body.

By command of

COLONEL E. G. BECKWITH,

Commanding Defences of New Orleans.

CRAWFORD WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

By order,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORSE,

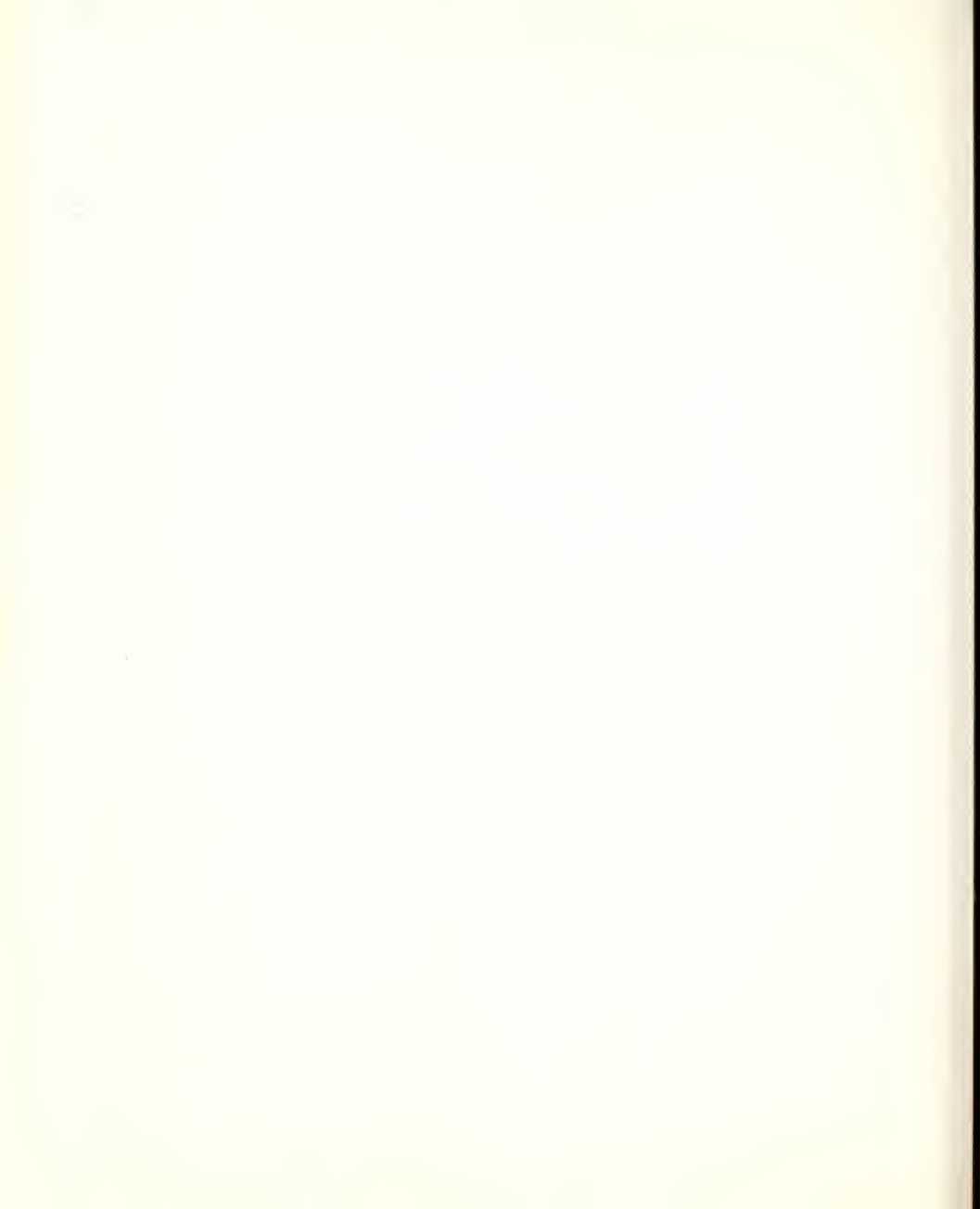
Commanding Regiment.

E. P. PELLET, Adjutant."

According to this sentence, Private Charles Turner was shot to death by musketry, at the Vicksburg Cotton Press, in New Orleans, on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1863.

The execution is thus described by a reporter of the New Orleans *Era*:

"Yesterday the execution, by shooting, of Charles Turner, One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, took place. He forsook his regiment at Port Hudson. Forty days after, he was arrested



and Court Martialed for desertion, and several smaller offences, being found guilty upon such charge. At the battle of Camp Bisland he fell out of the ranks, and took refuge in a ditch, but said he had permission of his Captain to do so; that he only followed the example of others in taking refuge. The sentence of death by shooting, was approved by the commanding General, about the first of this month, and was carried into effect yesterday morning, at the Vicksburg Press, before a large military force. The culprit bore his fate with more fortitude than could have been expected. He was attended during his last moments by Chaplin C. B. Thomas, of the University and St. James Hospitals, his own Chaplain being out of the city. Turner told the Chaplain that he slept the night before about as usual, with the exception of an occasional awakening, when he addressed himself to prayer. He was particular in requesting the Chaplain to see that his name was properly placed upon his coffin, and a prayer said over his grave. He was anxious that the odium of dying in the manner he did, should not attach to his wife and child. His last request was for Chaplain Thomas to write to his wife that he believed God had forgiven him, and that he died in a reasonable hope of mercy."

This melancholy occurrence is the only one of the kind which we have to chronicle during the entire term of service of the regiment, and with this exception, trials by courts martial were rare, and only for trivial offences.



CHAPTER XIX.

"Necessity's sharp pinch."—*Shakspeare.*

A LOUISIANA WINTER.

COLD WEATHER—ONEROUS DUTY—PICKETING—ORDERS TO MOVE TO THE REAR—STORMS—MOVEMENT—ARRIVAL AT FRANKLIN—HOW WE GOT LUMBER AND BRICK—NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION—QUARTERS—AMUSEMENTS—PROSPECT OF ANOTHER EXPEDITION—THE TROOPS—GENERAL FRANKLIN—DISPOSITION OF FORCES.

Early in January cold weather set in, in earnest. Cold rains, hail and sleet storms were common occurrences, and with all the advantages of good quarters, the troops could hardly escape suffering. The picket duty was at this time heavy, as the enemy's raiding parties were hovering around us in all directions, and our cavalry was wholly inadequate for the occasion. Our men were kept constantly on the alert, and we did the extreme outpost duty, which is usually supplied by mounted men.

Such an extent of country—susceptible of being flanked on either side, as the plains at New Iberia must of necessity require a large force to protect. Our men were gradually being used up by this exposure, whereupon the commanding General determined to withdraw his forces still further down the country.

Orders were received to be in readiness to move on the morning of the 6th. The night was terribly stormy, and the rain froze into sleet as fast as it fell.

Early in the morning the camp was astir, and an effort made to strike tents—but it was soon found that they were

so frozen it was an impossibility to do it, and that if the immediate movement was carried into effect they must be abandoned.

Then came orders countermanding the march, but ordering the One Hundred and Fourteenth to the front to man the breastworks. The day was most disagreeable—but later the storm ceased—and the weather moderated. The movement was set down for the day following. The ice had thawed sufficiently to allow the tents to be struck, and at eight A. M., of the 7th, we began our muddy march. We made about ten miles, the infantry being often engaged in repairing bridges—and making corduroy roads for the passage of the artillery and wagons. Such marching is slow and fatiguing. The night was very cold and bivouac unpleasant.

We resumed our march on the 8th, the roads being sufficiently frozen to bear up the artillery. This aided us much, and we proceeded at a rapid rate, and encamped on the banks of the Teche.

Early on the 9th we arrived at Franklin, and were ordered into camp. Our line was disposed along the banks of the Bayou. The prospect was gloomy enough. Not a board was to be found on our side. Shelter tents stuck on the muddy ground were not inviting. What was to be done? Across the Bayou was a plantation house with ample out-buildings and dilapidated negro quarters. A large brick kiln was attractive, for the boys must have chimneys. If we could only get over there it was evident we need not lack for lumber and brick. The boys were not long in discovering them. But how to cross the Bayou is the question. No boat is at hand—no raft—no lumber to construct one. Presently a novel spectacle presents itself. A man of Com-

pany F had procured a large cauldron kettle, and into it he gets, and rows himself across. From the planking on the bank he constructs a rude raft and returns. Then over go perhaps twenty men. They all fall to work; half a dozen rafts are made, and soon half the regiment may be seen pulling down the sugar mill and the deserted quarters. In a few hours the camp is abundantly supplied with lumber.

But the General hears of it, and a guard is posted over what is left, and over the brick.

From the latter, however, the embargo was soon removed, and load after load came into camp, and ere night-fall of the same day of our arrival, the industrious and persevering "Yankees" have comfortable quarters; here and there rise little chimneys, and pleasant fires are their reward.

On the 15th the weather moderated, and the remaining part of the winter was mild and much like our Northern September.

Never did the men seem to enjoy themselves more than while at Franklin. Ball playing was instituted, and other regiments challenged, resulting in varying successes and defeats.

There was no enemy near at hand to trouble us. Our duties were light and the winter passed gaily by.

In March, after two months' rest, the most which the regiment had ever seen at one time, it was generally understood that another expedition would be attempted up the country.

It was rumored that the country on the Red River was to be opened by a combined effort of the land and naval forces.

The preliminaries, such as fully equipping the men, sending

surplus baggage to the rear, and other unmistakable signs of a movement, soon settled on our minds in the question.

There was at this time but one Division of the Nineteenth Corps at Franklin, the other being on duty at, or near Baton Rouge.

This Division was commanded by Brigadier General William H. Emory, and the Corps by Major General William B. Franklin. Previous to his assignment to the Department of the Gulf, General Franklin had earned something of a reputation in Mexico and in the Army of the Potomac. His former services are thus briefly recounted :

"William Benjamin Franklin was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1821, and entered West Point in 1839. He graduated at the head of his class in 1843; being a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant, Reynolds, Augur, etc. On the 1st of July, 1843, he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and on the 21st of September, 1846, received his full commission. He served in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at Buena Vista, dating from February 23, 1847. This brevet was awarded in May, 1848. From July, 1848, to 1850 he was Acting Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Military Academy at West Point. He was next placed on lighthouse duty, to which he was appointed in January, 1853. He received his full commission of First Lieutenant in March, 1853, and Captain on the 1st of July, 1857. In the Army Register for 1859 he was the junior captain but one in the corps, and in that of 1860 last but two. In the register for 1861 his name stands two degrees higher on the roll, there being four captains his junior. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the Twelfth United States' Infantry, one of the new regular regiments organized at the commencement of the rebellion. With this rank he had charge of the first brigade of the third division of General M'Dowell's army at Bull Run.

"He was appointed a Brigadier-General in July, and, on the organization of the army, was given the command of the first division of the



first army corps commanded by M'Dowell. When M'Dowell was directed to remain at Fredericksburg, Franklin was detached and sent to M'Clellan on the peninsula. No officer won higher distinction than he in the memorable contests on the march to Richmond, and as a reward for his gallantry he was appointed to the command of an army corps with the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He has lately won fresh laurels at the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg. In July of 1863 he arrived in New Orleans, and at once assumed command of the Nineteenth Army Corps."

The Thirteenth Corps under Brigadier-General Cameron, an officer of good reputation, constituted a portion of our force, with about ten thousand cavalry and mounted infantry under Brigadier-General A. L. Lee.

Uniting, these troops were to move up the country to Alexandria, where they were to be joined by forces from the vicinity of Vicksburg and the army of the Mississippi, which, with transports and gunboats were to move up the Red River. The disposition of the enemy's forces according to the best information that could be obtained, was as follows:

"Magruder had about 20,000 men of all arms, of which 15,000 were serviceable. The main body covered Galveston and Houston from an anticipated movement from Matagorda Peninsula, still held by our troops. Walker's division, numbering 7,000 men upon the Atchafalaya and Red River, from Opelousas to Fort DeRussey; Morton's division between the Black and Washita Rivers from Red River to Monroe, numbering 6,000 men; while Rice with two heavy divisions of infantry, estimated at from 7,000 to 10,000, held the country from Monroe to Camden and Archidelpia, confronting Steele. Magruder could spare 10,000 of his force to assist an attack from the East, leaving his fortifications well garrisoned on the coast, while Price could furnish at least an additional 5,000 from the North, making a formidable army of 25,000 to 30,000 men, equal to any forces that could be brought against them, even with the most perfect unity and co-operation of commands.

"To meet these forces of the enemy it was proposed to concentrate in some general plan of operations 15,000 of the troops under command of General Steele, a detachment of 10,000 from the command of General Sherman, and a force of from 15,000 to 17,000 men from the Army of the Gulf—making an army of 35,000 to 37,000 men of all arms, with such gunboats as the Navy Department should order. Orders were given to my command at once to suspend operations at Galveston, and vigorous preparations were made for the new campaign."*

General Banks was to assume command of the army, and direct its movements in person.

After two months' monotony—such as camp life will be to soldiers in spite of their recreations—almost every man welcomed the orders to march. The men, now accustomed to campaigning, knew just what to take with them and what to discard as superfluous.

*General Banks' Report.

CHAPTER XX.

"We go to gain a little patch of ground,
Which hath no profit in it but the name."—*Shakespeare.*

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN—SETTING OUT.

BREAKING CAMP—PRAIRIE ON FIRE—CAMP PRATT—VERMILLIONVILLE—AN ALARM—
ANECDOTE OF GENERAL EMORY—"VETERANS"—OPELOUSAS—THE STATE CAPITAL
—GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE—UNIONISM—WASHINGTON—INDIANS—UPPEREATONBOEUF
—THE STORY OF CAPTAIN JUMEL—GOOD NEWS—REDUCTION OF FORT DE RUSSEY—
GOVERNOR MOORE'S PLANTATION—ALEXANDRIA—THE RIVER—COMBINATION OF
FORCES—THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED—BARBAROUS ORDERS—IMMENSE DE-
STRUCTION OF COTTON—DUSTY—"VETERANS" AGAIN—THE COUNTRY—CANE RIVER
—SUFFERING OF THE ARMY—NATCHITOCHE—BANKS AND HIS GENERALS—PINE
WOODS—PLEASANT HILL.

March 15.—Broke camp at Franklin at 7 A. M., and commenced our campaign. If the weather may be taken as an omen, we have set out under good auspices, for a more delightful day never dawned. Marched about fifteen miles and halted on the Graffenberg plantation, on the very plot of ground where just eleven months ago we encamped in our first expedition up the Teche, and where we then found a rebel dinner awaiting us. The dry prairie grass took fire through the carelessness of the cooks, and came very near destroying our tents. It was with great care that we secured ourselves against fire, as the grass was thick and dry, and the wind strong. The result was an order to entrench all fires, and to extinguish the same at an early hour.

March 16.—Moved at 6:20. Passed through New Iberia at noon. Halted at four P. M., at Camp Pratt. This was

formerly a rebel camp where all the troops of the interior assembled. Camp Pratt is named after the rebel General on whose plantation we bivouacked during the fall campaign. It is an immense prairie, bordering on Spanish Lake, with ample barracks, mess-houses and kitchens. Several thousand rebel troops were quartered here previous to their occupancy of Camp Bisland. It is said that Generals Kirby Smith and Mouton recommended fortifying the country at this point instead of Bisland, but in this they were overruled by General Dick Taylor. Had their advice been heeded, subsequent events showed that the position would have been much more tenable. Few lovelier places for a camp are found than this.

The water of the lake is pure and abounds in fish. On the opposite shore are some beautiful residences, built in a style of architecture which reminds one of the castles on the lakes as described by Scott.

March 17.—Reached Vermillion River at three P. M., having made about eighteen miles, and bivouacked just opposite Governor Mouton's plantation, where we encamped last November.

March 18.—Moved at 5:30 A. M., passing Vermillionville, Carrion Crow Bayou, and bivouacked on Bayou Burbridge. About seven P. M., the rapid discharge of musketry in the woods hard by, called the troops quickly into line. The fact that this had once been the scene of a surprise of the forces of General Burbridge, seemed to indicate that another might be attempted. After standing half an hour in line we were ordered to go to quarters. The alarm was the result of the foolishness of an officer attached to General Franklin's body-guard. This Lieutenant deeming it necessary to discharge the pieces of the guard, had, without authority, and against

orders forbidding the promiscuous discharge of arms, taken the guard into the woods, and there they blazed away regardless of the consequences. General Emory hearing the cause of the alarm, had the officer arrested and brought to his quarters. The poor fool made a sorry show of excuse before the stern, crabbed old man.

The conversation was reported substantially as follows, excluding of course the oaths to which, at such a time, the General was wonderfully addicted:

"What in the devil do you mean, sir, by thus creating an alarm in this manner? A fool should have known more, sir, yes sir, a damned fool, sir!"

The abashed Lieutenant stammered "Being kind of green, sir."

"Get out of this tent—get out sir," cried the old man, raving. "Go to General Franklin and report yourself under arrest."

The frightened officer timidly asked, "Where will I find General Franklin?"

"Damn you, sir, ask my orderlies, get out of my tent, sir, this instant!"

Glad to get out of Emory's presence, the "kind of green" officer sneaked away to find Franklin—to get another damning and probably a court martial.

We have one regiment with us (Twenty-Ninth Maine,) which claims to be veteran in its organization. It is made up of a few men of the old Tenth Maine, and the remainder recruits. All wear the "re-enlistment stripe," and have on their knapsacks the word "Veteran" in large yellow letters. The "style" which they have put on is particularly distasteful to our men who like to get a chance to cut their corners.

The last two days' march has severely tested their material. Being new in campaign, they cannot stand the marches like our men who have often measured this country over. And to add to this, like "infant soldiers," they have plump knapsacks, which will each weigh not less than fifty pounds. It is impossible under the oppressive heat of the day for them to bear up under these marches, which will average eighteen miles per day. From ten o'clock in the morning until the hour of halting, the way is filled with stragglers from this "veteran" regiment. It is the special delight of our men to annoy them. Marching along, by a squad of a half-dozen who are lying along the roadside with blistered feet and aching limbs, the men would cry out to them "Come, come, jog along there—that is no place for veterans." "Get up in the front there, that's what the government wants of you." "Where's that veteran bounty?" "That's no way to earn it!" "Where's your seven hundred dollars and a cow?" giving the strongest possible Yankee nasal twang to the last word, as it was currently reported that the bounty of a Maine veteran was "seven hundred dollars and a cow!" These poor fellows are obliged to "pocket the insults" which every man not, in their condition delights, to give them.

March 19.—Moved at six A. M. At eleven o'clock marched through Opelousas. After the precipitate flight of the Confederates from their first capital of the State, Baton Rouge, the Legislature convened at Opelousas. Here it published its tyrannical edicts to the people until the first march of the Union forces up the Teche in the spring of 1862, when again the archives of the State were put on wheels and run to Alexandria, and still further forced back to Shreveport. As this latter place is in the extreme north-western part of the

State, another move would locate the capital of Louisiana in Texas. Among the documents which were scattered about, was the message of Governor Thomas Overton Moore. Among the other "war measures" set forth by his Confederate Excellency, was an order that the people should raise corn instead of cotton. The immense fields of this necessary of life showed how implicitly the order had been obeyed, even though in the second year. As far as the eye could reach on either side, stretched out one vast prairie, rich with waving corn. The Governor's Message was printed in pamphlet form, and set forth his feelings to his people as follows: "I congratulate you on your ready compliance with the order directing you to raise corn instead of cotton. This is one of the sinews of war which will yet drive the Yankee invaders from our soil." There was, however, a small slip of printed matter pasted on the margin of the pamphlet in the form of an *addendum*, which was to be read as following the paragraph just quoted. It stated: "While I congratulated you on your obedience to the order directing the raising of corn instead of cotton, I regret to say that the main object has been defeated by its perverted use—in the manufacture of the greater part of it into whiskey." The people evidently thought that the "Southern heart" could be "fired" more readily with whiskey than corn bread.

As we passed the nunnery there was a chanting of funeral services over some departed soul—and the nuns were moving to and fro in their "uniforms" if such they might be called. It is said that this nunnery dates far back in the history of Louisiana, as Opelousas is reckoned among the oldest towns in the State.

In our several journeys through this town, we had never

before seen so many men about the streets. As a general thing in our marches through this portion of Louisiana, we would hardly meet an able-bodied man during half-a-day's travel. But now there were hundreds, standing on the street corners. The fact of their close scrutiny of our troops, as they passed, was suspicious. A man, with any kind of discernment, could easily calculate our numbers, note our artillery, trains and munitions. And then, as soon as we had passed, might not these men cause much annoyance to our rear? Subsequent events proved that had the commanding General arrested and taken along every one of these spies and bushwhackers it would have been advantageous to us.

Here we saw the first show of anything like Unionism in Western Louisiana. 'A young girl, of not more than eighteen years, stood on the gallery of one of the houses, with a miniature Union flag pinned on her dress. The sight was refreshing, and each Company, through that long column of troops, sent up their cheers as they passed. And to heighten the effect, on the opposite porch, unmolested, sat a man in the uniform of the Confederacy. We all feared for the safety of the girl, after the last of our troops had passed, as showing anything like sympathy with the Yankees was dangerous business in that country. We subsequently learned that she did suffer from her rashness; and that, further, she was one of those "white slaves" so common in that region.

We passed the village of Washington, six miles above Opelousas, and bivouacked just above the town on the Courtaubean, near the point of its confluence with Little Bayou Bœuf.

March 20.—Remained in camp. The men are busy in washing, and the thousand other things which a day's rest in a

campaign suggests. There came into camp a party of a dozen Indians—real “natives of the soil”—begging for old clothing. They are of the tribe of Alabamians, and are hutted in the woods a few miles out. Some of our men visited their camp. They are a dark, stout race, with long, coarse, black hair. They spoke our language brokenly, and manifested but little intelligence.

March 21.—Moved at 6 A. M., in a cold, drizzling rain. As we passed the “Widow Webb place” our boys, not forgetful of her story of the “dead cats in the cistern,” commenced shouting: “The cat’s in the well! The cat’s in the well!” The “widow,” however, being absent from home, could not return her “thanks” for the “serenade.” We marched about thirteen miles and encamped very nearly on the same ground as in May last. This place, if deserving a “local habitation and a name,” is called Montville.

March 22.—On the evening of this day bivouacked at Holmesville, on the Upper Beauf. The country grows higher and better—more like our northern land. Sugar mills are becoming rare, and cotton gins frequent. The negroes through this section are scarce—a good many having deserted their masters and gone over to the Yankees.

March 23.—Passed the Epps plantation—famous as the scene of servitude of Solomon Northrup. Halted about a mile below Cheneyville. A mile beyond this town we turned back last spring. There are several churches—Baptist, Episcopal, Campbellite. As we go up we find less of the French extraction, and consequently less Catholic. Many of the people, through fear of the Yankee invaders, have gone to Texas.

March 24.—Passed over a rich and beautiful country.

The dwellings are elegant; much like those along the banks of the Teche. Here we have good news. Our cavalry have surprised the camp of the Second Louisiana Cavalry, and made the whole battalion prisoners, with three or four pieces of artillery. Among the number is the celebrated Captain Jumel. The highwaymen Bailie Vincent belongs to this regiment, but was away at the time of the capture. There is an incident connected with these men which may be worth relating:

In the fall of 1863, a cartel for the exchange of prisoners was agreed on between General Banks and General Taylor, whereby an equal number of officers and men were to be exchanged. This took place on the plains, some eleven miles above Vermillionville. Our officers, escort and prisoners met those from the Confederate army. The exchange was satisfactorily concluded, and the officers of both armies were enjoying themselves in pleasant conversation over their glasses. The hilarity continued until the time for separation arrived, when Bailie Vincent, who was partially under the influence of liquor, mounted his horse, and commenced riding in an ungovernable manner, using highly indecent language toward the d——d Yankees. No one noticed or cared for this insult until it culminated in his discharging his pistol several times at a squad of our guard, injuring several—not seriously, however—and then riding rapidly away. At this point “forbearance ceased to be a virtue,” and the commanding officer of our party addressed himself to Capt. Jumel, commanding the Confederates, stating that his party had violated the truce, and demanded redress. Captain Jumel was a gentleman of education and refinement; just the reverse of Bailie Vincent. He knew well that the etiquette

of honor in arms could not be thus ruthlessly violated without its consequences—and thereupon gave himself up as a prisoner until the real offender should be delivered over for punishment. He accompanied the escort back to camp, and was for a long time a kind of pet prisoner at Franklin's headquarters. He messed with the staff, and was allowed the liberty of the camp—so far as was consistent with military regulations.

The rebel authorities protested that Vincent by this act—so flagrant an outrage on a truce—had outlawed himself from them, and was a renegade, secreting himself in the woods, and fearful alike of both Union and Confederate. Jumel was finally exchanged, and it was afterwards known that Vincent was with the Confederate forces, and that the story of his outlawry was false. The fact that he was too good a bushwhacker to lose, explains the falsehood.

Still further good news greeted us here. Hitherto in this campaign we had met no enemy. We had learned however, that he was posted to defend Alexandria—and that Fort De Russy on the Red was strongly manned and gunned. This work, built by a general of that name, who had proved recreant to his commission in the United States army, was the key to the city. Despatches were received that the forces which were to move up on transports in connection with the gunboats, had reduced Fort De Russy, and captured its garrison. This report proved true, and we had nothing now to impede our march to Alexandria, as the rebel army was said to be strongly entrenched before Shreveport..

March 25.—Broke camp at seven A. M., and travelled over a most beautiful country. Passed the plantation of Governor Moore, the same who used to fulminate such bombastic

proclamations to the people, and who declared that his official paper bullets would prevent the Yankees from advancing further into his dominions. It is one of the finest plantations in the State, and would be admirably adapted to "one hundred and sixty acre lots," as farms for soldiers. If confiscation does its work justly, why may we not yet see the "mudsills" of the North as lords of those broad acres, wrenched by the iron hand of justice from the traitorous grasp of this Bombastes Furioso. There was a dearth through this region of both white and blackable-bodied men. The former had been conscripted into the army; the latter run off into Texas by their owners. Through this beautiful country the desolation which follows on the track of war was marked. Sugar mills, cotton gins and even plantation houses had been destroyed, and their blackened walls and tottering chimneys told a sad story. Why a people seemingly so prosperous and happy as they were in this garden of America, should wish to rush into the horrors of war, is more than can be imagined. The poorer class of whites were in a suffering condition. On our march to-day, we saw by the roadside an old woman of not less than eighty years vainly endeavoring to masticate a hard-tack. There was not a heart but was touched, for soldiers can pity the sorrows of the aged, and more than one haversack was unloaded and the contents deposited in the lap of the old crone.

At 11 A. M., we halted for dinner, and prepared to march into the city. The flags were unfurled, the groups properly dressed up, and the music playing national airs at the head of the column. At just twelve o'clock, noon, we marched into the city with all

"The pomp and circumstance of gloriona war."

Generals Banks, Franklin, Emory, Smith, Mower and staffs, reviewed us as we passed, amid the huzzas of the men. The inhabitants, unwilling spectators of the scene, looked on in grave silence. We passed through the city, and bivouacked half a mile beyond.

March 28.—Did not move to-day, and had an ample opportunity to learn the condition of affairs.

Alexandria is situated on the Red River, about three hundred and fifty miles from New Orleans, and is the capital of the parish of Rapides. It is a pleasant town, on high plains so common in upper Louisiana, and in the midst of a rich, cotton growing region. Before the war, it was a place of considerable business, and although so far out on the borders of civilization, bears the marks of having been the home of luxury and fashion. High bluffs overlook the river, and here are the "Falls" which cause so much annoyance to the navigation of the river at this point, and of which more will be said.

It was a goodly sight to see the transports and gunboats in the river. About seventy river steamboats, and a dozen iron-clads composed the fleet, and were stretched along the levee or anchored in the stream as far as the eye could reach. The levees were covered with soldiers, sailors, citizens and negroes, and hundreds of bales of captured cotton were piled up awaiting shipment. Our forces were now consolidated for the expedition, with Alexandria for a base.

The troops which had marched over the country were still to continue to march, the river forces not to disembark from their transports.

These latter consisted of the Sixteenth Army Corps under command of Brigadier General Andrew Jackson Smith; and a detachment of the Seventeenth Corps, under General E.

Kilby Smith. These forces, almost entirely infantry, numbered about eight thousand effective men. With the exception of one regiment, these troops were Western men, who bore an unrelenting hatred towards Eastern troops.

Our whole force might be estimated at thirty thousand effective men, including all arms of the service. General Banks is present to command in person. Franklin is second in command.

While here, a party mounted on horses, came within our lines. They looked more like ragamuffins than men. They were clothed in every style of garment, from the soiled dress coat of the gentleman to the hunting shirt of the backwoodsman. Some were in full confederate uniform, hats of every description were worn, one bearing the distinguishing marks, as the *chapeau* of a Louisiana militia General, with its gold lace and rosettes. Their arms were long ranged rifles and doubled barrelled shot guns. It was a motley looking crowd, numbering about fifty.

The leader approached our commanding General and told his story. It was the story of all such. When conscription began, they resolved not to fight for the confederacy. It can be hardly said that a spirit of patriotism prompted them so much in their resolve, as a hatred for the rebel leaders who had oppressed them by their acts of tyranny. Hunters were sent to drag them from their homes to swell the rebel ranks, and one by one they had fled into the country, armed themselves and banded together to resist the conscription. Some of them had not visited their homes in two years, but lived constantly in the woods, watching for their pursuers. This is called "lying out." Sometimes when the hunters were pressing them, a hundred of these men would get together

and give them a fight. No quarters were shown. If a "hunter" fell into their hands, his doom was sealed. The malignity with which these men were hunted, may in a measure be shown by the following order, which was found on the person of an officer captured by a detachment of Major General Washburne's command :

"HEADQUARTERS, FORCES SOUTH OF RED RIVER,
VERMILIONVILLE, LA., June 15, 1863."

GENERAL ORDERS, No.—

"Information has been received that there are bands of outlaws, deserters, conscripts and stragglers from a parish above Hinestown, on the Calcasieu River, in the parish of Rapides, down to the lower parishes, extending into the parish of Calcasieu, through to the Bayou Teche, which are committing depredations, robberies, and incendiarism, and who are openly violating the Confederate laws, with arms in their hands. Such men can only be considered as outlaws, highwaymen and traitors.

"In consequence :

"I. You will proceed with your battalion up to the Calcasieu River, and in the vicinity of Hinestown, in the parish of Rapides, and from that point scour the whole country, to the limit of Calcasieu parish, if to the Bayou Teche, in search of these outlaws, highwaymen and traitors. These bands, beyond the pale of society, must be exterminated especially the leaders ; and every man found with arms for the purpose of resisting the operations of the Confederate laws, or against whom satisfactory evidence may be given, must be executed on the spot.

"No prisoners should be taken. Such as are not sufficiently guilty to demand immediate execution, must be liberated, and, if conscripts, ordered to report forthwith. Men by the names of Wittington, Elliot, Oxine, Carviere, Huddleston, have been designated as some of the ring-leaders.

By order of

Brigadier General ALFRED MOUTON.

[Signed.] LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant General.

To Major G. A. Fournet Commanding Yellow Jacket Battalion :

These instructions are to be kept secret, and no one is allowed to know the objects of your movements, except yourself.

True copy. [Signed.] LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant General.
Lieut. G. J. DEBLANC, Acting Adjutant.

And still further we find the following, as if the first order was not sufficiently severe :

HEADQUARTERS, FORCES SOUTH OF RED RIVER, }
VERMILLIONVILLE, June 15, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDERS, No.—

In addition to the special instructions given you in orders bearing date the 12th instant, the following instructions are added for your guidance, viz :

I. All disaffected persons, jayhawkers, etc., caught with arms, or proven to have been in arms against the Confederate authorities, should be shot without delay on the spot, when taken. No prisoners are to be taken from among the ringleaders of the gang.

II. In cases not covered by the above paragraphs when you have reason to believe that the parties are concerned in connection with any of these gangs, but entertain a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of these parties, you will hold them in close arrest, and report the case to Headquarters with such evidence as may exist.

III. No prisoners, except those mentioned, should be taken. Such as are not sufficiently guilty to deserve punishment, must be liberated, and, if conscripts, ordered to report to Camp Pratt, forthwith, with the injunction, that if you overtake them again, they will be executed on the spot.

IV. The object of your mission, as explained in previous orders, is to break these gangs of outlaws, robbers, and jayhawkers, and to execute all those found in arms, and especially the ringleaders. It has, besides, in view, to force all conscripts, if necessary, by compulsion and force of arms.

V. You will from time to time report to Headquarters giving full details of your operations.

By order of Brigadier-General ALFRED MOUTON.
[Signed.] LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant General.

To Major G. A. Fournet, Commanding Yellow Jacket Battalion :

These instructions are to be kept secret. No one is allowed to know the object of your movements, except yourself.

[Signed. LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant General.

True copy. Lieut. G. J. DEBLANC, Acting Adjutant.

Such was the rigor with which these men were hunted, whose only crime was in desiring not to fight in the ranks of the Confederacy. Their reasons were many. A few might have had a devotion for the old flag and their country. Others would hardly be anxious to fight on the side of their oppressors. But whatever was their excuse it availed nothing. Driven to this point, they had sought refuge in the woods and the protection of their rifles. They knew to be captured, was death, and they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Thus for two long years had some of these men camped out, never daring to go beyond their woody haunt, and ever on the watch for the "hunters."

They had learned of the arrival of the Union forces, and had come in to offer their services as scouts and spies. Each had a wrong to avenge and was anxious for an opportunity. They still continued to wear their ragged dress, and on no account could they be persuaded to part with their old rusty guns for new pieces. Some of them latterly proved efficient as scouts, and rendered good service to our Generals. Their appearance was highly grotesque and could not have been excelled by the company of fantastic dragoons which offered themselves to Washington in the early days of the Revolution.

Brigadier-General William Dwight has assumed command of our Brigade, which now consists of the Twenty-Ninth Maine, One Hundred and Fourteenth, One Hundred and

Sixteenth, One Hundred and Fifty-Third, and One Hundred and Sixty-First New York Volunteers.

General Banks and Staff rode through the camps and were loudly cheered. The regiment was paid to-day. All are in high spirits over a campaign so favorably begun.

March 27.—Still in bivouac. The Sixteenth Corps has gone up the river, and the Thirteenth moved on to our front.

March 28.—Moved at ten A. M. The roads were bad and the trains got along but slowly. Saw immense heaps of cotton half burned and smouldering. The country grows higher. Saw the first rocks and running water which we have met in Louisiana. They were greeted with shouts of joy, as the country looked so unlike the tract bordering on the Gulf, and the immense prairies over which we had passed. One can hardly describe our feelings of delight as the heavy pine timbered land and rugged hills broke upon our view—and also, a brook of running water. They contrasted strangely after having spent eighteen months in the monotonous “Louisiana low-lands, low!” They seemed rather like Chenango. These woods are the out-croppings of the celebrated “Piney Woods,” so famous throughout the State. In these woods the wealthier classes have summer residences, but now they are used as a resort for those who run their slaves away from the devouring grasp of the Yankees. These woods extend over a tract of country seventy-five miles square, and in time of peace were noted for the manufacture of turpentine and tar. We encamped in these woods, and were obliged to use every precaution against the spreading of fire in the dry brush. We are now off the river and will not again come to it until we arrive at Shreveport, if our expedition proves a success.

March 29.—Very dry and dusty. The marches are almost unendurable from the dust, which is six inches deep. One can scarcely see twenty yards ahead. The sun scalds and the troops straggle considerably. It is strange how surroundings will change the natures of men, and much truth is in Hamlet's remark on the grave digger who sings at grave making and jolts the skull about as if it were "Cain's jaw bone who did the first murder," "Custom hath made him the property of easiness," and, "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." During our terrible march to-day under the hot sun which seems to scorch with all the fury of its concentrated rays, many of the men of the regiments, new in campaign, although claiming to be "veterans," fell out by the wayside totally unable to proceed. Some of them had thrown away their knapsacks and blankets, and even then unable to keep up, sunk down overpowered and overcome. Two years ago the men of our regiment would have sympathized with these sufferers, but now they passed them with all manner of ribald jests, laughing at their veteran stripes and ridiculing their fatigue.

As our regiment was resting, and the men lying quietly in the shade by the roadside, a tall, gaunt, woe begone looking son of Maine, came limping along with a shovel. One of our men accosted him as he passed, "Stranger, don't look so sober, you wont have to dig your own grave, *we detail men for that.*" It was not long before the veteran's stripes were all taken off, and the "veteran" on the knapsack likewise dropped. The men had ridiculed them into this. It is a hard place in the army for one to "put on airs" and not get laughed or hooted at. To a stranger passing along the line of our regiment it would be hard for him to decide what

regiment it was, our men had so thoroughly supplied themselves with the new "four dollar knapsacks," which these other regiments had thrown away—for there were more wearing the numbers Twenty-Ninth Maine, Thirtieth Maine, and One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York, than of the regiment to which they really belonged. The men who had thrown away their surplus clothing—usually new suits—soon discovered our men were picking it up. To guard against this, they adopted the plan of destroying every garment before casting it aside, and it was common to find new overcoats, pants and rubber blankets so thoroughly torn in places as to render them unfit for use, and so they had their revenge.

March 20.—Broke camp at 7 A. M., and marched through a heavy timbered, broken country, sparsely settled. Occasionally we would come to a clearing in the woods, and find some solitary "squatter" in a small cabin, working a few acres of land, apparently with success barely sufficient to support his family. A few of these people seem to be tinctured with Indian blood, and are a sickly looking class with black hair and eyes. A fire raging in the timber some miles away would occasionally burn down a huge tree, which would sound like distant and heavy artillery; nor for a long time could we be persuaded that it was not such.

March 31.—Marched to Cane River and halted for the pontoon to be laid. A pontoon train is an important auxiliary to the movements of an army in a country so interspersed with bayous as Louisiana. Our train consists of a great number of large, heavy wagons, which to the casual observer would appear to be laden with lumber. A regiment of negroes is attached to this train. The "lumber" is so nicely

fitted that it can be, in a few moments, put together—forming boats—the length of which may be fifteen feet. These boats are anchored in the stream, lengthwise, and planking, likewise transported in the train, is placed on the boats, forming a good and substantial bridge. The rapidity with which a stream can thus be made passible for troops and trains is surprising. Its object gained, it is as quickly taken up and replaced on the wagons.

This Cane River, has many traditions relating to it, but it seems to be a settled question, that it was formerly the channel of the Red River, which a century ago, in one of those unexplained freaks common to rivers, entirely changed its course, leaving towns which had hitherto derived much advantage from boating and rafting, quite out of the world as regards its communication with the important points above and below. The banks are high and perpendicular, and the action of watershows that in time gone by, Tiber like, it was “chafing in its banks,” and was a powerful stream. But its glory has departed, and it is hardly navigable for the smallest flat-boats.

We have seen immense piles of cotton burning. General Taylor ordered his rear guard to burn all the cotton, and if the owners refused to move it out, to burn the gins likewise. Every few miles mouldering masses might be seen and occasionally the ruins of out buildings wherein it was stored. Passed Cloutierville, which is situated on the bank of the deserted river. This, like the “villes” generally in this region, is composed of half a dozen houses, a store and church, but never a school house. There seems to be a dearth of institutions of learning throughout the State, and country

school houses which so thickly dot every town in the North, are here almost unknown.

Had those people who sit quietly in the shady nooks of Chenango, and plan such excellent campaigns and fight decisive battles; who censure without mercy the "blunders of the army" and lament over their taxes and their "great sacrifices of means," been obliged to tramp along with blistered feet, through the clouds of dust, and in the excessive heat, as we have to-day, they might have discovered that the "sacrifice" was not theirs alone. There is a difference between campaigning in bar-rooms, and in the field; between bread and butter and feather beds, and dusty roads and hard tack. But our people will never fully appreciate this difference. We often hear complaints of the wearisome journey in the lumbering old stage, from Utica to Norwich. Try it on foot some hot day in July, in a cloud of dust, with blistered feet, with a canteen of muddy water and a haversack of stale bread!

Hardly ever before has the suffering been greater than to-day. It was dusty almost to suffocation. It was impossible for one to recognize his nearest neighbor. It is absolutely a fact that two men of the same group, who, at the evening halt, went into the river to wash, did not know each other until the masks of dirt were washed from their faces.

April 1.—Moved at an early hour, and after a few miles march, again crossed the river to the left bank. Made about twenty miles and all along saw smoking piles of cotton.

April 2.—At 8:20 A. M., the column was in motion. Recrossed the river, marched about six miles and arrived at Natchitoches, the drums beating and the colors flying. Moved a mile beyond the river, to the hills, and went into

bivouac. Natchitoches, pronounced (Nack-a-tosh,) is claimed to be the oldest town in the State, and is said to have been built by the Spanish, before the Red changed its course. Since that time it has gradually declined, and now presents a stagnation in business which would naturally follow, the sudden wrenching away of its commercial facilities. The nearest point on the Red, is Grand Cœur, five miles distant.

Located at Natchitoches is the convent of the "Sacred Heart," a Catholic institution for young ladies. The building presents an imposing appearance, and the school seems to be in a thriving condition. It was visited by General Banks and several other officers. A portion of the rebel rear guard was surprised and captured in the town. Among them was a Captain Todd, who claimed kindred with Mrs. Lincoln, as a cousin, only twice removed.

April 3.—Remained in bivouac. The foraging propensities of the men has again broken out with renewed energy. The camp has been literally strewn with pigs, sheep, chickens, turkies and geese. The orders against foraging have relaxed, from the fact that two men of one of the Western regiments were murdered by some citizens, a mile or so out in the country. By direction of the Commanding General the houses and buildings in that vicinity were burned, and little restraint is now put on the men.

April 4.—The camp was turned out to-day to receive the Commanding General and his Lieutenants, among whom were Franklin, Smith, Lee and Dwight. General Banks addressed a few words to each of the regiments and was received with cheers.

April 5.—Still resting in bivouac. The weather continues

fine. In the evening the band of the One Hundred and Fifty-third New York serenaded us. At a late hour received orders to move on the morrow.

April 6.—Left Natchitoches at 8:50. Marched all day in the pine woods, through ravines, up and down small hills. The country grows more rolling and broken. Passed some settlements with the poorest kind of habitations. Saw some Indian families residing in thatched huts. Our Corps halted and the Thirteenth moved in advance. Did not get into bivouac until 9 P. M., having marched about eighteen miles.

April 7.—This woody march begins to be as monotonous as were the prairies. To one riding in the rear, the advancing column, as it winds and turns along the crooked road, over the hills and through the ravines, appears like a huge serpent dragging itself lazily along. The houses are very poor, much like our barns and hog pens. The chimnies are built of sticks and wood. Indians seem to form quiet a proportion of the settlers. At 5:30 P. M., we arrived at Pleasant Hill, and went into bivouac. Our cavalry had quite a sharp skirmish with the rebel rear guard. Several killed and wounded on both sides.

Pleasant Hill deserves a notice. It is the largest clearing we have met in the "Piney Woods," on a beautiful mound. There are some delightful residences here. This is one of the favorite summer resorts of the wealthy. It is a charming place and must be almost a paradise, as a protection against the excessive heat of the lower country. We are told that in "peace-times" it was the scene of luxury and fashion, and that the woods were made to ring with music and dancing. There is something romantic in penetrating a dense forest hundreds of miles, and almost beyond the pale of civiliza-

tion, and establishing for a time, as it were, a little world of fashionable revelries. The back woodsman and half-breed settlers must have gazed with astonishment on the seeming frivolities of these aristocratic visitors. Appearances indicated that for long years to come there would not be heard at Pleasant Hill, the sound of mirth or the soft music of its former days.

CHAPTER XXI.

Prepare you, Generals !
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out.
And something must be done immediately.—*Shakspeare.*

RED RIVER CAMPAIGN—SABINE CROSS ROADS. *

MORNING MARCH—PREPARATIONS FOR BIVOUAC—ORDERED TO THE FRONT—A BATTLE PROGRESSING—WE BECOME ENGAGED—STAMPEDE OF CAVALRY—SITUATION—POSITION—ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST NEW YORK—FORTY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA—FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE ENEMY—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORSE WOUNDED—REPULSE—THE BATTLE RAGES—A REBEL ADVANCE—THE RESULT—GENERAL MOUTON KILLED—DARKNESS ENDS THE FIGHT—OFFICIAL REPORT—RETREAT—COMMENTS—BANKS COMPLIMENTS THE FIRST DIVISION.

April 8.—The Thirteenth Corps passed us at an early hour. We moved at 8:50. Marching in the woods until three P. M., when we were ordered into bivouac in a clearing on the right hand side of the road. Just as we were putting up our tents, orders came to fall in quickly and move forward. The sound of artillery reached our ears, and after pushing forward a mile, the rattle of musketry could be distinctly heard. We continued to march at a rapid rate, and soon came upon the train headed towards the rear. A little further on, we met crowds of negroes and camp followers, and everything appeared in confusion. Some of the cavalry, broken and disorganized, with portions of the advanced infantry came rushing back, with only one thought, that of getting quickly to the rear. Our column pressed steadily on, almost

*Called by General Banks in his report "Pleasant Grove."

fighting its way through this retreating mass, which grew more of a mob as we advanced. The reports of these routed men-were exaggerated, and even ludicrous. The cavalry claimed to have been sacrificed to the "last man," and the Thirteenth Corps was without a "man left to tell the tale." It was evident to us that flight was the ruling element with them, and that they were fleeing from imaginary rather than real dangers. A stampeded army will not listen to reason. The only thought of these fugitives was to rush on, each for himself, leaving arms, equipments, and baggage behind.

The rattle of musketry, as it came nearer and nearer, told us that not only a routed and broken army of our own was to be precipitated on our column, but that the enemy, flushed with an easy victory, would soon be hurled upon us. General Emory, selecting a good position, filed the column to the right, halted, fronted, and prepared to receive the enemy. The First Brigade formed the center of our line; parallel with the line of the advancing force, and where the brunt of the attack was expected. In the disposition of regiments, the Twenty-Ninth Maine had the left; One Hundred and Fourteenth, the center; One Hundred and Sixteenth, the right. The One Hundred and Fifty-Third and One Hundred and Sixty-First, were detached from the line of battle.

The Second Brigade was on our right flank, its line formed obliquely to the rear. The Third Brigade holding a corresponding position on our left. This disposition of our troops was quickly and judiciously made.

In our front was a cleared field of nearly five hundred yards in depth, then a thick wood. Although the retreating cavalry and troops of the Thirteenth Corps were rushing fran-

tically across the field, and endeavoring to break through our lines in the precipitate flight, the enemy had not yet emerged from the woods, nevertheless, he was pouring well directed volleys into the retreating and disorganized force. It was a trying moment for our line. We were obliged to reserve our fire, fearful of killing our own men, and yet at the same time suffering from the galling fire of the enemy. The One Hundred and Sixty-First Regiment, New York Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kinsey, was sent forward to the wood, to reconnoitre and temporarily check the enemy, until the stampeded cavalry and broken infantry could get to the rear. This regiment did its work effectually. It had moved nearly across the clearing, when the enemy emerged from the woods, and in such force that Colonel Kinsey was obliged to retreat, which he did in a most handsome and soldier-like manner. His regiment kept its line nobly; loading, halting, and delivering its fire to the rear with the coolness and precision of target practice. The One Hundred and Sixty-First, on reaching our line, moved to the flank, and gave our Brigade an opportunity to finish the work it had begun. The enemy now advanced in a defiant manner, evidently unaware of our position, as we were covered in front by a heavy rail fence, and in rear by a dense wood. Our whole Brigade line waited patiently until the advancing line was clearly visible and then delivered such a volley as is seldom heard. It seemed like the discharge of one piece. Its effect was instantaneous. The line was checked, and put in retreat. The rattle of our musketry now became deafening, and the slaughter of the rebels terrible, before they could again reach the cover of the woods. The reception was one they had not expected, and the sud-

den check disconcerted them. A few moments later they again made the attempt with no better success. They now threw a heavy force on the right of our Brigade. Our right was supported by the Second Brigade; its left regiment on our immediate right being the Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania, numbering nearly one thousand men. At the first onset of the enemy, this regiment gave way and retreated in confusion. This left the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, the right of the First Brigade, exposed to a flank movement, but the commanding officer of the right company of that regiment seeing this, instantly changed front forward and thereby arrested a disaster which might have been very serious. Still the enemy bore heavily on our right flank and kept up a raking fire from that point. At this moment Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, commanding the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, was severely wounded in the arm while actively engaged in encouraging the line, and was obliged to leave the field. Major Curtis now took charge of the battalion and fought it bravely.

The furious attack on our right was repelled by the earnest fighting of the right regiments of the First Brigade and the portion of the Second Brigade which remained unbroken; a portion of which was the One Hundred and Sixtieth Regiment New York, which bore an excellent reputation as one of the regiments of the "Weitzel Brigade." In this case, as in former times, when put to the test, it did its work manfully, and only the hearty co-operation of it with our line, saved the enemy from a successful flank movement—which the breaking of the Pennsylvania regiment had given so ample an opportunity. After the battle, the commanding officer of the One Hundred and Sixtieth, Lieutenant-Colonel

Van Petten, said to the writer of these pages, "When in the 'Old Brigade' with the One Hundred and Fourteenth, and other regiments of sterling worth, if I had post on the flank, I knew the center was all right, and if my position was central I never feared for the flanks; but now, my time is equally occupied in the charge of my own regiment and watching the flanks and center, which I find are liable to give way, as was the case last evening." The repulse of this flanking force was received with prolonged cheers by the victors. It was nearly dark. Our line remained quiet, awaiting further developments of the enemy. Soon, a party of horsemen were seen slowly approaching, over the open field. The faint light of departing day, and the clouds of smoke which were settling around us, rendered it impossible for us to distinguish friend from foe. Captain Mathews, Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade, thought the party was our own, which had been sent to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. Their nearer approach soon disabused him of this opinion, and he directed them to halt. "Federals, by G—d," cried one of the party, wheeling his horse at the same time. "Fire," was the order, and instantly the saddles of that fated party were emptied, and not one of the party ever returned to their comrades in the woods. This singular movement was explained to the writer of these pages by a Colonel of a Texas regiment, and later corroborated by other prisoners. It seems that the Confederates in their determined effort to force our right flank concerted a plan with those in the woods, that, should the attempt prove successful, a prolonged "yell," should signalize the event. The attacking party, however, being handsomely repulsed, our men sent up the shout, which the Confederates in the woods

thought to be *their signal* of victory. Under this impression the cavalry force was thrown carelessly forward until the volley of Federal musketry told them how fatally they were mistaken. This closed the battle; not a shot was fired after. Darkness undoubtedly hastened its end, but the enemy was so severely punished that he would hardly have attempted to rally again. The Confederates retired into the woods, leaving their dead and and wounded on the field—where likewise were those of the Federal forces. In the stillness of the night we could hear every movement of the enemy in the woods. The organization, which is so important a part of war, after a great battle occupied his attention, and the calling of rolls and assembling of companies could be distinctly heard. The vast supply train which he had captured from the cavalry and Thirteenth Corps, gave extra issues of **hard-tack** to the men and of whiskey to the officers. In this engagement, Brigadier-General Alfred Mouton, Commanding **a Division** of the enemy, was killed. Positions render it highly probable that he met his death at the hands of some member of our regiment. He was a brother of the Ex-Governor, of whom we have before spoken, and in one of our expeditions up the Teche we paid a visit to the General's plantation, and it would not be remarkable if at this day there are in the hands of some members of the regiment, mementoes of our call at the General's residence. We lay on our arms until midnight, when we were ordered to move.

We here subjoin the Official Report of this battle, which is called by our Generals, "Sabine Cross Roads;" but by the enemy, "Mansfield." It may appropriately assume either of the names, as the cross roads to Sabine River form at the town of Mansfield, which is five miles from the scene

of the engagement. We were at this time about thirty miles from Shreveport, and in the parish of De Soto.

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOL.S.,
GRAND ECRE, LA., APRIL 12, 1864.

CAPTAIN OLIVER MATHEWS, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL, FIRST
BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS:

CAPTAIN:—In compliance with orders from Headquarters First Brigade, &c., bearing above date, I have the honor to report the part taken by the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, on the evening of the 8th instant. The regiment with the troops of the First Division, left Natchitoches on the morning of Tuesday, April 6th, at eight o'clock and twenty minutes. At four P. M., of this day, the battalion remained as an escort to Battery L, First United States Artillery, and did not arrive in bivouac until nine P. M. Moved at 3:20 the day following, and marched nearly one (1) mile beyond Pleasant Hill. At three P. M. of the 8th, preparations were made for bivouac. At this hour received orders to move forward. Recommenced the march; moved nearly six (6) miles at a double quick step; found the road almost entirely blocked up with retreating teams and disorganized cavalry. Made the march in one hour and thirty minutes, (1:30).

Found the Thirteenth Corps retreating in great confusion, followed by a perfect stampede of cavalry. Formed line on the right of the road, holding the center, with the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York on the right; Twenty-Ninth Maine on the left. Occupied this position during the engagement. In front was an open field of several hundred yards depth, skirted by thick woods. Our line was formed in rear of a rail fence, affording us some protection. At 5:30, Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, the then commanding officer of the battalion, received a gunshot wound in the right arm and was obliged to retire from the field. I succeeded him in command. The regiment delivered its fire with readiness and precision, and the conduct of both officers and men on this occasion, was all that I could ask. At dark the enemy in our front was completely repulsed. Later, General Dwight, in person, gave orders for a chain of pickets to be thrown out, which was done in the

following manner: Two (2) commissioned officers and fifty (50) men were detached, and a chain thrown out about two hundred yards in front of the line, connecting with the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York on our right, and the Twenty-Ninth Maine, on our left. This was done under supervision of my Adjutant, who reported, on its completion, to General Dwight. Receiving orders to advance my line, it was accordingly moved forward about twenty yards, which was as far as could be done with safety. The cries of the wounded could be heard in the front, and men of the One Hundred and Sixty-First New York, were calling for aid from their comrades. We could render them no assistance without exposing our position, contrary to orders.

The enemy could be distinctly heard in the woods, forming companies, calling rolls, &c., and once, the clear tones of the bugle, sounding cavalry calls. This information was promptly reported to the General.

At twelve, midnight, the picket was called in, and the regiment retired with the forces.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth entered this battle with eighteen (18) commissioned officers, and three hundred and seventy-one (371) enlisted men, as its effective strength. Its casualties in the engagement were as follows, viz :

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Morse, right arm, severe.

First Lieutenant Norman M. Lewis, Company C, right arm, flesh.

First Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson, Company D, leg, slight.

Private Charles Adams, Company B, thigh, severe; Privates Solomon White, Company C, face, severe; John Hanrahan, Company C, face, severe; Corporal Edward Lewis, Company D, head, slight; Private Joseph Smith, Company E, thigh, severe*; Corporal Eugene M. Utley, Company F, head, slight; Private James A. Locke, Company I, breast, severe, left in the hands of the enemy.*

The foregoing report is respectfully submitted.

O. H. CURTIS,

Major Commanding Regiment.

Official Copy; E. P. PELLET, Adjutant."

*Died of wounds.

Our retreat, which began at midnight, continued until about eight A. M., of the 9th, when we arrived at Pleasant Hill. We could undoubtedly have held our ground at the Cross Roads, but as the Cavalry and Thirteenth Corps were so thoroughly demoralized, and the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps not having come up, it was considered necessary to retire. The result partook of a victory and defeat on both sides. The cavalry force with an immense train, had blundered on the enemy, been attacked and driven back. The Thirteenth Corps was put forward to its relief, but likewise encumbered with an immense train, and losing in an early part of the engagement, a portion of its artillery—and being pressed by a victorious enemy, soon yielded and finally fled in confusion. At this stage of affairs the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps arrived on the ground under all the adverse circumstances which attend such a route, and saved the army from utter ruin. Had the enemy pushed on a few miles further without check, the entire subsistence and ammunition trains of the land forces must have fallen into his hands, and at such a distance from the base of our supplies, starvation and capture of our army must have followed. The people fix the responsibility of this failure, on Major-General Banks. It is true, he, as the Commanding General, was responsible for the expedition, but it has been questioned by men high in authority, whether the disaster in this immediate battle, was not the result of the gross neglect on the part of the cavalry and advance Corps commanders. It is evident that the general disposition of the troops, when marching through an enemy's country, was badly made, and had the different Corps been within supporting distance of each other, instead of fighting a greatly superior force by detail, a

different result would have crowned the work. Whether the watchful eye of Congress, through its committees, will ever fully decide on this miserable failure, sufficiently for us to distribute the censure among those deserving it, remains to be seen. Certainly, the bravery of the Commanding General cannot be questioned, for he was often seen in the thickest of the fight, animating and encouraging the troops. Generals Emory and Dought were also on the fighting line, personally superintending the conduct and actions of their commands.

The loss to Emory's Division was not great, but the stampeded cavalry and advanced infantry suffered considerably. General Ransom, commanding the Thirteenth Corps, was severely wounded in the leg, requiring amputation, during the disorganized retreat. The troops of the Nineteenth Corps maintained their organizations fully during the night march, and brought off a greater portion of their wounded, while those of the other Corps and cavalry, almost without exception, fell into the hands of the enemy.

It is a noteworthy fact, that after our arrival on the field, not a single discharge of artillery was heard, a singular contrast with our first battle at Fort Bisland, in which artillery was almost exclusively used.

We cannot close the account of this battle without submitting the report of the same made by Major-General Banks to the Secretary of War, regarding the part taken by the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps :

"Brig-Gen. W. H. Emory, commanding First Division Nineteenth Corps, had been early notified of the condition of the affairs and directed to advance as rapidly as possible and form a line of battle in the strongest position he could select, to support the troops in retreat and

check the advance of the enemy. The order to advance found him seven miles to the rear of the first battle ground. He assumed a position at Pleasant Grove, about three miles from the Cross Roads, on the edge of the woods commanding an open field sloping to the front. The 101st New York Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. Kinsey commanding, were deployed as skirmishers and ordered to the foot of the hill, upon the event of which, the line was formed to cover the rear of the retreating forces, to check the pursuit of the enemy, and give time for the formation of the troops.

Gen. Dwight, commanding the First Brigade, formed his troops across the road upon which the enemy was moving, commanding the open field in front, the Third Brigade, Col. Benedict commanding, formed to the left, and the Second Brigade, Gen. McMillin, in reserve. The line was scarcely formed when the 161st New York Volunteers were attacked and driven in. The right being threatened, a portion of McMillin's Brigade formed on the right of Gen. Dwight. The fire of our troops was reserved until the enemy was at close quarters, when the whole line opened upon them with most destructive volleys of musketry. The action lasted an hour and a half. The enemy was repulsed with very great slaughter. During the fight a determined effort was made to turn our left flank, which was defeated.* Prisoners reported the loss of the enemy in officers and men to be very great. Gen. Mouton was killed in the first onset. This attack was made with great cooperation, apparently with the idea, that the dispersion of our forces at this point would end the campaign, and with the aid of the steadily falling river, leaving the fleet of transports and gunboats in their hands, or compel their destruction. Nothing could surpass in impetuosity the assault of the enemy, but the inflexible steadiness and valor of our troops. *The First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, by its great bravery in this action, saved the army and navy.* But for the successful resistance to the attack of the enemy at Pleasant Grove, the attack of the enemy with increased force could not have been successfully resisted

*It is questioned by the writer of these pages whether this is not a mistake. General Banks probably means the right flank instead of the left.

at Pleasant Hill on the 9th of April. We occupied the battle grounds at night.

"From Pleasant Grove, where this action occurred, to Pleasant Hill, was 15 miles. It was certain that the enemy, who was within reach of re-inforcements, would renew the attack in the morning, and it was wholly uncertain whether the command of Gen. Smith would reach the position we held in season for a second engagement. For this reason, the army, toward morning, fell back to Pleasant Hill, Gen. Emory covering the rear, burying the dead, bringing off the wounded, and all the material of the army.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Now one the better ; then another best ;
Both tugging to be the victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered."—*Shakspeare.*

RED RIVER CAMPAIGN—PLEASANT HILL.

AT PLEASANT HILL—THE SIXTEENTH CORPS—BRAGGADOCIA—THE ENEMY FOLLOWS US
DOWN—IN POSITION—MOVEMENT TO THE LEFT—SHELLING—A FURIOUS ATTACK—
TAKING POSITION—FRONT AND REAR ATTACKED—THRILLING SCENES—TERRIFIC
FIGHTING—PRISONERS—A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE—ON THE PICKET LINE—HEART-
RENDING SCENES—THE HORRORS OF WAR—CREDIT TO THE FIRST DIVISION—
ENCOURAGE TO COWARDS—CASUALTIES IN THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH—
COLONEL BENEDICT—"LES MISERABLES"—BANKS ON THE BATTLE—REBEL PRIS-
ONERS—"BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER."—ARRIVAL AT GRAND ECORE.

APRIL 9.—The morning sun, succeeding this wearisome night march, and battle, found us again at Pleasant Hill. On entering the opening in the woods, we formed line of battle, as the enemy was reported pressing our rear guard. Making, however, no demonstration upon us, we moved to the rear, occupying the same ground as when we were moving up two days previous. Here we made a halt, and the Sixteenth Corps marched past us, to the front. The men were loud in their declarations as to what they were going to do, saying "the boys have come, now, that the rebs can't budge," "you fellers won't see us coming back like you did," "we'll just clean them out," &c. Our men bore these taunts quietly, in fact they were too much wearied by their long march to care for these insults. We waited, and ere night-fall had a complete chance to vindicate our honor, as well as

put these boasters to shame, for out of their own mouths they were condemned.

About twelve o'clock our Brigade was ordered to the extreme right of the line. We marched over broken country, and through thick and tangled woods, and took up our position. We had very little to do, except to watch for the enemy, who was supposed to design an attack on this quarter. Artillery firing began on the left, the shells, solid shot, grape and canister scattering thickly around us. They were evidently random shots, as the enemy could hardly have known our position, and yet they came often so fearfully near as to render our position very uncomfortable. A scattering fire of musketry was also heard, but by this the line was not disturbed. We remained thus, until about four o'clock P. M., when orders were received that the enemy was apparently massing his force on our left, and directed the First Brigade to repair hastily to that quarter. This movement gave our Brigade the extreme left of our Division line, with the regiments in the following order: One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, right; One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York, right center; One Hundred and Fourteenth, left center, and Twenty-Ninth Maine, left. The One Hundred and Sixty-First New York was detached. The Sixteenth Corps had formed its line in our front, extending some distance below our left flank; thus the point where the most furious attack was expected, was protected by two lines of battle. About five o'clock the Sixteenth Corps which was directly in our front, became heavily engaged with the enemy, and after obstinate fighting for half an hour, a portion of it broke in confusion, and retreated in dismay over our line. Here again was a trying time for our men, but they stood bravely, the officers

even trying to rally the disorganized troops, but without much success. The manner in which they were pressed back, and the shouts of the advancing enemy, soon reminded us that we must direct our attention to arresting his progress, or our line would soon be in like confusion. That portion of the Sixteenth Corps which had been immediately engaged fell back, its extreme line however, had not yet become engaged. The Division of the Nineteenth Corps, was now all against which the enemy had to contend. It was formed in a semi-circle, the flanks not exceeding five hundred yards apart. The exultant foe, came on with shouts, and when within an hundred yards, we opened a volley of musketry which had the effect of temporarily checking the advance. It was, however, momentary. Recovering himself, the enemy again advanced in a steady line, and was again repulsed. Seeming to abandon the idea of breaking our line by charging, he halted within good musket range, and a constant and rapid fire was kept up for nearly an hour. To add to our annoyance, the enemy which was pitted against the extreme right flank of our division, occupied an elevated position, and invariably firing over those against whom he was contending, his shots were making havoc on our flanks. At times it was impossible to tell, whether we experienced the hotter fire in our front or rear.

The Twenty Ninth Maine, on our left was withdrawn without notice to the commanding officer of our regiment, thereby leaving our flank entirely exposed. The enemy seeing this, attempted a movement in this direction, but was signally foiled, and compelled to give up the effort.

This matters continued for nearly two hours, the enemy occasionally discovering himself; when sharp fighting would

be resumed with vigor. The smoke of battle hung over us so densely, that the sun was entirely obscured. In the heat of this fearful crash of musketry, the artillery on both sides opened a terrific cannonade, which lasted however, but a few moments. The mingled roar of artillery and musketry; the shouts of the exultant, as volley after volley was fired with fearful effect; the groans of the wounded; the sulphurous smoke, and the day fading into darkness, all tended to heighten the effect of the thrilling scene. As at Sabine Cross Roads, night was again the soother of the strife, and gradually the firing grew less. The awful stillness which follows a great battle was only broken by the occasional discharge of a gun in the hands of some over-vigilant soldier, whose over-tasked imagination tortures a tree or a stump into an advancing rebel.

Our regiment was now moved a little to the right, occupying the position which had been held by the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York during the battle, who had retired a few hundred yards to re-supply themselves with ammunition. This movement rested our right flank just across the main road leading to the enemy's lines. Presently in the grey of evening, two horsemen were seen slowly advancing towards our line. As they approached, an officer of the One Hundred and Fourteenth stepped a few paces in front of the line and commanded, "Halt!" They did so promptly, at the same time observing, "Federals." The officer bid them dismount, and they obeyed. He then took their arms, and by the little remaining light of day recognized in one of them an old acquaintance, whom, as one of a detachment of four hundred prisoners, he had assisted to escort from New Orleans to Fortress Monroe, in July of the last year. Mutual

recognition having passed, and the singularity of the coincidence been mentioned, the officer, with a guard, took the prisoners to the headquarters of Major-General Franklin, which was about three-quarters of a mile to the rear. Turning them over to the proper authorities, the General gave the officer permission to retain the horse and carbine of one of the prisoners, and at the close of the campaign the former was turned into the Quartermaster's department, and the latter sent home as a trophy.

Shortly after, another mounted man was seen approaching, and a soldier of Company A demanded his name. Discovering his situation, he simply said, "Federals," and turning, stuck spurs to his horse, but at that moment the challenger raised his gun and fired,—and the trooper tumbled from his horse. Two or three men stepped out and found the ball had penetrated the hip, causing a deep and probably fatal wound. One of the men said to him: "Why didn't you halt when commanded?" He replied, "I have been told that you treated your prisoners so badly, that I did not wish to be taken." He was moved into a building near by, and as kindly cared for by our men as the circumstances would permit, one or two dividing the contents of their haversacks with him. We subsequently learned that ere daylight, death put an end to his sufferings.

A picket was thrown forward, that of our regiment occupying a portion of the ground where the Sixteenth Corps had been posted, and where the fighting had been severe. As the night advanced it grew so cold that all were chilled, and the poor sufferers that were lying wounded on the field were almost perishing.

Oh, we can never forget the scenes of that night, and the



piercing cries of those dying men seem yet mingling in the air. The writer of these pages was charged with the duty of establishing the picket line, and the memory of the heart-rending scenes of the advanced posts is yet fresh in his mind. Before us was an extensive field, where the Sixteenth Corps had been posted, and where its line had been broken and beaten back by the enemy. On this bloody ground were mingled together both Rebels and Unionists. But a few hours since they were fighting in almost hand to hand conflict for the mastery of the field; now, side by side, they lay dying. The embittered feelings with which they had so recently contended, had passed away; the spirit of the conqueror which had so animated them had fled, and approaching death robbed them of every resentment. It was a strange wild, heart-rending scene. The wails and cries of agony which were mingled by these hundreds of sufferers are still ringing in my ears. Such exclamations as follow may give a partial description of these horrors. Yonder comes a voice crying, "Oh, for God's sake bring us some water." "Where is the Twenty-Fourth Iowa?" "Send some one to get me." "Fourth Texas, come here." "Twentieth Arkansas, come for me." "Oh, bring me some fire." "My God, I am dying—are there any of the Fifteenth Illinois here?" "Water, water," and "Fire, fire," "Oh, I am freezing," were common and frequent calls. A little further on, and there comes a muttering voice. Listen. "Forward men, forward—there they are—fire on them—lie down—there they come—up and after them—charge them—there they go—follow them." Look closely at the speaker. In the garb of a Field officer, there he lies, a ghastly wound in his head. Poor man, he is delirious and fancies he is leading his men

in the heat of action. It is not uncommon, when passing over fields so strewn with the dying, to find many raving in such wild delirium; and usually such sufferers fancy that they are still mingling in the strife with the contending forces. A sentinel on an advanced post, called me and said, "I have for sometime, heard something which made my heart ache. A short distance in front lies a poor fellow, who kept constantly crying, 'Oh, my wife, my wife!'" "But," said he, "for a short time I have not heard him speak, and I fancy he may be dead." Such is but a feeble picture of the horrors of the field after the engagement is over. As long as the contest rages, and action blinds every tender feeling, we press on unrelentingly, but when the flush of excitement has passed away and our overtaxed minds relax again to their former state, then we can pity and sympathize with the sufferings of the fallen. There is scarcely a soldier but that would prefer the hottest engagement rather than spend such a night amid such scenes as we witnessed on the 9th of April.

The troops of the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps may again take the credit of checking the enemy from gaining a very important position. Had he been allowed to gain the crest of the hill on which our line was stationed, he would have taken to himself a position which would have worked bad results to our army, and likewise secured to him even more of our artillery than the earlier fortunes of the day had given him. Our Brigade behaved splendidly, and the One Hundred and Fifty-Third, which had never before been under fire, won much credit to itself by the steady and decisive manner in which it delivered its fire on the enemy. The Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania, which so disgraced itself at Sabine Cross Roads, again broke its line, but this result

was said to be due more to the inefficiency of its officers than to any want of courage on the part of the men. There was also a disorganization of one of the regiments of the Third Brigade, but it sustained a furious attack of the enemy and was in a measure suffering from flank and rear fires, which rendered its position exceedingly perilous. Altogether, however, the Division sustained its former reputation, and whether or not, marked cases of individual courage were rewarded, cowardice was severely punished. The following is an extract from an order, which emanated from the Headquarters of the Nineteenth Army Corps, touching the conduct of officers on this point:

"Major W. H. Gensler; First Lieutenant and Adjutant Washington H. R. Hongen, and First Lieutenant William Reese, all of the Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, having been charged by the commanding officer of their Brigade with cowardice in the actions of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, on the 8th and 9th inst., respectively, and having tendered their resignations while under such charges, are hereby dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States, subject to the approval of the President."

The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment went into this action with an effective strength of seventeen commissioned officers and three hundred and sixty-five enlisted men, with Major O. H. Curtis commanding, who, in his official report, says, "The officers and men behaved in a most creditable manner throughout the engagement."

The casualties were as follows:

Private Luman Bently, Company A, killed; Private Elmore Sharp, Company A, face, slight; Private James Sherwood, Company C, face, slight; Private H. A. Crumb, Company D, scalp, slight; Corporal Elisha G. Wilmarth, Company I, killed; Corporal J. Q. Perry, Company

I, face, slight; Corporal Elbert Widger, Company I, hip; Corporal Lucius Barnard, Company K, killed.

The regiment in this action captured nineteen prisoners, who were sent under guard to the Headquarters of the General commanding the Corps.

The chill air of the night prevented us from getting any sleep. We gave our dead comrades soldiers' graves, and sent such of our wounded as were able to march, to Headquarters. Thus we dragged out a weary night, until two o'clock, when we were ordered to call in our pickets as quietly as possible, and move with the least possible noise. It made our hearts ache to think of falling back and leaving so many of our wounded on the field, but we could render them no aid, and were obliged to leave them in the hands of the enemy. Most of the wounded of our Division that had not been driven from its original position by the enemy, were taken with us. Among them was Colonel Lewis Benedict, of the One Hundred and Sixty-Second New York Volunteers, who was shot in the head while at the front of the Third Brigade, of which he was the senior officer. He died that night, at Camp Beauregard, a few miles below Pleasant Hill.

The Thirteenth Corps and cavalry had rendered us no assistance in the battle of this day, as the former had been sent to Grand Ecore, in charge of the train, and the latter with their usual alacrity had placed themselves beyond the scene of the conflict. This cavalry force, nearly eight thousand effective men, seemed possessed of the idea that their horses were given them for the express purpose of getting quickly to the rear when the front was attacked, reversing the manoeuvre when the rear was pressed. So ridiculously

did they behave that they were the laughing stock of the army. Being under command of General Lee, a good pun was perpetrated at their expense. The question was asked, "Why is the cavalry of the Department of the Gulf, like one of Victor Hugo's novels?" and answered, "Because they are Lee's *Miserables*!" (*les misérables*).⁹

Our night march was somewhat impeded by the blocking up of the ambulances and ammunition wagons at the crossings of the ravines, and to such delays we owed all the rest which we were allowed.

Of the battle of Pleasant Hill, General Banks in his report says:

"Early on the 9th the troops were prepared for action, the movements of the enemy indicating that he was in our rear. A line of battle was formed in the following order: First Brigade, Nineteenth Corps, form the right, resting on a ravine; Second Brigade in the center, and Third Brigade on the left. The center was strengthened by a brigade of Gen. Smith's forces whose main force was held in reserve. The enemy moved toward our right flank. The Second Brigade withdrew from the center to the support of the First Brigade. The brigade in support of the center moved up into position, and another of Gen. Smith's brigades was posted on the extreme left position on the hill, in *echelon*, to the rear of the left main line. Light skirmishing occurred during the afternoon. Between 4 and 5 o'clock it increased to vigor and about 5 p. m., when it appeared to have nearly ceased, the enemy drove in our skirmishers and attacked in force, his first onset being against the left. He advanced in two oblique lines, extending well over toward the right of the Third Brigade, Nineteenth Corps. After a determined resistance this part of the line gave way, and went slowly back to the reserves. The First and Second Brigades were soon employed in front, right and rear. By the skillful movements of General Emory, the flank of the two brigades now bearing the brunt of the battle, were covered.

"The battle of the 9th was desperate and sanguinary. The defeat of

the enemy was complete, and his loss of officers and men more than double that sustained by our forces. There was nothing in the immediate position or condition of the two armies to prevent a forward movement next morning, and orders were given to prepare for an advance. A train which had been turned to the rear on the day of the battle was ordered to return and advance at daybreak. I communicated this purpose at the close of the day to Gen. A. J. Smith, who expressed his concurrence therein. But representations subsequently received from Gen. Franklin and all the general officers of the Nineteenth Corps, as to the condition of their respective commands for immediate active operations against the enemy, caused a suspension of this order, and a conference of general officers was held in the evening, in which it was determined, upon the earnest recommendation of all the general officers above named, and with the acquiescence of Gen. Smith, to retire upon Grand Ecore the following day. The reasons urged for this course by the officers commanding the Nineteenth and Thirteenth Corps were: first, that the absence of water made it absolutely necessary to advance or retire without delay. Gen. Emory's command had been without rations for two days, and the train which had been turned to the rear during the battle, could not be put in condition to move forward upon the single road, through dense woods in which it stood, without difficulty and loss of time. It was for the purpose of communicating with the fleet at Springfield Landing from the Sabine Cross Roads to the river, as well as to prevent the concentration of the Texan troops with the enemy at Mansfield, that we had pushed for the early occupation of that point."

April 10.—Daylight gave us no rest. We pushed rapidly on with no prospect of a halt until we should reach Grand Ecore. Three hundred and thirty rebel prisoners were put under charge of our regiment. Among them were officers of all grades from Colonels down. The marks of rank were worn on their coat collars, and were different from our own. Thus, when seeing an officer with two silver stars on his collar, we looked upon him as a Major-General, but were

relieved from this impression by his informing us that the stars were the distinguishing marks of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

These prisoners were of a much better class than those we were wont to see. Physically and intellectually they were above the ordinary class composing the rebel army. There was little of the braggart about them; they talked neither loud nor long about the Confederacy, but seemed fully possessed with the idea that eventually the South would succeed in gaining her independence. They were composed of Missourians, Texans, and Arkansians. A singular coincidence befell the Missouri troops. In the Sixteenth Corps, we likewise had several regiments from that State. In the second day's battle the Missouri Federal and Rebel troops were pitted against each other. Missourians test Missourians' prowess, and a Colonel of our squad said that in the several charges he saw his old friends and neighbors, and when the fortunes of war gave him into our hands, he recognized nearly as many acquaintances in the Federal regiments as he did in his own. It seems that the two regiments had been recruited in the same county—the one for the Confederate—the other for the Union army. In one case two brothers met, although fighting on different sides. At sunset the column filed into the woods and halted. Orders came that we were to bivouac for the night. No intelligence could have been more welcome. A little fresh meat and a ration of whiskey rendered the command in a perfect state of happiness. There is nothing which can give a hungry and worn out soldier more comfort than a substantial ration and the prospect of a night's rest. Our prisoners were turned over to a Wisconsin regiment, and in an hour cheerful fires were blazing, the rations despatched, and the men in little knots,

fighting their battles over again; singing, and evidently forgetful of the trying times and wearisome marches through which they had so lately passed. Finally, one by one the men stole away to rest, and by nine o'clock each soldier was wrapped in his blanket and sleeping as quietly as if he was beneath the roof-tree of his own comfortable home.

April 11.—Moved at 6:30 much refreshed with the night's rest. Arrived at Grand Ecore at three, P. M., and went into bivouac in the woods. The enemy did not follow us. Learned that the transports and gunboats, unacquainted with our reverse, and retreat, had kept on up the river, and that the enemy had his batteries posted below them, and that so high are the bluffs that our gunboats can work with little or no success. This is really serious, as the transports are laden with our rations and ammunition. A constant and heavy firing is heard in that direction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Methought the sun of heaven was loth to set,
But stayed to make the Western welkin blush,
As English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire."—*Shakspeare.*

RED RIVER CAMPAIGN—RETREAT.

AT GRAND ECORE—GENERAL DWIGHT'S SPEECH—FORTIFICATIONS—PERILOUS CONDITION OF THE TRANSPORTS AND GUNBOATS—GENERAL GREEN KILLED—THE TRANSPORTS COME DOWN—FATAL BLOCKADE—COMPLIMENTARY ORDER—IN THE WOODS—THE ARMY LEAVES GRAND ECORE—FORCED MARCHES—CANE RIVER—THE BATTLE—STRONG POSITION OF THE ENEMY—OUR SUCCESS—BANKS' REPORT—VANDALISM—ARRIVED AT ALEXANDRIA—THE FALLS—THE DAM—SUCCESS—THE RIVER BLOCKADE BELOW—CAPTURE OF THE WARNER—RECOMMENCE THE MARCH FOR THE MISSISSIPPI—DESTRUCTION OF ALEXANDRIA—MANSURA—THE BATTLE—SIMMESPORT—BATTLE OF YELLOW BAYOU—GENERAL ORDER NO. 48—SUMMARY OF THE CAMPAIGN—BANKS' REVIEW—ARRIVAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

APRIL 12.—Remained in bivouac. The importance of our position renders a passing notice of Grand Ecore necessary. It is a landing on the Red River, in the parish of Natchitoches, about four miles from the town of that name. Here assembled the fleet as we proceeded up the country, and here we are to await its return if such should ever be vouchsafed us. At present, the indications are dubious. The cannonading is constantly kept up, and occasionally we get vague reports that the transports are trying to run the blockade, but with indifferent success. Certain it is that we are nearly one hundred and fifty miles from supplies and ammunition, and every day rendering our present stock, of the former at least, less. The bluffs are very high, and the river crooked. The rebel batteries on the shore can operate with effect,

while the gunboats are paralyzed as regards their operations against them. It seems to be an anxious time for all, and the General commanding looks careworn and distressed.

This evening we were visited by Brigadier-General Dwight, who addressed us as follows: "Officers and men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment: I congratulate you on your conduct in the late engagements, for you have behaved gallantly, and this Brigade has saved the army from a great and serious disaster. Had you not checked the enemy on the evening of the 8th, the disaster arising can hardly be imagined. You are of the old and famous 'Weitzel Brigade.' Your conduct in the past has been such as to merit much honor, and I trust in the future it will not be less. I regret that your gallant Lieutenant-Colonel has been obliged to leave you. Thanking you again for your good conduct, I leave you."

Extensive fortifications are being thrown up in our front by the troops stationed there. The active part taken by our Brigade in the recent engagements seems to give us a reserved position, and we are not called on for details to aid in these labors. The right flank of the works rests on the river, and extending to the left, to an impassable ravine, makes the position one which can hardly be carried by assault or flanked even by a force very much stronger than our own. Heavy timber composes the body of the work, well covered with earth thoroughly packed, and capable of resisting an attack of the heaviest field artillery.

April 13.—Our fears for the safety of the transports increase. The constant booming of cannon tells us that they are yet in *durance vile*. Our minds are wrought up to the highest pitch, and the riding of an orderly through camp is

hailed with eagerness, all being anxious to know the latest reports from the fleet.

April 14.—Great indeed is our relief. The transports and gunboats have succeeded in running the rebel batteries, and have arrived, with one or two exceptions. They, being too much disabled, were abandoned and destroyed. The mutilated appearance of the steamers tells its own story. They are literally riddled with cannon shot, grape and canister, and musketry. The sides of some of the transports are half shot away, and their smoke-stacks look like huge pepper boxes. The officers report that since our retreat they have been obliged to lie at the mercy of the shore batteries and sharpshooters. The shallowness of the water was a serious drawback, and the gunboats were half aground. One of these latter was lying near the shore unable to move. The rebels seeing her condition attempted a capture by boarding. The officer in charge of the boat saw the movement, and being at an advantageous place in the river, where the banks were low, charged his one hundred pounders with grape and canister and quietly awaited their approach. The rebels, led by the famous General Greene, acknowledged the best Confederate General of this Department, came on with a yell. When within a few yards of the boat the signal was given, and a broadside of these heavy guns, poured a sheeted fire of death on the assailants, killing Greene and wounding a great number of the party. The attempt failed, and the project was abandoned. An instance is connected with the progress of the fleet up the river, which shows how sometimes the strategy of one party will work opposite results from those intended.

The enemy, aware of the approaching armament, attempted

a blockade in the river by swinging across the channel a large Mississippi steamboat, loading it with sand and scuttling it. By this the channel was so blocked up as to render the passage of boats impossible. The fleet proceeded up the river to this point, unaware of the retrograde movement of the land forces, and a party was on the point of being despatched to clear away this obstruction, when a messenger arrived with orders to put back in all haste. The rebels, since the reverse to our arms, were anxious to have the fleet continue up the river, and likewise sent a party to clear out the channel, that the progress of the boats might not be impeded. They were too late however, and both parties met at the same time to commence operations. A slight skirmish ensued, and the fleet put down the river. But for the delay occasioned by this rebel obstruction, the fleet would have continued on its way to Shreveport, and been irretrievably lost.

A detachment of the Seventeenth Corps was on the transports, and, it is said, behaved in a creditable manner.

A flag of truce has gone to Pleasant Hill with supplies and clothing for our wounded, which were left in the hands of the enemy.

April 15.—The weather is most uncomfortably hot, and a heavy cloud of dust hangs over our entire camp. At the evening parade to-day, the following order was read.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,
GRAND ECORE, LOUISIANA, APRIL 12, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 13.

The General commanding thinks it due to the officers and soldiers of this Division, to express to them his high appreciation of their gallantry.

and efficiency in checking the advance of the enemy, on the evening of the 8th instant, and aiding in his defeat on the 9th.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EMORY.

(Signed.) DUNCAN S. WALKER, Assistant Adjutant General.

April 16.—Lying in the woods, we begin to be seriously annoyed with the insects and vermin incident to this country. Many of the men are suffering from the effects of wood-tick, which bore themselves into the flesh, causing inflammation and running sores. Scorpions are not unfrequent in this region, the sting of which is fatal. It is somewhat strange that no accidents have been the result of their plenteousness.

April 21.—For several days we have been lying in bivouac and confined to the duties incident to such life. This evening at ten o'clock we packed up and moved down to the channel of Cane River, and were ordered to assist in passing the trains across. The banks, which were very high, had been sloped down, but the mules could not drag the heavy wagons up the elevation, without the aid of the men. The regiment was therefore divided into detachments of companies, and worked until three A. M., of the day following in dragging these wagons up the declivity. The column of troops meanwhile had commenced the line of march, and although much fatigued by the labors of the night, we pushed on rapidly, overtaking our Division at daylight. As we were leaving Grand Ecore a small building was discovered to be on fire and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to check them. Being set on fire by a citizen, it was intended as a signal, announcing to the enemy our proposed evacuation of the place. General Franklin sought diligently for the

perpetrator of this deed, and could he have discovered him an execution would have been certain.

April 22.—Continued the march without halting longer than the usual rest. Destruction and devastation follow on the trail of the retreating column. At night, the burning buildings mark out our pathway. As far as the eye can reach, we see in front new fires breaking out, and in the rear the dying embers tell the tale of war. Hardly a building is left unharmed. This destruction of property, in many cases wanton, is due to the Western troops, the discipline of which is bad; adding to this the fact, that in the early part of the war their property was often the prey of guerrillas and bushwhackers, no mercy is shown. Certain it is, that it is contrary to positive orders from General Banks. At twelve, midnight, the advance of the column was halted near Cloutierville.

April 23.—At four A. M., after a rest of four hours, we again resumed the march. We learn that a detachment of the enemy are at Cane River to dispute the crossing. At seven o'clock skirmishing in front seemed to confirm this report. We moved cautiously on until we came within a few hundred yards of the crossing, when the artillery on the opposite bank told us that we had work to do. The banks on both sides of the river were very high, and the rebel batteries were posted in the edge of a thick wood, and were playing on us with rapidity and precision. General Emory commanded this front, (as Franklin was still suffering from his wound, which he received at Sabine Cross Roads) and it was *his* battle. He posted a rifled battery near the bank, and for several hours the incessant roar of cannon and the screeching and bursting of shell were deafening. Tho

infantry had not yet become engaged, save a few sharpshooters on either side, who were trying to pick off the cannoneers. It soon became evident that we could not dislodge the enemy in this way, and Emory, taking advantage of a short bend in the river on our right flank, detached a Brigade under General Birge, and threw it across to turn the enemy's left. For a long time the result of this movement was uncertain, and a general despondency pervaded the whole army. We were hundreds of miles from our supplies, successfully checked by the enemy, at a point of his own choosing; with another force he was thundering in our rear and pressing our column. Our trains were huddled together and fully in sight of both the rebel forces. Delay here was inevitable disaster, and disaster could only be ruin. The guns on the opposite bank spoke as sullenly as ever, while the sound of those in our rear came nearer, and nearer.

Finally the rattle of musketry on the rebel left, told us that Birge was at work. For more than an hour the tide of victory ebbed and flowed. The ground was disadvantageous to the attacking party. It had a hill to gain, and light works to carry. General Birge knew that the result of the day was all important to us, and rested with his success or defeat. Bravely did he push on, and at a fearful cost did he achieve his end. The stubborn line of the enemy finally gave way before his impetuous assault. General Bee, the rebel commander saw his flank was turned, and now he bethought himself how to save his artillery. Keeping a gun operating on us to distract attention from his real purpose, he withdrew his artillery, moving to his left by an obscure road, and the army which but a few hours previous so successfully checked our progress, narrowly escaped cap-

ture. In this engagement companies A and F of the One Hundred and Fourteenth were detached and sent to the front as sharpshooters, and although exposed to a fire of grape and canister, no casualties resulted.

The Third Brigade of our Division bore the brunt of this engagement and suffered heavily. The wounded were brought across the river in canoes, and carefully cared for. At 9 P. M., the advance of our army crossed the river, worn and fatigued, but overjoyed at the result of the day's work. We continued our march until 12 midnight, and went into bivouac. The engagement is called Cane River Crossing, and of this battle General Banks in his report says :

"The army marched from Grand Ecore to Cane River on the 20th of April, a distance of 40 miles and moved upon the position held by the enemy the 23d of April, before daybreak. About 8,000 men and 16 guns, under command of Gen. Bee, were found in possession of the bluff on the opposite side of the river, who were evidently surprised at the unexpected presence of our army, but ready to dispute our only passage toward Alexandria. At daybreak one division of the Ninth, Tenth and Thirteenth Corps each, the cavalry commanded by General Arnold, and the artillery commanded by Captain Clason—the whole under command of Gen. W. H. Emory—were ordered forward to the river for the purpose of forcing this position. The pickets of the enemy were encountered on the west side of the river and quickly driven across, but the main position was found to be too strong to be carried by direct attack. A reconnoitering party under Col. Bailey, 4th Wisconsin Volunteers, sent to ascertain the practicability of crossing the river below the Ferry toward Red River on the morning of the 23d, reported that the river was not fordable below the Ferry, and that owing to the impassable swamps on one side and the high bluffs on the other, it would not be possible to cross Cane River at any point below the Ferry.

"If we failed to dislodge the enemy at the Ferry, the only alternative open to us was to attempt a crossing to the north side of Red River, an exceedingly difficult and dangerous movement. At the same time, a force, under command of Gen. H. W. Birge, consisting of his own command, the Third Brigade of the First Division Nineteenth Army Corps, Col. Fessenden commanding, and Gen. Cameron's Division, Thirteenth Corps, were ordered to cross the river three miles above the ferry, and turning the left flank of the enemy carry the heights in reverse, if possible. Upon the success of this movement depended the passage of the river by the army. The route traversed by Gen. Birge's command was intersected by bayous, swamps, and almost impenetrable woods. This force reached its position late in the afternoon. To accomplish the purpose in view, it became necessary to carry two strong positions held by pickets and skirmishers, before the enemy was encountered in force on the crest of a hill commanding an open field, over which our troops were compelled to cross in making the attack. The Third Brigade, Nineteenth Corps, Col. Fessenden commanding, carried this position, which was defended with vigor, by assault. Its occupation compelled the retreat of the enemy from the bluffs commanding the ferry and ford. Our loss in this most brilliant and successful affair was 250 killed and wounded. The attack on the enemy's position, covering the line of the enemy's retreat, failed in consequence of the difficulties encountered in the march and the late hour in which our troops gained their position. The enemy was thus enabled to escape with his artillery by the Fort Jessup road to Texas.

"The main body of the army had moved from Cloret Neville, at 4:30 a. m. on the 23d, to the river. They drove in the enemy's pickets three miles in advance of the river and formed a line of battle in front of the enemy's position while Gen. Birge was moving upon the enemy's left flank. The enemy opened with a heavy cannonade from his batteries, which was returned by our artillery with spirit and effect. The fire was continued at intervals during the morning, but the troops were held in reserve for the purpose of forcing the passage of the river at the moment Gen. Birge commenced his attack on the right. The action lasted till dark, when the enemy retreated, and the heights were occupied by our forces."

April 24.—Moved at 6 A. M. Marched about eighteen miles and encamped on the River. Cloutierville was burned by the troops of Gen. Smith. The wanton and useless destruction of property has well earned his command a lasting disgrace. The true American soldier turns in disgust from this war on inoffensive persons; and when a man wearing the livery of the United States so far forgets himself as to become a common robber and incendiary, he sinks the patriot's cause in the ruffians baseness. In order that the stigma of rendering houseless and homeless innocent women and children, may not rest upon us, be it recorded that not only the Commander of the army but our Division and Brigade commanders have issued orders reprobating it, and threatening offenders with instant death.

April 25.—At 3 o'clock P. M., to-day, we reached Alexandria, and encamped on the river, just above the town. The army presented the appearance of having seen hard service, and a long campaign. The men were dirty and ragged, some of them shoeless. Our trains were somewhat dilapidated, the snowy covers of a month ago were dust covered, and some in tatters; the horses and mules as nearly fagged out as the men. How unlike the army which a month ago marched so proudly through the streets of this town. We had failed. There is no other word in the vocabulary of language so distasteful to a soldier; but the consciousness that as a *part* of the army, we had done our duty, in a measure softened the censure which we know must fall on us as a *whole*. Had *all* behaved as well, possibly we might have attained our object; had we behaved as badly, we certainly should have met our ruin.

At this place we were joined by Colonel Per Lee, Surgeon

Wagner, Captains Fitts and Longwell, who had been North on leaves of absence, who had varying reports relating to our disaster.

The intimation that we were to remain at this post a few days, was joyfully received, for never had an army more need of rest.

In recapitulating the events which transpired between the first arrival of the army, and its return to Alexandria, General Banks' says :

"In the twenty-four days intervening between the departure of the army from Alexandria and its return, the battles of Nelson's Farm, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Grove, Pleasant Hill, Compton's Bluff, and several combats in the neighborhood of Grand Ecore, while we were in the occupation of that point, had been fought. In every one of these engagements, except that of Sabine Cross Roads, we had been successful. The failure to accomplish the main object of the expedition was due to other considerations than the actual superiority of the enemy in the field. In these operations, in which my own command had marched by land 400 miles, the total loss sustained was 3,980 men, of whom 289 were killed, 1,541 wounded, and 2,150 missing. No loss of artillery or of trains, or any army material whatever, was sustained, except that which occurred at Sabine Cross Roads. We lost there Nims's Battery and a section of the Missouri Howitzer Battery, 150 wagons and 800 mules captured by the enemy on account of the position of the train near the field of battle. All the ammunition wagons were saved. The army had captured up to this time from the enemy 23 guns and 1,500 prisoners. His losses in killed, wounded and prisoners—officers and men—were much greater than ours."

April 26.—The army and navy forces were now secure from the enemy, but a new and grave danger menaced us. The river which was "booming" when we started up, had now so far fallen as to prevent the passage of the gunboats over the "Falls," as the rapids just above the town are called.

What was to be done? It was evident that the boats could not protect themselves during the summer, and the scarcity of forage and rations precluded the idea of the army remaining to protect them. General Banks showed by his careworn looks, that he was at a loss how to proceed. The navy officers were uneasy and distressed. It was evident to them that they would be obliged to abandon and destroy their fleet. In the meantime General A. J. Smith had received orders from his proper commander, General W. T. Sherman, to return to Vicksburg. In the extremity of the case, Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, of the Fourth Wisconsin, and Acting Engineer of the Nineteenth Corps, projected building a dam across the river, below the falls, thereby setting a back-water which should clear the boats from the rocks.* His proposition was derided by the engineers and most of the officers of the army. At the earnest request of Admiral Porter, General Banks allowed the attempt to be made. He placed at Colonel Bailey's disposal all the troops and wagons he required, and soon nearly three thousand men, and three

*General Emory in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, answers several questions, thus :

"*Question.*—Were you at the place where the fleet was delayed, and where dams were made to float them off?

"*Answer.*—Yes sir.

"*Question.*—Who conceived the plan of building dams there?

"*Answer.*—Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, of my command.

"*Question.*—The credit of originating that idea is with him?

"*Answer.*—I so understood it; I gave him credit for it. It may have originated with somebody else. There was a soldier, I have forgotten his name, of the 114th New York Regiment, *one of the best regiments I had*, who had come to me about it after I heard it from Colonel Bailey. He told me that on one occasion he had assisted in getting a steamboat out of the Sasquahanna which is a more difficult river than the Red River."—[See Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, Vol. II., p. 222.]

hundred teams were busily at work. He agreed to have it completed in eight days, if not the army was to push on, and the fleet to be destroyed. He commenced the work by running out from the left bank a tree-dam of the heavy timber which abounded on the bank. This strengthened with stone, and as firmly braced as possible, was run about three hundred feet into the river, and then four large coal barges filled with brick were sunk at the end. From the right bank of the river, cribs filled with brick and stone were run out to meet the barges. This was accomplished although there was a current in the river, running nine miles an hour, which threatened to bear away everything before it.

Everything was progressing swimmingly, when, at the end of eight days' work, the water had reached so great a pressure on the work, as to break away a portion of the dam. Admiral Porter seeing the disaster, resolved, if possible, to turn it into some good, and signalled some of the lighter draught vessels to put on a full head of steam and steer for the break in the dam. The effort was successful and the *Lexington*, *Neosho*, *Hindman* and *Osage*, passed over without disaster. Thousands witnessed the scene, and as the boats neared the fatal spot, the silence was great and the crowd stood almost breathless. The water now fell rapidly and no more could be gained in this attempt, but the partial success seemed to encourage the men to the extent that they fell again to work, night and day, and soon had the dam repaired so that the remainder of the fleet passed in safety. Great credit has been given, and is due to Colonel Bailey. Without the construction of the dam, the fleet must have been abandoned. He was brevetted Brigadier-General and assigned to the command of an Engineer brigade.

The only vessel totally lost on the expedition, was the *Eastport*, "the only wonder," says Admiral Porter in his report is, "how one escaped."

May 12.—For more than a week we have been lying in bivouac, the monotony being broken only with occasional false alarms, or orders to work on the entrenchments which are being thrown up just outside of the town. It seems as if

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."

We had hardly congratulated each other on the delivery of the fleet, when we hear that the enemy has moved in a large force, successfully blockaded the river below, and cut off our communication with New Orleans. The campaign has been facetiously called a "Comedy of Errors," but it seemeth more like a "Tragedy of Disasters." We have learned that the transport *John Warner*, bound for New Orleans with dispatches and mails has been captured and destroyed. Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson, of company D, the bearer of important regimental papers to the city was of the number. There is not one of us but what wishes we were well out of this, and the prospect of an early movement gives us some encouragement.

May 13.—At seven A. M., we bid a glad adieu to Alexandria, on our downward march. For several days the men have subsisted on half rations, and the forage has been reduced three-fourths. The barbarous custom of "burning" continues. As the Sixteenth Corps, the rear of the army, left Alexandria, the town was fired, and nearly all consumed. Hundreds of people are consequently left homeless, and the reputation of our army cannot be less than that of a band of marauders, and incendiaries. Bivouaced at six P. M.

May 14.—Re-commenced our march at four A. M. There

has been some light skirmishing during the day. Hear that the enemy has again taken the advantage of a "crossing" and is posted at Bayou De Glace.

May 16.—At five A. M., we were in motion, and early passed through the village of Marksville. Moved a few miles below, where the army deployed, preparatory to an attempt to force the crossing of the Bayou. Our operations took place on what are known as the plains of Mansura. The sight from an elevated position, of the moving army was grand. Cavalry, artillery and infantry, were all in motion.

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

A detachment of the Second Division of the Nineteenth Corps, which had met us at Alexandria, under command of General Grover, was thrown to the front, but the artillery was principally called into action. The thirty pounder parrot guns soon disabled the batteries of the enemy, and a demonstration on the part of our infantry soon effected his dislodgement. This can hardly be dignified by the name of an engagement, but was a kind of artillery duel. The Confederates were commanded by Prince de Polignac, and, as usual, made a successful retreat. We effected the crossing about four P. M., and continued our march until dark.

Relating to this engagement, we extract the following from the Report of Major-General Banks:

"The army in its march from Alexandria did not encounter the enemy in force until near the town of Mansura.

"He was driven through the town on the evening of the 14th of May, and at daybreak next morning our advance encountered his cavalry on the prairie east of the town. He fell back with steady and sharp skirmishing, across the prairie to a belt of woods which he occu-

ped. The enemy's position covered three roads diverging from Mansura to the Atchafalaya. He manifested a determination then to obstinately resist our passage. The engagement, which lasted several hours, was confined chiefly to the artillery until our troops got possession of the edge of the woods; first, upon our left, by General Emory, and subsequently, on our right by General Smith, when he was driven from the field after a sharp and decisive fight with considerable loss."

May 17.—Arrived at Simmesport, a landing on the Atchafalaya. Here we found our transports and gunboats, and were met with the news of the supercEDURE of General Banks by General Canby. There were many opinions expressed regarding the step, but a majority of the enlisted strength of our army sympathized with the former. But it was only to be expected, and is decidedly "American." A single success is proof of Napoleonic genius; a single defeat, of total incompetency. General Banks was not an exception to the rule.

May 18.—Remained in bivouac. The time has been enlivened by a smart little fight in our rear, in which the Sixteenth Corps was engaged. The enemy, under Polignac, had followed us in some force and made an attack. They were handsomely repulsed, with loss of men and means. General Taylor's official report of this battle stated that five hundred of the rebel command were killed or wounded in twenty minutes. The repulse of the enemy was not followed up, as our main object was to get our force to the Mississippi.

General Franklin is suffering from his wound, and General Emory commands the Corps. The following order was read at the head of the column this evening:

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,
SIMMESPORT, LA., MAY 18, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 43.

Soldiers of the First and Second Divisions, Nineteenth Army Corps;

It is my duty to express to you my high appreciation of your uniform good conduct throughout the late eventful campaign. This duty is rendered more imperative by the false reports of your operations, which have met you at this point. On the 8th of April, at the first notice that our troops in the front were engaged, the First Division, the only troops of the Nineteenth Army Corps there present, marched in double quick time, seven (7) miles to the front; formed line of battle under the enemy's fire; checked him and drove him back, under circumstances the most trying that could befall troops. The whole advance, composed of eight or ten thousand troops were thrown back upon you in utter disorder and confusion, pell meil, with the enemy. You formed line of battle under the enemy's fire, and amidst the frightful disorder, with the regularity of forming for parade. You drove the enemy from before you and held the ground until ordered to fall back. The next day at Pleasant Hill, you of the First Division bore the brunt of the enemy's furious attack, and only one Brigade, that on the left, gave way,* because it was unsupported, but it soon rallied and joined in the final charge, which drove the enemy from the field. On the 23d, at Cane River, you, supported by the Thirteenth Corps, found the enemy strongly fortified to dispute the crossing of the river. Led by the Third Brigade of the First Division, you turned his flank, and at the point of the bayonet drove him from the hills he occupied. At Alexandria you contributed your labor by day and night, for seventeen days, under the engineering skill of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, to the great work which relieved the fleet from its perilous situation above the falls, and restored it to the country. This is, in brief, a summary of your services for the last two months, and I know when it becomes known to the country, the judgment will be, that you, at least have done your duty faithfully.

(Signed.) W. H. EMORY,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Official :

(Signed.) DUNCAN S. WALKER, A. A. G.

*Third Brigade.

In speaking of the bridge of boats thrown across the Atchafalaya, and over which the trains and a portion of the army passed, General Banks says :

"Being entirely destitute of any ordinary bridge materials for the passage of this river, about 600 yards wide, a bridge was constructed of the steamers under command of Lieut.-Col. Bailey. This work was not of the same magnitude, but was as important to the army, as the dam at Alexandria was to the navy. It had the merit of being an entirely novel structure, no bridge of such magnitude having been constructed of similar materials."

May 19.—At ten A. M., the regiment embarked on the *Emerald*, and was ferried across the Atchafalaya, from whence we took up a line of march. Encamped on the bank of this stream. A great abundance of fish were caught, many weighing as many as fifteen pounds each.

May 20.—Remained in bivouac until seven P. M., and then resumed our march. The night was beautiful, a bright moonlight. About midnight we came in sight of the Mississippi, and never was a river more welcome. Shout after shout went up, for we knew that the campaign was, for a time at least, at an end.

May 22.—To-day we have reached the long desired haven, and have gone into camp on the right bank of the Mississippi, at a landing called Morganza, situated near Morgan's Bend, and about twenty-five miles above Port Hudson. Gladly were orders for a permanent encampment received. Seventy days of the hardest kind of campaigning, in excessive heat, and in clouds of dust, much of the time on half rations, often lengthening our march far into the night, had taxed human endurance to its utmost, and we were happy in the prospect of a respite from further toils.

With the departure of the Sixteenth Corps on transports

for Vicksburg, the discontinuance of the Thirteenth, and the retirement of Major-General Franklin from the command of the Nineteenth Army Corps, we draw the curtain over the ill-fated Red River Campaign. It was begun without an object, and ended in disaster. General Banks, on whom all the odium of the expedition rests, has repeatedly declared that it was made, not only against his judgment, but over his protest. Like the Captain in the play, he was only a machine, moved by a superior power, and, like him, he could only answer :

Hamlet.—Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, or some frontier ?

Captain.—Truly to speak sir, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,

That hath no profit in it but the name.

In closing the chapter, we give an extract from an article written by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard B. Irwin, who was at this time Assistant Adjutant General of the Department of the Gulf. He says :

“In searching for the causes of the failure, we meet but little embarrassment from conflicting details. The enemies of Gen. Banks have indeed sought to fasten the whole blame on his shoulders. It is certain that he set out, over confident, with a causeless disregard for the customary precautions against surprise; that he unduly hurried on the march of his column, so that it became attenuated and weak, and its several parts out of supporting distance of each other; that he allowed an immense train of wagons to impede the advance of the troops; that he delivered battle, not upon a selected position, with his whole force deployed and in hand, but just where the first blow was struck, where the advance became first engaged, hurrying up his troops in fragments against the masses of the enemy; that he considered, and reported his disaster a victory; that becoming suddenly disheartened, as before he had been unduly confident, he sought to devolve his share of blame upon his subordinates. But on the contrary, it is no less true that he did not originate this campaign; that his views were opposed to it; that

he was neither directly nor indirectly interested in cotton speculations, or in trade of any kind; that he shared with his troops the privations of the campaign and the dangers of battle. General Banks is not a great general, but he is a man of great personal bravery, too apt, indeed to run into needless exposure. And I am sure that neither gold nor cotton, which is worse than gold, can corrupt him. His thirst is not for money, but for power."

In reviewing the Red River Campaign, General Banks in his report says:

"The forces designated for this campaign numbered 42,000 men. Less than half that number were actually available for service against the enemy during its progress. The distance which separated General Steele's command from the line of our operations (nearly 200 miles) rendered his movements of little moment to us or to the enemy, and reduced the strength of the fighting column to the extent of his force which was expected to be from 10,000 to 15,000 men. The depot at Alexandria, made necessary by the impracticable navigation, withdrew from our forces 3,000 men under Gen. Grover. The return of the Marine Brigade to the defence of the Mississippi, upon the demand of Major-Gen. McPherson, and which could not pass Alexandria without steamers, nor move by land for want of land transportation, made a farther reduction of 3,000 men. The protection of the fleet of transports against the enemy on both sides of the river, made it necessary for General A. J. Smith to detach General E. Kilby Smith's Division of 2,500 men from the main body for that duty. The army train required a guard of 500 men. These several detachments, which it was impossible to avoid, and the distance of General Steele's command, which it was not in my power to correct, reduced the number of troops that we were able at any time to bring into action, from 42,000 men to about 20,000. The losses sustained in the very severe battles of the 7th, 8th and 9th of April, amounted to 3,969 men, and necessarily reduced our active forces to that extent. The enemy superior to us in the outset, by falling back, was able to recover from his great losses by means of reinforcements which were within his reach as he approached his base of operations, while we were growing weaker as we departed from ours.

We had fought the battle of Pleasant Hill with but 15,000 men against 22,000, and won a victory, which, for three reasons, we were unable to follow up. Other considerations connected with the actual military condition of affairs, offered additional reasons for the course recommended.

"The result of the position of the cavalry train, and the loose order of march by the column of troops under Major-General Franklin on the 8th of April, before the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, have been stated. A commanding officer is of course responsible for all that occurs in his command whatever may be the cause. But, while it was both proper and necessary for me to give personal attention to the prompt advance of all the troops and fleet from Grand Ecore on the morning of the 7th, it was supposed that the movement of a single column of 13,000 men, moving in advance on one road for a distance of fifty miles in such a manner as to be able to encounter the enemy if he offered resistance, might be safely entrusted to an officer of the reputation and experience of Major-General Franklin, whose rank, except in one instance, was superior to that of any officer of the Expedition, or of the Department of the Gulf.

"The difficulties of navigation, the imperfect concentration of forces, the incautious march of the 8th of April, and the limited time allotted to the expedition, were the causes of this failure. We owe nothing to the enemy—not even our defeat. Could any one of these difficulties have been avoided, the object of the campaign would have been accomplished. But the occupation of Shreveport could not have been maintained. The presence of the enemy would have required such a force for its defense as could not have been supplied by the river, and for which no other arrangement had been made, as suggested in my dispatch of the 30th of March. The only possible method of maintaining this position would have been to concentrate at this point a force superior in numbers to the enemy, with sufficient time to pursue him wherever he should move, even if it took us to Galveston on the Gulf coast. This was suggested as a possible result of the campaign, but it was not embraced within the original plan, and was specially precluded by orders received from the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies."

To General Banks we accord the merit of making a very fair report. Few Generals would have done this at the risk of endangering a military reputation; but what General Banks lacks in being a great General, he makes up in being a philanthropist, a humanitarian, a statesman and a gentleman.

That this campaign was planned in Washington, is evident from the co-operation, in its execution, of troops from three separate departments, and beyond the control of General Banks.

The full share of credit due to the First Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps during the Red River Campaign, was never awarded until the official Report of Major-General Banks appeared. Of the conduct of this Division at Sabine Cross Roads, of which the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment formed a part, he briefly says: "Nothing could surpass the impetuosity of the enemy, but the inflexible steadiness and valor of our troops. *The First Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, by its great bravery in this action, saved the army and navy.*" From further seeking the "merits" of the campaign "to disclose," or, from drawing its "frailties" from their "dread abode" we beg to be excused.

The door of controversy in fixing the responsibility of its result is yet open, and probably never will all opinions harmonize respecting it; all agree only in one view—that it was ill-fated, expensive and disastrous. Here we stop.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"They spoke not a word;
But like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other."—*Shakspeare.*

SEALED ORDERS—AT SEA AGAIN.

MORGANZA—CHANGE OF COMMANDERS—FLOATING BRIGADE—REVIEWS—SUDDEN ORDERS—WHERE ARE WE GOING?—ANXIOUS MOMENTS—EMBARK FOR NEW ORLEANS—THE CRESCENT AND CORINTHIAN—BETTING—OUR DESTINATION—THE MARY BENTLEY—FORTRESS MONROE.

OUR location at Morganza was pleasant. The First Division was encamped on the bank of the river; the camps were laid out in the regular order, and the heat of the sun broken from the "shelters," by immense arbors which were constructed, sometimes continuing the entire length of a street. Several changes in our commanders had taken place. General E. R. S. Canby had been assigned to the command of the Division of West Mississippi; General Banks reported to him as the commander of the Department of the Gulf; General J. J. Reynolds' command consisted of the troops encamped at Morganza, and he was nominally our Corps commander. Emory made a disposition of the unassigned troops of the Thirteenth Corps, which had been discontinued; General Roberts commanded the Division, and General Beale the Brigade.

About this time orders were received from General Canby for us to hold ourselves in readiness to act as a "Floating Brigade," to embark on transports, which were kept constantly at hand, that we might be transported with celerity

from point to point, as there might be need. The guerrillas, were, at this time, infesting the uninhabited districts along the river, and the sight of steamboats coming down with shot-holes in the smoke-stacks and sides, was not uncommon. Thus, for a long time, we lay in momentary expectation of embarking on "marine duty," but gradually we settled down into the quiet of camp, and the depredations of the guerrillas became less and less.

During our stay at this place two reviews were held; one by General Emory; the other by Major-General Daniel E. Sickles.

On the evening of July 1st, we held our parade as usual, and the camp was as quiet and dull as it had been for weeks. An unusual activity was discovered in the One Hundred and Fifty-Third, which was immediately on our right, and soon we learned that it was under orders to embark on a large Ocean steamer which was lying at the landing below—and that the whole Division was to move.

By some neglect on the part of the bearer of dispatches the order did not reach our regiment until six o'clock. In one hour's time our camp was struck, baggage loaded, and the regiment marched aboard the United States Steam Transport *Crescent*, and at dark we were on our way to New Orleans. Various were the speculations as to our destination. Some predicted Mobile; some Texas; some that we were to join and co-operate with the Army of the Potomac.

On the 3d we disembarked from the transport, and were marched to the Alabama Cotton Press, where we quartered until the day following, when companies E, K, G and B, under command of Major Curtis, re-embarked on the *Crescent*, with the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York, and

the remaining six companies were ordered aboard the United States Propellor *Corinthian*. On the morning of the 5th, the last named ship got up steam and followed in the wake of the fleet. We were under sealed orders, not to be opened until the pilot was discharged at the mouth of the river. At that point we found the flag ship, the Headquarters of General Emory, who was to go as the commanding officer of the detachment of the Corps, fast aground on the bar, and we passed them gaily—wishing them success.

Bets soon run high as to our destination, and amid, an almost breathless silence, Colonel Per Lee opened his sealed orders and read: "You will proceed without unnecessary delay, and report to the commanding officer at Fortress Monroe."

A shout of joy went up, as few were contented to leave the laurels of war entirely to the army of Virginia, without a share in them.

Our voyage by sea was unbroken by any incident of interest, save on the 9th, we fell in with the barque *Mary Bentley*, from Havana, laden with bannanas, plantains, oranges, green turtle and sweet potatoes. We hauled up, and signaled that we wished to board her. Colonel Per Lee and the ship's Captain went out in the small boat, and found the officers and crew of the *Bentley* much alarmed, taking us for the pirate *Florida*. Learning our real nature, they willingly disposed of some of their fruits, potatoes, and turtles, which added much to our meagre table. The Captain of the *Bentley* had his wife on board, and stated that he was then on his one hundred and first trip from Havana to New York.

At ten o'clock of the 12th, we arrived at Fortress Monroe, and learned that the rebels had just made another raid into Maryland, and were threatening the capital.

The four companies under Major Curtis, had already proceeded to Washington, and were in the rifle-pits in front of Fort Saratoga. We were ordered to follow, and on the 13th we joined them at the Fort.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill —— and then marched down again."—*Old Song.*

SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN—WASHINGTON IN DANGER.

DEFENSE OF THE CAPITAL—ORGANIZATION OF FORCES—GENERAL WRIGHT COMMANDS
—THE VALLEY—AFTER EARLY—HE ESCAPES—HARPER'S FERRY—GENERAL SHERIDAN—PROSPECT OF A SHARP CAMPAIGN—PROXIMITY OF THE ENEMY.

As a portion only of the detachment of the Nineteenth Corps had arrived, with General William Dwight commanding, we were temporarily attached to the Sixth and Eighth Corps; the former which had come up from the Army of the Potomac for the defence of the capital; the latter which, for a similar purpose, had been called from its rendezvous in Western Virginia.

These combined forces under command of Major-General Q. A. Gilmore, had assembled at Tennallytown, a few miles from Washington, and on the 15th commenced a line of march, following the retreat of the enemy, who had succeeded in effecting an invasion of Maryland, driving off large numbers of horses, cattle, &c., and damaging to some extent such property as might be of value to us.

The first day out, General Gilmore met with an accident by the fall of his horse, and returned to Washington in an ambulance.

Major-General Horatio Gates Wright, of the Sixth Corps, succeeded him in command, and from this day we may date the commencement of the most important campaign in which

we had a share, if not one of the most important of the war.

The enemy had moved down the Shenandoah Valley, crossed at the fords of the Shenandoah and Potomac, and from thence pushed on towards the capital.

The Shenandoah, extending from Martinsburg to Staunton, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. The scenery, commencing with the gigantic rocks and heights at Harper's Ferry, and gradually softening down as we go up; the river, winding and turning along the base of the mountain; the Blue Ridge on the one hand, and North Mountain on the other, have been the objects of the pencil and the pen in the hands of some of the ablest painters and authors of our day.

The country around is historic. In the early days of the Colonies it was the scene of Indian hostilities, and Revolutionary troubles; here the youthful Washington developed his young military genius, and here the graves of his fallen are yet to be seen. Here too, in the early days of the rebellion, the tardy Patterson slept away a golden opportunity; the traitorous Miles tarnished the glory of our arms by an ignominious surrender; here Hunter, and Banks, and Shields, were forced beyond its limits; here Milroy cut his way through a surrounding force, and until the last year of the war, so adverse had been the results in the Shenandoah, that it had gained the name of the "Valley of Humiliation."

This force under General Wright was hurried forward night and day, passing through the Ridge at a point known as Snicker's Gap. Here we bivouacked. Oh, for a pen which can adequately describe the beauty of the scenery. In front, rolled the Shenandoah River, its murmurings faintly heard in the stillness of the evening; hundreds of camp fires dotting the

undulating farms around; beyond, North Mountain lifting its dark head skyward, and the moon in its fullness rising through the Gap. It was a landscape which might challenge the admiration of the world.

On the 20th we forded the Shenandoah, moved a mile in the direction of Winchester and awaited the report of the scouts, who had been sent out on a reconnoissance.

It soon became evident that the enemy had made a successful crossing, and was now well on his way up the valley, towards Richmond.

General Wright was not warranted in further pursuit, and the force was, at night, put to the "right about," and returned to Washington. On the 23d, we went into camp at what is known as Battery Vermont, a small redoubt strengthening the chain of forts which surrounded the city.

Our stay in this vicinity was destined to be brief. Again came the intelligence, that, flushed with the success of the the recent raid, the enemy had been strongly re-inforced and with Lee at its head was preparing for a still greater demonstration against the capital.

On the 26th we were again in motion. We marched rapidly all day, and until midnight, halting but a few hours, and again pressing on. We forded the Monocacy; pushed on to Harper's Ferry, and bivouacked on Bolivar Heights.

The information which we had received relating to the movements of the Confederate force, proved unreliable, and again we commenced retracing our steps. We halted for a day at Frederick City, where we were joined by the Second Division. The two Divisions were now united, and specified as a "detachment" of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and placed under command of General Emory, who had been recently

brevetted a Major-General. General Reynolds, with a small Division, formed from the remnant of the Thirteenth Corps, was still at Morganza, and nominally our Corps commander, but the mass of the troops was with Emory.

On the 4th of August, we moved to Monocacy Junction, and took a night train for Harper's Ferry. We bivouacked on Maryland Heights; crossed the river, and again settled down at Bolivar.

On the 7th, orders were received that the Army of the Shenandoah, would be under the immediate command of Major-General Phillip H. Sheridan.

On the 10th we marched, passing through Charlestown, the regiment singing, and the band playing,

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground!"

We continued our march, and halted on the banks of a small stream, known as Cedar Run.

We decamped from this place on the night of the 15th, and the morning of the 22d found us again in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. So regularly had we "retreated," "fallen back," and "retired," on this place, that we earned the name of "Harper's Weekly." The enemy, in each case, followed us down, keeping at a respectful distance; and Mosby's guerrillas were constantly harrassing us, and intercepting our communications with the Ferry.

We now commenced erecting fortifications, hardly ever completing them ere we would again change our position.

On the 28th the trains and surplus baggage were sent to the rear, and the column moved to the front as far as Charlestown, and threw up temporary works. We remained here,

however, only until the 3d of September, when we advanced our line to Berryville. We had smart skirmishing almost constantly going on in our front, both with musketry and artillery, but neither party seemed desirous of a general engagement.

On the day following, the column moved about a half a mile to the right of the Berryville Pike, and commenced the erection of heavy breastworks. This line of works extended along the whole front of the three Corps, and, in many places, was of sufficient strength to resist the shots of the heaviest field artillery.

The enemy under Early, was known to be in force in our immediate front. His skirmishers would occasionally emerge from the wood and fire at our pickets, but, on being pressed, they would again retire under cover of the wood. It seemed to be a kind of harrassing warfare, in which neither army was desirous of bringing into action its whole force. It was in reality, a kind of fox and goose chase, in which both armies, at times, played the part of the chaser and the chased.

About this time a hospital train of ambulances was sent to the rear with the sick, and was captured near Harper's Ferry, by Mosby's Guerrillas. Among the party were Sergeant Charles H. Babcock, and Corporal Daniel A. Tremaine, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth. Corporal Tremaine being ill, the rebels left him at a school house, and he subsequently fell into the hands of a Mrs. Holland, a Union woman, who treated him with great kindness. Babcock, less fortunate, was hurried off, and for several months

kept in durance vile. Both were finally liberated. Corporal Tremaine, however, reached his home only to die of disease contracted in the line of his duty. We remained at this place disturbed only by an occasional alarm, and uninteresting reconnoissances, for nearly two weeks. The sound of distant artillery would occasionally startle us from our sleep, but except the light skirmishing of pickets, we were comparatively quiet.



CHAPTER XXVI.

"He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named."—*Shakspeare.*

SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN—WINCHESTER.

POSITION OF THE ARMIES—PREPARATIONS FOR AN ENGAGEMENT—THE CAVALRY—
THE BATTLE—THE NINETEENTH CORPS BECOMES ENGAGED—THE ONE HUNDRED
AND FOURTEENTH ORDERED IN THE ADVANCE—ITS PERILOUS POSITION—FEARFUL
SLAUGHTER—THE ENEMY ROUTED—VICTORY—PURSUIT—CASUALTIES—GENERAL
DWIGHT COMPLIMENTS THE REGIMENT.

Thus, for some weeks the armies of Sheridan and Early had confronted each other, each showing a strong front, but neither seeming to wish an engagement. The pickets at night sometimes approached within speaking distance.

"From camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch."

On the 18th, Sheridan's force, consisting of the Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth corps, with divisions of cavalry was in bivouac on the right of the Berryville pike, and about two and half miles from that town.

Report had massed Early's force at Bunker Hill, a few miles in our front and to our right. It was estimated to number forty thousand, but this, like estimates generally, was too large.

This was the position of affairs, when rumor said that General Grant was at Sheridan's headquarters at Charlestown. As if by instinct, a movement was predicted, the whole army seeming to share in this opinion, and so we were not surprised when the order came on the afternoon of Sunday the 18th.

We were delayed however, until two o'clock of the morning following, when the whole army took up its line of march. We pushed rapidly on, heavy artillery firing being heard in the advance. The several delays were not exceptions to this march, and it was not until ten o'clock of the 19th that we crossed the Opequan. Here we saw the wounded of the cavalry division, and the preparations for an infantry engagement were hurriedly made. We moved on, halting for a time on a high knoll, behind a dense wood, which shut out the scene of the skirmishing and sharp-shooting which was going on in front, but an occasional shell, bounding, whizzing and bursting about our ears, kept us awake.

About eleven o'clock the Brigade to which we were attached moved into the woods in column by regiments, the One Hundred and Fourteenth in advance. It was evident we were soon to become hotly engaged with the enemy, which seemed to be stubbornly disputing the ground in front. The line moved nearly through the woods, and halted. For some reason, but against all military science, tactics or principles of war, the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment moved on, while the rest of the line remained in the woods. As soon as we emerged from under the cover of the thicket, a scene unusually terrifying to troops met our eyes. A portion of the Second Division of our Corps which had been put forward in advance, was retreating in the utmost confusion. We were pushed forward about a hundred yards and halted in the clearing of some three hundred yards in depth, then a thick wood. We had nothing in either flank. In the edge of the skirt in our front, and not to exceed two hundred yards away, we could see the rebel line and three battle flags.

Now came the most trying scene that can befall troops. We were obliged to stand motionless for ten minutes, fearing to deliver our fire lest we should kill our own men of the Second Division, who were rapidly trying to get to our rear. Standing thus exposed, we lost many men before we had fired a shot.

As the enemy were evidently gaining by our delay, we were ordered to commence firing, regardless of the few stragglers in our front. The enemy's fire was terribly destructive, but our line remained unbroken.

Colonel Per Lee passed rapidly up and down the line speaking words of cheer, until he was himself struck down. Major Curtis, ever active in trying times, had his horse shot under him. He now assumed command of the battalion. Each company commander saw his men falling around him, one, two and three, until mere remnants were all that remained.

In this exposed position our Regiment stood for more than a whole hour. The enemy, taking advantage of the fact that our flanks were exposed, got an enfilading fire on us, on our left with musketry, on our right with both musketry and artillery.

The other regiments of the Brigade had deployed in our rear, but rendered us no assistance. It seemed to us then that they might have shared this desperate struggle with us, or at least, have protected our flanks.

Thus the One Hundred and Fourteenth was under a terrible and galling fire from a whole Brigade, subject in addition to the enfilading fire. Often the question is asked, "Why did this Regiment suffer so severely?" Let our position be considered. Oh, what an infinite degree of satisfaction it was to see, in this atmosphere of death, the men

stand so nobly up to the work. Not a man quailed before this storm; not a face showed anything but a stern determination to remain on the spot until ordered to retire, even though the ground on which the line of battle stood, were to be the trench wherein it should be buried.

At last came the order, and our line returned into the wood, and it was not until then that our fearful loss became apparent. The battalion, now but a handful of men, marched back in the best order, on its colors.

On entering the wood, we formed on the right of the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Fifty-Third regiments, which had deployed into line, and made a charge across an open field of some hundred yards in depth.

We were led by Major Curtis, and were subjected to a most scathing fire from the enemy who was secreted in the woods, at good rifle range.

Two color-bearers had already been shot down, and the entire color-guard annihilated. In this charge, the colors were borne by Lieutenant Edward E. Breed. We had barely gained the point towards which we were striving, when he fell, mortally wounded. He was taken to the rear, and died that evening. He was an officer of marked good qualities, of great personal bravery, and died lamented by all who knew him.

Having successfully charged across the field, we halted in rear of a rail fence, and opened our fire on the enemy. All this time the artillery, not only of the Confederates, but our own, was making fearful havoc in our ranks, but we held this position until every round of ammunition was exhausted, and then again fell back into the woods.

Re-supplying ourselves, we again showed as bold a front

as our thinned ranks would allow, and our steady fire checked the advancing line of the enemy, and forced him again under cover.

We were charged with the importance of fixing the limit of the enemy's advance; the position must be held, at all hazards, in any event. To yield it, was defeat, to hold it, victory. *It was held!*

Had the enemy been permitted to mass his forces in the wood, the day would have been irretrievably lost to us. For three hours we held this line, then we were relieved by the Eighth Corps.

The process of re-organization now began, and we found that we had lost eight officers, and one hundred and eighty men, a total of one hundred and eighty-eight.

We entered this engagement with less than three hundred and fifty muskets. Our loss had been nearly three-fifths our entire number—and these killed and wounded—not a name appearing on the list of prisoners.

A Staff officer was heard to say, that the moment the Second Division rout was discovered, the importance of checking the enemy in his onset, became apparent, and that in gaining the woods he had gained the day; and that the General wished to put forward a regiment which he knew would stay where it was put.

The rebels had not only been checked, but severely whipped, and now began flight before the Eighth Corps. We joined in pursuit. We followed them to Winchester, the cavalry charging them over the hills in front of the town in a most splendid manner.

"By Heaven! it was a goodly sight to see,
For one who had no friend or brother there."

We had done our work. The rest was left to Custar and Merritt. It was not until late, however, that we entered Winchester,* and were ordered into bivouac. Darkness drew the curtain over the scene, and tired, hungry, and sad, for our departed comrades, we lay down to think of the scenes of the day, and ruminate on the morrow.

As we wandered over that field and saw those brave men lying still in death, with wounds in front, and their faces rigid with the stern expression of warriors, we could but be reminded of the exclamation of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, on viewing a battle-field strewn with the dead bodies of the Romans: "*Ego cum talibus viris brevi orbem terrarum subigerem.*"†

The desired result of this battle had been gained. For some time Early's army had been engaged in harvesting the products of the Valley, and sending large shares to Richmond to support the Confederate armies. The corn crop had not yet arrived at maturity. With this army in the valley, immense supplies must go to the aid of the Confederacy. Nay more, it was also thought that we were to operate against Richmond by an advance on Lynchburg. The valley must, therefore, be wholly in our possession. Thus, when Sheridan sent Early "whirling" through Winchester, he had gained the great object which for weeks had occupied his attention.

The armies, Confederate and Federal, fought with a determination and stubbornness worthy of their character as

*This town has been occupied by Federal and Confederate forces, seventy-six times successively.

†"I, with such men, could shortly subjugate the whole orb of the earth."

Americans. Nearly equal in numbers, the former gained the advantage of fighting on chosen ground. For a long time the current of battle met counter currents; alternately victory and defeat seemed near. Why was the day so nearly gained, and then so nearly lost? Americans were fighting Americans. Said a blurring British officer to a gentleman visiting London: "If this rebellion in your country is no larger than you say it is, how happens it that you ever meet defeats?" "Sir," he replied, "we are fighting our own countrymen; had the enemy been British, we would have driven him away in half the time!"

The style of fighting of the One Hundred and Fourteenth may be shown in its casualties, which of themselves, make almost a chapter in this history. The official report, as forwarded to Headquarters, is as follows:

Colonel S. R. Per Lee, throat, severe; Adjutant A. F. Coope, finger. Company A—Killed—Lorson D. Merrill. Wounded—Captain Daniel W. Turner, hip, severe; 1st Sergeant Joseph G. Washburne, arm, thigh and shoulder; Corporal Charles B. Dudley, leg serious; George M. Barrows, foot, slight; R. H. Trask, head, serious; Hugh Gaffney, thigh, serious; Vincent L. Adams, wrist, slight; Daniel W. Tyler, thigh, flesh, slight; George A. Becker, side, slight; Chauncey A. Bradley, shoulder, serious; Ransom E. Sage, head.

Company B—Killed—Leonard R. Brown, Cyrel Carpenter, Hezekiah Newton, John Nichols. Wounded—Captain Jacob S. Bockee, body, severe; Corporal Albert Henry, hand and neck; Corporal Foster J. Blackman, ankle, slight; Corporal John D. Farrell, forehead, slight; Corporal Orson M. Snow, leg; Franklin Ames, arm and lungs, severe; Francis W. Brown, hand; Israel Carpenter, leg; William H. Comstock, leg; Simon S. Day, leg; Orville Frink; William W. Jackson, bowels, since died; Theodore Lewis, jaw; Loren D. Newell, hip; John W. Wrench, shoulder and hip.

Company C—Killed—Edgar Newton, Lyman Duran, John C. Dur-

phcy. Wounded—Captain William H. Longwell, hip, severe; 1st Sergeant John Bagg, shoulder; Sergeant Charles Lotheridge, leg; Corporal Franklin Sackett, thigh; Corporal John Brookins, back; Corporal Lyman Hall, arm; Corporal Albert Wood, leg; John S. Brazee, leg; Joseph Brooks, leg; George Crumb, foot; George Jones, knee; Ensign Pike, leg; Sylvester Phillips, leg; Sergeant Harlow Glazier, hurt by falling limb; Frank Beckwith, run over by horse.

Company D—Killed—Corporal George Cramplin, William H. Bennet, George Collins. Wounded—2d Lieutenant Truman Smith, breast; slight; Sergeant Albert Brown, leg, severe; Sergeant Joshua Beal, shoulder, severe; Corporal Daniel Carey, knee, serious; Corporal E. H. Lewis, leg; Corporal Edward Evans, head, slight; Alvin Stearns, foot, severe; John P. Davis, face, slight; James H. Lont, hand; Charles J. Steves, shoulder, severe; James H. Story, knee; Lucius M. Gifford, lungs, severe; Henry Wheelhouse, hip; Ira G. Powell, slight; Elias J. Thomas, slight; Charles Brass, ankle; Henry D. Brigham, slight; Wightman Erskine, slight; Patrick Devanny, bowels, severe, since died; James Lee, slight; Nathan Taylor, slight; David Bristol, slight; Owen J. Edwards, arm, severe; Mark R. Walby, severe; John Merritt, knee.

Company E—Killed—Corporal William R. Corbett. Wounded—1st Sergeant John W. Tombs, hip, severe; Sergeant Austin D. Cable, leg, severe; Sergeant J. P. Kendall, arm, slight; Corporal Calvin B. Weld, leg, severe; Corporal William L. Laman, head, slight; Frank M. Skillman, leg, amputated; Henry Andrews, hand, slight; William W. Newby, leg, severe; Jesse Rockwell, arm, severe; Peter Rogers, leg, contusion; Edward Post, leg, severe; George N. Chappel, arm, severe; William A. Fuller, head, severe; Sidney A. Delamater, head, severe; Henry Davis, hand, slight; Charles R. Hayward, body, severe; William M. Horton, thigh, severe; Isaac B. Jones, hip, slight; Francis McNeil, leg, amputated.

Company F—Killed—Corporal George R. Miller, Alfred Davis—Wounded—Captain James F. Fitts, arm, slight; 1st Sergeant Stephen Weaver, head, mortal; Sergeant Charles L. Williams, head; Charles J. Pratt, arm and breast; Fred. H. Honecke, shoulder; George J. Matteson, neck; John W. Bell, forehead, serious; John Spurr

bowels; George Fountain, thigh; Adin Deming, knee; Amenzo Ellis, wrist; Albert B. Colburne, leg, slight.

Company G—Killed—Fennimore Short, 1st Sergeant Charles F. Sunney, James Cahalan, Charles E. Thompson. Wounded—Sergeant Daniel W. Kinney, leg, slight; Sergeant Harrison Brand, leg, severe; Corporal Colson Shepardson, leg amputated; Corporal J. Wesley Morgan, thigh; Albert J. Holmes, thigh; David C. Loomis, arm, slight; Orange E. Loomis, side, severe; Frank Brooks, breast and knee, severe; Warren H. Howard, knee, severe; Michael Horrigan, arm, slight; Elbridge Lamunion, both legs and side; George Root, arm, severe; Francis M. Bebee, leg, severe; George W. Hayes, wrist, slight; Lucius A. Crandall, flesh, leg; E. H. Vedlear; H. T. Brown, leg; William Short, arm, slight; Nelson Short, head, slight; Francis M. Saunders, thigh; Asa Parker, wrist; Moses J. Blakeman, arm; George F. Gilbert, face, slight; John H. Barratt, foot, slight.

Company H—Wounded—1st Lieutenant Edward E. Breed, breast, since died; 1st Sergeant Orlando J. Aylesworth, head, severe; Sergeant W. H. Lines, neck, slight; Charles Hemenway, knee, slight; Corporal John R. Norris, both legs; John C. Sayles, side, mortal; Aaron W. Strong, severe; Julius Bockwith, leg, severe; John H. Stearns, mortally; W. K. Welch, leg, severe; Benjamin Allen, arm, severe; George Thompson, leg, severe; Griggs A. Taylor, groin, severe; Jacob Voltz, leg, severe; George A. Phelps, breast, slight; William T. Burdett, leg, severe; Patrick Mullen, leg, severe; Thomas McCue, knee, severe; E. R. Aldrich, arm, slight; O. L. Stillman, abdomen; George Teed, hand, slight; M. E. Harrington, arm, slight.

Company I—Wounded—Corporal Stephen D. Thompson, knee, severe; George W. Brown, both legs, severe.

Company K—Killed—A. P. Pangburn, Christopher C. Spencer. Wounded—Captain H. W. Searle, arm, severe; Sergeant Daniel W. Simms, hip, severe; Sergeant George C. Billings; Sergeant Henry G. Dixon, leg; Corporal John B. Goodsell, leg, amputated; Corporal William R. Coiwell, hand and leg; W. M. Hudson, ankle; Joseph J. McCullough, breast, severe; Thomas Walker, neck, slight; Sidney Corkins, finger; Joseph A. Wallace, bowels, dead; Clinton K. Nourse, wrist; Charles E. Myres; William E. Savage, leg, ampu-

rated; Eugene Santee, leg; John Cadogan, leg, slight; George P. Haight, leg, slight; William C. Norton, ear, slight.

It is a satisfaction to a soldier to know that his conduct is approved and appreciated. It was a proud day for the regiment, when the following communication was announced.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS.
NEAR HARRISONBURG, VA., SEPTEMBER 26, 1864. }

MAJOR O. H. CURTIS—SIR: I am directed by the Brigadier-General Commanding this Division, to express to the officers and men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, New York Volunteers, his high appreciation of the noble conduct displayed, and signal service rendered by the regiment on the 19th inst., during the engagement at Winchester. The loss sustained but too clearly attests the position held, and the devotion shown by the Regiment on that day, exposed as it was for three hours to a heavy cross-fire of musketry and artillery.

The General, while regretting the severity of the loss, rejoices that so gallant a body of men is attached to the Division under his command.

You are requested to publish this to your command.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. LEEFE, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Said Brigadier-General William Dwight, a gentleman thoroughly versed in the history of wars, and who for a long time commanded the First Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, while in conversation with an officer: "In our country full justice is never accorded to such regiments as the One Hundred and Fourteenth; in fact, their services are never perfectly known. That regiment deserves immortality; such a place in history as has been given to the Scotch Greys, and English Guards, for their one day at Waterloo, where I suppose the fighting was much less severe than that of the One Hundred and Fourteenth at Winchester."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"A very good piece of work, I assure you."—*Shakspeare.*

SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN—FISHER'S HILL.

PURSUIT AFTER THE REBELS—POSITION OF FISHER'S HILL—THE BATTLE—VICTORIOUS
AGAIN—UP THE VALLEY—RAPID MARCHING—SKIRMISHING—THE ONE HUNDRED-
AND FOURTEENTH DETACHED—THE WAGON TRAIN—REJOIN THE BRIGADE.

OUR victory was rendered doubly a victory by being closely followed up. Our successes at Antietam and Gettysburg, are reproaches on the valor of our army, and had Sheridan settled quietly down at Winchester, on the 20th, his success would have been fruitless, and his army disgraced.

Not so, however. Pressing his cavalry forward that night and giving his infantry a temporary rest, the early morning dawn found the whole column in motion.

The proud army of Early, which had so boldly confronted us, was now a broken and disorganized force, fleeing panic-stricken; in many cases abandoning their arms, and thinking only of escape into the mountains. He pushed on rapidly, until he arrived at Fisher's Hill, a point of remarkable natural advantages, a few miles beyond Strausburg. Here he collected the fugitives, and threw up hasty breastworks. This position was such that it could hardly be carried by direct assault. Every ridge, and knoll was strengthened, and artillery got into position. The vantage ground was well chosen.

This was the condition of affairs on the 22d. On the evening of the 21st, our regiment was sent into the village

of Strausburg, to do picket duty. We held the extreme left of the line, our flank resting on the Shenandoah River. The rebel picket was in good rifle range from us, and a smart firing was kept up all day. Our artillery was posted on a high hill, in rear of the town, in an old earthwork, called Fort Banks, taking its name from the General who made his memorable retreat from that place. The Confederate artillery was on the hill in front of the town, and thus, the entire day was spent in artillery practice; short range shots, or rotten shell occasionally dropping into the town.

While lying at this place the following order was received and promulgated:

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
NEAR STRAUSBURG, VA., SEPT. 20TH, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 30.

"The Brigadier-General Commanding congratulates the Division on their share in the battle of the 19th inst., near Winchester. The style in which you repulsed the attacks of the enemy is worthy of all praise. It was the same enemy you had beaten back at Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, and you treated him in the same manner. You have again shown, that order, firmness, and courage will always prevent the enemy from breaking your lines. You also found that the same order and firmness enabled you to break the lines of the enemy. Confusion and unsteadiness alone lead to a repulse. You have lost some of your best officers, and most beloved comrades. The untarnished honor of the First Division is their reward. They are happy in the arms of victory.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DWIGHT.

J. G. LEEFE, A. A. A. General."

It was evident that strategy alone could force the enemy from his position. Early in the evening, therefore, the Eighth Corps made a *detour* to its right, and suddenly opened on the left flank of the enemy. So unexpectedly was this move-

ment executed, that the rebels, in haste, abandoned their artillery, and were put to flight.

The successful result was announced to the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps in front, and a simultaneous charge was made, the enemy making but a feeble resistance. Being driven from his position, and saving but a small portion of his cannon, he again began a rapid retreat. At twelve, midnight, we were ordered to call in our line, and push forward with the army. The further progress up the valley may be called a chase. We halted for a brief rest, at Woodstock, and then pushed on.

On the 24th, our regiment was on the skirmish line nearly all day. The Confederate line having taken up its position just at night, behind a stone wall, we labored earnestly to dislodge it, but darkness closed on us, and we desisted. In the morning, however, the wall was deserted.

The day following, we marched into Harrisonburg, and went into bivouac. The infantry gave no further pursuit, but the cavalry moved up as far as Staunton.

The following order was issued on the evening of September 27th:

"HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.)
HARRISONBURG, SEPT. 27TH, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 70.

"At the request of Captain E. P. Pellet, Private Henry Andrews, Company E, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteers, is hereby promoted to Corporal, same Company and Regiment, to rank from September 19th, 1864.

"The commanding officer of the regiment wishes it to be understood

that this promotion is made as a reward of merit, Corporal Andrews remaining with his company, although wounded quite severely, in the early part of the engagement.

By Command of

O. H. CURTIS,

Major Commanding Regiment.

W. D. THURBER, Acting Adjutant."

We remained at Harrisonburg, taking the rest which we so much needed, until the evening of the 27th, when Major Curtis received orders to escort a train from this point to Martinsburg, for supplies. This duty was given to us as a sort of "soft thing," as it is called among soldiers, but of all duty which is the most unbecoming to a regiment, that of guarding wagon trains is usually considered the chief.

The country between us and our destination was known to be infested with guerrillas, and great care was to be taken to guard against surprise.

We set out on the 28th, with a train of several hundred wagons, and had proceeded but a few miles when we were met by a troop of horse, moving up to join the main army. With this cavalcade was Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, who for several weeks had been on detached service in New Orleans, charged with the duty of collecting and bringing up the surplus baggage of the Division which had been left in the Department of the Gulf, in our hasty departure in July.

Without further incident, we arrived at Martinsburg, on the evening of October 1st.

We bivouacked near the Eighty-Sixth New York State Militia, Colonel Frederick Conkling, (which had been called out for one hundred days,) and evidently astonished both officers and men by the ease with which fences were demol-

ished—a military necessity, of course—and pigs, sheep and chickens unceremoniously brought into camp; and it is a noteworthy fact, that while we were living on the fat of the land these other troops were living on short government rations, with hardly wood enough to cook them, while, nightly, blazing fires made our camp cheerful, and the songs, dances and merry making of our men were looked on with jealous wonder by these summer soldiers and sunshine patriots, who had never yet tasted the luxury of battle, or smelt the powder of the enemy.

Our orders defined our duty. The train, after being loaded with forage and supplies, a goodly share of the labor of which we performed, was to return to the army under our protection. We accordingly “pulled out,” on the morning of the 6th, and on that evening pushed a mile beyond Winchester. We resumed our march on the morning following, and when in the vicinity of Strausburg, were met by returning troops, which proved to be the advance of the army, with intelligence that the column was on its way down, and orders for us also to return.

Pursuant to such instructions, we halted, parked our train and awaited the arrival of the column. We then moved back a few miles, remaining on duty with the train until the 17th, when we received orders to rejoin our Brigade, which was encamped on the right of the pike about two miles above Middletown.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Where sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground."—*Shakspeare.*

SHEXANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN—CEDAR CREEK

POSITION OF THE ARMIES—A SURPRISE—FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE ENEMY—HE CARRIES OUR WORKS—DESPERATE FIGHTING—THE ENEMY SUCCESSFUL—CONFUSION—ALMOST A ROUT—GENERAL WRIGHT IN COMMAND—HE FAILS TO INSPIRE THE TROOPS—GENERAL SHERIDAN ARRIVES—HE RALLIES THE ARMY—ON THE OFFENSIVE—DAWNING OF VICTORY—SHERIDAN SHINES—EARLY IN RETREAT—THE DAY CROWNED IN GLORY—IN OUR OLD CAMP AGAIN—OUR DEAD COMRADES—THE ATTACK EXPLAINED—CASUALTIES IN THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH—THE RETREAT.

On the morning of October 19th, the army of General Sheridan, held a line stretching from the Blue Ridge to North Mountain, about three miles below Strausburg. The enemy was known to be in force on Fisher's Hill, and the intermediate ground was occupied by the pickets of both armies. The Eighth Corps had the left; its flank resting on the Shenandoah; the Nineteenth held the center; and the Sixth the right, with its flank on the mountain. Extensive works had been erected, covering the front of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, and the natural advantages of the position of the Sixth, were great.

As early as four o'clock in the morning, sudden and rapid firing was heard on our left, and before a general alarm could be sounded, the enemy had dashed over our works, and was in the immediate vicinity of our camps. So furious was the attack, that the Eighth was thrown into a state of most complete disorder; entirely scattered and routed. It formed

no lines. In fact, so perfect was the surprise, that many of its men were killed in their tents; some, while sleeping.

In the meantime the other Corps had turned out in line of battle, and were preparing to check the stampede, which had already begun.

General McMillen, temporarily commanding our Division, directed a movement of our regiment, and it was accordingly moved by the left flank, and assigned a position on a knoll, under the most scathing fire of the enemy. Again the metal of the men was severely tested by disorganized and demoralized men rushing through our lines. The scene on our left was one of great confusion. Men were running panic-stricken to the rear, half dressed, and without arms, crying "Don't go over there." "The Reb's are coming," and uttering like exclamations, which gave no particular pleasure to the ears of men situated as we were.

It was evident, if we saved our trains and our artillery, that the furious onset of the enemy must be checked. For this purpose we had been established on this line. The artillery of the Eighth Corps had already fallen into the hands of the enemy; not a piece had been saved, and now it was turned on us, making fearful havoc. The fog was so dense that we could not see the enemy in front of us; but the rapid and incessant discharge of small arms and cannon, the bursting of shells, and the whizzing of the bullets; mingling into a sound like that of a moaning wind, and thinning our ranks, told us unmistakably of his presence.

Presently he came dashing fiercely on our line, shouting to our troops to halt, and trying to enforce the order by sallies of most winning, and in too many cases, convincing argument. Not only this, but our regiment was flanked on

both sides, and the enemy fast getting possession of our rear.

Of course, lines formed under such trying circumstances, and subject to such great disadvantages, must yield. We began to fall back, not, however, until we had left nearly twenty of our dead, and a proportionate number of our wounded, to mark the spot where we had stood.

The whole line was now put in retreat. General Sheridan had been, for some days, in Washington, and the command, in his absence, devolved on Major-General Wright. It was now evident that the design of the Commanding General was not to halt and give battle to the enemy, but, if possible, make good our retreat to Winchester. Occasionally we would take advantage of a stone wall or fence and give the enemy a temporary check, and then again continue our retreat. We leave it to the reader to imagine the feelings of the army, as it was ingloriously fleeing from its pursuers, and again marching down the "Valley of Humiliation."

During none of these movements, was the organization of our regiment broken, but it retired in good order, and was under as perfect control, as if it were only on drill.

We had moved back several miles in this way, when we came to a halt. The Army Headquarter flag also halted. There was a stir around it; then a quick galloping of officers hither and thither; and then came a Staff officer, saying, "Sheridan has arrived on the field; he orders this retreat to stop; he wishes it announced to this command that this night the old camps of the morning shall be occupied."

The cheers for Sheridan were heard along the line; we admired his courage, and his confidence in his army; but how was it possible that an army disheartened by defeat, with one Corps swept entirely away, could, without re-in-

forcements, drive back an enemy which was flushed with victory, and whose numbers must now greatly exceed our own?

We moved back into a piece of woods and halted. What man was there but that stepped proudly as we were once more moving against our foe? Who will ever forget the confidence which this first step towards retrieving the fallen fortunes of the day gave us?

General William Dwight, who, through the malignity of a rival officer, had been in arrest, and deprived of the command of his Division, was now, by the personal order of General Sheridan, restored to his command, and as he rode along the line of his Division he was warmly received. He announced that the army had been deployed from hill to hill, and that he trusted in the courage of his Division to hold the center.

Presently a portion of the enemy was discovered advancing through the wood, and was met by a terrible fire from our line, which caused his speedy retreat. And then we began our advance. The whole line was thrown forward, and after moving beyond the wood we discovered the enemy preparing to make a stand. We rushed on cheering and shouting, and after a brief struggle it seemed as if the panic had changed quarters, and had now seized our opponents. Their retreat was even more precipitate than ours had been, and soon became a stampede.

Pen cannot adequately describe the exultant manner in which we pursued them. Riding up and down the lines, at a furious rate, was the gallant little Phil. Sheridan, wearing a blue overcoat and a slouch hat, cheering the men on. His face beamed with pleasant smiles; and he seemed to survey the scene with delight.

The enemy, arriving on vantage ground, made a halt, but our Division was ordered to charge him, and we went forward on his center with a will. It was broken; a wheel to the right, and we charged his left; then swinging entirely around, we charged his right. All this work was done in less than half an hour, and it is questionable if such a succession of charges with equal results, has before or since been made during the progress of the war.

We now dashed on, maintaining neither lines nor order, each seemingly trying to get ahead of his comrade. The enemy fled in dismay. We pressed him; we shelled him; we charged him; we broke him.

At that moment Sheridan came dashing up, amid the spontaneous cheers of the troops, and turning to an officer by his side, said, "Colonel Forsyth, direct Custar to let loose his cavalry." Away rode the Colonel, and immediately a moving mass of horsemen on our right, told us that the order was being executed.

Forward they dashed, and from that moment dates one of the most complete routs ever witnessed. Panic stricken at the approach of this galloping army of troopers with flashing sabres, the enemy was dismayed, his lines were broken, and his wreck completed.

Pursuit continued; over hill, through valley we followed this mob, shooting them and shelling them in a fearful manner. It was an exciting scene. The dead and dying of the enemy thickly dotted every hill, many of them wearing the uniforms of our own dead and wounded soldiers, which but a few hours before, they had inhumanly stripped, robbed and insulted. It was glorious! Every one was elated, for a great defeat had been turned into a great victory.

We approached our old camp of the morning's disaster with a shout. Sheridan was about to fulfill his promise, and orders came for each regiment to occupy the same ground as of the morning. We accordingly moved to our late quarters, but how changed? Our whole line could now be formed in a company street, and it was not until this moment that we fully comprehended our loss. As the empty chair at the table stands as a sad monument of the dominion of death in the household, so does the vacant places around the camp fires, admonish us of his presence there.

That night as we wandered over that fatal spot where we had offered up our sacrifice, and saw the faces of those brave men rigid in that sleep that knows no waking, many a tear was shed, many a heart ached as we thought that we should hereafter miss them from their accustomed places, and the scenes which knew them should know them no more forever. "What," says he of the world, "do the hearts of these men, hardened in actions of strife, soften; does the eye moisten; does the stern duty which calls them into such frequent companionship with blood and carnage, put aside its authority?" Ah, how little does he know of the sympathy which binds comrade to comrade.

There is a friendship interwoven amid the joys and sorrows of camp life, strengthened by the toil and fatigue of campaigns, cemented by the scenes of danger and death, that can hardly be known and appreciated in the world of luxury and ease.

We gathered together, and laid side by side, our dead; we removed our wounded to the hospital, and were preparing to bivouac, when the order came to fall in and move forward. As tired as we were, we obeyed with alacrity, and our

Division was pushed on to Strausburg, and took up its position on the hills, on the right of the pike. Here we remained all night as a Corps of observation. In the morning we were at an early hour under arms, and our picket line was considerably advanced. Elmore Sharp was wounded by a random shot, but no other casualties resulted. In this battle, as at Winchester, we lost severely. Again three-fifths of our men had been stricken down. Among the officers killed, were Captain Daniel C. Knowlton and Lieutenant Isaac Burch; of those who died of wounds, Lieutenants William D. Thurber, and Norman M. Lewis. They were all officers of the first grade, high toned gentlemen, beloved companions; respecting their individual merits, more will be said in future pages of this work. It is still more lamentable to know that Lieutenant Thurber was stricken down by the bursting of a shell from one of our own batteries, and it is a question of grave doubt whether we suffered more on that eventful day from the batteries of our friends or foes.

Our regimental loss in prisoners, was small, a few being captured from the left of our line, which was, at one time, entirely at the mercy of the enemy. Captain Charles W. Underhill, and First Sergeant Dennis Thompson, both on detached service at Headquarters, were also captured while in an earnest prosecution of their duties. Sergeant Thompson shortly after escaped; but Captain Underhill passed several months in Richmond, an inmate of Libby Prison.

Reports as to the manner in which the attack had been made, were conflicting. Some said that an officer of the Confederate Army, in our uniform, relieved the pickets of the the Eighth Corps; but certain it is, that before an alarm was sounded, the rebels were in possession of our picket line.

The more reasonable plan, as reported by rebel prisoners, is probably correct. All the night before the attack, Early was busy in moving a portion of his army across the Shenandoah, passing them in single file along the base of the ridge, and then re-fording the river, thus eluding our pickets, and partially gaining our rear. This force was to strike our flank, while his main army assaulted our front. The beating of the *reveille* was to be the signal of attack. The result has been already shown.

The plan was a good one—a successful one—which few would have conceived, and, less had the audacity to execute. It was Early's last throw; his reputation had been tarnished, and now his all was at stake. He almost won; and only for the will and nerve of Phil. Sheridan, our army would have been broken and disorganized, and our retreat out of the Valley certain. Instead, however, Sheridan plucked a splendid victory out of a great and appalling disaster.

Again we let our casualties stand as a monument of our devotion to duty.

Company A—Killed—1st Sergeant Joseph G. Washburne; 2d Sergeant Fred Skinner. Privates, Orlando Smith; George A. Decker; Leroy N. Havens. Wounded—1st Lieutenant Lucius Crumb, hip, slight; Sergeant Charles W. Slosson, leg, flesh. Privates, Wilbur F. Young, leg, flesh; William A. Newton, leg, severe; Albert H. Avery, side, severe; Frank B. Plinney, leg, flesh; Austin S. Southworth, leg, flesh; Erastus L. Sill, head, severe; Walter F. Weed, jaw, severe; John Rhodes, leg, flesh; Ernst Ziemann, leg and body, very severe; Elmore Sharp, thigh, flesh; Michael Gaffney, foot, severe.

Company B—Killed—1st Lieutenant Isaac Burch. Wounded—Sergeant Israel Monroe, knee, slight. Privates, Horace T. Leach, groin, severe; Patrick Henry, hip. Missing—Orville Frink. Prisoners—Delavan V. Burlingame; George Taft; Frederick Munroe.

Company C—1st Lieutenant Norman M. Lewis, leg, severe. Killed—

Sergeant William H. Chamberlain; Corporal Albert D. Wood; Private James E. Woodmansee. Wounded—Corporals, Homer W. Sisson, leg, severe; Lyman Hall, arm, flesh. Privates, Chauncey Cobb, leg and face, severe; Benjamin F. Guile, back, severe; George Jones, leg, severe; Charles F. Lamphere, foot, severe; John McCormick, leg, slight; Winslow Newton, leg, slight; Orlando Utter, head and foot, severe; Sobieski Wiswell, leg, flesh. Missing, Abram Bennett; Isaiah White; Robert Hancock.

Company D—Killed—Captain Daniel C. Knowlton. Wounded—1st Sergeant Joseph Reed, ankle, severe; Corporal William Spicer, arm, flesh. Privates, William H. Williamson, knee, severe; Thomas J. Hitchcock, head, severe; Alfred A. Morse, leg, severe; Otis P. Snyder, leg; Charles Brown, thigh.

Company E—Killed—Sergeant William W. Johnston. Private, William A. Fuller. Wounded—Sergeant Jeduthan P. Kendall, hand, slight; John C. Stoughton, face, missing. Privates, Henry Andrews, body, severe; George O. Fitch, leg, severe; Theodore Cable, hip, slight; Peter Rogers, back, slight; Charles J. Pittsley, face and hip, slight; James Dennis, leg, slight; Richard Marvin, knee, slight; Frank M. Mead, ankle, slight.

Company F—1st Lieutenant W. D. Thurber, thigh, mortal. Killed—Sergeant W. W. Wakely; Corporal L. E. Tew. Wounded—1st Sergeant W. F. Allen, arm, severe; Sergeant E. M. Utley, bowels, severe. Privates, William H. Dunham, leg, severe; R. E. Gritman, thigh, severe; C. B. Teft, leg, slight; Adicus Ellis, leg, severe; A. N. Aldrich, head; James T. Avery, thigh, severe; William H. Avery, leg, slight; G. W. Crumb, thigh, severe; P. H. Honecke, thigh, slight; Charles Clark, arm; Charles T. White, head and thigh, severe.

Company G—Lieutenant J. P. Allis, arm, severe. Private William W. Coakley, head, slight. Prisoners, Corporal William G. Burch. Privates Wallace R. Elphick; John Barrett.

Company H—Killed—Sergeant Henry D. Mason; Corporal C. F. Greene. Private Angus S. Arnold. Wounded—A. J. Hamlin, side, severe; Oscar M. Cory, leg, severe; Rial Thompson, leg, severe; Lewis Thompson, leg, severe; Henry H. Merrill, arm; Adelbert S. Ackley, foot;



Wallace F. Potter, hand, slight ; Morrell Smith, arm, slight ; Orville L. Stillman, hand, slight.

Company I—Killed—Privates, Valentine Palmer ; John L. Rhodes Wounded—Captain H. S. Wheeler, shoulder, slight ; 1st Lieutenant N. W. Schemmerhorn, leg, slight ; Sergeants, J. F. Wheeler and John Van Dusen, head, slight ; Corporals, Edwin Stanton, arm and side, severe ; J. Q. Perry, leg, slight ; Elbert Widger, arm, slight. Private, Hervey Stearns, leg, severe ; Niles Reynolds, leg, severe ; Frederick Pritchard, face, severe ; Joel F. Bassett, leg, severe ; Woodall Eastman, leg, severe ; Reuben Sherman, leg, slight ; James McKee, body, mortal ; B. B. Kingsley, leg, severe ; William Lasure, hip, slight ; Charles Benson, side, slight ; John Hilliard, leg, severe ; Charles Eaton, head, slight ; Lyman Briggs, ankle, slight ; G. W. Allen, leg, severe ; A. C. Coats, leg, slight. Missing, Hiram Cross.

Company K—Killed—Private Edwin R. Coombs. Wounded—Ansel D. Hopkins, shoulder, severe ; Enos Cook, arm, severe ; Cyrenus A. Rogers, thigh, severe ; Thomas Walker, leg, severe.

The official report of General Sheridan of the battle of the 19th, known as Cedar Creek, shows the result of our captures :

“Captured 1200 prisoners, of rank and file ; 64 commissioned officers ; 48 pieces of artillery ; 40 caissons and 3 battery wagons ; 398 horses and mules, with harnesses complete ; 65 ambulances, and 50 army wagons ; 1500 rounds of artillery ammunition ; 1500 stands of arms ; several wagon loads, including all the medical stores of the enemy ; and a large quantity of small arms and ammunition, and a large number of battle flags.”

Our loss was nearly as follows :

“Army of Western Virginia—Killed, 60 ; wounded, 350 ; prisoners, 400. Total 810. Nineteenth Corps—Killed, 400 ; wounded, 1200 ; prisoners, 100. Total, 1700. Sixth Corps—Killed, 300 ; wounded, 1000 ; prisoners, 50. Total 1350. Colonel Kitchen's Division—Killed, 20 ; wounded, 150 ; missing, 56. Total, 226. Making a total loss of 4086.”

It will be seen from these figures, that the Nineteenth Corps, has a greater proportion of killed and wounded than either of the other Corps, while its loss in prisoners is proportionally much less. What can better attest its conduct at Cedar Creek, than these figures, which, like facts, are stubborn things. They have made its record; neither pen nor tongue can improve it.

CHAPTER XXIX

"Draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation."—*Shakespeare.*

SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN—AFTER THE BATTLE.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD—TRIBUTE TO OUR COMRADES—GENERAL ORDER. NO. 80—CAMP
RUSSELL—A RECONNOISSANCE—THE ARMY HUTTED AT STEVENSON.

On the morning of the 21st, we began to move back towards our old camp. Many of the dead were yet unburied, and parties were set at work to collect and inter them, in all cases of recognition affixing headboards with name, rank and regiment to mark the spot. Our dead were buried side by side, and with the exception of the few which have been disinterred by their friends, there they lie now, where soon the grass will grow over them and their resting places be forgotten. Would it not be for the honor of Chenango to remove their bodies to some more cherished spot, and pay such tribute, as she may, to those heroes? When living, she wanted them; has she forgotten them when dead? It is true, neither "storied urn," nor "animated bust" can

"Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath,"

neither,

"Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death,"

and yet in a "neglected spot" they are laid; do not those silent graves, which soon will be driven over by the plough-share, call on us for protection? Have we forgotten the dead, shroudless and coffinless, that lie in them? Oh, we do plead for them, who can no longer plead for themselves.

We were now reduced to two field and five line officers, and the command of two companies devolved on each of the latter. How sadly we gathered around our camp fires at night; and for many days the merits of our departed comrades were the chief topics of our conversation.

Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, who commanded us in the engagement of Cedar Creek, was prompt in recognizing the merit which his command deserved, and in speaking of individual cases among the enlisted men. This course called out the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR MIDDLETOWN, VA., Oct. 23, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 80.

"The Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding takes pleasure in announcing to the men of his command, his entire approval of their conduct during the late engagement of Cedar Run, on the 19th instant. The Regiment was among the first engaged, and was foremost in the final charge that cleared the works that had been gained by the enemy in his first attack.

"The following promotions for meritorious conduct on that day, are hereby announced, and will rank from this date:

"COMPANY A.—Fourth Sergeant Elijah Snell, to be First Sergeant *vice* Joseph G. Washburne, killed; Third Sergeant Charles W. Slawson to be Second Sergeant *vice* Samuel A. Delevan, discharged; private Elmore Sharp to be Second Sergeant *vice* William W. Slawson promoted.

"COMPANY F.—Private William C. Potter, to be Corporal *vice* Lewis E. Tew, killed.

"COMPANY G.—Private William Potter to be Corporal and Lance Sergeant.

"COMPANY H.—Private Alonzo B. Merchant to be Sergeant.

"COMPANY I.—Private Ernst Johnson, to be Corporal.

◆ "COMPANY K.—Corporal Sylvanus D. House, to be Lance Sergeant.

"Honorable mention is also made of Sergeant John C. Stoughton, Company E., and private Stephen Barber of Company K., for gallant conduct during the battle. The Lieutenant-Colonel wishes it to be understood that these men have fairly earned their promotion by courage and steadiness on the field of battle, and would hold them up as an example to the enlisted men of the Regiment.

"While we rejoice at our great victory gained, we are called to mourn the loss of many of our gallant comrades who fell while pressing forward in the cause of their country. The memory of such heroes as Knowlton, Burch and Thurber, and a host of others, will always be green in our hearts.

By command of

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORSE.

C. L. BROWN, Acting Adjutant."

The army remained at its camp at Cedar Creek, until November 9th., when it fell back several miles and went into winter quarters at Camp Russell, so called in honor of the late Brigadier-General Russell, of the Sixth Corps, who was killed at Winchester.

The men now went to work with a will; the heavy timber was cut and comfortable quarters constructed. The whole army was soon huddled; its whole line stretching across the valley about a mile below Newtown.

On the 12th, it appearing that the enemy was about to make a demonstration, a reconnoissance was ordered, under the immediate supervision of General Sheridan, and the whole force advanced to supporting distance in case the enemy should strike, and, although the whole day was occupied in sharp skirmishing, and in feeling of the enemy, an

engagement seemed to be the last thing which he desired. The troops were therefore, moved back to quarters, and remained in comparative quiet until the 30th of December, when the army moved still further down the valley, and once more huddled itself at a point five miles below Winchester, at the terminus of the railroad, called Stevenson Station.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I drown'd these news in tears."—*Shakespeare.*

STEVENSON STATION—WASHINGTON.

THE NEW YEAR—MARCH IN A SNOW SQUALL—STEVENSON—COLD COMFORT—TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THINGS—PICKET DUTY—DEPARTURE OF SHERIDAN—HAYCOCK COMMANDS—DISCONTINUANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CORPS—SECOND DIVISION EM-BARKS FOR SAVANNAH—DWIGHT'S DIVISION—GENERAL EMORY—EVACUATION OF RICHMOND—UP THE VALLEY—SUMMIT POINT—ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT—ITS EFFECT ON THE ARMY—DEPARTURE FOR WASHINGTON—FORT SARATOGA.

THE dawning of the New Year brought its perplexities to us. Our Regiment had been left on the old camp ground, to guard the lumber which remained until the returning trains could transport it to the new camp. On the morning of January 1st, in a snow squall, the wind blowing a hurricane, we took up our march to join the main army.

We arrived at Stevenson about dark, and the prospect was dismal enough. The ground was covered with snow, and the chances for freezing to death seemed abundant.

But it must be a bad state of things, indeed, if a soldier cannot draw some comfort from surrounding circumstances. Bright fires were built, the snow scraped away in places, leaves collected, and half-a-dozen men, rolling themselves up together in their blankets, soon forgot their hunger and cold, in sleep. How often do soldiers find comfort, like Sancho Panza, with "God bless the man who first invented sleep; it covers one all over like a blanket; it is food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty."

The morning following our arrival dawned pleasantly, and the echoing axes were heard from early morn till late at night. Three days sufficed to make the camp as comfortable as the one we had left, and we were much nearer our supplies and our mails. It is true, we had a vast amount of picket duty to do, but the men consoled themselves that it was the last year of their service, if not the last year of the war, as appearances indicated. About this time we had some changes in our commanders. General Sheridan had moved up the Valley with the Cavalry Corps, and General Winfield Scott Hancock assumed command in his stead.

On the 20th of March, by a General Order of the War Department, the Nineteenth Corps ceased to exist, and, as the Second Division had already been sent to Savannah, Brevet-Major-General Emory was ordered to the Department of the Cumberland. Our Division organization was retained under the name of "Dwight's Division."

In taking leave of General Emory, who had so long commanded the Nineteenth Army Corps, of which the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment formed a part for over two years, we cannot refrain from giving the following personal sketch of this commander, who, on its discontinuance, was sent to other fields of duty and usefulness:

"Gen. Emory graduated at West Point in 1831, in the artillery, and served with distinction throughout the Mexican war, receiving three brevets for gallant and meritorious services. I will not speak of his valuable services in running the boundary lines between Mexico and the United States, which have been published to the world by Congress. Early in 1861, Emory (then Lieutenant-Colonel) assumed command of the troops on the northern frontier of Texas, under the qualified command of General Twiggs. Unlike that officer, however, he brought his command, about 700 strong, North in safety, though opposed by

more than 5,000 of the enemy. Reaching the Northern States with his command, he was much surprised to learn that his resignation, sent in at a time when the President of the United States was declaring that the government "had no right to coerce" seceding States, and when it seemed to all that there would be no war, but recalled two days after it had been forwarded when he learned that his services would be needed against the rebellion, had been accepted. Mr. Lincoln, who throughout the war had the highest opinion of Gen. Emory, re-appointed him at once.

He was in the battle of Williamsburg and Hanover Court-House, at which place the brigade under his command made the great charge which separated the two wings of the rebel army and won the day.

At Camp Bisland, La., on April 13th and 14th, his Division, the Third of the Nineteenth Corps, aided by Gen. Weitzel's brigade, captured the strongly entrenched position of Fort Bisland, and he was recommended by Major-Gen. Banks for promotion for his "conspicuous gallantry and good judgment." During the campaign at Port Hudson, he was detached to take command of the important post of New Orleans, and with 4,000 men, three-fourths of whom were colored troops raised by him for the emergency, on his own responsibility, defended that section of the country successfully against a force of 13,000 of the enemy. The battles of LaFourche Crossing, and Fort Donelson, fought under his orders in June '63, were pronounced, by every one, as the most gallant of that year in Louisiana.

"At Sabine Cross Roads on April 8, 1864, his Division, the First of the Nineteenth Corps, after the repulse of the Thirteenth Corps and all the cavalry, was marched by him to the front at double quick time, and withstood the advance of the whole of Dick Taylor's forces, repulsing the enemy with severe loss. The next day at Pleasant Hill, the magnificent charge of two brigades of his division, gallantly aided by the whole of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, drove the enemy in rout from the field. At Cane River he was assigned by Gen. Banks to the command of the troops moving against that position, and by a brilliant flank, and front attack carried the fords of the river and the opposite heights, opening the way for Gen. Banks'

army to Alexandria. Gen. Franklin, in forwarding his report of the battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, says of Emory, among other handsome things, "I desire also to testify my high appreciation of the great gallantry and good sense and military judgment displayed by Gen. Emory in the battles reported.

"When after the fearful battles of the Wilderness, Gen. Canby was called upon for troops, he selected the First and Second Divisions of the Nineteenth Army Corps, placing them under command of Gen. Emory, saying that he sent his best troops and best officers. For his services in this campaign he was made Brevet-Major-General of Volunteers.

"At Winchester, Emory was at all times in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men when they were hard pressed, and leading them on in the final charges that sent the enemy, whirling up the Valley. At Fisher's Hill he personally superintended the capture of the enemy's rifle pits in his front, and to him was assigned the advance that night in pursuit of the enemy. At Cedar Creek, exposed by the rout of the Eighth Corps, his Corps, attacked in front and flank and rear, fought its way back, inch by inch, under his eye, and by a splendid charge, supported on the left by the Sixth Corps, broke the enemy's lines, doubling their left back upon the center and right. Custar did the finishing work here as all know.

"Gen. Sheridan recommended Emory several times for promotion for his gallantry and distinguished services. In one letter Gen. Sheridan says: "Gen. Emory commanded the Nineteenth Corps at the battles of Opequan (Winchester,) Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek; in all these engagements Gen. Emory was in the thickest of the fight and behaved with great gallantry and coolness.

"Emory has held many other important commands, but our space forbids us to mention them here.

"Lately Gen. Emory has been made Brevet-Brigadier-General in the regular army as a recognition of his services during the war.

"Emory since the Shenandoah campaign, has also been recommended for promotion by Lieut.-Gen. Grant."*

*He has since been made full Major-General of Volunteers.

The evacuation of Richmond threw the army into a fever of excitement. The uncertainty of the movements of the Confederate army rendered the suspense almost unbearable. Some reported that it was moving down the Valley, and preparing to make one desperate assault on Washington. Hancock, to be prepared for an emergency, broke up his winter quarters and on the 5th of April, commenced a movement up the Valley, declaring that the "enemy had not yet developed himself, and it was uncertain where he would strike." Report said that forty thousand rebels were within five miles of Winchester, but it proved false, and our army met with no impediment in its march, and halted near Kernstown. Events soon showed that the army of Lee was not moving down the Valley, and in fact, during our stay at this place, we learned of his surrender to Lieutenant-General Grant. We moved back to Mill Creek, two miles above Winchester, remaining, however, until the 10th, when, pursuant to orders, we marched to Summit Point, a Railroad station a few miles above Charlestown.

While here, the appalling news of the assassination of the President reached us. There was but one opinion; one general sorrow, deep and heart-felt. Each soldier seemed to feel that he had lost a friend, and the nation a savior. The luster of the career of Abraham Lincoln will brighten with time, and his sainted memory be cherished in every land where freedom holds a place in the hearts of men.

The ratification of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery in the United States, is the crowning of the great object of his life. From his throne, amid the starry heavens,

he looks down on the manumitted race of slaves, and sees his labor of love consummated; his cherished hope fulfilled.

"God's workmen die, but His work goes on."

We did not remain long at Summit Point. The recent tragic events which had transpired at our National Capital made it necessary that a more efficient force should be stationed in that vicinity, and Dwight's Division was thereupon ordered to proceed there by rail, without delay.

The Division arrived in Washington on the 21st, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment went into camp near Tennallytown. It subsequently moved to the right, near Fort Saratoga, which is about two and a half miles from the city.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Last scene of all,
Which ends this strange eventful history."—*Shakespeare.*

HOME AGAIN—CLOSING EVENTS.

SURRENDER OF LEE AND JOHNSTON—THE WAR VIRTUALLY CLOSED—MUSTER OUT OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH—COMPLIMENTARY ORDER—SUPPER AT THE AVENUE HOUSE—EN ROUTE FOR HOME—ARRIVAL IN ELMIRA—PREPARATIONS FOR A RECEPTION—OVATIONS IN THE SEVERAL TOWNS—RECEPTION IN NORWICH—ADDRESSES OF MR. KINGSLEY AND COLONEL PER LEE—TRANSPARENCIES—THE LAST BREAKFAST—DISBANDMENT.

THE surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies proclaimed the close of the war, and now the men were anxious to return to their homes. While there was an enemy in the field, the promptings of duty had prevented an outward expression, but now the service seemed irksome, and they were clamorous to "go home."

Shortly after the Grand Review, in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth participated, General Orders, No. 58, Headquarters Middle Military Division, Major-General W. S. Hancock commanding, directed the immediate muster-out of all troops whose term of service expired before the 1st of October. The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment fell under this rule, and on the morning of June 8th, at its camp, near Fort Saratoga, it was formally mustered out of service, by Captain E. P. Pellet, Assistant Commissary of Musters, of Dwight's Division, and General Orders, No. 13, Headquarters Dwight's Division, promulgated, from which the following is an extract :

"HEADQUARTERS DWIGHT'S DIVISION,
JUNE 5, 1865."

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 13.

"I.—Pursuant to General Order, No. 94, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Current Series, and General Order, No. 58, Headquarters Middle Military Division, Current Series, the 114th, 116th, and 133d New York State Volunteers, are hereby ordered to be mustered out of the service of the United States.

* * * * *

"III.—In parting with these gallant regiments, after so long a period of service, the General commanding feels regret, mingled with pride, when he recalls how patiently they endured, how bravely they have fought, and how nobly they have won. Fort Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, and Cedar Grove, bear witness to this. To all these regiments, the General commanding, renders his heartfelt thanks.

"To the 114th, the General commanding tenders his acknowledgments especially for the manner in which, under his eye, at the battle of Opequan, they fired the limit of the enemy's advance on that day, and by obstinate fighting, did such signal, conspicuous service.

"The memory of the fallen will ever be cherished by the Division. They sacrificed themselves to its glory.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DWIGHT.

J. G. LEEFK, A. A. A. General."

In leaving the Division, we regret that we have not a more extended personal sketch of General Dwight. He is the son of William Dwight, Esquire, of Boston, and entered the service as Colonel of the First Excelsior Regiment, (Seventieth Regiment New York Volunteers). He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, and was therefor appointed Brigadier-General. He was severely wounded in one of those desperate struggles, and has had two brothers killed in the service. He went out with the Banks expedi-

tion, and was identified with it until his Division returned to Virginia. He is a young man of good abilities, and was an able commander. He has lately been mustered out of service, being among the last of the Volunteer officers in the service.

Before leaving Washington, the officers of the regiment were kindly invited by Mr. Hiram King, Proprietor of the Avenue House, to an evening's entertainment. After an hour's social chat, a bounteous table was spread with all the luxuries of the season, and the popping of Champagne corks added to the interest of the occasion.

After mutual congratulations, the party broke up, but the memory of Mr. King's hospitality on this, as on former occasions, will long be remembered.

Mr. King is a Chenango County man, and seemed to take an especial interest, in what he terms, the "Chenango County Regiment."

On the evening of the 8th, the regiment took cars for Baltimore, and from thence to Elmira. Here it remained a few days, was paid off, and with joyous hearts the men were preparing to proceed once more to their homes, and to meet those they loved.

At Elmira, one of those sad circumstances occurred in the death of George Agard, who was run over, and killed by the cars.

During this time, our friends at home were not idle. On the first intimation that the regiment was on its way North, they went actively to work to give it a reception. They showed by their untiring efforts, that they had not forgotten these men, who, nearly three years before, had marched away, to protect their interests and their honor. We make up our reports of the measures taken for the reception, mainly

from the official proceedings of the several meetings which were held for that purpose.

On receipt of the news that our regiment was on its way home, a notice was issued, calling a meeting at the Court House, on Thursday Evening, June 8th, 1865, at eight o'clock, to make preparations for their reception. A large number met accordingly. H. N. Walter was appointed Chairman, and I. S. Newton, Secretary.

On motion of B. F. Rexford, the following Committee of Arrangements was appointed :

Edward Childs, N. P. Wheeler, Daniel M. Holmes, David L. Follett, T. DeWitt Miller, Robert A. Stanton, George H. Spry, Samuel Stevens, A. J. Avery, D. A. Carpenter, David Maydole, Roswell Curtis, John W. Weller, E. T. Hayes, John Mitchell, George M. Tillson, Charles R. Johnson, H. N. Walter, Hascall Ransford, Thomas Milner, John F. Hubbard, Jr., Rufus Graves, James G. Thompson, D. M. Powers, George Rider, O. C. Burnham, James H. Smith.

This Reception Committee met at the Court House, on Friday morning; Edward Childs was appointed Chairman, and John F. Hubbard, Jr., Secretary, and the following were added to the Committee :

Warren Newton, Isaac S. Newton, W. N. Mason, Benjamin Frink, David Bedford, John A. Randall.

On motion, sub-committees were appointed as follows :

On Telegraphing for information when the Regiment will reach Norwich, &c.—John W. Weller.

On Finance—N. P. Wheeler, A. J. Avery, J. H. Smith, W. N. Mason, T. D. Miller, Benjamin Frink, David Bedford.

On Music—David Maydole, Roswell Curtis, and George Rider.

On arrangement of the Fair Ground and Building—John A. Randall, D. M. Powers, H. Ransford, Charles R. Johnson, and George H. Spry.

The following Committee of Ladies was appointed to assist in providing for the reception:

Mrs. Ezra Hewitt, Mrs. B. Gage Berry, Mrs. Edward Childs, Mrs. W. H. Church, Mrs. John Mitchell, Mrs. Warren Newton, Mrs. N. P. Wheeler, Mrs. W. N. Mason, Mrs. Harvey Hubbard, Mrs. D. M. Holmes, Mrs. N. H. Button, Mrs. Doct. Thompson, Mrs. Nelson Pellet, Mrs. G. W. Avery, Mrs. A. J. Avery, Mrs. David Bedford, Mrs. Lewis Kingsley, Mrs. O. M. Hughson, Mrs. David Maydole, Mrs. David Oviatt, Mrs. R. Porter Wood, Mrs. H. K. Bellows, Mrs. B. F. Rexford, Mrs. Benj. Frink, Mrs. George Rider, Mrs. R. Close, Mrs. H. N. Walter, Mrs. W. M. Conkey, Mrs. David Griffing, Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. A. J. Carpenter, Mrs. John Fryer, Mrs. William Breed, Mrs. Cyrus R. Brown, Mrs. W. A. Cook, Mrs. S. S. Merritt, Mrs. E. M. Eldridge, Mrs. C. R. Johnson, Miss Lavinia Guernsey, Miss Amelia Foote, Miss Kitty Bedford, Miss Mary E. Curtis, Miss Harriet Brown, Miss Hattie P. Barnes, Miss Love E. Thomas, Miss Emma Bump, Miss Emily Johnson, Miss Kitty N. Breed, Miss Maria Cook, Miss Mary Lewis, Miss Ella J. Marr, Miss Hattie S. Chapman.

Committee on Salute.—Colonel L. A. Rhodes, Major J. R. Wheeler, and Captain M. P. Vosburg.

To solicit Provisions from persons not in the Village—Captain R. A. Stanton, Charles E. Childs, Colonel L. A. Rhodes, H. N. Walter, John W. Weller, George H. Spry, A. J. Carpenter and Rufus Graves.

♥ To invite the Military, the Fire Department and the Civic

Societies to participate in the reception—J. G. Thompson and J. F. Hubbard, Jr.

Captain George M. Tillson was appointed Marshal, and George H. Spry and Captain R. A. Stanton, Assistant Marshals.

The Committee then adjourned to meet at the same place with sub-committees, at half past seven o'clock P. M., at which time it met and adopted the following:

Resolved, That the Committee of Arrangements cordially extend an invitation to all former members of the 114th Regiment, who at any time have been honorably discharged from it, to participate with the Regiment in the Dinner that will be provided on the occasion of the reception, and that a sub-committee furnish such former members of the Regiment with tickets for that purpose free of charge.

Other sub-committees were named as follows:

T. D. Miller to visit Elmira and intermediate places, to confer with Committees of Reception on the route, and with Officers of the Regiment.

To confer with the Committee of Ladies—D. M. Holmes, N. P. Wheeler and Thomas Milner.

On Printing and to distribute tickets—H. N. Walter, J. G. Thompson and D. M. Holmes.

On the Order of Exercises—N. P. Wheeler, J. F. Hubbard, Jr., and T. D. Miller.

And it was

Resolved, That each Committee audit its own accounts, and certify the same to the Treasurer.

James H. Smith was appointed Treasurer of the Committee.

It was then

Resolved, That an arch be built across the street at some appropriate place for the Regiment to pass under it, and that the preparing of it be entrusted to the Committee on Fair Ground and Building.

Adjourned to half past seven P. M., June 10th, at which time met and adjourned to Monday evening.

The following amount of money was subscribed by the following named citizens, but as only about one-half of it was expended, the balance was refunded to them:

O. M. Hughson, \$50 00; Isaac Foote, 25; N. P. Wheeler, 25; W. B. Pellet, 10; H. B. Hoyt, 25; H. L. York, 25; Waters & Rider, 15; Geo. W. Sholes, 10; J. G. Thompson, 10; R. Harkness, 5; P. W. Clarke, 10; J. W. Weller, 10; H. Goodrich, 6; C. B. Smith, 5; Jos. Slater, 5; T. D. Miller, 10; H. C. Wilcox, 5; Tanner & Gregory, 2; H. Phelps, 5; D. L. Follett, 5; H. C. Brown, 5; Rexford & Kingsley, 9; D. Maydole & Co., 5; T. Milner & Co., 10; R. B. Prindle, 5; D. A. Carpenter, 10; James H. Smith, 25; Benjamin Frink, 10; E. Smith & Co., 5; Alex. Foster, 2; Rufus Wells, 1; Robert Walworth, 1; A. J. Hunt, 1; P. L. Wescott, 3; J. S. Allen, 10; B. Gage Berry, 6; D. Merrill, 1; Thomas Rogers, 1; D. Jennings, 1; D. C. Rogers, 1; G. R. Wescott, 2; H. C. Bosworth, 1; Thos. Smith, 1; Smith Steere, Jr., 2; E. D. Baker, 1; William Snow, 25; Ira Spaulding, 25; Hiram Gates, 2; Burnham & Crain, 5; H. Ransford, 5; John Mitchell, 25; D. Griffing, 5; W. M. Conkey, 5; Ansel Berry, 5; Jeduthan Newton, 1; Warren Hall, 1; Emory Lewis, 75; J. H. Latham, 2; B. B. Andrews, 25; Wm. H. Chapman & Co., 20; D. E. S. & D. Bedford, 20; Hill & Mitchell, 20; Johnston & Field, 20; R. Johnson & Son, 20; Warren Newton, 25; Charles Hopkins, 10; E. T. Hayes, 10; Isaac S. Newton, 15; Charles Rich, 10; R. Close, 10; T. J. Noyes, 10; Jonathan Wells, 5; George Rider, 10; Scott & Conway, 10; H. Bennett, 10; D. Oviatt, 5; A. C. Latham, 5; H. N. Walter & Co., 10; E. & E. L. Brown, 10; H. G. Prindle, 5; H. K. Bellows, 15; Cox & Rupe, 5; Ransford & Co., 5; L. D. Bacon, 5; G. H. Fairbanks, 5; H. Thompson, 5; N. B. Hale, 5; M. & D. Conway, 5; A. C. Greenman, 5; C. G. Sumner, 5; P. V. Chamberlain, 5; J. M. Mabie, 5; E. W. Houck, 5; W. K. Loomis, 5; J. F. Hubbard, Jr., 5; W. G. Mandeville, 2; John Wilkinson, 2; S. H. Weeden, 2; W. C. Main, 3; J. Van Smith, 2; Lewis A. Rhodes, 2; T. & G. Bavin, 3; H. A. Rindge, 2; John Hammond, 5; J. W. Thompson, 2; Miss. Roberts, 5; Mrs. Stanley, 5; Miss. Jefferies, 3; Miss. H. Carhart, 5; R. Curtiss, 5;

T. J. Bailey, 5; Stephen Gibson, 5; Truman Enos, 1; Wm. Weiler, 5; Henry Snow, 5; John Crawley, 10; A. J. Avery, 3; C. L. Teft & Co., 2; S. M. Hand, 1; C. M. Purdy, 2; Samuel Cole, 2; Ralza Crumb, 2; C. C. Frink, .50; E. Dimmick, 1; D. M. Holmes, 5. Whole amount of cash received, \$956.49. Whole amount expended, \$449.54. Surplus refunded, \$506.95.

It should be stated, in justice to many persons whose names do not appear in the above list of subscribers, that such persons made valuable donations for the reception of the Regiment, in provisions, services, use of teams, &c.

Thus arrangements were fully perfected for the reception of the Regiment which left Elmira on Saturday the 17th, at two o'clock. Upon its arrival at Binghamton, it was warmly greeted and furnished with a lunch abounding in the good things so much prized by soldiers, after partaking bountifully of which, the Regiment left for Norwich. At Chenango Forks it was met by a delegation from Greene who escorted it to that village, where it arrived on Sunday noon.

An elegant dinner was prepared, and when we say it did justice to the known liberality of the citizens of that enterprising village, we but reiterate the universal praise bestowed upon it by those who partook of it. A handsome reception speech was made by R. P. Barnard, who, in behalf of the citizens, bade the Regiment welcome. At five P. M., the Regiment set sail for Oxford, and after a perilous voyage upon the raging canal, arrived there at three o'clock, A. M. of Monday the 19th. A lunch had been spread to which ample justice was done. At nine o'clock A. M., a splendid breakfast was served by the citizens, which reflected great credit upon the liberality as well as the patriotism of Oxford. After

receiving the congratulations of the citizens, at eleven o'clock the Regiment left for Norwich.

At twelve o'clock, the signal gun announced the fact that the One Hundred and Fourteenth was nearing Norwich, when a large concourse of citizens wended their way to the Canasawacta bridge, on South Main Street. The regiment soon arrived, and was quickly furnished with arms from the Armory of the One Hundred and Third Militia Regiment, and the procession formed in the following order:

1. Brass Band.
2. Committee of Arrangements.
3. Ladies' Committee in Carriages.
4. Norwich Fire Department, led by the Martial Band.
5. One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, led by its own Band.
6. Disabled and wounded soldiers in carriages.
7. The Teachers and Students of the Academy, and other schools.
8. Citizens and strangers.

In this order the procession marched under Captain R. A. Stanton, and George H. Spry, Marshals, to the Court House, where the reception ceremonies proper were to take place.

While marching up Main Street, the procession was witnessed by a dense concourse of citizens, who lined the street upon either side, and, upon marching to the public square, it was found to be literally crowded with people. The brave boys in blue were the observed of all observers, and were frequently cheered during the march, by the admiring multitude. When the procession reached the Court House, the regiment showed the people something of what it could do in the line of manœuvres after which, placing themselves in

the attitude of a charge, they soon cleared their way to the Court House.

When order was restored, Rev. Samuel Scoville eloquently and feelingly addressed the Throne of Divine Grace, invoking the blessing of the Almighty upon those who had returned from the perils of war as well as upon the families of those who had fallen in the conflict.

After the Prayer, the reception speech was made by Hon. Lewis Kingsley, who, in the absence of Hon. Demas Hubbard, Jr., who had been expected to officiate, was at a late hour invited to supply the place.

Mr. Kingsley's speech, an able one, was a model of conciseness and brim full of patriotic utterances and feelings, eloquently speaking the sentiments of all who were there to receive their brave brothers back from the wars again.

Mr. Kingsley referred to the mustering in, and going forth of the Regiment from that very spot nearly three years since, and followed them in their various wanderings during the years and months that had passed. The battle of Bisland was spoken of, the daring charge of the Regiment at Port Hudson, was depicted, and when the death of their leader, Colonel Smith, was referred to, (which happened two years ago that very day,) many an eye grew moist. The brave achievements of the One Hundred and Fourteenth in the Valley of the Shenandoah, were spoken of, and Mr. K. closed his address, by welcoming, in behalf of the citizens of Chenango County, the regiment home again.

At the conclusion of the speech the cheers of the vast crowd showed that the praise bestowed upon the regiment by the speaker was well approved by all.

Colonel Per Lee responded in a short, characteristic speech.

which was emphasized at its termination by one of the regimental cheers, which gave to its hearers an inkling of what those rebel-killers were.

The speeches being over, the procession re-formed and marched to Floral Hall which had been elegantly trimmed and fitted up for the occasion.

Four immense tables had been prepared by the ladies, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth sat down to the most gorgeous dinner ever spread in Chenango County. Nothing in the substantial line was wanting, while the great variety of pies, cakes, &c., to say nothing of the luscious strawberries and ice cream, was enough to satisfy the palate of the most epicurian appetite. Tastefully arranged bouquets graced the tables, while upon either side, neatly draped with evergreens, were the names of the battles in which the regiment had been engaged. Among others, was that of Port Hudson, trimmed in deep mourning, above which hung a life-like portrait of Colonel Smith, together with his sash and sword.

At the table all ceremony was discarded. The men laid hold of the provisions with a relish, and the table committee of ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their attentions to their honored guests.

But as all things must have an end, so did the eating, and the regiment separated to greet warm personal friends upon every side.

Many of our places of business displayed mottoes recognizing the gallant services of the regiment. At the South Street Canal Bridge was a tasteful evergreen arch, bearing this motto:

"Welcome the brave Defenders of our Union."

At the corner, near Miss Guernsey's, was another triumphal arch, decorated with the American flag upon either side, while in the center of the arch, were the figures "114," above which were the words,

"Our People's Pride."

In front of the Court House, where the reception took place, were these words,

"With sorrow for the brave men who have fallen, with thanksgiving for victory, and with pride for your achievements, we welcome you home."

The *Chenango Telegraph* office displayed the following:

"Welcome the heroes of Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek."

"The only debt we can never pay, is that we owe the Soldiers."

Thus was the One Hundred and Fourteenth received in joy and gladness by those who had three years since sent them forth in sorrow and tears. Never went forth a braver Regiment to battle. Never were expectations of bravery and daring more fully realized. Never were living heroes more warmly welcomed, and the dead more gratefully remembered.

On Tuesday morning, the 20th, all who were left in town met at the barracks and had their last breakfast together, and prepared for the good-bye. It was an affecting scene, rendered doubly so by the visit of the little daughter of Colonel Smith, and by his photograph which hung upon the walls. But finally all this was over, Colonel Per Lee made a feeling parting address, shook hands for the last time—the good-byes were said, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth was disbanded.

Since that time, the following has been received, which discontinues the Division to which the One Hundred and Fourteenth was attached, and in which it was always a favorite regiment.

"HEADQUARTERS, DWIGHT'S DIVISION,
SAVANNAH, GA., July 20, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. 15.

"**SOLDIERS:**—The Division has ceased to exist. Some of you have gone to your homes to receive honorable discharge—others have been sent to various and widely separated commands. We shall never again be united. With satisfaction I remind you that your line, when formed under my command, has never been broken by the enemy, or driven back before his fire.

"Distinguished as you are for having served in the most disastrous and most successful of the campaigns of the memorable year 1865, you are yet more proud in the consciousness that whether, on the Banks of the Red River or in the Valley of the Shenandoah, you put a limit to the victory of the enemy, and were the best and bravest in defeating and pursuing him. These will be our happy memories while we live.

"We do not forget the fallen—whether on the Teche, at Port Hudson, at Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Red River, at the Opequan, Fisher's Hill, or Cedar Creek. They are happy in death, for they fell in defence of the liberties and Constitution of their country.

"Your discipline has been as remarkable and as much noticed and commended as your devotion to duty.

"I regret that an act of insubordination is reported in a regiment formerly one of you. It is well that it ceased to be of you before showing itself so unworthy. In your midst it would have withered beneath your contempt.

"I thank you that I can thus speak of you, and to you, and that our record is one of mutual confidence.

"In any future need of our country, may it be my good fortune to serve with soldiers as intelligent, devoted, skillful and brave.

(Signed.)

WILLIAM DWIGHT.

Brigadier-General Commanding.

J. G. LEEFE, A. A. A. General."

In the praise awarded by General Dwight, our One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment has its full share; indeed, this review of the services of the Division, is but a comprehensive history of the Regiment.

Here the author of this History lays aside his pen. He has endeavored faithfully and correctly to record the services of his Regiment, without fear or favor, and in an impartial manner. If he has failed, it is an error of the head, not of the heart.

POEMS

DEDICATED TO THE 114TH REGIMENT.

SALUTE.

TO THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOL-
UNTEERS, JUNE 19TH, 1865.

Welcome, ye friends and sons and brothers,
Returned from camp and battle field !
We cherished you before all others,
Who for the Nation arms did wield ;
Followed with sympathy your track,
Till victory has brought you back.

In old Virginia's hills and valleys,
On Louisiana's scorching plain ;
On march, in fight, at siege and sallies,
In heat and frost, in shine and rain,
Chenango boys have stood the test,
To take their rank among the best.

We thank you for the service tendered,
When suffering was our country's cause ;
We thank you for the service rendered
To Union, Liberty and Laws !
Triumphant over Slavery
We shall now all be right and free.

While you are shaking hands and kissing
 In old familiar embrace,
 We find, alas! a number missing,
 Who closed their patriotic race.
 To them the tribute of a tear,
 And ever be their memory dear!

C. B.

FAREWELL.—JUNE 19, 1865.

"—— a word that must be and has been,
 A sound which makes us linger ——" —*Childs Harold.*

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE SURVIVORS, OFFICERS AND
 MEN, OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH NEW YORK VOL-
 UNTEERS.

In the golden light of summer all the hill-tops are aglow,
 And the airs that whisper welcome from her fragrant breathing
 blow.
 There is gladness all about us, in the season, in the scene,
 Sky and earth are bright with beauty, and the clouds that hang
 between;
 Smiling faces are around us, joy is rife on every side,
 Cheers from friendly lips are ringing through the welkin far and
 wide.
 So, once again close up the ranks! quick step! guide right—we
 come
 To follow, just once more, the old familiar fife and drum;
 But once more to feel the elbow-touch—once more to wear the blue
 We've worn for three long summers, with a purpose firm and true.
 Only one day more of soldiering; so let the drum-corps play
 Their loudest and their merriest—we're marching home to-day.

Set your colors streaming, Sergeant, rent and ragged though they be;

Blood of brave men has baptized them, and their glory all may see.
We have loved them like a sweetheart through the agony of war,
And they're doubly precious to us—every faded stripe and star.
Long those rended folds the story of Port Hudson's day shall tell,
When our stalwart color-guard went down before the storm of hell!
How we hugged them at Opequan, when the line was thinned with fire—

How at Cedar Creek we saved them from the Rebels' furious ire!
Give them cheers and honors; they have been our oriflamme in fray;
But all this has passed forever—we are marching home to-day.

No more picket, no more bivouac, no more weary toil and pain,
No more soldier-life, and labor, joy and sorrow, loss and gain.
We have seen our last of service, we have struck our final blow,
Marched and fought, and toiled and suffered while before us stood a foe;

And our hearts are knit together, even as with hooks of steel.
With a friendship which no other than the soldier well can feel.
We have borne the same disasters, we have raised the wild acclaim
Of victory together 'mid the battle's wreck and flame;
But our toils and pains are over, now the stains are purged away
From the Union's holy name—and so we're marching home to-day.

Nay, not all! Some eyes are weeping as they view our little band,
Tongues grow tremulous in welcome, hands in vain seek many a hand.
Are ye absent, O my comrades? Have you ceased your arms to bear?

Shall ye march no more forever to the swell of martial air?
We have missed you long and often when the stirring reveille
Roused the silent camp from slumber, with its loud-resounding glee.

Long beside us in life's sunshine and amid its dreary rain,
Ye have sheathed your blades forever on your ultimate campaign,
And your rest is sweet and peaceful, and our love is yours always,
Gallant soldiers, who before us march in God's perfected day!

Blessed thrice, ye cherished comrades, who from death have snatched
release,
Disenthralled from strife and tumult in that pure and perfect peace.
Though departed, ye are with us, and with souls forever true
To the love we bore you living, here we pledge you all anew.
Give them tears no more, O Mothers! They are to the nation
wed;
Who the martyr's death have suffered we can never count as dead!
Theirs is not this day's rejoicing—they partake not of our glee,
Yet we know they are enfranchised, and our full hearts murmur
"Free,"
As we close the vacant places in our battle-thinned array,
Marching proudly, marching sadly homeward from the war to-day.

With the land regenerated, with our trusts fulfilled, we yield
Like the Spartan youth, the glory of each war-worn, battered shield.
Hail comrades—hail and farewell! Here together we have come
To follow but once more the old familiar fife and drum.
Ah! no reveille shall call us when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
And we've sadness in the thought, and trembling tongues and
moistened eyes.
But away with melancholy!—all the air is full of noise
To glorify the coming of the blithesome soldier-boys.
So then, once again, close up! quick step! right shoulder shift, and
play
The bravest tune, the merriest strain—we're marching home to-day.
J. F. F.

MARTIAL HYMN.

DEDICATED TO THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW
YORK VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE:—*La Marseillaise*.

Red White and Blue—these are the colors
Which, with the stars' full complement,
At whatsoever cost of dollars,
Of limb and life, we shall defend.
Knights we are of the Constitution,
By citizen's allegiance bound,
And on the whole old Union's ground
We will preserve that institution.

Chorus:—Let us be wide awake,
To put sedition down ;
Advance, advance, with slow resolve,
Or death or virtue's crown !

Alas ! not foreign land invading,
In territory of our own,
Domestic foes we are abating,
Secession to be overthrown.
Woe to conspirators and traitors,
Who raised this fratricidal strife !
Too light is penalty of life,
Woe to abettors and to aiders !

Chorus:—Let us be wide awake, etc.

Take courage, Unionists ! long suffering
By terrorists' despotic sway ;
The country sees your loyal offering,
Nigh is to you redemption's day.
The federal armaments preparing
On mighty scale by sea and land,

Will soon be ready and at hand,
To crush Rebellion's wicked daring.

Chorus:—Let us be wide awake, etc.

Law's majesty, the emanation
Of popular will by wisdom framed,
The major part of the whole nation,
Presents the insults at thee aimed.
The Government known but by blessings,
Embracing all with parent's care,
Has warned its enemies: Beware!
Chastisement follows the caressings.

Chorus:—Let us be wide awake, etc.

C. B.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

COLONEL ELISHA B. SMITH.

ELISHA B. SMITH, the son of Judge Elisha and Adosha Smith, a native of the Village of Norwich, was born February 7th, 1817. His boyhood years were spent much upon a farm, but, at his majority, he had been extensively engaged in Agencies and other business. He was elected to several town offices. He was Under Sheriff from 1844 to 1847. In 1846 he was chosen, with his colleague, the venerable Ex-Lieutenant Governor Tracy, a Delegate to the Convention for the revision of the State Constitution, and was one of the Democratic nominees for Canal Commissioner, at the first election held thereunder. In 1852, he came within a comparatively few votes of an election to Congress, from this District—the Democratic majority for him in Broome and Chenango being overborne by the heavy Whig vote in Cortland, for Mr. Bennett. He was commissioned Postmaster of Norwich, in the spring of 1853, but displaced in the fall of 1854, for adherence to the Hunker Division of the Democracy, which, then and since, commanded his sympathies and support.

At the first meeting of the War Committee in July, 1862, he was unanimously recommended as Regimental Commander of a Regiment of a thousand volunteers, to be raised in the 23d Senatorial District. He accepted and discharged this trust

with zeal and fidelity, though harrassed by every species of embarrassment and annoyance. He was presented by the citizens of Chenango, with a horse, equipments, sword, sash and belt, just previous to his departure. The regiment left Norwich, on the 6th of September, amid the subdued cheers and tearful farewells of the thousands assembled to witness it. Colonel Smith followed on the 7th, and joined it at Binghamton.

It was first ordered to Baltimore, and from thence, as a part of General Banks' force, to New Orleans. Soon after arriving there, the Colonel was put in command, as acting Brigadier-General of all the United States forces, regular and volunteer, at Brashear City, and acted in that capacity, rather than as Colonel, up to the time of his fall. At the battle of Bisland, however, he commanded his own regiment in person, and for "unflinching bravery" displayed by himself and his command, received the highest commendation in a special acknowledgement from the officer whose battery it was his duty, on that occasion, to support. After this battle he was for a time laid up with sickness, at New Orleans; but, on receiving information of the intended attack on Port Hudson, hurried forward to join his command, though hardly well enough for arduous service.

The fearful assault of the 14th of June, was made within five days after his arrival, Colonel Smith being assigned to the command of General Weitzel's Brigade for the day. The official details of that ill-starred attack, as well as of the previous fatally unsuccessful one, showed a spirit of determination on the part of our men, who rushed on at the word of command, and fought gallantly among pit-falls and unforeseen entanglements of the worst description, and when success

orescape was impossible, Colonel Smith was with and amongst his soldiers, encouraging them to duty, when he (with many other brave officers,) fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field to die.

He lingered until the 19th, when his spirit quietly passed from earth to that better land, where there are neither wars, nor rumors of wars.

On the morning of the 30th of June, his remains, in charge of Lieutenant E. P. Pellet, left New Orleans, on the *Cahawba*, and after a quiet voyage of seven days, arrived in New York.

By a dispatch received on the 8th of July, the citizens of Chenango were informed that the body of Colonel Smith had reached New York, and that it would be brought to Chenango Forks, on Friday morning. Preparations were made for meeting it there, and on Thursday, a number of gentlemen went down to act as an escort to accompany the remains to Norwich. The body reached the Forks at about two P. M., on Friday, and was taken in charge by the committee from Norwich.

On the way up the valley, demonstrations of respect and sorrow were made at Greene and Oxford, by a general turnout of the people. At Greene the procession was met, at the south bounds of the village, by the Masonic Fraternity and by the Fire Department, as well as by a large number of other citizens, and these, with a military band, accompanied the remains as far north as the bridge over the canal. As the procession moved through the village, the church bells were tolled, and the heavy sound of cannon awoke the mournful echoes of the hills which surround the early home of the lamented Colonel. It is due to the citizens of Greene

to say that they twice turned out in this manner to do honor to the remains. It was at first expected that the body would be brought up the valley on Thursday morning, and they then assembled to escort it through their village.

At Oxford the people were found gathered together when the procession came up, and, accompanied by these, the remains were borne slowly and solemnly through the town, its coming and going marked by the tolling of bells and the firing of cannon.

The approach of the procession to Norwich was announced by the firing of one gun, at about six o'clock, and immediately the people began to move towards the south to meet it. Carriages and foot passengers thronged the street all the way down to the Cemetery, and when the Remains passed the creek bridge they were followed by at least one hundred carriages, and by hundreds of people on foot. The body was taken to the Court House, where it lay in the large hall, in state, until the hour appointed, on Sunday, for conveying it to its last resting place.

The funeral was on Sunday, the 12th, at one P. M. In the meantime the coffin had been beautifully and appropriately draped and decorated, and fair and gentle hands had adorned it bountifully with wreaths and flowers. Upon the coffin plate was engraved the following inscription:

Col. E. B. SMITH, 114th Reg't,
Wounded at Port Hudson,
June 14th;
Died the 19th, 1863.
Aged 46 years.

The day was favorable. Clouds lowered and darkened the face of the heavens as if nature partook of the universal gloom; but no rain came to interfere with the ceremonies.

while there was freedom from the dust and heat which had characterized the few previous days.

Before the hour appointed for the exercises to begin, our streets were literally filled with citizens and strangers, and with deputations of Masons and Firemen from the neighboring towns. It is seldom, if ever, on any occasion, that so many persons have been present in Norwich. At one o'clock the remains were placed upon the hearse, which was draped with the American flag, the coffin being fully exposed to view, and bearing on its top the military hat and sword of the deceased, and thus borne, escorted by the Committee of citizens and pall-bearers, to the residence of the family. Here a hymn was sung by the Choir and prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Scoville, when the funeral procession was formed, under the direction of Mr. George Rider, Marshal on the part of the Masons, in following order:

Citizens.

Chief Engineer, Norwich Fire Department.

Chief Engineer and Assistant, Oxford Fire Department.

Niagara Fire Company, of Oxford.

Lady Washington Fire Company, of Oxford.

Torrent Fire Company, of Sherburne.

Protection Fire Company, of Smyrna.

Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, of Norwich.

Deluge Fire Company, of Norwich.

Exempt Members of Norwich Fire Department.

Company of Returned Volunteers, under Captain Tyrrell.

Masonic Lodge of Sherburne.

Masonic Lodge of Oxford.

Masonic Lodge of Greene.

New Berlin and other Lodges not fully represented.

Masonic Lodge of Hamilton.

Masonic Lodge of Norwich.

Pall Bearers.

Citizens.

H. R. Mygatt,
 Rufus Chandler,
 T. J. Noyes,
 Walter M. Conkey,
 B. F. Rexford,
 P. B. Prindle,
 Ezra Hewitt,
 Warren Newton,
 Roswell Curtiss,
 Thomas Milner.

HEARSE.

Pall Bearers,

Masons.

W. P. Noyes,
 J. W. Weller,
 Edward Childs,
 C. M. Lewis,
 N. E. Beals,
 M. Wicks,
 J. T. Brennan,
 J. G. Thompson,
 B. B. Andrews,
 Lee Talcott,
 N. P. Wheeler,
 Daniel Cornell.

Carriages with Family, Relatives, and Friends of deceased.

The procession being thus formed, marched to the public square in front of the Court House, where the various Companies and Societies were drawn up in order, together with an immense concourse of citizens and strangers, and the funeral exercises on the part of the citizens took place. An appropriate and deeply solemn and impressive Prayer was offered at the Throne of Divine Grace, by the Rev. A. N. Benedict, of the Baptist Church, and a hymn sung by the united Choirs of the village, when a brief and touching address was made by the Rev. Samuel Scoville, of the Congregational Church. He spoke of the virtues of the deceased, of the love and respect entertained for him in this community, of his gallant conduct in battle, of his honorable career as a soldier, of his social and public worth, of his christian character, of his anticipated return on a visit to his family during the present month, contrasting it with the solemn scene then before him, and feelingly alluded to that other occasion, less than a year since, when, prior to his departure, his friends, neighbors, and fellow citizens assembled in nearly equal numbers, and in the same place, to present him with a

war horse and trappings, and to render honor to him as the living soldier instead of the dead hero.

At the close of the ceremonies in front of the Court House, the remains were given into the charge of the Masons, to be by them borne to the grave and deposited therein according to the rites and ceremonies of the Order. The number of people that followed the body to the cemetery could not have been less than five thousand.

Those who have been present during the burial exercises of the Masonic Fraternity, know how beautiful and impressive they are, and how eloquent each word is of the sorrow that finds its way to utterance from the wrung heart of each bereaved brother as he says his last farewell over the grave of one with whom he had close fellowship in life, and these can appreciate the feelings of the multitude who gathered around the spot where the earthly part of Colonel Elisha B. Smith was laid—a spot that will be forever sacred to those who love their country and the memory of its defenders. The burial service was read by R. K. Bourne, Esq., Master of the Norwich Lodge, in a voice clear and distinct, and the body committed to the dust.

At the close of the Masonic Ceremonies, a prayer, full of feeling and earnest supplication, was offered by Rev. Mr. Searles, and then the people slowly separated.

Thus passed into the grave all that was earthly of Colonel Elisha B. Smith, but his name will live, and his memory be cherished, as long as the people of Chenango shall remember her brave sons who went out to fight her battles, and protect her honor.

"No sound can awake him to glory again."

Colonel Smith was an active and intelligent Mason, and was,



for some time, Acting High Priest of the Chapter of the Village of Norwich.

At a special meeting of Norwich Lodge, No. 302, F. and A. M., held at their Lodge Room, July 12th, 1863, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the all-wise Grand Master of the Universe to remove from this earth the soul of our beloved Brother, Colonel Elisha B. Smith, and while bowing with humble submission to the fiat of His will "who doeth all things well," we deem it proper to offer this last tribute to the memory of our departed friend and Brother:

Resolved, That in the departure of Brother Smith, this Lodge has lost a true and faithful brother; his family a kind and affectionate husband, son and father; society a genial, noble man; and his country a brave and accomplished officer.

Resolved, That while the members of this Lodge, in common with the whole community, deplore the calamity which has suddenly removed from our midst, a useful and honored citizen, in the very strength and vigor of his manhood, yet we have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that he died a brave man, nobly defending his country; and while we duly honor the names of the thousand patriots who have fallen in the fearful struggle, his memory, like the emblems of immortality we have just deposited in his grave, will be ever green in our hearts.

Resolved, That while called to mourn the loss of our esteemed Brother and to offer up to his memory this last tribute of affection, we safely trust his spirit in the hands of Him who rules in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved widow and relatives the hand of sympathy and voice of consolation, in this dark hour of trial and affliction, and commend them to the care and protection of Him who, holding the destinies of nations in his hand, notes the fall of the sparrow.

Resolved, That this Lodge be clothed with the customary badge of mourning for thirty days,

Resolved, That these Resolutions be placed upon the records of this

Lodge, and that the Secretary present a copy to the widow and mother of the deceased, and that they be published in this County.

The writer of this sketch has extracted largely from the accounts of the funeral of Colonel Smith, as published in the *Chenango Telegraph* and *Chenango Union*, and to the Editors of those papers he makes this acknowledgment.

BREVET-BRIG.-GEN. SAMUEL R. PER LEE.

[LATE COLONEL 114TH REGIMENT.]

THE subject of this sketch was born in Amenia, Dutchess County, New York, of Walter and Harriet Per Lee, May 10, 1819. In 1834 he came to Chenango, and entered the store of Sandford & Ransford, as a clerk, remaining two years, after which, he was in the employ of Sandford & Purdy, until 1838. He early manifested an aptness for business, and formed those habits which led to his success in after life. In 1838, he formed a partnership with the late Porter Wood, a thriving and energetic merchant. He remained with Mr. Wood until 1842, when he associated himself with Thomas Milner. This partnership continued until 1847, when he took the business into his own hands, and conducted it in a highly successful manner, until he was appointed by the Canal Board of the State of New York, Superintendent of the Middle Division of the Chenango Canal, a duty which his good judgment and fidelity enabled him to discharge in a most satisfactory manner. He held this position for two years, and then purchased, of Jonathan Wells, the large Store House situated on the Canal, on East Street, in the



Village of Norwich. In the forwarding business he succeeded equally well. As a kind and obliging man he won himself hosts of friends, and very few have met greater pecuniary losses as an underwriter, or borne them with greater equanimity. In 1856 he was elected Supervisor of his town. He remained in the Storage and Forwarding business until the President's call for men in 1862, and then he was among the first to offer his services. Colonel Smith recommended him for the position of Adjutant of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and he was commissioned as such, July 23, 1862. How well he performed the duties, as well as those of Acting Quartermaster and Mustering Officer, has been already stated in the former pages of this work. As a token of appreciation of his services, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and presented with a set of horse equipments, sword, sash and belt, by his townsmen. He served in this capacity, in the first and second campaigns up the Teche, and was, for a greater part of the time, in command of the regiment. On the death of Colonel Smith, he was appointed Colonel, his commission dating from June 19th, his muster from August 26, 1863. After the retirement of the regiment from Port Hudson, and its return to Brashear, he was appointed Commandant of the Post. He has, on several occasions since, been temporarily in command of the Brigade, of which his regiment formed a part. Of the cool bravery and earnest daring of Colonel Per Lee, we have already spoken. In his charge, with a few horsemen, on the band of guerrillas which attacked our rear guard, near Franklin, on the 25th of May, he showed a courage which won him a high place in the hearts of his men, and on the fatal field of Opequan, he placed himself at the head of his command and

led his men to battle. In this engagement he was twice wounded, in the side with a fragment of shell, and in the throat with a minnie ball, it passing entirely through his neck, inflicting a very severe and dangerous wound. Few regimental commanders ever left the service with the good will of so large a portion of his enlisted men, as Colonel Per Lee, and few regimental commanders ever labored more faithfully for the comfort of his command. Every soldier whose eye reads these pages, can attest to the correctness of this statement. Colonel Per Lee was recommended by Generals Dwight, Emory, and Sheridan, for promotion, and since his retirement from the service, he has been brevetted as Brigadier-General of United States Volunteers, for his "gallant and meritorious services during the war."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY B. MORSE.

THE subject of this sketch, son of Ellis and Adaline Morse, was born at Eaton, Madison County, on the 2d day of July, 1836. He was for some years engaged with his father and brother, in distilling and farming, and later, in charge of Grist Mills, and Water Pipe and Pump Manufactory, at Eaton, N. Y. When the war of the rebellion broke out, he was prompt in offering his services to the Government, and received authority to recruit a company, and on the 13th of August, 1862, he reported at Regimental Headquarters, over one hundred and thirty men. A portion was transferred to Company H, under command of Lieutenant Robert P. York. Mr. Morse was thereupon commissioned as Captain, and his company lettered D. He was recommended by Colonel



Smith for the position of Major, and mustered in that grade, September 8th, 1862. On the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel Per Lee, Major Morse was advanced to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel, with rank from August 26th, 1863. At the fatal charge of June 14th, at Port Hudson, he was severely wounded in the ankle, while leading the assaulting party of the One Hundred and Fourteenth. Again, at Sabine Cross Roads, while in command of the battalion, he received a gun-shot wound in the arm, from which he was disabled several months. Previous to leaving his home, he was presented by his townsmen with a beautiful sword, sash and belt, and subsequent events show that they were always worn with honor. He was, for a long time, on the Board of Prison Inspectors, in New Orleans, and for some weeks, Acting Quartermaster of the Nineteenth Army Corps. His brother, Alfred A. Morse, of the same regiment, fell mortally wounded at Cedar Creek, October 19th. Colonel Morse was present at the battles of Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, and Cedar Creek. He was known throughout the command, as a brave and efficient officer, social, pleasing in his address, and generous almost to a fault. He is at present, reading law, in the office of Pratt & Mitchell, of Syracuse.

MAJOR OSCAR H. CURTIS.

MAJOR OSCAR H. CURTIS was born in Norwich, Chenango County, on the 25th day of March, 1832, being the second son of George and Nancy Curtis. His early years were spent with his parents, at White Store, in the manner usual in the country, working on the farm through the summer and



attending District School during the winter. At the age of nineteen he became the teacher of a District School in which he was eminently successful. Animated by this, he became a pupil at Gilbertsville Academy, under Prof. Abram Wood, a ripe scholar and student, where he remained several terms teaching District School during the winter. Having thoroughly prepared himself for college, at the age of twenty-two he entered Union, and graduated in 1858. Immediately after he became connected with Oxford Academy, as a Teacher of Languages and Higher Mathematics, where he remained two years, and then entered upon the study of the law in the office of Henry R. Mygatt, Esq., a highly accomplished lawyer and gentleman. Mr. Curtis pursued his studies under the immediate direction of the late Hon. Henry Van Der Lyn, a thorough legal scholar, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1861. He commenced the practice of his profession in Oxford. But the bugle notes of war, in defence of cherished institutions, fired his patriotism, and called him to abandon his own chosen pursuits for the public good. He raised the first company for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and was commissioned Captain of Company A, August 6th, 1862, and while at the rendezvous, at Norwich, was the recipient of a handsome sword, belt and sash from the members of his Company. He remained with his Company until the death of Colonel Smith made a change in the grade of field officers necessary, and then Captain Curtis was promoted to the rank of Major, to date August 26th, 1863. Applying himself diligently to the study of tactics and the art of war, he was soon master of his station and rendered efficient aid in the drilling and disciplining of his Regiment. He participated in the battles of Bisland, Siege



of Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Cane River, Mansura, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. After the wounding of Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, at Sabine Cross Roads, he commanded the regiment, and remained in command during the retreat to Alexandria, fighting the battles of Pleasant Hill and Cane River. Also, after the fall of Colonel Per Lee, at Opequan, he commanded the battalion under the most trying circumstances, and afterwards joined in pursuit of the enemy up the Valley of Harrisonburg, fighting the battle of Fisher's Hill. At Harrisonburg, he was detailed, by the General commanding the army, to take command of a long train returning to Martinsburg for supplies, having as an escort a regiment of cavalry and his own regiment. At different times he held responsible positions, aside from his duty with his regiment. Once as Judge Advocate of a General Court Martial, under General Dwight, Commanding Division. Again, as Judge Advocate of Military Commission under General Emory, Commanding Corps. And when the Second Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, moved to Savannah, he was placed in command of all the Artillery and Transportation of the Division, with which he moved to Frederick City, Md., where he remained during the winter of 1864-65. Major Curtis was noted for his cool bravery and the very easy manner in which he handled his command, in trying times as well as on the field of practice. By his earnest devotion to his cause, as well as by his rigid but consistent and manly course, he won the respect of all who knew him as an officer and a gentleman. He remained with the regiment to share its home triumphs, and now has returned to the practice of his profession, at Oxford, N. Y., where he should have a liberal share of patronage.

SURGEON LEVI P. WAGNER.

LEVI P. WAGNER, son of John C. and Eliza Wagner, was born in Georgetown, Madison County, N. Y., in the year 1831. His grandfather was in the Revolutionary war, and fought at the battle of Trenton. His early education was Academic. Later, he entered the Albany Medical College—where he graduated in 1854. Shortly afterwards he commenced the practice of his profession in Oxford, where he remained until the breaking out of the rebellion. The writer of this sketch, well remembers an interview he had with Dr. Wagner in 1862, just after the call for three hundred thousand additional men had been received. Said the Doctor: “I feel that it is my duty to go. If my professional duties are more needed, I will go in the capacity of a medical man, but I must go!” He immediately repaired to Albany, passed the required examination, and was assigned to the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment as its Surgeon, his Commission bearing date, July 29, 1862. On his departure for the seat of war, he was presented by his townsmen with a beautiful sword, sash and belt. The thoroughness of his medical examination of the regiment has been already stated in this work. [See page 8.] Surgeon Wagner served faithfully with his regiment until Sheridan’s great battle in the valley, when he was detached, and put in charge of the Depot Field Hospital, at Winchester, Va. From September 20th, 1864, to April 1st of the year following, he had entire control of this important department. Should these pages meet the eye of any of those men who fell wounded on the bloody fields of Winchester and Cedar Creek, their correctness will be attested when we state that his kind personal attention



was as far as possible directed towards the relief of their sufferings, and that his general oversight of the whole, rendered this Hospital one of the best regulated in the army. Very great credit is due to Surgeon Wagner for his devotedness to his duty in this sphere of action, and he has been frequently complimented by Generals Emory, Sheridan and Hancock for his system and regularity. He must at various times have had several thousand wounded under his charge. On the breaking up of the Winchester Hospital, as an appreciation of his abilities, General Hancock took him on his Staff as Medical Inspector of the Middle Military Division, a very responsible position, which he held until his muster out with his regiment.

The Chief Medical Officer of the army of the Shenandoah thus writes to Dr. Wagner:

"I am much pleased to say, that since the commencement of the war, I have seen no better conservative surgery, or greater success in its practice, than in the hands of your hospital, and with few appliances under such difficulties.

"I should be pleased to learn that your services both as a Surgeon and as an administrative officer, have been properly appreciated by your promotion to the position as Surgeon on the General Staff."

Becoming enamoured of the Southern country—the Doctor has migrated to South Carolina, and is about embarking in extensive cotton raising.

BREVET-MAJOR ADRIAN FOOTE.

[LATE QUARTERMASTER OF THE 114TH REGIMENT.]

ADRIAN FOOTE, son of Henry and Adah V. Foote, was born in New Berlin, Chenango County, New York, Dec., 8, 1822,

He had no educational advantages save those of the common school, and at the age of fifteen years he entered the store of Ephriam Wood. With Mr. Wood, and the firm of Brown, Fitch and Isabell, he remained until the spring of 1841. He then entered the service of the Arkwright Manufacturing Company and remained until 1858, the last seven years of the time having been the agent of the company. The winter of 1858 and '59 he spent in the Bank of Cooperstown, in order to become fully acquainted with the banking system of the State. During the three years following he spent portions of his time in banking in Wisconsin, under the free banking law of that State. Later, he had formed a business connection in Illinois, and had decided to make that State his future home, when the notes of rebellion called him to sacrifice his prospects for his country's service. He received authority from the Governor to recruit a company August 1st 1862, and in the succeeding ten days recruited fifty-two men. This detachment was consolidated with one of forty-six men under Charles H. Colwell, from Sherburne, and Mr. Foote chosen First Lieutenant of the Company which was designated F. He was the recipient of a beautiful sword, sash and belt, the present of his townsmen. He proceeded with his Company to Louisiana, and on the resignation of Quartermaster Thompson, he was commissioned as Regimental Quartermaster, to date from March 28, 1863; with rank from March 4th of the same year. He was continually with his regiment during the Teche campaign, and was at the battle of Bisland. He was in the unsuccessful expedition to Sabine Pass, and immediately on its return was detached as Acting Quartermaster of the Reserve Brigade, Colonel R. B. Merritt, commanding, which was subsequently known

as the Third Brigade of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps. On the breaking up of this Brigade he was appointed to the same position in the First Brigade, of the same Division and Corps. He served in this capacity with Brigadier-General William Dwight, during a portion of the Red River campaign, and on the return of the army to Grand Ecore, by field orders, No. 22, he was ordered to report as Staff Quartermaster at Department Headquarters, Major-General Banks commanding. He remained with General Banks until October 18th 1864, when he was relieved at his own request, and joined his regiment November 30th, which had moved to Virginia in July of the same year. He was immediately detached at First Division Headquarters, and appointed Acting Aid de Camp to Brigadier-General William Dwight, commanding. He remained in this position until his muster out, June 8th, 1865. He was offered the appointment of Staff Quartermaster by Brevet-Major-General Emory commanding Nineteenth Army Corps, but this he declined. On his arrival home he received notice from the Secretary of War of his appointment as Assistant Quartermaster of U. S. Vols., with the rank of Captain, and was breveted Major for faithful and meritorious services during the war. By a misdirection of his appointment it was not received by him in time to accept, although much wishing so to do, and the Department thinking he had declined, revoked the appointment. He yet, however, maintains his brevet rank. Quartermaster Foote was a faithful, upright, honest and efficient officer—thoroughly qualified in his department, discharging his duties in a most creditable manner, and always meriting the respect of those associated with him. He has been three times elected Supervisor, twice Justice of the Peace,

and once Superintendant of Common Schools, all of which duties he discharged faithfully and satisfactorily.

CAPTAIN JAMES F. THOMPSON.

[LATE QUARTERMASTER OF THE 114TH REGIMENT.]

THE subject of this sketch, the son of Elihu and Lucy Ann Thompson, was born in South Otselic, N. Y., April 23, 1834. He had for a long time been a thriving merchant in his native village, but when this wicked rebellion called her patriots to the field, he, being one of the ardent supporters of the Administration, deemed it his duty to go to the aid of his imperiled country. He, therefore, raised a Company for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and was commissioned as Captain. His company was presented with a beautiful silk flag by the ladies of Otselic. His peculiar fitness secured his appointment as Quartermaster, and he was mustered in that grade, September 8, 1862. He remained with his regiment until February, 1863, when he met with an accident, by the fall of his horse, which caused his resignation. On his return home, and recovery, he again deemed it his duty to return to the field. He raised still another company, and was assigned to the Twentieth New York Cavalry, receiving his commission as Captain September 22, 1863. He remained with his regiment until attacked with typhus fever, which terminated his life, at Norfolk, July 5, 1864. Captain Thompson had held the office of Town Clerk of Otselic, and had many warm friends, being himself of a genial temperament, always ready to aid a friend, or to do a good turn for those who might ask it.

ADJUTANT' ADELBERT F. COOPE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the town of Scott, Cortland County, N. Y., January 19, 1844. His parents were Nelson H. and Angeline Coope. His early education was such as was afforded in the schools in the vicinity of his native place, and at an early age he manifested a love for learning which has clung to him thus far in life.

He enlisted as a private in Company K, on the 11th day of August, 1862, and was thereupon elected one of the Corporals of the company. He continued doing his duty as such, until his peculiar fitness rendered his services in the Adjutant's office necessary. He was detailed as clerk, and held this position during the administration of two Adjutants. In July 1864, when Adjutant Pellet was promoted to a Captaincy, Colonel Per Lee asked, who would best supply the vacancy. The late Adjutant did not hesitate to say, "my Clerk, Corporal Coope." He was recommended, and commissioned as such, with the rank of First Lieutenant, May 9th, 1864, and the prediction was verified. As a soldier boy—for boy he was,—he was always prompt in his duty, brave, and clear headed, and in the administration of his official business he was correct and efficient.

He participated in every engagement in which the regiment did, save Fishers' Hill and Cedar Creek; at this time he was suffering from wounds received at the battle of Opequan. He is at present a student at the Cazenovia Seminary.

The writer of this sketch was, for nearly a year, intimately associated with Adjutant Coope. Few young men have brighter prospects, and we predict for him a most brilliant career.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM M. ROBINSON.

WILLIAM M. ROBINSON was born in the town of Gibson, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, on the 1st day of October, 1827. His parents were Rev. Jesse S., and Minerva M. Robinson. Chaplain Robinson has for several years been an ordained Minister of the Gospel, of the Congregational Church. He had one brother, Charles H., in the Third New York Volunteers; another, James G., in the One Hundred and Twenty-Second New York Volunteers, besides one uncle and five cousins in the service. Previous to joining the army he was Pastor of the Congregational Church in Greene. He was commissioned by Governor Seymour, December 1, 1864, and formally mustered into the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, as Chaplain, December 29, in which capacity he remained until the muster out of the same, June 8th, 1865.

CHAPLAIN HENRY CALLAHAN.

HENRY CALLAHAN, son of Robert and Dorcas Callahan, was born in Andover, Massachusetts, January 5th, 1811. He graduated at Phillips' Academy, Andover, in 1832; at Union College, in 1836, and at Andover Theological Seminary, in 1840. He was for six years Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Niagara Falls, and twelve years of the Congregational Church, at Oxford. He was mustered as Chaplain of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, September 8th, 1862, in which capacity he acted until the acceptance of his resignation, on Surgeon's certificate, by Special Order, No. 244, Headquarters Department of the Gulf, Major-General Banks Commanding, dated September 9th, 1863. His pater-

nal grandfather was in the Revolutionary war, and was killed at the taking of Yorktown. He had also three nephews in the Union service. Since his return from the army he has been Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Franklin, Delaware County, New York.

ASSISTANT SURGEON CHARLES W. CRAREY.

CHARLES W. CRAREY was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, July 29th, 1863. Previous to this time he had served his country from the early part of the rebellion in one of the New York Regiments, having held the rank of Captain. He was often detailed on duty after engagements, as a Medical officer, and later received the appointment of Assistant Surgeon. His regiment being mustered out, he was obliged to go with it, but immediately went to Albany, and was again commissioned Assistant Surgeon, and assigned to the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York. He served in this capacity until October 6th, 1865, when he was promoted to be full Surgeon and assigned to the One Hundred and Eighty-Fifth New York, attached to the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Here he remained, doing good service, until the close of the rebellion. He is now in the practice of his profession in Franklin County, New York.

The short time in which Dr. Crarey served with the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, endeared him to many near friends, and his generous disposition and liberal views made him a favorite. In a campaign he was a worker, attending to the wants of the command, striving to cheer up

the worn out soldier with occasional jests and sometimes practical jokes.

ASSISTANT SURGEON HENRY G. BEARDSLEY.

THE subject of this sketch was born in New Fairfield, Fairfield County, Connecticut, in February, 1805, and was the youngest of four brothers. His father was a farmer in good circumstances, and he received a fair education. His parental grandfather, Phineas Beardsley, was a Captain in the Continental Army, and served throughout the war of the Revolution. His maternal grandfather, Stephen Gregory, was also an officer and served through the struggle for American Independence. Obadiah Beardsley, father of Henry, removed to Oneida County, in the year 1808. The son devoted his winters to close study, acquiring a decided taste for the practice of medicine. He taught school much of the time, making his way up in the field of literature and science. At the age of twenty-five, he was actively engaged in organizing a militia regiment, in which he held the commissions of Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the winter of 1831-2 he graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the Western District of New York. He then located at Hamilton, New York, where he commenced practice, entering into a partnership with Dr. Havens, an old practitioner, and physician of great abilities. Here he continued in active practice until the summer of 1861. During his professional career, he was elected President of the Madison County Medical Society, and was also Postmaster for seven years. He has also held the position

of Superintendent of Common Schools of the town of Hamilton, for six years. When the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment was organized, and Medical skill needed, Dr. Beardsley was appointed one of its Assistant Surgeons, and proceeded with his regiment to Baltimore, where he was detached and assigned to a regiment of Maryland cavalry, remaining about four weeks, when the squadron was moved to Anapolis. He was then assigned to a Maryland infantry regiment, and remained until it was discharged the service. He afterwards proceeded with his regiment to Louisiana, on the U. S. Transport *Arago*, bearing sixteen hundred troops, to which Dr. Beardsley ministered in his capacity as Medical Officer. About the 20th of January, 1863, at La Fourche Crossing, he received a severe injury, falling from the Rail Road Bridge, which dislocated his ankle. The effects of this injury caused his resignation, March 28, 1863. He returned home broken in health, and, at this writing, lies in a very critical state, at the residence of a relative, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Beardsley's stay with the regiment was short, and he retired from the service with reluctance; but he would have been glad to have followed his regiment until its muster-out, and probably would have done so, had not his medical adviser counseled him to resign. While with the regiment he remained on the best terms with the officers, and was an intimate friend of Colonel Smith, with whom he had been for many years associated in political life. When he retired from the regiment the men of the command regretted his departure, and wished him success in life.

No Medical Officer ever treated the men under his charge with greater kindness than he, and this was his marked quality.

ASSISTANT SURGEON HARRIS H. BEECHER.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, the subject of this sketch, was actively engaged in the practice of medicine in North Norwich, New York. When the call sounded for three hundred thousand more men, Dr. Beecher turned his attention towards aiding in the great work, which was so nobly responded to throughout the land. He addressed meetings and urged the necessity of immediate action, or pressing forward at once in the cause of the Union and the right. Many of the volunteers in Company C, especially, were rallied under the flag of their country, through his earnestness. Although doing a business, in a pecuniary point of view, far exceeding the compensation of an officer in the field, he left his practice, proceeded to Albany and passed a highly satisfactory examination before the Medical Board, was recommended by the Surgeon General of the State, and commissioned by Governor Seymour, as Assistant Surgeon of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, his muster dating September 3d, 1862. Illness detained him at Fortress Monroe, until early in the new year, when he proceeded to New Orleans, having in charge the Medical Department of a United States transport bearing a levy of troops. Shortly after his arrival he was detached and assigned to duty at the Marine United States General Hospital, by order of Major General Banks commanding the Department of the Gulf. He remained here until the Red River Campaign, when he joined his regiment at Natchitoches, and with it shared its hardships. On leaving the Marine Hospital, as a token of sincere regard, the inmates of his wards, presented him a beautiful watch chain and

gold headed cane. There was no officer in the regiment more universally accommodating, than Dr. Beecher. He was kind to the sick under his charge, and was one of the few Medical officers of the army who retained throughout his term of service, the kindest feelings of the enlisted men. Dr. Beecher was widely known throughout Chenango county for his interesting army correspondence, and he is at present engaged in writing the record of the services of his regiment. He is a high-toned gentleman, of education, and literary attainments of no mean order.

The writer of this sketch regrets that he has no more extensive history of Surgeon Beecher's early life, but the absence of the Doctor at this writing compels him to forego it.

CAPTAIN DANIEL W. TURNER.

DANIEL W. TURNER was born of Simon and Amanda Turner, June 8th, 1837, at Preston, New York. He descended from fighting stock, his grand parents, on both sides, having been in the Revolutionary War. He enlisted in Company A, One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, July 23, 1862, and was appointed Sergeant of that company. Later, he received the appointment of First Sergeant, and, May 17th, 1863, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy. On the promotion of Captain Curtis, and the discharge, for wounds received in action, of Lieutenant Stafford, he was commissioned Captain, his muster, as such, dating November 1st, 1863. Captain Turner was for a long time on a Board of Court Martial, which convened at the Headquarters of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps. He followed the regiment in all

its battles, save those of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, when he was suffering from severe wounds received on the 19th of September, at Winchester, disabling him until November 26th, of the same year. Captain Turner was a good officer, fairly earning his promotions, a kind companion and a true friend. Since his return from the army, he has been extensively engaged in farming, in Preston, New York.

CAPTAIN JACOB S. BOCKEE.

JACOB S. BOCKEE was born in Norwich, New York, July 9th, 1840. His parents were Jacob S., and Clara Bockee. His early education was obtained at the country school, after which, for a long time he was a student of Norwich Academy. He entered Yale College in the spring of 1858 and graduated in the summer of 1862. Hardly had he graduated, with his "blushing honors thick upon him," when the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment was organized. With a spirit only stimulated by the most patriotic motives, he commenced the labor of recruiting a company, which work he completed early in August, his commission as Captain, bearing date the 11th of that month. He was presented with a sword, sash and belt, by James H. Smith, Esq., of Norwich, which he always carried with credit to himself, and honor to his country. Aside from his regimental duties, he has served on important Military Commissions; was for a long time on recruiting service at Elmira, New York; Acting Ordnance officer of the First Division, from January to July, 1864; Acting Ordnance officer of the Nineteenth Corps, from December 1864, to April 1865, and Acting Assistant Inspector



General of Dwight's Division, from that date to his muster out of service, June 8th, 1865. He was severely wounded at the battle of Winchester, an ounce ball passing entirely through his body. The Captain participated in the battles of Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Cane River, Mansura, and Winchester. Captain Bockee was always a genial companion, and a pleasant associate. Since his retirement from service he has cast his fortune in the Great West.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. LONGWELL.

WILLIAM H. LONGWELL, the son of Hamilton and Rebecca Longwell, was born in Fairfield, Adams County, Pennsylvania, January 16th, 1839. His great-grandfather, James Wilson, served as a Captain in the Revolutionary war, and his grandfather, William Longwell, also took part in the early struggle for independence. The Captain entered the army as a private, in the Forty-Fourth New York, August 8th, 1861, and was soon after appointed a non-commissioned officer of Company D, of that regiment. On the organization of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, his proficiency in drill caused his appointment as Second Lieutenant of Company C; afterwards he was promoted as First Lieutenant of Company D, and, later, returned to his original company as Captain. On entering the One Hundred and Fourteenth, he was presented by his friends in Norwich, with a sword, sash and belt. During his term of service, he participated in the battles of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Gaines' Hill, Turkey Bend, Malvern Hill, Bisland, Port Hudson, Mansura,

and Opequan. At the last named battle he was very severely wounded, and his life for a long time despaired of. Recovering however, he joined his regiment several months after. Captain Longwell had the reputation of being one of the best tacticians in the regiment, and his company was one of the most proficient in drill and in the Manual. Since leaving the army he has become associated in publishing the *Record*, at Pit Hole City, Pennsylvania.

CAPTAIN NELSON W. SCHERMERHORN.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Columbus, New York, October 12th, 1838, of Homer and Mary Schermerhorn. His great-grandfather was in the War of the Revolution, and two of his great uncles in the war of 1812, besides two uncles in the war for the Union. Captain Schermerhorn entered the army as a private of Company I, August 4th, 1862, and, at the company organization, was chosen its Second Lieutenant. He was subsequently promoted and mustered as First Lieutenant of the same company, and on the 17th of January, 1865, received the rank of Captain, and assigned to Company H. By Special Orders, No. 203, Department of the Gulf, dated August, 1863, he was detached on recruiting and draft service, in Elmira, New York, where he remained until May, 1864. The Captain participated in the engagements of Bisland, Port Hudson, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, and at the last named battle received a slight flesh wound in the leg. He was for a time a resident of Otselic, and has served that town as its Collector. Captain Schermerhorn won a good name in the army, and was always prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties.



BREVET-MAJOR ELIAS P. PELLET.*

THE subject of this memoir, the son of Elias P. and Edith Ann Pellet, was born in Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y., July 7, 1837. His father was a journalist of considerable reputation, and the son inherited much of his ability in this direction. Major Pellet was educated at Norwich Academy, where he acquired a good knowledge of both the English and classical branches. After completing his course at this institution, he was for some time connected with the *Mohawk Valley Register*, and *Literary Independent*; and during the political struggle of 1860 conducted the *Wide Awake*, a Lincoln campaign paper which did good service in the cause which it advocated. He studied law for two years, with Rexford & Kingsley, of Norwich; but the outbreak of the rebellion found him among the first to take the field. He has the credit of being the second volunteer from Chenango, enlisting April 23, 1861, in a company which was subsequently attached to the 17th Regiment, New York Volunteers. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant and assigned to Company H, of that Regiment, May 10, 1861. He was honorably discharged, upon resignation, for severe physical disability, October 29, 1861; but upon the organization of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, he joined that regiment as Second Lieutenant of Company I, September 3, 1862; was promoted to Adjutant, June 14, 1863, and to Captain of Company E, July 1, 1864. Since the muster-out of the regiment, he has been brevetted Major of Volunteers. From January 1, 1865, until the following June, he held the very important position of Assist-

* This sketch is furnished by an Officer of the regiment.

ant Commissary of Musters, on the Staff of Brigadier-General Dwight, Commanding the First Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and acted as Commissary of Musters of the Corps during three weeks in February; and also filled the position of Assistant Commissary of Musters on the Staff of Major-General Augur, Commanding Department of Washington, during a short time in May and June.

Want of space forbids an extended mention of Major Pellet's services. He participated in all the campaigns of the regiment, excepting that of Port Hudson, and bore himself with conspicuous gallantry in many battles. He received a slight wound at Opequan. His genial nature and engaging address made him a great favorite with all grades in the regiment. It may be truthfully said of him, that he possesses force of character, and naturally becomes a radical upon every question that enlists his sympathies. A phrenologist would, perhaps, mistake his earnestness for obstinacy; but by whatever name we call it, his active partisan spirit is one which well fits him for the accomplishment of good results. In the foregoing pages, he has exhibited an ability in composition—a skill and industry—which will place every member of the regiment under obligations to him.

CAPTAIN JAMES F. FITTS.

CAPTAIN JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS, oldest son of Moses H., and Rachel Fitts, was born at Lockport, New York, September 11th, 1839. His ancestors on both sides, were English; on his paternal side, descending from Sir John Fitts, whose son came to America in 1640, and founded the family

in New England; on his maternal side, from the Cookes, an old English family. His ancestors on both paternal and maternal sides, were in the wars of the Revolution and 1812. His maternal great uncle, Bates Cooke, was Comptroller of the State of New York, and represented his District in Congress. Captain Fitts was educated at the Public School and Academy, at Lewiston, New York, and the Union School, at Lockport. He subsequently read law in the offices of Davis & Piper, and A. P. Floyd, at Niagara Falls, New York, and was admitted to the Bar, at Buffalo, in November, 1860. He took a deep interest in the political struggle of that year, and addressed many Republican meetings in Niagara County. During the first year of the war, September 11th, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Tenth New York Cavalry, and, by his own merits, won the promotion of Battalion Adjutant, with the rank of First Lieutenant, receiving his commission from the Governor, in December of the same year. His service with this regiment was chiefly in and about Baltimore. The General Order which directed the muster out of Battalion Adjutants, placed him again in civil life, but he was not contented to remain a citizen while the great struggle was going on. He was, therefore, on the 15th of August, 1862, commissioned by Governor Morgan, (from whom he had asked an active place in the field) as Adjutant of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and by his general good conduct and officer like qualities, won the rank of Captain, which was bestowed on him March 11th, 1863. He participated in the campaigns of Banks and Franklin in the Teche country, at Port Hudson, Sabine Pass, in the retreat from Alexandria to the Mississippi River, on the Red River campaign, and in the Shenandoah Valley.



He bore himself bravely in the engagements of Fort Bisland, Port Hudson, Mansura, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, as well as in the skirmish at New Market. At Port Hudson he was severely wounded in the body by a gunshot, and at Opequan, slightly injured by the fragment of a shell. He has held several important Staff positions, among which are those of Judge Advocate of a General Court Martial, at Havre de Grace, in 1862; Assistant Commissary of Musters of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, on the Staff of Brigadier-General William Dwight, from October 23, to December 31, 1864; Commissary of Musters of the Nineteenth Army Corps, on the Staff of Brevet-Major-General W. H. Emory, from January 1, 1865, to April 4, 1865, and Judge Advocate of General Dwight's Division, from April 4th, to his muster out, June 8th, 1865. In July, 1863, he was second in command of a detachment of prisoners, from New Orleans to Fortress Monroe, and his decision and judgment made him a valuable aid to Colonel E. J. Davis, chief in command.

Captain Fitts has been known for his thoroughness in the discharge of his duties, whether in command of a company, or in the capacity of a Staff officer. He has won a good name by his courage and strict attention to duty, and was always a valuable officer in whatever position he was placed. He has also won something of a reputation as a writer, having been for some years, a contributor to *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, and other Literary journals. To him the author of this History is indebted for the five chapters on "Port Hudson," as well as the chapters "From Port Hudson to Brashear," and "Sabine Pass."

CAPTAIN URIAH RORAPPAUGH.

URIAH RORAPPAUGH was born in Smithville, New York, March 26th, 1835, and is the son of Andrew and Angeline Rorapaugh. When Company E was organized, he was chosen one of its Sergeants, and soon after appointed First Sergeant. By his prompt attention to duty and soldier-like qualities he soon earned a First Lieutenancy, and, on the promotion of Captain York as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-Fifth New York, he was awarded the Captaincy of Company H. His brother, H. C. Rorapaugh, was a Captain in the One Hundred and Eighty-Fifth New York.

Captain Rorapaugh participated in every engagement in which his regiment took part, and was severely wounded at Port Hudson, from which he was disabled over two months. Among the officers of the regiment he held a high place as a brave man in action, and a jolly boon companion in camp. The enjoyment of the camp fire was never at its height, unless Captain Rorapaugh was of the number congregated around it.

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. UNDERHILL.

CHARLES W. UNDERHILL, the son of Charles H., and Caroline Underhill, was born in Bedford, New York, December 27th, 1839. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was a Student in Madison University, where he graduated in the Class of '62. He co-operated with his college mate, Charles E. Tucker, in raising a company of men for the war. An organization was effected August 13th, 1862, and he was commissioned as First Lieutenant of Company G, One Hundred and Four-

teenth Regiment. On the 8th of January following, Colonel Smith appointed him as his Adjutant, which position he filled with ability, until the death of Captain Tucker gave him the Captaincy of his original company. During his term of service he has held many important Staff positions, among which are Judge Advocate of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, and of the Department of Washington. He participated in every battle in which his regiment was engaged; was slightly wounded at Opequan, and was captured at Cedar Creek, while attempting to withdraw the Second Brigade from a perilous position. He remained a prisoner in Richmond, until February 22, 1865, when he was released, and joined his regiment soon after. Captain Underhill was presented with a sword, sash, and belt, by his friends on Commencement day, at Madison University. He is a young man of high intellectual attainments; of much reading; of rare literary taste, and is at present reading law in the office of Hon. Judge Mason, of Hamilton.

CAPTAIN HIRAM S. WHEELER.

THE son of Sylvester and Annie Wheeler, the subject of this sketch, was born in Otselic, New York, April 25th, 1835. He passed his boyhood in his native town, and, manifesting a natural aptness for mechanics, learned the trade of a tinner. He later embarked in the hardware business in South Otselic, doing a prosperous business. At the breaking out of the war, he held a commission as First Lieutenant in the Militia, and, on the organization of Company I, was chosen First Lieutenant of the same. On the acceptance of Captain

Thompson, of the position of Quartermaster, he was commissioned Captain of his company, with muster, as such, from September 3, 1862. Captain Wheeler was almost constantly with his company, save when detached on Court Martial duty at the Headquarters of Dwight's Division. He participated in the battles of Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Cane River, Mansura, and Cedar Creek. He had one brother and eight cousins in the service. He was always kind and obliging, and had many friends not only in his own regiment, but in the whole command. Since his retirement from service, he has resumed his business at South Otselic.

CAPTAIN HOMER W. SEARLE.

HOMER W. SEARLE was born at Brookfield, New York, on the 9th of October, 1844. His parents were Warren N, and Eliza Searle. He aided materially in recruiting Company G, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the same, August 13, 1862, and formally mustered on his commission, September 3. He had two brothers in the service, one as First Lieutenant in Battery G, First New York Artillery; the other holding a corresponding rank in the One Hundred and Eighty-Ninth New York Infantry. January 8th, 1863, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant, and on the 1st of July, 1864, was mustered as Captain, and assigned to the command of Company K, a position which he held until the muster out of his regiment. On leaving his home for the seat of war, he was the recipient of a sword, sash, and belt, the offering of his townsmen. He was twice wounded at Port Hudson,

in the charge of June 14, 1863, and for a long time all hopes of his recovery were given up. He was also severely wounded in the arm, at the battle of Opequan. He carries, at present, no less than three rebel bullets in his body. He has lately returned to his studies at Cazenovia, New York.

CAPTAIN PLATT TITUS.

PLATT TITUS was born in North Norwich, New York, June 29, 1839, and is the only son of Smith and Ann Eliza Titus. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was a well-to-do farmer, and receiving authorization papers, he commenced recruiting a company. In a few days his company organization was complete, and was lettered C, and assigned the colors of the regiment. He was commissioned Captain, and mustered September 3, 1862. He remained with the regiment until August 17, 1863, when he resigned his commission on Surgeon's certificate of disability. Since that time he has been engaged in farming.

CAPTAIN DANIEL C. KNOWLTON.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Cazenovia, New York, of Edmund and Caroline Knowlton, February 6th, 1840. He was for sometime a clerk in a Book store and publishing house in Cazenovia, but when the alarm-drum sounded the call for men, he offered his services and assisted in recruiting Company K. He was elected its First Lieutenant, and served with his company until the regiment was



detached on the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad, when he was detached from his company, and put in command of Company F. He retained command of this company until his promotion to a Captaincy, when he was assigned to Company D, August 10th, 1863. During the same month he was detached and sent to Elmira, New York, on recruiting service, where he remained until November of that year. He then re-joined his regiment and remained with it until the fatal 19th of October, 1864. No better tribute can be rendered to the memory of our deceased brother, than that given him by his comrade in arms, Captain James F. Fitts:

"There were many noble, brave and manly hearts that went down to death on the early morning of October 19th, 1864, along the fatal hills swept by the fire of the enemy, at Cedar Creek, Virginia; but none nobler, none braver, none truer, than that of him whose name heads this brief memorial.

"The tie which binds together the brother soldiers of long, weary, perilous campaigns, is something more than that of brief friendship. The strange, wild life of the army, unparalleled in its many peculiar features, must wield in one the emotions, the hopes, the sympathies of comrades, and give to their intercourse a coloring entirely its own. To those with whom we have marched and bivouacked and fought, our affections go forth as to brothers; and the bolt that strikes them down carries dismay and grief to many hearts.

"Of the thirty line officers originally attached to the 114th New York, there was not one who more quickly made for himself a place in the hearts of his confreres than Captain (then 1st Lieutenant) Daniel C. Knowlton. His popularity was universal. An officer thoroughly versed in his duties, a genial companion, a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman, it was not strange that his claim to the affection and respect of all should be promptly recognized. At Bisland, at Port Hudson, on the Red River, and at Winchester, he gained the proud distinction of a brave, cool officer. The latter quality, indeed, had made his name

almost proverbial in the regiment. And now, at the last, he has been crowned with the soldier's martyrdom; the sun of that bloody morning had not arisen when he fell, in the very fore-front of the fight, and while loading and firing among his men. Unto the very last of earth, he was still the same in his self-devoting courage; and who shall say that the cause to which such precious life-blood is offered is not holier for the sacrifice?

"There is no incompleteness in the record of such a life. The fullest measure of years, the ripest maturity of life, can never be approached by so triumphant a death as that of him who dies while battling with the rebellious enemies of his country, for her existence. "He has fought a good fight—he has finished his work," and, far beyond the toil, the danger and the pain of mortal wars, he sleeps in the sweet, eternal peace of God.

"The ardent sympathy of his brothers-in-arms is extended to his relatives and friends, in the mournful spirit of men who feel that they are sharers in the loss. The winning, cheerful smile, the face of manly beauty, the graceful, soldierly form of Knowlton, are gone from among us, and irreparable indeed is the bereavement. Gallant soldier, faithful friend, dear companion—farewell, farewell!

"Close his eye—his work is done—

What to him is steel of foeman,

Rise of morn or set of sun,

Hand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the daisies or the snow—

What cares he?—he cannot know.

Lay him low!"

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS A. DEDERER.

NICHOLAS A. DEDERER, was born in New York City, and is the son of Joseph and Susan Dederer. He moved to Chango from Orange County, where he had served for a time as a Justice of the Peace. Captain Dederer entered the army

August 13th, 1862, as First Lieutenant of Company E, and in November following, was commissioned as Captain of the same. When the army moved up the country on the first Teche campaign, the Captain, who was suffering from disease, was by the direction of the Surgeon, left at Brashear City, in charge of the convalescent camp. Recovering, he joined the regiment at Port Hudson, and remained with it during the march up the Red River, when the excessive fatigues of that severe campaign so over-taxed his strength, that disease again laid its hand upon him, and compelled his resignation. There was hardly an officer or man but that regretted his departure, as he was known for his sterling worth and unquestioned ability in matters of importance. He bid adieu to his Company with tearful eyes on the 5th of April 1864. His son, Samuel T. Dederer, was Acting-Ensign on the United States ship *Yantic*, and participated in the attack and capture of Fort Fisher. His nephew Charles Dederer an officer on the staff of General Doubleday, was killed at Cold Harbor. He had many other relatives in the army. Captain Dederer always enjoyed the highest confidence of his superiors, and the respect of his subordinates. For a long time he held the important position of Provost Marshal of the parishes of St. Charles, St. John's and St. Mary's, and discharged his duty in a highly satisfactory manner.

CAPTAIN CHARLES H. COLWELL.

CHARLES H. COLWELL was born in Plymouth, New York, March 24, 1826, of Asa and Susanah Colwell. He commenced recruiting a company for the One Hundred and Fourteenth

Regiment, August 1, 1862, and effecting a consolidation with a detachment of men from New Berlin, under Lieutenant A. Foote, he was chosen Captain, and his company lettered F. He was presented with a sword, sash and belt, by the people of Sherburne, in a neat and appropriate speech, by Hon. T. H. Matteson. He tendered his resignation on Surgeon's certificate, which was accepted in February, 1863. Since that time he has resided at Sherburne, New York.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIE M. REXFORD.

WILLIE M. REXFORD, son of Hon. Benjamin F. and Priscilla E. Rexford, was born in Norwich, New York, April 9, 1841. He entered Norwich Academy at an early age, and in January, 1857, Union College, where he graduated July, 1860. He then commenced the study of the law in the office of his father, remaining there until the organization of the Forty-Fourth New York, (Ellsworth Regiment,) when he enlisted as a private, August 8, 1861. He was soon appointed Sergeant, and when the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment was organized, he was commissioned by Governor Seymour, as Captain therein, and was assigned to the command of Company D.

In January, of 1863, he was promoted to the Majoricy of the One Hundred and Thirty-First New York, and later, commissioned as its Lieutenant-Colonel. He has held several important Executive positions aside from those devolving on him as a regimental commander, among which, we may mention that of Provost Judge of the District of Northern Georgia, from the 18th May, 1865, until his muster out



of service. He was also detached on recruiting service at Rochester, New York, in 1862, and on the same duty in New York, in 1864. He participated in the battles of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Gaines' Hill, Turkey Bend, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Shephardsburg Ford, Irish Bend, Port Hudson, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.

Colonel Rexford is a true type of an American soldier, brave, cool, and determined. His promotions were fairly earned, and his service reflects great credit on himself and friends.

CAPTAIN RANSOM MACDONALD.

The subject of this sketch, descending from Scotch origin, was born in Richmonville, Schoharie County, New York, July 11, 1827. His parents were John and Catharine Macdonald. His paternal great grandfather was in the Revolution, serving with Marion in the South. Captain Macdonald was instrumental in recruiting Company E, and was mustered as Captain, September 3, 1862. The citizens of Greene presented him a sword, sash and belt. He proceeded with his regiment to Baltimore, where he resigned his commission on Surgeon's certificate, November 6, 1862. Captain Macdonald has held the offices of School Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, and Special County Judge. He is at present practicing his profession, (the law,) at Greene, New York.

CAPTAIN DYER D. BULLOCK.

DYER D. BULLOCK was born in Norway, Herkimer County, New York, in 1824, and is the son of Jacob and Mary Bullock. He had relatives in the Revolutionary war, one, Isaac Todd, living to the advanced age of one hundred and five years. Captain Bullock, aided by his Lieutenants, recruited Company H, and was mustered as its commander, September 4, 1862. He was presented with a sword, sash and belt, by his friends in Bainbridge, James M. Banks presenting in their behalf, Captain Bullock responding in person. Captain Bullock, with a detachment of his company, was, for a time, on duty at Marlborough, Maryland, in the fall of 1862, to aid in enforcing the draft; and later, acted as Provost Marshal of Bayou Des Allemands, Louisiana. Ill health caused his resignation, August 9, 1863. Returning home, he was elected Member of Assembly from the Second Chenango Assembly District. He has also held the offices of Justice of the Peace of Sacramento City, California, and Justice of the Court of Sessions. June 30, 1864, he was appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, and assigned to duty at New Haven, Connecticut, which position he now holds.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT P. YORK.

ROBERT P. YORK was born in Lincklaen, Chenango County, New York, September 6, 1835, of Dennison and Loriania York. At the commencement of the rebellion, he was connected in mercantile business, which he relinquished; aided



in recruiting for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company II, and mustered in this grade, September 3, 1862. He was the recipient of a beautiful sword, sash and belt, from the people of DeRuyter, A. V. Bentley, Esq., making the presentation speech. Lieutenant York remained with his company until detached as Ordnance officer of the "Weitzel Reserve Brigade." He afterwards acted as Inspector General and Provost Marshal of the same; then as Provost Marshal of the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps; afterwards, Assistant Commissary of Musters of the same; and later, as Commissary of Musters of the Corps. He was mustered as a Captain of his company, August 9, 1863, and in January, at the earnest request of Brevet-Major-General Emory, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-Fifth New York, which commission he held at his muster out of service. He proceeded with his regiment to Savannah, Georgia, and was appointed Provost Marshal of that Post. He participated in the engagements of Fort Bisland, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Cane River, Mansura, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. He was slightly wounded at Winchester, September 19th, but remained in the discharge of his duties. In civil life he has held the positions of Corporation and Town Clerk of DeRuyter.

Colonel York visited his home in DeRuyter, in December 1864. His friends tendered him a complimentary supper at the Tabor house. A large number of the prominent citizens were present. A. V. Bentley, Esq., presided, and congratulatory speeches were made by I. B. Kenny, Rev. William Adams, and I. N. Smith. The affair was very pleasant, and

was a deserved tribute to the valor of a soldier who had done honor to himself and to his town.

Colonel York was noted for his cool bravery and thorough discharge of his duties, and was esteemed for his general usefulness in times of danger.

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. TUCKER.

THE young hero whose name heads this sketch, was born on the 22d day of July, 1841, in Laporte, Indiana, and was baptized and united with the Baptist Church in 1853, at the age of twelve years. In 1856, when fifteen years old, he entered Knox College, in Galesburg, Illinois, and graduated in 1860, when the degree of A. B. was conferred upon him. In September, 1860, he was licensed as a preacher by the Logansport Baptist Church, and all who heard his sermons remember them as of a high order. He entered the Theological Department of Madison University, N. Y., in the fall of 1860, and in 1862, graduated with the highest honors. The degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the University. When the call for volunteers was made in New York he raised Company G, in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and his commission from Gov. Morgan bears date August 13th, 1862. The Regiment proceeded to Baltimore where it remained until the departure of General Banks' command for New Orleans. After that time he was in active service in all the movements of General Banks' army up to the assault of Port Hudson, in which he was killed.

The sudden death of Charles E. Tucker, carried deep

sorrow, not alone to that home circle where anxious hearts had watched and waited for his return only as loving hearts can watch and wait—fearful yet trusting, as he trod the path of duty on and still on, till it led to the honored grave of a Soldier of the Republic—a worthy offering in a noble cause—a sacrifice of earth's brightest hope for the Nation's life. Frequently have we been called to mourn our gallant dead, who, at the call of a common country, went forth to battle and laid down their lives for the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by a generation of Statesmen and Patriots. But seldom, even in this unnatural strife, which was carrying mourning to every family circle in the land—claiming as victims, the bravest, the wisest and the best—have we been called upon to record the death of one whose natural talent, scholastic acquirements, brilliant intellect, social qualities, and goodness of heart, combined with a marked diffidence, gave more hopeful assurance of future usefulness than did our deceased friend. To those who knew him intimately, it is not necessary to say that in all the qualities that adorn and render life useful and happy, he had few equals. His mind was of the highest order, and he mastered the most difficult studies with surprising facility. From early boyhood he gave promise of an intellect which developed and matured, and made him almost the idol of his family, and the admiration of all who associated with him. But he has seen the last of earth.

Between Captain Tucker and the writer of these pages, there existed an almost brotherly affection, and wherever he was there he found friends.

"None knew him but to love him.
Nor named him but to praise."

No officer in the regiment gave greater promise than he, none ever died more regretted. We cannot close this sketch without adding the following beautiful tribute to the young martyr from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor :

"We are no sexagenarian. Nobody talks to us of the shining of the almond tree. The grasshopper is not a burden. Time is not dead, but busy with us all the while, in head, and heart, and hand. And yet we remember when on the 22d of July, 1841, a boy was born in Laporte, Indiana, two hour's journey from the table where we are writing. We hoped he would live a man, if he lived at all, but we never dreamed he would die a hero.

"That boy was Charles E. Tucker, son of Rev. Silas Tucker, now at Logansport, Indiana. Childhood trod on the heels of manhood, and we saw him again in June, 1860, with the honors of college fresh upon his brow. One year ago this month, we were in the Chenango Valley, New York, and were climbing the grand old hills whereon Madison University lifts its venerable walls, when the roll of drums and the warble of fifes floated up from the distant village. "That is a company just ready to march," said a friend. "Its Captain has just graduated in the Theological Department of the University. It is Charles E. Tucker!" And there was the boy again. We knew his career thus far: his talent, his genius, his learning, and now his loyalty. The soldier of the Cross had become a soldier of the Sword.

"He went in the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Regiment, with General Banks to New Orleans. In active service down to the days of Port Hudson, he was the same genial, eloquent, noble youth, beloved everywhere.

"Then next came Sunday morning, June 14th, 1863, that shall be named in history, by and by. The gallant assault had just been made, and the rising sun was just kindling the world into smiles, when on the very walls of Port Hudson, at the head of his men, sword in hand, Captain Charles E. Tucker fell. A bullet struck him in the breast, and his heart throbed out its treasure for God and his native land, as freely as if it had only been love and not a life.

"Ah, how rich we all are in this loyal North in precious memories.

So rich in heroes that one young Captain gone may not be much, but we can find places empty forever, to which this brave young Captain and his comrades were *everything*. The bullets fly far in these terrible times, and the names of the wounded—who shall record them? Fathers and Mothers everywhere, with your young Captains living and dead; though hearts may be dead, this land can never be bankrupt.

“Noble boy, brave Charles, gallant Captain, good-night.

“Give the dead soldier room,

But oh, seal not his tomb,

For he'll fall into ranks if you utter his name:

Sleep on, boy in blue,

And dream the dream through,

Good-night to the form but good-morn to thy fame.”

CAPTAIN SENECA LAKE.

SENECA LAKE, the subject of this sketch, was born March 12th, 1831, at Schoharie, N. Y. His parents were Lanson and Margaret Lake. When slavery rose up in its might to break up a government dedicated to freedom, Captain Lake, entertaining the liberal views which he did, could not sit idly by and see the work go on, but obtained authorization papers, and set about raising a company for the war. Being personally popular, he was not long in rallying a hundred men, and early in August was commissioned Captain, joining the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment. His company was lettered K, and while at Baltimore he was presented with a beautiful sword, sash and belt, by its members. Few officers were more devoted to their men than Captain Lake. He remained constantly with his company until sickness compelled his resignation, March 15th, 1864. Captain Lake was a universal favorite in the regiment, and had many warm

friends. Previous to entering the army he was Editor of the *Cazenovia Republican*, and is now Postmaster of Cazenovia, receiving his appointment in 1861. He was twenty-two months on the ocean, in a voyage in the North and South seas after whales, and has had a profitable and thrilling experience.

FIRST LIEUTENANT LUCIUS CRUMB.

THE subject of this memorial was born in Preston, New York, September 12th, 1839, and is the son of Ralph and Laura Ann Crumb. Both of his great grandfathers, S. Miner and William Clark, were in the war of the Revolution, and were engaged in the battles of Bunker Hill, Lexington, Long Island, Yorktown and Cowpens. Miner was wounded at Long Island. He served seven years, nine months, and twelve days. Lieutenant Crumb enrolled himself July 29th, 1862, in Company A, as a private soldier. He was appointed Corporal, then advanced to Sergeant, and November 15th, 1863, commissioned Second Lieutenant. On the 10th of July 1864, he was promoted to First Lieutenant. His two brothers, Henry A. and Dewitt, were also in the service of their country. Lieutenant Crumb participated in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged—and was several times struck in his clothing by bullets, but came out uninjured. He, at present, remains with his father in Preston. His easy nature made him hosts of friends in the regiment to which he belonged.

FIRST LIEUTENANT DENNIS THOMPSON.

DENNIS THOMPSON was born in Otselic, New York, on the 5th of August, 1840. His parents were Lewis D. and Lucretia Thompson. Lieutenant Thompson enrolled himself in Company I, August 8, 1862, and was appointed First Sergeant of the same. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant, June 14, but as his company was reduced below the minimum number allowed by General Orders, No. 110, War Department, he could not be mustered in that grade. He was, however, advanced to the grade of First Lieutenant, August 8th, and assigned to Company B. He was for a long time attached to the Ambulance Corps of the First Division, and while acting in this capacity, was captured at Cedar Creek, but, after many perilous adventures, escaped in a few days. Lieutenant Thompson participated in all the battles of his regiment. Previous to entering the service he was a student and teacher, and since his return he has alternately been engaged in the occupations of farming and teaching.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN BAGG.

THE subject of this sketch was the son of Charles M. and Roxy Bagg, and was born in Howardfield, Jefferson County, New York, January 13, 1833. Previous to entering the service, he was a mechanic. He joined Company C, August 7, 1862, and was appointed one of its Sergeants. He was afterwards appointed First Sergeant, and on the 24th day of December, 1864, First Lieutenant. He participated in the engagements of Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads,

Pleasant Hill, and Winchester. He was wounded at this latter place, and disabled about six weeks. He had a brother in the Confederate army. Since retiring from service he has been engaged as a clerk in the American Hotel, Utica, New York.

FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWIN O. GIBSON.

EDWIN O. GIBSON was born at Pitcher Springs, Chenango County, New York, August 22, 1840, of Stanford C. and Martha R. Gibson. Lieutenant Gibson, previous to entering the army was a student. He prepared himself for College under the tuition of David G. Barber, a thorough scholar, and accomplished gentleman. He entered Madison University, and remained one term, then entering Union College, where he remained two terms. As a scholar he stood high in the classics and natural sciences, and as a mathematician he had few equals, and no superiors in Chenango County. He entered the service as Second Lieutenant of Company B, and was mustered on his commission, September 3, 1862. He was promoted to First Lieutenant of Company D, October 31, 1863, and later, commissioned as Captain, but being absent on detached service was never mustered in that grade. He served with his regiment until he was wounded and captured on the Red River, during the destruction of the steamboat *John Warner*, May 5th, 1864. He remained a prisoner about six weeks, and was then sent to Camp Parole, Maryland. Being unable, from his wound, to rejoin his regiment, he was put on detached duty at Hart's Island, where he remained until the muster out of his regiment. He was

a general favorite among the officers of his regiment, and in fact, his open hearted manliness will win him friends wherever he goes.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN C. STOUGHTON.

JOHN C. STOUGHTON was born in Greene, New York, December 26, 1840. His parents were John and Mary Stoughton. At an early age he had acquired a fair education, and later, became a mechanic. When Company E was organized, he aided in recruiting its ranks, and was appointed a Corporal. He was soon advanced to the position of Sergeant, and at the first vacancy thereafter, appointed Orderly, or First Sergeant. On the 27th of March, 1865, he was mustered as First Lieutenant. Lieutenant Stoughton was always a good soldier. At the fatal charge at Port Hudson, on the 14th of June, 1863, he was one of the few who went over the rebel works, and fell into Confederate hands. The only ration issued to him, for some days, was four ears of corn per day, as an allowance for twenty-four hours. He afterwards was supplied with mule meat, which he still protests, was "first-rate eating," for the kind. The Confederates offered him a release on parole, but he declined, saying "the rest of the Yankees will be here in a few days." His prediction was verified, and on the 9th of July, he was privileged to rejoin his company, when he learned, to his surprise, that he had been dead and buried for three weeks. Such was the report that had found credence. Again, at Cedar Creek, Virginia, he was captured while engaged in "picking off" rebels, but escaped by aid of the deception of a rebel hat and blanket, and rejoined his

company the day following. Lieutenant Stoughton was in every engagement of his regiment, and his military history is replete with adventure, and his record an honorable one.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JERRIE P. ALLIS.

THE subject of this memorial was born at Broadalbin, Niagara County, N. Y., August 7th, 1835. His parents were Abraham and Laurinda Allis. His father was for several months in the war of 1812. Lieutenant Allis entered the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, August 8th, 1862, as a Sergeant of Company G, and on the 1st of September, 1863, was promoted to Second Lieutenant of the same company. His good qualities as an officer soon won him another promotion, and he was, on the 15th of December, 1864, mustered on a commission as First Lieutenant and assigned to Company F. He was with his regiment in every battle in which it participated, and was wounded in the arm at Cedar Creek, being disabled until June 1st, 1865. He had relatives in the Mexican war, and three brothers-in-law in the late rebellion. Lieutenant Allis was a man of correct habits, honorable and upright. He always received the highest respect of his superiors, and the love of those under him.

FIRST LIEUTENANT CHARLES L. BROWN.

CHARLES L. BROWN was born in New Berlin, New York, on the 27th of December 1842, and is the son of Lewis and Harriet Brown. He enlisted as a private in Company F, One Hun-

dred and Fourteenth Regiment, August 7th, 1862, and was immediately chosen a Sergeant. In March, 1863, he was appointed First Sergeant of his company, and on the 1st of November following, was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company E, but that company being below a mustering standard he never was mustered. August 10th, 1864, he was appointed First Lieutenant and assigned to Company G. He participated in all the battles of the regiment except Sabine Cross Roads, and Pleasant Hill. Both of his grand-fathers were in the war of the Revolution. Since leaving the service, he has gone to seek his fortunes in the west.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THEODORE EVANS.

THEODORE EVANS was born in Bainbridge, New York, December 9, 1838, of Jehial and Anna Evans. He comes naturally by his desire to serve his country, his great grand-father having been a Major in the Revolutionary war, and his father a Sergeant in the war of 1812. He enlisted in Company H, as a private, was appointed Corporal, and later, a Sergeant. He was commissioned First Lieutenant of the same company, December 14, 1864. While in the Department of the Gulf he was sent North on recruiting service, and remained about five months. He was also sent with Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, to New Orleans, in the fall of 1864, to recover the surplus baggage of the First Division. Lieutenant Evans was known as a conscientious, temperate, and upright man, and was a faithful officer. Since leaving the service he resides at Bainbridge, New York.

FIRST LIEUTENANT CHARLES J. BIGGS.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Bristol, England, November 14, 1826, of Isaac and Sarah Biggs. His advent into this country was somewhat singular, having been shipwrecked into Quincy, Massachusetts, in a voyage from Barbadoes, West Indies, to Nova Scotia, August 16, 1860. He afterwards emigrated to California, via Cape Horn, but returned in 1854, via Panama. He came to Chenango in the same year. He enlisted as a private in Company C, August 12, 1862, was appointed Corporal, then Sergeant, and October 1, 1863, Sergeant-Major. He was mustered on his commission as First Lieutenant, December 9, 1864, and assigned to Company I. He participated in all the engagements of his regiment, and was slightly wounded at Bisland and Port Hudson. He was known as a clean and prompt soldier, and as an officer he discharged his duties with fidelity. He served in the British army nine years and a half, as Second and First Lieutenant, and was wounded in one of the engagements in the Crimea.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ELIJAH ST JOHN.

ELIJAH ST JOHN, was born of Cornwell and Nancy St John, in Leonardsville, N. Y. His great uncle, George Dalaby, served in the war of the Revolution, and James Dalaby in the war of 1812. Lieutenant St John joined company G, as a private and was immediately appointed by Colonel Smith, Sergeant-Major of the regiment. He acted in this capacity until September 5th, 1863, when he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and assigned to Company K. He

was for a long time on a Board of Court Martial, at headquarters, First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps. He was with his regiment in all its campaigns and battles except the charge of the 14th of June, at which time he was absent sick. Lieutenant St John bore a good name as an officer, and had hosts of friends. Since retiring from the service he has located in the west.

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL S. STAFFORD.

THE subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Preston, Chenango County, New York, on the 8th day of June, 1837. His parents were Job N. and Welthy Stafford. Lieutenant Stafford was brought up as a farmer. After he had become twenty years of age, he prepared for college at the Oxford Academy, during which time he was engaged, for four terms, as a teacher of common schools. Under the call of the President of the United States, dated July, 1862, for additional force of volunteers for the suppression of the rebellion, he abandoned his proposed collegiate course, and enlisted in the service of his country, July 23d, 1862. Upon the recommendation of his commanding officer, he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, with rank from August 6th, 1862, and assigned to duty in Company A, which he had assisted in recruiting, and was made the recipient of a beautiful sword, sash and belt, presented by its members. He served with his company till March 11th, 1863, when he was detailed a member of a General Court Martial, which convened at Brashear City, Louisiana, by Special Orders No. 56, Headquarters, Depart-

ment of the Gulf. This Court was in session about a month, and was broken up by the advance of our army upon the enemy. Lieutenant Stafford then re-joined his company and participated in the battle of Fort Bisland, the skirmish at Franklin, and the siege of Port Hudson. At the latter place he received a very severe wound in the left thigh, on the morning of the eleventh day of June, 1863, from which he was confined to his bed for ten months. He will always be a sufferer from this wound, and will bear unmistakable, though painful evidence, of having "done the State some service," as long as he shall live. He was honorably discharged "on account of wounds received in action," by Special Order, No. 231, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, July 8th, 1864. Lieutenant Stafford always bore an excellent reputation as an officer and a gentleman, and his many comrades regretted the cause which separated him from them. He was honored by the people of the Second Assembly District of Chenango County, in 1864, by being chosen their Member to represent them in the Legislature of 1865. He discharged his duties in a faithful and upright manner, with credit to himself and his constituents. Since leaving the service he has devoted himself to the study of the law.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ISAAC BURCH.

The subject of this sketch is another of the heroic dead of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment. He was born in New Berlin, New York, of Russell B. and Hannah Burch. He early learned the trade of a Printer, following this occu-

pation until his country's cause called him forth to battle. He enlisted in Company B, July 14th, 1862, and for several months acted as Regimental Clerk, which position he filled with ability and correctness. He was, on his merits alone, appointed First Sergeant, June 7th, 1863, and November 1st, of the same year, was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy. August 11, 1864, he was mustered as First Lieutenant, which position he held at the time of his death. He was in command of his company at Cedar Creek, and fought it gallantly until he fell pierced by a rebel bullet. He died on the same day, and his remains were brought to his home for interment. Lieutenant Burch was a brave, courteous gentleman, and his memory will long be cherished by his comrades. The *Chenango Union*, after recapitulating his services, pays his memory the following deserved compliment:

"The battle of Cedar Creek proved fatal to a large number of our best and bravest soldiers, but to none more deserving of a kind and honorable remembrance than Lieutenant Isaac Burch, of Company B, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers. He was in command of the company, Captain Bockee being absent; and though we have heard no particulars of his death, we venture to say that he fell manfully discharging his duty. He was amiable, intelligent and honest; an excellent companion; a true friend; generous and warm-hearted towards all around him; and in all respects one to excite the love and respect of his fellow men. We deeply deplore his fate."

FIRST LIEUTENANT NORMAN M. LEWIS.

NORMAN M. LEWIS, First Lieutenant of Company C, One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, was born in Roxbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut, November 19th, 1823. His



parents were John and Betsey Lewis. His father was in the war of 1812. When Company C was organized, Lieutenant Lewis was a mechanic in Norwich, working at the Carpenter and Joiner's trade. He enlisted as a private August 7th 1862, and shortly after was appointed First Sergeant. On the 1st of August 1863, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy, and on the 1st of November of the same year, advanced to the grade of First Lieutenant. He was always a marked officer in the regiment. Naturally of a retiring disposition, with no outward show, he won a place in the esteem of all who knew him. Every day found him the same, in the quiet of camp or in the heat of battle, cool, clear-headed, brave. At Sabine Cross Roads a minnie ball passed through his arm, but he refused to leave his company or to have medical attendance until his arrival at Grand Ecore. He was there granted leave of absence for thirty days, but before the expiration of that time, he returned to his command, saying that it was too dull at home, for him. At Cedar Creek, while in command of his company, he was struck down by a rebel bullet. The wound being severe, and his ankle joint shattered to fragments, amputation was deemed necessary. He continued to improve for several days, but being attacked by intermittent fever and congestive chills, he died on the 12th of November following. Lieutenant Lewis was a good pattern of an American Soldier, and was a kind and accommodating gentleman.

FIRST LIEUTENANT SHUBÆL A. BROOKS.

SHUBÆL A. BROOKS was born in Belleville, Jefferson County, New York, November 24, 1832. His parents were Henry

and Laura Brooks. He came to Chenango in 1856, and entered the army as a private of Company C, and was thereupon elected First Lieutenant. Lieutenant Brooks aided materially in recruiting this company, and as he was a great favorite among the boys generally, he was a valuable acquisition to Captain Titus. He was presented with a sword, sash and belt, by his friends. He tendered his resignation on Surgeon's certificate, which was accepted September 3, 1863. Since that time he has resided in Norwich. He participated in the battle of Fort Bisland, and the siege of Port Hudson.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JAMES E. WEDGE.

JAMES E. WEDGE, the son of Merrit Z. and Mary Wedge, was born in Lebanon, New York, January 7, 1844. He entered the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment July 25, 1862, as First Lieutenant of Company D, which he helped recruit. He proceeded with his company to Baltimore, where, being prostrated with a severe attack of fever, he was obliged to resign his commission and return home. He is now an enterprising merchant in the village of Hamilton.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM D. THURBER.

THE name of another of Chenango's martyrs heads this brief memorial. William D. Thurber, was born in New Berlin, New York, May 27, 1840. His parents were John and Julia Ann Thurber. His great uncle, John Thurber,

served in the war of 1812. When the call for "more men" rang through the land, Lieutenant Thurber enrolled himself as a member of Company F, August 7, 1862, and aided greatly to recruit its ranks. He was, as a reward of merit, appointed First Sergeant of the same, always discharging his duties in a highly satisfactory manner. He was commissioned First Lieutenant, July 4, 1863, which position he held until his melancholy death. At Cedar Creek he was Acting Adjutant of his regiment, and bore himself with conspicuous gallantry in this, as well as in every previous engagement of the regiment. Just as the shades of evening were falling on that eventful day; just as our great disaster had been crowned with victory, came the fatal shot, and from our own battery, which struck him down. He lingered until the 25th, when death put an end to his sufferings. His remains were brought to his home, and were followed to the grave by a large concourse of citizens. Lieutenant Thurber was a marked and good officer, an honest, upright man, and a respected comrade. His memory will always be green in the hearts of those who knew and appreciated him.

FIRST LIEUTENANT LAUREN M. NICHOLS.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, the subject of this sketch was engaged in the mechanical department of the establishment of Holmes & Latham, in the village of Norwich. He aided Captain Bockee in recruiting Company B, and on the organization of the company, was chosen its First Lieutenant. He proceeded with his regiment to Louisiana, and was in command of the detachment of Company B, which was



on board the United States gunboat *Grey Cloud*, sunk in Berwick's Bay, and of which the particulars are given in the previous pages of this work. He was honorably discharged the service, on resignation, at New Iberia, Louisiana, on the 22d of December, 1863. After that time he again entered the service, and served until the close of the war.

FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWARD ELIAS BREED.

OF the heroic dead, and the honored living, who have made the name of the One Hundred and Fourteenth sacred in the hearts of their countrymen, and given it a history that will survive time, and a renown that will defy oblivion, few, if any, have better or more faithfully illustrated the qualities of a true and tried Soldier of the Republic, than Edward Elias Breed. He was born at Norwich, in Chenango County, February 11, 1842. His parents were William R. Breed, and Marcia Caroline Packer, who reside at Norwich. His paternal grandfather was Deacon Elias Breed, and his grandmother Elizabeth Randall, both natives of Connecticut, and who became settlers at Norwich, at an early period of its history. Mrs. Breed's father, Thomas Randall, was a Quartermaster in the war of the Revolution. His maternal grand-parents were Captain James Packer and Mary Billings, who, many years since, removed to Chenango County, from Vermont, Connecticut having been the State of their nativity.

At home, as the dutiful and obedient child; in more advanced years, the faithful and diligent student, at both the Norwich and Oxford Academies, under D. G. Barber, A. M., their Principal, to whom he was endeared by his intelligence

and manly character; and in the law office of his uncle Horace Packer, Esq., at Oxford, he gave evidence of those qualities which made him the dutiful son of his country, zealous of her honor, and ready to do and die at her call.

Lieutenant Breed enlisted at Oxford, August 6, 1862, as a private in Company A., One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment. The first dishonor which was done to the flag of the Union, had aroused in his breast the fire of true patriotism, and the mad purpose to whelm the Republic in the vortex of rebellion, claimed his constant and earnest thought. He heard the din of battle from afar, and wrestled with a strong desire to join in the conflict, obedient, however, to maternal remonstrance, while he asserted his firm conviction of his duty to his country. And when, at last, the oft repeated purpose of the boy gained the acquiescence, if not the willing approval of the mother, to his assertion, "Some must go, and why not I as well as others," honest pride for the patriot struggled with deep grief for her sacrifice, in the effort with which she surrendered him to his country. From this time forward until his death, his history is blended with that of the regiment with which he had sworn allegiance. He shared its fortunes wherever it went; where its flag led the way he followed; its victories his joy, its defeats his sorrow. In the long and toilsome march, and the stern encounter of the battle field; under the clouds or the stars at the night-watch; at the assault on Port Hudson; amid the perils and disasters of the Red River Expedition, at Fort Bisland and Pattersonville, and at Winchester, where he sealed his fidelity with his life, he was ever cheerful and hopeful, illustrating the highest courage of the soldier, and the firm and unflinching faith of the patriot.

Young Breed was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the regiment, in August, 1863, and was transferred to Company H, in which he received the First Lieutenancy in October following, and acted as its Captain until his death. It was in the terrible battle at Winchester, Virginia, September 19th, 1864, where "the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, New York, offered up its glorious sacrifice of one hundred and eighty-eight men," that Lieutenant Breed fell mortally wounded.

After four colorbearers had fallen, he seized the flag which had been down some minutes, and while defiantly waving it in the face of the enemy, and rallying the broken lines he received a ball in the breast and was carried from the field. To the Surgeon who came to his relief, he said: "Take the ball out that I may go and fight them again." His dying regret was that he had not another life to give to his country. Courage which has vindicated itself by such tests, needs not the paltry tribute of our praise.

"Wise youth! by few is glory's wreath attained:
But death, or late or soon, awaiteth all.
To fight in Freedom's cause is something gained,
And nothing lost to fall."

Fond friends, true to the ashes of this youthful patriot, as he had been to his country, brought them to his native village for burial. There, in the dying summer, with tender words of sympathy, and tears of faithful sorrow, was laid to rest all that was mortal of Edward Elias Breed, a name which had already passed into history, as one of the Republic's heroic dead.

SECOND LIEUTENANT TRUMAN SMITH.

TRUMAN SMITH was born in the town of Victor, Ontario County, New York, August 7, 1837, of Truman and Sarah E. Smith. He entered Company D, August 11, 1862, and was appointed a Sergeant of the same. On the 1st of August, 1863, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of his company. He was engaged in the battles of Bisland, Port Hudson, and Winchester. He was wounded in the charge of the 14th of June, 1863, and also at the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864. He had one brother in Berdan's sharp-shooters. Since leaving the service he has received a peddler's license.

SECOND LIEUTENANT CYRUS J. HARDAWAY.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Utica, New York, September 12, 1838. His parents were Joshua and Mary Ann Hardaway. In November, 1861, he enlisted in Berdan's United States Sharp-Shooters, and was soon appointed a non-commissioned officer. With that regiment he participated in the battles of Yorktown, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Hill, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, Gettysburg, and Manassas Gap. Later, he was commissioned by Governor Seymour, as Second Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, and was mustered into Company F, September 12, 1863. At this time Quartermaster Adrian Foote was detached as Acting Brigade Quartermaster, and to Lieutenant Hardaway was assigned the duties of Acting Regimental Quartermaster, which position he held until his muster out, with the excep-

tion of a few weeks in October, 1864, when he was charged with the responsibility of conducting the supply train of the First Division, between the front and Martinsburg. There are few better business men than Lieutenant Hardaway. His accounts in the Quartermaster's Department were always kept up, and his obliging disposition rendered his services acceptable to all. Since leaving the service he has been assigned to duty on one of the Illinois Railroads, a position of responsibility, and a trust which we predict he will faithfully discharge.

SECOND LIEUTENANT ROBERT N. EDDY.

ROBERT NEWTON EDDY, the subject of this sketch, was born in Verona, Oneida County, New York, June 10th, 1840. His parents were Rev. Lyman A. and Catherine O. Eddy. At the commencement of the war for the Union, Lieutenant Eddy, was a College student at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, but when the call for more men sounded throughout the land in 1862, he laid aside his books and took up the arms of a soldier. He enrolled himself as a member of Company K, under Seneca Lake, of Cazenovia, on the 7th of August, 1862. From that time he assisted in recruiting the ranks of his Company, until its organization, when he was chosen its First Sergeant. He remained in this capacity until July 1, 1863, when he was promoted to the vacant Second Lieutenantcy of his Company, caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Carpenter. He was in all the campaigns in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment participated, until the close of the Red River Ex-

pedition, when he was detached by order of General George L. Beal, Commanding First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, as Acting Ordnance Officer. He remained on Staff duty at these headquarters until his muster out of the service, June 8th, 1865, under Generals Beal, Davis, Love, and Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, acting in the several capacities of Ordnance Officer, Inspector General and Aid-de-Camp. He was, also, for a time, detached at Port Hudson, on the Staff of Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Stephen Thomas, Commanding the Reserve Brigade, as Inspector General, and during a portion of the time, he performed the duties of Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Lieutenant Eddy, participated in the battles of Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Cane River, Mansura, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Lieutenant Eddy is a young man of education, and an accomplished gentleman. He always bore a good reputation, when in the presence of the enemy, and was an active and intelligent officer, whether serving with his Regiment or on Staff duty. He is at present engaged in assisting Assistant Surgeon Beecher, in writing a record of the services of his regiment.

SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES EDWIN GILBERT.

THE name of another of Chenango's honored sons, who yielded up his life in his country's service, heads this brief memorial.

James E. Gilbert was born in Guilford, Chenango County, New York, July 7, 1839. His parents were Orlando S. and Dorcas Gilbert. For the last few years previous to the

breaking out of the rebellion, he was engaged both as a student and a teacher. He attended Norwich and Oxford Academies for several terms, and afterwards was engaged as a teacher in both public and select schools, and was always beloved by his pupils. Like many other young men, Lieutenant Gilbert took a deep interest in the great struggle for freedom, and on the 23d day of July, 1862, he enrolled himself as a member of Captain Curtis' Company, A. On the 6th of August, following, he was commissioned its Second Lieutenant, and formally mustered, September 3d, of the same year. As a mark of esteem, his company presented him with a sword, sash and belt, which he wore with honor to himself, and to those bestowing the gift. He proceeded with his company to Louisiana, where early in February, 1863, he was attacked with typhoid fever which terminated his life on the 16th of that month.

A meeting of the officers of his regiment was called and resolutions* were adopted, expressive of their love and esteem for him as an officer, and their grief at his loss. Lieutenant Gilbert was a young man of perfect habits, temperate, moral, and of a pure character. He was one of those few young men against whom naught of error could be said. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was esteemed and respected by all who knew him. His remains were sent to his home for interment, and a monument erected to his memory by his many friends.

*See pages 53 and 54.

SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN F. BUELL.

JOHN F. BUELL was born in Sherburne, New York, in 1841. His parents were David and Almira Buell. He joined Company F, August 13, 1862; was chosen its Second Lieutenant, and presented with a sword, sash and belt. He was at the battle of Bisland. On the 9th of June, 1863, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted by Major-General Banks, Commanding Department of the Gulf.

SECOND LIEUTENANT EDWIN M. OSBORNE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, of John and Elizabeth Osborne, in June, 1816. His grandfather, Eliphalet Chandler, was a drummer in the Revolution, for five years, and his father served in the war of 1812. He entered Company H, as Second Lieutenant, September 3, 1862, and was presented with a sword, sash and belt, by the citizens of Oxford, through the hands of Horace Packer, Esq. The sudden death of his wife caused him to return home, and he was mustered out of service March 18, 1863. His little son, who followed the regiment as far as Port Royal, died at that post, of fever. Lieutenant Osborne now resides at Great Bend, Pennsylvania.

SECOND LIEUTENANT GEORGE G. DONNELLY

GEORGE G. DONNELLY, was born in Brighton, Monroe County, New York, on the 20th of August 1824. His parents were Joshua and Polly Ann Donnelly. His pater-

nal grandfather was in the war of 1812. At the commencement of the war, Lieutenant Donnelly was a Minister of the Gospel, of the Baptist persuasion, and one of those who religiously believed that the maintenance of the national authority as against a slave oligarchy, was a duty devolving on christians, even though it led them to the field of battle; even though it led them face to face in the struggle of death with those who would trail their country's flag in the dust, and beat down freedom under the heel of slavery. Entertaining such views, Lieutenant Donnelly became thoroughly interested in recruiting Company E, and was, at its organization, commissioned as its Second Lieutenant. On the 6th of November, he was commissioned as First Lieutenant, but through some inadvertance, was never mustered, and therefore, never properly in that grade, although he acted in that capacity until the time of his death. He proceeded with his regiment to Brashear City, and while acting as officer of the guard at the depot, on the 18th of March, 1863, he received injuries by a fall, which terminated his life on the 27th of April, following. Lieutenant Donnelly was an estimable companion, and an officer much beloved by his comrades, and one from whom, had he lived to serve with his regiment throughout its term of service, much good was expected.

SECOND LIEUTENANT SMITH H. CASE.

SMITH H. CASE entered Company D, One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, as Second Lieutenant, September 3d, 1862. On the arrival of the regiment at Baltimore, Maryland,

he was attacked with typhoid fever, and his life for a long time despaired of. He was discharged on resignation, January 13, 1863. Since that time he has served in one of the New York Heavy Artillery Regiments.

SECOND LIEUTENANT ERASTUS S. CARPENTER.

ERASTUS S. CARPENTER enrolled himself as a member of Company K, One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, August 15, 1862, and was, at the organization of the company, commissioned as its Second Lieutenant, and mustered September 3d of the same year. He was afterwards advanced to the grade of First Lieutenant, but never mustered on his new commission. He proceeded to Louisiana with his regiment, but illness caused his resignation, September 6, 1863, which was accepted by Major-General Banks, Commanding the Department of the Gulf.

SUTLER DWIGHT PARCE.

At the organization of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, Dwight Parce was appointed its Sutler. At that time Mr. Parce was extensively engaged in the Manufacture of Cigars in Norwich, New York, and was doing a lucrative business. He proceeded to Baltimore with his Regiment, and at this place conducted an officer's mess, accommodating all the officers of his Regiment, which, with the assistance of Mr. Wells Ufford, he conducted in an excellent manner. Afterwards he proceeded to New Orleans, and

when his Regiment was ordered to guard the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad, Mr. Parce, proceeded to the extreme outpost, Brashear City, and leased a hotel, which he conducted in a manner acceptable to all, until his capture, June 23d, 1863, when the rebels occupied Brashear, during the absence of the army at Port Hudson. Mr. H. M. Per Lee, son of the Colonel, was at this time in the employ of Mr. Parce, and was also captured. He however, made a "strategic" movement on the rebels, and escaped, working his way to New Orleans. Mr. Parce was taken with the prisoners which fell into their hands to Texas, and confined at Camp Groce. Mr. Parce having been taken ill, was kindly cared for by his friends, but all of no avail. He died at this Camp on the 23d of November, of the same year. Mr. Parce was a warm supporter of the Administration, a true and unswerving antagonist of slavery, and was, during his residence in Norwich, elected one of the Trustees of that village. He was a kind and accommodating gentleman, as all the officers of his regiment will attest, and ever ready to oblige a friend. Among his associates in the prison in Texas, was Colonel C. C. Nott, of the One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth New York, to whom his friends are indebted for the information regarding his decease. There are none of his acquaintances but that deeply regret his loss, and mourn him as a true friend.

REGISTER

OF THE

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH REGIMENT,

EMBRACING

THE NAME OF EVERY OFFICER AND MAN WHO HAS EVER BELONGED TO THE ORGANIZATION, WITH FULL REMARKS AS TO THE DISPOSITION OF THE SAME, FROM THE OFFICIAL COPIES OF MUSTER-OUT ROLLS OF THE REGIMENT.

FIELD AND STAFF.

MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT AT MUSTER OUT.

Colonel Samuel R. Per Lee,	See Biographical Sketch, page 317
Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Morse,	" " " " 319
Major Oscar H. Curtis,	" " " " 320
Surgeon Levi H. Wagner,	" " " " 323
Quartermaster Adrian Foote,	" " " " 324
Adjutant Adelbert F. Coope,	" " " " 325
Assistant Surgeon Harris H. Beecher,	" " " " 326
Chaplain William M. Robinson,	" " " " 329

DIED.

Colonel Elisha B. Smith,	See Biographical Sketch, page 309
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DISCHARGED.

Assistant Surgeon Henry G. Beardsley,	See Biographical Sketch, page 321
Chaplain Henry Callahan,	" " " " 322
Quartermaster James F. Thompson,	" " " " 327
Assistant Surgeon Charles W. Crarey,	" " " " 330

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major Edward E. Hunt, enlisted August 8;* appointed Sergeant-Major, February 5, 1865.

Hospital Steward Lewis L. Weed, enlisted August 4; appointed Hospital Steward, July 1, 1863.

Quartermaster Sergeant Albert Sumner, enlisted August 1; appointed Quartermaster Sergeant, November 1, 1863.

Commissary Sergeant George Teed, enlisted August 12; appointed Commissary Sergeant, December 1, 1864.

Principal Musician Charles W. Dain, enlisted August 4; appointed Principal Musician, June 2, 1864.

DISCHARGED.

Hospital Steward Ebenezer McClintock, enlisted August 7; appointed Hospital Steward September 3; discharged March 15, 1862.

Hospital Steward Joseph H. Skillman, enlisted August 12; appointed Hospital Steward 1862; discharged January 1, 1863.

Quartermaster Sergeant Augustus P. Clarke, enlisted August 8; appointed Quartermaster Sergeant September 3; discharged for promotion.

Commissary Sergeant George E. Hawley, enlisted August 11; appointed Commissary Sergeant September 3; discharged August 4, 1862.

Commissary Sergeant Adrian L. Watson, enlisted July 14; appointed Commissary Sergeant September 1, 1863; discharged August 4, 1864.

COMPANY A.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Daniel W. Turner, See Biographical Sketch, page 334

First Lieutenant Lucius Crumb, " " " 237

First Sergeant Elijah R. Snell, enlisted August 5; appointed First Sergeant, October 10, '64.

Sergeants, Charles W. Slawson, enlisted July 3; appointed Sergeant, November 1, '63. Elmore Sharp, enlisted August 6; appointed Sergeant, October 19, '64. Fredrick Honshu, enlisted August 1; appointed Sergeant, November 1, '64. Lyman C. Redfield, enlisted August 2; appointed Sergeant, March 1, '65.

Corporals, George H. Burgess, enlisted August 2; appointed Corporal. George S. Peck, enlisted August 6; appointed Corporal August 1, '63. Charles B. Dudley, enlisted August 6; appointed Corporal July 1, '64. Charles S. Thompson, enlisted August 5; appointed Corporal September 1, '64. John H. Prince, enlisted August 3; appointed Corporal March 1, '65. John F. Isbell, enlisted July 25; appointed Corporal March 1, '65.

*All enlistments not marked by any year, took place in 1862.

Privates, Vincent L. Adams, enlisted August 7. George M. Barrows, July 25. Mancil Barrows, July 28. George J. Barber, August 8. Henry Bowers, August 5. Chauncey A. Bradley, August 5. Bailey Cartwright August 5. David Coughlin, July 20. Henry A. Cramb, August 7. Henry C. Copley, August 31, '64. Ira W. Dibble, July 26. Oliver W. Ferris, September 1, '64. Andrew Grobert, July 29. James Hayes, August 12. William C. Jones, July 26. William O. Nash, August 11. Orrin R. Palmer, August 8. Thomas F. Preston, July 31. Stephen Pettis, September 3, '64. George W. Payne, August 31, '64. James H. Prince, August 4. John Rhodes, August 31, '64. Ransom E. Sage, July 29. John W. Sage, September 12, '64. James Tanzy, August 6. Daniel W. Tyler, August 5. Riverus H. Trask, August 5. Willice Wheeler, July 24. Orville C. Wilkinson, Jr., August 3. Eddy P. Wade, August 6. Walter F. Weed, July 27.

KILLED OR DIED.

Second Lieutenant James E. Gilbert, See Biographical sketch, page 376
First Sergeant Joseph G. Washburne, enlisted July 22; killed October 19, '64.
Sergeant Frederick B. Skinner, enlisted July 30; killed October 19, '64.
Corporals Frederick J. Church, enlisted July 25; died February 14, '63. James E. Smith, enlisted August 1; killed September 19, '64.

Privates, Albert H. Avery, enlisted Aug. 31, '64; died December 13, '64, of wounds.
Oscar Bennett, August 4; died October 20, '64. Laman Bently, July 26; killed April 9, '64. Addison Bush, Aug 1; died, date unknown. Perry Bowers, August 1; died October 23, '63. Henry Briggs, August 1; died July 20, '64. George A. Decker, July 27; killed October 19, '64. Waterman Ensworth, August 6; died June 15, '63. Michael Gaffney, September 3, '64; died November 9, '64, of wounds. Ansel Holmes, August 2; died, date unknown. Asa Holmes, August 1; died November 1, '63. Leroy N. Haven, August 5; killed October 19, '64. Albert H. Hart, August 5; died March 25, '63. William Jobman July 23; died June 27, '63. Alexander Leach, August 6; died July 31, '63. James Manley, August 4; died November 15, '63. Lorson D. Merrill, August 5; killed September 19, '64. James K. Nevell, August 4; died May 18, '63. William A. Newton, July 4; died November 20, '64, of wounds. Austin Palmer, July 4; died May 4, '63. Oscar F. Root, July 8; died September 3, '63. Richmond Small, August 5; died September 13, '63. Jacob Shipman, July 26; died August 4, '63. Edson Sisson, Aug. 6, died July 17, '63. Charles F. Smith, July 24; died June 17, '63. Charles C. Smith, August 9, died November 13, '63. Orlando Smith, July 29; killed October 19, '64. Erastus L. Sill, August 31, '64; died November 1, '64. Henry L. Young, July 20; died June 4, '63. Freeborn S. Young, July 23; died August 24, '63. Wilbur F. Young, August 5; died November 20, '64, of wounds.

DISCHARGED.

Captain Oscar H. Curtis,	See Biographical Sketch, page 329
First Lieutenant Samuel S. Stafford,	" " " " 354
Sergeant Edward E. Breed,	" " " " 376

Corporals, Madison Sayles, enlisted July 19; appointed Corporal. John D. Farrell, August 11; appointed Corporal December 22, '63. Jonathan Bosworth, August 6; appointed Corporal May 14, '65. Job Satchell, July 21; appointed Corporal December 22, '63. Isaac Evans, August 5; appointed Corporal November 1, '64. Stephen N. Leach, August 6; appointed Corporal March 12, '65. Foster J. Blackman, July 22; appointed Corporal December 22, '63.

Privates, George Agard, August 8; killed at Elmira on the cars. Emer H. Aldrich, August 8. Franklin Ames, July 22. James A. Brownell, August 6. Delevan V. Burlingame, August 15, '64. Francis W. Brown, August 28, '64. Lyman D. Bogue, September 1, '64. John B. Baker, August 8. Dennis L. Casey, July 23. Ira Dodge, July 15. George Doyle, July 23. Samuel Z. Eggleston, August 26. Samuel F. Edmonds, August 5. Joseph H. Felten, July 28. Orville Frink, July 24. George Grantham, July 28. Seneca Lemley, August 2. Frederick Monroe, Recruit; captured October 19, '64. Loren D. Newell, July 12. David E. Paudle, July 22. Harrison Phillips, July 15. Orrin Potter, August 4. Asa N. Rose, September 8, '64. Sylvester C. Sergeant, August 8. Perry Springer, August 11. Charles A. Sumner, August 8. George Taft, August 20, '64. Colonel Tyler, August 11. Delos Tyler, August 11. John W. Wrench, August 7.

KILLED OR DIED.

First Lieutenant Isaac Burch,

See Biographical Sketch, page 385

First Sergeant George Bailon, enlisted August 6; died June 17, '63, of wounds.

Sergeant Horace Gale, enlisted August 7; died November 24, '63.

Privates, Joshua Beckwith, enlisted August 11; died February 12, '63. LaFayette Beckwith, August 8; died October 5, '63. Joseph L. Breed, July 25; died August 1, '63. John H. Brent, July 25; died February 15, '63. Leonard R. Brown, August 22, '64; killed September 19, '64. Cyrel Carpenter, August 5; killed September 19, '64. Montezuma Chase, December 3, '63; died May 24, '64. Ira A. Davis, July 15; died July 8, '63. John J. Davis, August 4; died August 3, '63. Francis M. Huntly, August 8; died July 31, '63. Robert C. Hall, January 12, '64; died May 14, '64. William W. Jackson, August 6; killed September 19, '64. Edwin R. Lont, August 11; died November 11, '63. Henry Morgan, August 16; died February 16, '64. Charles Monroe, August 5; died June 27, '63. Hezekiah Newton, August 7; killed September 19, '64. John Nichols, August 11; killed September 19, '64. Thomas Peck, August 11; died September 23. Henry D. Scott, August 8; died November 19. Jonathan V. Squires, August 9; died January 1, '63. Sylvester C. Squires, August 6; died September 4, '63. Rensselaer Scott, December 16, '63; died July 26, '64. William Wilcox, August 7; died June 17, '63. Rathbone G. Wheeler, August 11; died July 6, '63, of wounds. John D. West, August 11; killed June 14, '63. Martin Wolcott, July 15; died April 16, '63. Thomas S. Wiswell, August 7; died June 10, '63.

DISCHARGED.

First Lieutenant Lauren M. Nichols,

See Biographical Sketch, page 385

Second Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson,

" " " " 385

Sergeants William M. Ballis, enlisted August 6; discharged March 11, '63. George W. Isbell, August 6; discharged April 8, '63.

Corporals, Perry Rood, enlisted August 11; discharged May 13, '63. Orson M. Snow August 6; discharged May 14, '63. Edwin J. Sawtell, August 7; discharged February 24 '63.

Privates, Charles Adams, enlisted August 7; discharged May 4, '63. Walter S. Bosworth, August 5; discharged April 11, '64. Samuel P. Butler, January 3, '64; discharged November 6, '64. William H. Comstock, January 4, '64; discharged May 13, '63. Harvey Camp, January 4, '64; discharged May 15, '63. Israel Carpenter, January 12, '64; discharged May 23, '63. Franklin W. Fish, August 8; discharged February 3, '64. Patrick Henry, August 11; discharged May 9, '63. Edward Hayes August 7; discharged October 2, '63. Theodore Lewis, August 11; discharged January 17, '63. Horace T. Leach, August 11; discharged May 22, '63. Samuel Monroe, August 5; discharged August 23, '63. Orlando Monroe, August 6; discharged November 11, '63. John Nelson, Jr., August 7; discharged February 11, '63. Andrew Peck, August 11; discharged September 8, '63. Eleazer W. Townsend, August 11; discharged September 8, '63. Squire R. Seargent, August 7; discharged January 5, '63. Josiah A. Wood, August 11; discharged March 5, '64. William T. Weston, February 6; discharged March 12, '64.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporals, Albert Sumner, enlisted August 8; transferred November 1, '63. George E. Hawley, August 11; transferred October 4, '62. Albert Henry, August 7; transferred January 19, '63. Adrian L. Watson, July 14; transferred September 1, '63. Musician, Charles W. Dain, enlisted July 19; transferred June 28, '63.

Privates, William W. Bowers, enlisted July 29; transferred May 31, '64. Robert E. Cole, August 19; transferred March 1, '64. Ira Church, August 7; transferred September 30, '63. Solomon J. Edwards August 11; transferred April 2, '63. Orlow C. Gager, August 7; transferred January 17, '63. Charles W. Hunt, August 6; March 10, '64. Daniel Hough, August 11; transferred July 26, '63. William A. Huntley, August 8; transferred May 31, '64. Cyrus J. Hopkins, July 23; transferred June 26, '64. John E. Miller, August 7; transferred May 31, '64. William S. Brown, August 20, '64; transferred May 21, '63. Monroe Coy, August 19, '64; transferred May 21, '63. Simon S. Day, January 3, '64; transferred May 21, '63. Benjamin F. Gennug, August 19, '64; transferred May 21, '63. William H. Irvine, December 19, '62; transferred May 21, '63. Francis Ingley, April 6, '63; transferred May 21, '63. Rebron P. Wood, January 11, '64; transferred May 21, '63.

DESERTERS.

Private, David Porter, enlisted August 8; deserted January 15, '63.

COMPANY C.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain William H. Longwell, See Biographical Sketch, page 333
 First Lieutenant John Bagg, " " " " " 333

First Sergeant Lyman Hall, enlisted August 9; appointed First Sergeant March 1, '63.
 Sergeants, Harlow C. Glazier, enlisted August 9. George E. Wood, August 15;
 appointed Sergeant October 19, '64. Augustus A. Nevins, August 7; appointed Ser-
 geant March 1, '65. James W. Sherwood, August 7; appointed Sergeant May 17,
 '65.

Corporals, John E. Brookins, August 13. Franklin Sackett, August 8; appointed
 Corporal August 1, '64. Joseph Crandall, August 8; appointed Corporal October
 19, '64. Marcus P. Crandall, August 11; appointed Corporal January 17, '65. Pul-
 lander R. Paul, August 11; appointed Corporal March 1, '65. Francis E. Hyer,
 August 7; appointed Corporal March 1, '65. George W. Crumb, August 9; appointed
 Corporal January 1, '65. Franklin E. Beckwith, August 8; appointed Corporal
 May 17, '65.

Musician, Bolivar Aldrich, August 5.

Privates, Joseph Brooks, August 6. John S. Brazee, August 11. William J.
 Beach, August 14. John G. Breed, August 11. John I. Bronson, August 11, '64.
 Abram Bennet, August 12. Elijah Crandall, August 6. Daniel V. Cornell, August
 29, '64. Henry D. Clark, August 23, '64. Daniel Dibble, August 11. Charles H. De
 Forest, August 13, '64. Adelbert Eddy, August 6. Edgar H. Eddy, August 6. Ben-
 jamin F. Gille, August 9. R. L. Garlick, September 5, '64. John Hanrahan, August
 7. Robert Hancock, September 1, '64. George R. Johnson, August 5. Lorin H.
 Jones, August 6. John N. Kellier, August 8; George W. Lyon, August 5. James H.
 Lamphere, August 9. Charles H. Lamphere, August 6. John McCormick, August 3.
 Winslow Newton, August 7. Joseph Newton, Jr., August 8. Sylvester Phillips,
 August 8. Ashel W. Paul, August 11. Ensign M. Pike, August 11. Edgar Reding-
 ton, September 7, '64. George E. Sherman, August 5. Francis P. Secor, August 7.
 James Townsend, August 4. James L. Talbert, August 12. Orlando Utter, August
 12. Sobiski Wiswell, August 12. Solomon White, August 11. Lavader M. Wheeler,
 August 7. Uriah White, September 2, '64. William R. White, September 6, '64.

KILLED OR DIED.

First Lieutenant Norman M. Lewis, See Biographical Sketch, page 333
 Sergeant William H. Chamberlin, enlisted August 12; killed October 19, '64.

Corporals, Albert D. Wood, enlisted August 12; killed October 19, '64. George W.
 Beckwith, August 11; killed June 14, '63. Homer W. Sisson, August 12; died
 November 12, '64, of wounds.

Privates, Franklin Boyce, August 12; died August 17, '63. Edward E. Crandall,
 August 12; died June 24, '64. Joseph L. Crandall, August 12; died August 6, '63.
 John C. Murphy, August 12; killed September 19, '64. Lyman Duran, August 1;



killed September 19, '64. Willard Finch, August 12; died July 1, '63. Erastos Gregory, August 12; killed June 15, '63. Jonathan W. Green, August 12; died October 11, '63. George W. Jones, August 12; died November 12, '64, of wounds. Allen LaDue, August 7; died July 21, '63. Willard Lewis, August 12; died September 6, '63. John Mathewson, August 12; died June — '63. Henry Newton, August 30; died Dec. '62. Daniel Nichols, August 11; died March 30, '63. Edgar Newton, August 11; killed September 19, '64. Daniel W. Place, August 12; died February '63. Orman Potter, August 12; died November 6, '63. Andrew Ryan, January 13, '64; died November 9, '64. Wait Stiles, August 8; died September 17, '63. Levi L. Secor, August 12; died July '63. Rufus Tracy, August 8; died August 19, '63. Ira Wiltie, August 12; died February 8, '63. James E. Woodmansee, August 12; died October 19, '64. William S. Crandall, August 12; died May 9, '63.

EXECUTED.

Private Charles Turner, enlisted August 9; executed December 23, '63.

DISCHARGED.

Captain Platt Titus, See Biographical Sketch page 343
 First Lieutenant Shubael A. Brooks, " " " " " 367
 Sergeants, Eugene Sherwood, enlisted August 12; discharged November 1, '64.
 Charles H. Lotheridge, August 7; discharged May 17, '65.
 Corporal George W. Hall, enlisted August 12; discharged March 5, '64.
 Privates, Charles W. Adams, enlisted August 9; discharged February, '63. Albert Aylesworth, August 12; discharged February '63. George W. Button, August 11; discharged June 6, '63. Chauncey W. Cobb, August 12; discharged April 13, '63. Edward C. Grannis, August 9; discharged March 12, '64. Charles C. Hall, August 12; discharged May 18, '65. Root Habbell, August 11; discharged February '63. Samuel Stiles, August 11; discharged April 5, '64. William H. Wood, August 12; discharged November 1, '63.

TRANSFERRED.

Sergeant, Charles J. Biggs, See Biographical Sketch, page 363
 Corporal Adam D. Dye, enlisted August 12; transferred January 17, '64.
 Privates, Asa Brazee, enlisted August 26, '64; transferred June 1, '65. Benjamin T. Dalton, August 11; transferred August 1, '64. Marvin A. Friuk, August 12; transferred September 6, '63. Ebenezer McClintock, August 12; transferred Sep. 30, '63. Eli Nichols, August 19; transferred March '64. William B. Sanders, January 8, '64; transferred June 1, '65. Jeremiah Tinker, August 11; transferred October '63. Lyman L. Talbert, August 12; transferred September '64. William D. Talbert, August 12; transferred April 10, '64. John White, August 12; transferred June 17, '64. John Mason, (colored cook) March 1, '64; transferred June 1, '65. Charles H. Mitchell, January 8, '64; transferred June 1, '65.

DESERTED.

Private, DeLoe Leonard, enlisted August 9; deserted January 14, '63.

COMPANY D.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Nelson W. Schermerhorn,	See Biographical Sketch, page 337
First Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson,	" " " " 359
Second Lieutenant Truman Smith,	" " " " 373

First Sergeant John Carroll, enlisted August 9; appointed First Sergeant May 7, '63.

Sergeants, Samuel J. Dutton, enlisted August 7; appointed Sergeant January 27, '63.

Joshua Beal, August 4; appointed Sergeant December 1, '63. Edward Evans, August 7; appointed Sergeant March 1, '63.

Corporals, William E. Durfee, enlisted August 9; appointed Corporal August 12, '63.

Eugene Brown, August 5; appointed Corporal August 11, '63. Daniel Carey,

August 9; appointed Corporal August 11, '63. Edward H. Lewis, August 4;

appointed Corporal December 21, '63. Elias J. Thomas, August 4; appointed Cor-

poral November 1, '64. Andrew J. Carpenter, August 1; appointed Corporal May 1, '65.

Musician, Henry M. Loomis, enlisted August 2.

Privates, Thaddeus J. Bisbee, enlisted August 2. George W. Burlingame, August

8. Henry D. Brigham, August 4; Daniel E. Bristol, August 4. Henry J. Crumb,

August 8. John P. Davis, August 7. Ephraim A. Drew, August 4. Wightman

Erskine, August 1. Henry S. Jenks, August 5. James H. Lont, August 2. James

C. Lee, August 11. Henry A. Laselle, August 9. James Montana, August 7. Phillip

D. Macumber, August 9. William M. Macumber, August 1. John Merritt, August 9.

Isaac Odell, August 12. Jacob Odell, August 8. Birdsall J. Owen, August 4. Ira

G. Powell, August 2. James E. Stalker, August 9. Alvin W. Stearns, August 6.

Nathan J. Taylor, August 12. Avery Watson, August 9. Albert Wescott, August 8.

Henry Wheelhouse, August 9. Charles D. Henry, September 1, '64.

KILLED OR DIED.

Captain Daniel C. Knowlton, See Biographical Sketch, page 215

Sergeants, Miles D. Chamberlain, enlisted August 9; killed June 14, '63. Norman

G. Humphrey, enlisted August 9; died June 7, '63. Joel C. Richmond, August

2; died November 15, '63.

Corporals, George Cramphin, enlisted August 8; killed September 19, '64. William

Spicer, August 6; died December 19, '64, of wounds. Lewis F. Jones, August 9;

killed June 14, '63.

Musician, Truman Z. Wedge, enlisted August 9; died January 17, '64.

Privates, Henry D. Ayer, enlisted August 7; killed June 14, '63. Andrew J.

Bailey, August 7; died August 2, '64. William H. Bennett, August 2; killed Sep-

tember 19, '64. George Collins, August 6; killed September 19, '64. Patrick Dev-

aux, August 9; died September 19, '64, of wounds. Lyman S. Danbar, August 4;

died September 9, '64. John P. Finney, August 4; died July 25, '63. Lucius M.

Gifford, August 1, died September 25, '64, of wounds. Palmer B. Holdridge,

August 9; died December 16. William J. Jones, August 11; died September 19, '63. William I. Kinney, August 12; died September 12, '63. Philip W. Lout, August 4; died September 12, '63. Martin B. Morse, August 7; died January 17, '64. Alfred A. Morse, August 26, '63; died November 21, '64, of wounds. Edwin R. Perry, August 8; died July 15, '63. James R. Pangburn, August 9; died December 12, '63. William H. Roberts, August 5; died April 17, '63, of wounds. Myron D. Shipman, August 5; died March 29, '65. Charles J. Steeves, August 9; died November 2, '64, of wounds. James H. Story, August 7; died September 30, '64. William C. Smith, August 9; died November 22, '63. Byron W. Smith, August 9; died June 17, '63, of wounds. Mark R. Waldby, August 8; died September 30, '64, of wounds. Lemuel Wattles, August 29, '64; died November 6, '64. G. G. W. Richardson, August 7; died July 1, '63.

DISCHARGED.

First Lieutenant James E. Wedge, See Biographical Sketch, page 363
 Second Lieutenant Smith H. Case, " " " " 373
 First Sergeant, Joseph Reed, enlisted August 4; discharged March 6, '65. James S. Stewart, August 1; discharged August 17, '63.
 Corporals, William H. Ransom, enlisted August 9; discharged August 7, '63. Alfred A. Richardson, August 4; discharged March 10, '64.
 Privates, Charles Brown, enlisted August 2; discharged April 13, '65. Charles W. Brasse, August 2; discharged May 13, '65. Owen J. Edwards, August 4; discharged November 21, '64. William R. Henry, August 10; discharged November 2, '63. Thomas J. Hitchcock, August 7; discharged May 3, '65. Thomas E. Jones, August 7; discharged December 21, '62. Benjamin F. Lawton, August 7; discharged May 26, '63. Horatio E. Leach, August 5; discharged January 19, '64. Griff Morris, August 9; discharged September 22, '63. Dennison D. Palmer, August 7; discharged July 4, '63. Albert D. Richmond, August 2; discharged April 1, '64. Parker E. Stowell, August 11; discharged February 1, '64. Otis P. Snyder, August 9; discharged May 23, '65. James O. Taylor, August 9; discharged, date unknown. William N. Williamson, August 9; discharged May 13, '65.

TRANSFERRED.

Captain Henry B. Morse, See Biographical Sketch, page 319
 Captain Willie M. Rexford, " " " " 349
 First Lieutenant William H. Longwell, " " " " 326
 Sergeant Albert Brown, enlisted August 5; transferred September 29, '63.
 Privates, Isaac Ballou, enlisted August 2; transferred June 1, '65. John Collins, February 2, '65; transferred June 1, '65. Aaron Christie, February 2, '65; transferred June 1, '65. Edwin B. Clifford, August 7; transferred May 19, '64. Caleb E. Hamlin, August 9; transferred September 23, '63. John E. Jones, August 4; transferred September 1, '63. Joseph Mantana, January 1, '64; transferred June 1, '65. Alvah H. Owen, August 9; transferred September 1, '63. William Tittley, August 9; transferred April 25, '64. George Wagner, October 6, '64; transferred June 1, '65.

DESERTED.

Privates, Myron D. Peavy, enlisted August 6; deserted November 5, '62. Daniel W. Salisbury, August 4; deserted December 1, '63. William Smith, February 2, '63; deserted April 21, '65. George Towseley, August 1; deserted December 13, '64.

COMPANY E.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Elias P. Pellet, See Biographical Sketch, page 329
 First Lieutenant John C. Stoughton, " " " " 360
 First Sergeant Jeduthan P. Kendall, enlisted August 13; appointed First Sergeant April 1, '65.

Sergeants, Austin D. Cable, July 31; appointed Sergeant June 1, '63. Moses E. Delamater, August 9; appointed Sergeant November 1, '64. William L. Laman, August 21; appointed Sergeant February 1, '65. Henry Andrews, August 13; appointed Sergeant April 1, '65.

Corporals, Christopher Grant, enlisted August 9; appointed Corporal June 1, '63. Charles M. Pittsley, August 2; appointed Corporal November 1, '64. Charles B. Davis, August 13; appointed Corporal December 1, '64. George O. Fitch, August 6; appointed Corporal March 1, '65. Zenas Tarbell, August 12; appointed Corporal April 1, '65. William McNeil, September 16, '64; appointed Corporal April 1, '65.

Privates, Ezra C. Adams, August 13. William A. Bolt, August 11. George W. Bordutha, August 9. George N. Chappel, August 9. Edmond L. Carter, August 7. Theodore J. Cable, July 23. Henry Davis, August 11. James Dennis, August 9. James W. Gillmore, August 9. Lewis Handy, August 11. Sophronus Hinman, August 11. Isaac B. Jones, August 6. George W. Jones, August 11. Richard Marvin, August 7. William Marvin, August 12. Duncan McKellar, August 9. David McBirney, August 9. Francis M. Mead, August 11. Andrew H. Nichols, August 9. Edwin C. Reed, August 11. Peter Rogers, August 6. Handford D. Rowe, August 12. Jesse Rockwell, August 12. Edwin E. Salisbury, August 8. Albert Salisbury, September 10, '64. John W. Sutliff, September 11. Emory A. Williams, September 11. Artemus J. Webb, September 11. William H. White, September 11. Reed Yaple, September 11.

KILLED OR DIED.

Second Lieutenant George G. Donnelly, See Biographical Sketch, page 377
 First Sergeant John W. Toombs, enlisted August 9; died October 15, '64, of wounds.
 Sergeant William W. Johnson, enlisted July 31; killed October 19, '64.
 Corporals, William P. Corbett, enlisted August 11; killed September 19, '64. Calvin B. Weld, August 9; died October 14, '64, of wounds.

Privates, Albert Teachout, August 12; died September '62. Martin B. Skillman, August 12; died January 2, '63. Otis G. Banks, August 11; died March 6, '63. Charles R. Bump, August 4; died January 27, '63. Lewis O. Robbins, August 11; died April 11, '63. Robert Wedge, August 11; died July 28, '63. Henry W. Nutter, August 6; died September 24, '63. John Campbell, August 8; died October 26, '63. Andrew P. Aylesworth, August 11; died November 3, '63. John Starkweather, August 9; died September '63. Andrew J. Sawyer, August 11; died April 28, '64. Joseph L. Smith, August 6; died May 6, '64, of wounds. Daniel W. Pettis, August 11; died September 13, '64. William M. Horton, August 8; killed September 19, '64. Francis McNeil, August 11; died October 10, '64, of wounds. Frank M. Skillman, August 12; died October 7, '64, of wounds. William A. Fuller, August 12; killed October 19, '64. Hector S. Vandenburg, August 11; died June 10, '62.

DISCHARGED.

Captain Ransom Macdonald,	See Biographical Sketch, page 350
First Lieutenant Nicholas A. Dederer,	" " " " 347
First Lieutenant Uriah Rorapangh,	" " " " 342

Bergeants, John C. Reynolds, enlisted August 5; discharged June 28, '63. Ephriam Betts, August 11; discharged February 1, '64. William J. Rogers, August, 6; discharged May 18, '64.

Corporals, George W. Palmer, enlisted August 13; discharged July 2, '63. Seymour C. Horton, August 6; discharged August 25, '63. Daniel A. Tremaine, August 13, discharged November 12, '64.

Privates, Wilberforce L. Pike, enlisted August 11; discharged December 15. James S. Ireland, August 13; discharged June 14, '63. Horatio K. Mosher, August 7; discharged June 27, '63. Chester P. Tryon, August 13; discharged August 22, '63. Russell A. Johnson, August 13; discharged August 22, '63. William H. Truax, August 2; discharged August 21, '63. Aaron H. Seward, August 13; discharged August 7, '63. Charles E. Potter, August 6; discharged August 22, '63. Truman S. Wedge, August 8; discharged October 2, '63. Benjamin F. Pitteley, August 2; discharged September 1, '63. Chauncey Simmons, August 11; discharged September 10, '63. Charles A. Johnson, August 13; discharged March 9 '64. Andy Kinnier, August 5; discharged March 5, '63. Jack Chidester, August 11; discharged August 16, '63. Carrol Post, August 11; discharged August 26, '64. Lewis G. Mosher, Jan. 23, '64; discharged November 4, '64. William Marvin, August 7, discharged January 9, '65. Edward Post, August 11; discharged April 4, '65. Sidney A. Delamater, August 9; discharged May 13, '65. William H. Spencer, September 12, '64; discharged May 18, '65. William W. Newby, August 11, discharged May 22, '65. Charles R. Hayward, August 9; discharged May 14, '65.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporals, George Williams, enlisted August 11; transferred, date unknown. Preston R. Peck, August 6; transferred, date unknown.

Privates, Moses Tuttle, enlisted August 11; transferred date unknown. Delos Rowe, August 12; transferred date unknown. Joseph Skillman, August 12; transferred date unknown. James H. Knickerbocker, August 11; transferred June 17, '64. Horace J. Wood, August 11; transferred June 7, '64. Benjamin E. Randolph, August 9; transferred June 17, '64. Henry Keach, December 21, '63; transferred June 2, '65. William Rogers, June 18, '64; transferred June 2, '65. Gilbert Rogers, June 9, '64; transferred June 2, '65.

DESERTED.

Privates, Smith Barnes, enlisted August 11; deserted October 10, '62. Albert Rogers, December 30, '63 deserted April 21, '64. [It is due to this man to say that he fell out on the march on the Red River Campaign—and it is supposed that he died from fatigue.]

COMPANY F.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain James F. Fitts,	See Biographical Sketch, page 359
First Lieutenant Jerrie P. Allis,	" " " " 361
Second Lieutenant Cyrus J. Hardaway,	" " " " 363

First Sergeant William F. Allen, enlisted August 13; appointed First Sergeant September 20, '64.

Sergeants, Charles L. Williams, enlisted August 12; appointed Sergeant June 14, '63. Charles D. Hooker, August 12; appointed Sergeant December 1, '64. James S. Williams, August 3; appointed December 1, '64. Charles A. Thomas, August 9; appointed Sergeant May 1, '65.

Corporals, John Spurr, August 12; appointed Corporal April 27, '64. Charles V. Hall, August 12; appointed Corporal October 17, '64. Christopher W. Potter, August 9; appointed Corporal October 19, '64. George J. Matteson, August 12; appointed Corporal January 1, '65. John W. Bell, August 13; appointed Corporal May 1, '65.

Privates, James T. Avery, August 31, '64. William A. Avery, September 1, '64. Alfred N. Aldrich, August 31, '64. George A. Beach, August 13. Matthew L. Carpenter, August 12. Albert B. Colburn, August 12. Adin Demming, August 12. Lewis I. Eddy, August 12. Andrew J. Eldred, August 12. Adicus Ellis, August 12. Horace Eddy, August 12. Charles Fairchilds, August 12. George Fountain, August 12. Albert D. Fuller, August 12. Smith Hill, August 9. Henry M. Holt, August 31, '64. Cornelius O. King, August 12. Charles M. Morenus, August 12. Lafayette Morenus, September 4, '64. William Mann, August 12. Sidney T. Merrill, August 12. Charles J. Pratt, August 9. Caleb S. Page, August 12. Charles A. Peck, August 1, '64. Varner G. Root, August 9. Charles B. Tefft, August 12. Nathan Tefft, August 12. Anson E. Webb, August 12. Charles T. White, August 12.

KILLED OR DIED.

First Lieutenant William D. Thurbur, See Biographical Sketch, page 363
First Sergeant Stephen Weaver, enlisted August 7; died September 20, '64, of wounds.
Sergeants, John C. Tallman, enlisted August 4; killed June 14, '63. William W. Wakely, August 2; killed October 19, '64; Eugene M. Utley, August 11; died October 27, '64, of wounds.
Corporals Clinton, H. Medbury, enlisted August 9; died June 25, '63 of wounds. George R. Miller, August 6; killed September 19, '64. David W. Putnam, August 9; died June 17, '63 of wounds. Lewis E. Tew, August 2; killed October 19, '64.
Privates, Elijah J. Andrews, enlisted August 7, died June 13, '63. Russell F. Eaker, August 7; died June 18, '64. Chester L. Buchanan, August 26, '64; died February 8, '65. George W. Champlain, August 11; died December 19. John A. Cleveland, August 7; died June 1, '63. William H. Dunham, August 6, '64; died October 29, '64, of wounds. Norman Fenton, August 7; died June 10, '63. Alfred Davis, August 7; killed September 19, '64. Hiram Gilbert, August 6; died June 10, '63. Joseph Gilbert, August 11; died July 12, '63. Robert E. Gritman, August 11; died Oct. 20, '64, of wounds. Jacob H. Haveley, August 11; died June 15, '63 of wounds. Jarvis Howard, August 7; died August 1, '64. George W. Roberts, August 7; killed June 14, '63. Seth C. Sisson, August 3; died June 15, '64, of wounds. Albert D. Smith, August 8; died June 14, '63. Angel P. Stead, August 7; died August 31, '63; Charles L. Smith, August 9; died November 15, '63. Roswell F. Thayer, August 7; died September 6, '63. Oscar M. Nichols, August 4; died March 10, '63.

DISCHARGED.

Captain Charles H. Colwell,	See Biographical Sketch, page 343
First Lieutenant Adrian Foote,	" " " " 324
Second Lieutenant John F. Buell,	" " " " 377
Sergeant Charles L. Brown,	" " " " 361

Sergeant, James F. Simmons, enlisted August 9; discharged February 12, '63.

Privates, James T. Avery enlisted August 8; discharged July 17, '63. Charles H. Bryant, August 7; discharged December 29, '64. Elijah N. Colburn, January 4, '64; discharged May 13, '65. George W. Crumb, August 9; discharged May 22, '65. Daniel Davis, August 6; discharged September 8. Amenzio Ellis August 7; discharged May 22, '65. Jeremiah B. Fuller August 8; discharged February 4, '63. Frank P. Field, August 5; discharged May 6, '64. Ambrose Green August 7; discharged May 9, '62. James Haight, August 22, '64; discharged May 22, '65. Fred H. Honecke, August 11; discharged May 22, '65. Miles Ireland, August 9; discharged April 27, '63. Truman G. Ketchum, August 5; discharged August 27, '63. James B. Marvin, August 4; discharged May 13, '63. Joseph W. Miller, August 2; discharged January 11, '62. William H. Mumbalo, August 9; discharged September 8, '64. John L. Marvin, July 29; discharged April 29, '64. Solomon Petit, August 5; dis-

charged December 29. Smith B. Rowland, August 7; discharged May 27, '63. Elbert F. Smith, August 6; discharged February 19, '64. Lorenzo S. Shaw, August 7; discharged August 19, '64. Nelson A. Thayer, August 6; discharged February 14, '63. Austin White, August 11; discharged November 19, '63. Franklin Wilcox, August 12; discharged May 19, '65. William D. Knapp, August 11; discharged '64.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporals, Charles F. Pratt, enlisted August 7; transferred September 30, '63. Malcolm G. Deitz, August 7; transferred May 31, '64. Isaac Weaver, July 13, '64; transferred June 2, '65.

Musician Dudley W. Young, enlisted August 6; transferred September 30, '63.

Privates, Erasmus D. Babcock, enlisted Aug 7; transferred May 1, '64. Charles H. Bowen, August 9; transferred May 1, '64. Abram Chappel, August 9; transferred May 31, '64. Levi M. Carpenter, June 4, '63; transferred June 2, '65. Charles Clark, August 26, '64; transferred June 2, '65. David H. Van Dusen, June 4, '64; transferred June 2, '65. Freeland P. Freely, August 6; transferred May 21, '64. Edwin Fairchild, July 12, '64; transferred June 2, '65. Charles Isbell, August 6; transferred September 30, '63. Linsey L. Shipman, August 1; transferred September 30, '63. Charles W. Smith, July 30; transferred September 30, '63. George B. Throop, August 7; transferred April 22, '64. Edgar Waters, August 7; transferred September 30, '63. Joseph Wisebeck, June 4, '64; transferred June 2, '65.

DESERTED.

Private Henry Bidwell, enlisted August 7; deserted September 6, '62.

COMPANY G.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Charles W. Underhill, See Biographical Sketch, page 242

First Lieutenant Charles L. Brown, " " " " 361

First Sergeant Daniel W. Kinney, enlisted August 8; appointed First Sergeant September 19, '64.

Sergeants, Nathan Lampson, July 28; appointed Sergeant September 19, '64. William Potter, August 6; appointed Sergeant December 21, '61. Barton Brown, August 2; appointed Sergeant April 1, '65.

Corporals, Colson Shephardson, enlisted July 26; appointed Corporal June 14, '63. J. Wesley Morgan, August 4; appointed Corporal June 14, '63. William G. Burch, August 7; appointed Corporal December 14, '63. Albert E. Butler, August 2; appointed Sergeant September 19, '64. George E. Loomis, August 6; appointed Corporal December 21, '64. Ira J. Burleson, August 2; appointed Corporal April 1, '65.

Musician Amasa A. Wright, August 4.

Privates, Denio T. Alderman, August 8. John H. Carrett, August 4. Simon D. Baldwin, August 2. Francis M. Beebe, July 31. Samuel J. Bennett, August 12.

M. Jerome Blakeman, August 7; Frank Brooks, August 1; John F. Brand, August 4. Holland T. Brown, August 4. Herbert A. Cheesbro, August 13. William W. Coakley, July 28. James R. Collier, August 4. James Dunn, August 4. Wallace P. Elphic, August 12. Peter Flynn, August 17. Uri Gates, August 4. George F. Gilbert, August 11. William H. Hardenburg, August 4. George W. Hayes, July 24. Palmer Hinman, August 2. Michael Horrigan, August 12. Elbridge Lamuncheon, July 29. Daniel C. Loomis, August 9. J. Wallace Lord, August 18. Charles Moore, August 4. Asa Parker, August 4. George Root, August 7. Francis M. Sanders, August 12. Nelson Short, August 10, '64. Charles H. Stone, August 13. George W. Tyler, August 3. James C. Waters, August 5. Charles H. Watson, August 4. Patrick Welch, August 4. William Welch, July 29. Edward Wholihan, August 6. John Wholihan, August 4.

KILLED OR DIED.

Captain Charles E. Tucker, See Biographical Sketch, page 353

First Sergeant Albert A. Nichols, enlisted July 22; died January 7, '63.

First Sergeant, Henry P. Corbin, enlisted July 22; killed June 14, '63.

First Sergeant Charles F. Sunney, enlisted July 29; killed September 19, '64.

Sergeant George W. Dunham, enlisted July 28; died December 12, '63.

Corporals, Andrew J. Sawdy, enlisted July 30; died July 6, '63, of wounds. Albert J. Holmes, July 31; died October 2, '64, of wounds. Isaac W. Haling, August 8; died July 17, '63, of wounds.

Matthew R. Burdick August 4; died June 21, '63. James Cahalan, August 7; killed September 19, '64. Henry Cheesbro, August 11; died September 10, '63. Albert Cheesbro, August 6; died August 11, '63. Philander Davis, August 29; died June 8, '63. Harlow M. Dodge, August 12; died April 5, '63. Lucien N. Fullford, August 8; died June 14, '63, of wounds. Ransom J. Fullford, August 12; died December 3. Albert Morse, August 14; died September 1, '63. Fennimore Short, August 10, '64, killed September 19, '64. Charles E. Thompson, August 1; killed September 19, '64. Lelloy B. Woods, July 25; died July 4, '63, of wounds. Galusha A. York, August 12; died May 29, '63.

DISCHARGED.

Second Lieutenant Jerrie P. Allis, See Biographical Sketch, page 361

Sergeants, James Murphy, enlisted August 4; discharged, date unknown. Charles W. Rhodes, August 1; discharged April 1, '65. Harrison Brand, August 7; discharged December 12, '63.

Corporal William N. Davis, enlisted August 7; discharged July 3, '63.

Musician, M. Jerome Murphy, enlisted August 4; discharged December 1.

Privates, Albert S. Bates, enlisted July 26; discharged June 6, '62. James W. Babcock, August 8; discharged February, '63. George Babcock, August 19; discharged September 30, '63. Judson L. Crandall, July 12; discharged August 22, '63. Ray G. Clark, August 11; discharged March 8, '64. George Davy, July 22; discharged May 18, '65. Jonathan J. French, August 4; discharged May 22, '65. Albert

Fisk, August 12; discharged April 15, '65. **Warren H. Howard**, July 4; discharged May 20, '65. **Otis Kinney**, July 24; discharged August 6, '63. **Richard Laws**, August 2; discharged August 6, '63. **Garrett S. Maine**, August 4; discharged August 16, '63. **William S. Short**, August 10, '64; discharged March 4, '65. **Theodore S. Smith**, August 11; discharged May 18, '63. **Stephen Tuttle**, July 26; discharged November 20, '63. **LaFayette Webb**, August 12; discharged March 22, '64.

TRANSFERRED.

First Lieutenant Homer W. Searle, See Biographical Sketch, page 34.
Sergeant Porter H. Babcock, enlisted August 20; transferred October 5, '64.

Privates, **DeElbert W. Babcock**, enlisted August 4; transferred March 13, '65. **Samuel B. Brand**, August 8; transferred June 4, '64. **Augustus P. Clarke**, August 8; transferred September 4, '62. **Duane L. Clarke**, August 8; transferred April 6, '64. **Lucius A. Crandall**, January 21, '64; transferred June 1, '65. **Dorr H. Maine**, August 12; transferred September 1, '62. **Daniel W. Niles**, August 8; transferred January 4, '64. **Elijah St. John**, August 13; transferred September 4, '62. **Edward H. Vidleau**, August 4; transferred January 23, '65. **Thomas H. Webb**, August 12; transferred July 23, '64.

DESERTED.

Private Samuel Bellfield, enlisted August 13; deserted January '64.

COMPANY H.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Uriah Rorapaugh, See Biographical Sketch, page 32.
First Lieutenant Theodore Evans, " " " " 36.
First Sergeant Charles Hemmingway, enlisted August 16; appointed First Sergeant May 1, '65.

Sergeants, **Alonzo B. Merchant**, enlisted August 12; appointed Sergeant October 12, '64. **Thomas H. Warton**, August 13; appointed Sergeant December 24, '64. **Otis D. W. Brown**, August 9; appointed Sergeant May 1, '65. **Wheaton J. Race**, August 14; appointed Sergeant May 1, '65.

Corporals, **Albert N. Wheelock**, enlisted August 11; appointed Corporal August 11. **Madison J. Gillett**, August 14; appointed Corporal September 1, '62. **Merville E. Harrington**, August 9; appointed Corporal December 24, '64. **Wallace F. Potter**, August 11; appointed Corporal December 24, '64. **Timothy Corbin**, August 2; appointed Corporal December 24, '64. **Conant Fosbury**, August 11; appointed Corporal May 1, '65. **Morrell Smith**, August 9; appointed Corporal May 1, '65. **Henry H. Merrill**, August 12; appointed Corporal May 1, '65.

Privates, **Benjamin Allen**, August 19. **George Aylesworth**, August 11. **Edwin R. Aldrich**, August 13. **Adelbert S. Ackley**, September 3, '64. **Julius Beckwith**, August 2. **Erastus Baker**, September 3, '64. **Charles W. Brooks**, August 14. **James Cro-**

man, September 5, '64. David S. Dort, August 11. Edward D. Evans, August 21, '64. Adoniram J. Hamlin, August 11. Henry B. Hoyt, August 11. Benjamin R. Jenks, August 13. Thomas McCue, August 9. George H. Mead, August 11. Charles E. Myers, August 12. George A. Phelps, August 12. Jay W. Rigby, August 9. James Sandall, August 12. John C. Sayles, Jr., August 12. Dennis B. Shelley, August 13. Orville L. Stillman, August 6, '64. George W. Stearnes, August 9. John H. Stearnes, August 9. Aaron W. Strong, August 11. Welcome E. Stillman, August 6. Griggs A. Taylor, August 9. Jacob Voltz, August 13. Charles J. York, August 9.

KILLED OR DIED.

First Lieutenant Edward E. Breed, See Biographical Sketch, page 270
First Sergeant Orlando J. Aylesworth, enlisted August 11; died October 4, '64, of wounds.

Sergeant Henry D. Mason, enlisted August 13; killed October 19, '64.
Corporals, Abel R. Corbin, enlisted August 12; died June 2, '63. Andrew J. Groat, August 11; died June 13, '63. Charles F. Greene, August 13; killed October 19, '64.

Privates, Angus S. Arnold, enlisted August 12; killed October 19, '64. Delos Burdick, August 9; died September 13, '63. Delos Brown, July 29; died September 14, '63. Isaac H. Brewster, August 11; died August 24, '63. George Cannon, August 8; died '63. Oscar M. Cory, August 13; died November 11, '64, of wounds. Thomas Dolan, August 14; died December 28. Simeon Eckerson, August 12; died March 6, '63. Isaac M. Fuller, August 12; died April 25, '63. Benjamin F. Hamlin, August 13; died June 29, '63. James Hill, August 13; killed April 12, '63. James A. Marcy, August 9; died December 29, '63. Hiram Munson, August 12; died December 23, '63. Patrick Mullen, August 11; died November 1, '64, of wounds. George M. Nash, August 9; died July 30, '63. Nathan W. Steere, August 14; died June 12, '64. Al Stillman, August 5; died October 9, '63. Daniel Sterns, January 4, '64; died July 22, '64. Densmore Sanders, August 13; died July 22, '63. Jerome Stork, August 11; died July 1, '63. Lorenzo Thompson, August 14; died July 10, '63. Seth D. Thompson, August 7; died '63. Rial Thompson, August 12; died November 25, '64 of wounds. James I. Wooley, August 9; died April 18, '63. William A. Willis, August 7; died March 12, '63. George J. Knowlton, August 9; died July 7, '63 of wounds.

DISCHARGED.

Captain Dyer D. Bullock, See Biographical Sketch, page 351
Captain Robert P. York, " " " " 351
Second Lieutenant Edwin M. Osborne, " " " " 377
First Sergeant Wellington H. Lines, enlisted August 12; discharged May 22, '65.
Charles E. Stratton, August 11; discharged December 15. Abial J. Williams, August 8; discharged July 2, '62.

Corporals, John R. Norris, enlisted August 1; discharged May 12, '65. Harmon R. Reed, August 13; discharged December 4.

Privates, Philip J. Arnold, enlisted August 9; discharged February 27, '63. William T. Burdett, August 12; discharged May 17, '65. Carpenter Bennett, January 4, '61; discharged May 17, '65. Ransom A. Bartholomew, August 12; discharged July 24, '63. Chester Corbin, August 8; discharged January 27, '63. Robinson J. Cooley, August 12; discharged December 3. Waterman W. Lull, August 12; discharged September 21, '63. Francis M. Muncey, August 9; discharged '63. George Rogers, August 14; discharged September 10, '63. George Thompson, August 9; discharged May 16, '65. Lewis Thompson, August 14; discharged May 17, '65. Wells G. Wright, August 9; discharged '63. Warren K. Welch, August 11; discharged May 19, '65. Andrew E. Gager, August 9; discharged June 11, '63.

TRANSFERRED.

Sergeant Luke C. Burdick, enlisted August 12; transferred September 23, '63.

Wagoner, George Teed, enlisted August 12; transferred December 1, '64.

Privates, Sherington Bache, enlisted August 12; transferred April 10, '64. Henry K. Clarke, August 13; transferred April 10, '64. William H. Gardiner, August 9; transferred unknown. William H. Edgerton, August 13; transferred September 20, '63. Isaac Hamilton, August 11; transferred July 1, '63. Willis B. Landon, August 12; transferred April 10, '64. Ezra L. Manning, August 14; transferred March 21, '65. Dwight P. Taylor, August 11; transferred April 10, '64. Charles L. Evans, August 14; transferred June 1, '65. Tony Jones, (colored cook) September 1, '63; transferred June 1, '65.

DESERTED.

Private Charles J. Kellogg, enlisted August 9; deserted August 17, '64.

COMPANY I.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Hiram S. Wheeler,

See Biographical Sketch, page 383

First Lieutenant Charles J. Biggs,

" " " " 393

First Sergeant Jerome F. Wheeler, enlisted August 4.

Sergeants, Cyrus R. Warner, enlisted August 4. John Van Dusen, August 7. Freeman Stanton, August 11. Stephen D. Thompson, August 12.

Corporals, Edwin M. Stanton, August 7. Albert Dellow, August 12. Daniel Preston, August 12. George H. Atkins, August 12. Ernest Johnson, August 11. Sanford W. Sherman, August 11.

Privates, A. M. Ball, September 6, '64. George W. Brown, August 6. Charles Benson, August 7. Francis M. Brown, August 6. Lyman Briggs, August 12. Charles M. Farette, August 13. Charles H. Babcock, August 4. Hiram Cross,

August 11. Robert Cooper, August 11. Jackson Cooper, August 11. Amaziah C. Coate, August 11. Charles M. Dodge, August 11. Charles Eaton, August 8. Jay B. Faucett, August 11. Lamenzo Finch, August 11. Dwight Geer, August 13. Wells G. Huddleston, August 12. Joseph Kingsley, August 8. Beriah B. Kingsley, August 12. William Lasure, August 6. Albert E. Lord, August 8. Thomas McElroy, August 11. Orrin A. Price, August 6. Adam S. Rickard, August 5. Niles Reynolds, August 11. Henry S. Robbins, August 14. George Sheff, August 4. Reuben Sherman, August 12. Jason Taylor, August 8. Benjamin Vaughn, August 9. Daniel Webster, August 11. Josiah Wolcott, August 13. William D. Warner, August 6.

KILLED OR DIED.

Sergeant William H. Calkins, enlisted August 11; died August 16, '63.
 Corporals, Alfred P. Sweet, enlisted August 9; died June 27, '63. Elisha G. Wilmarth, August 7; killed April 9, '64.
 Musicians, Dwight D. Eldridge, enlisted August 8; died December 17. Lysander Butte, August 11; died December 18, '64.
 Privates, Alonzo Griggs, enlisted August 11; died October 4. Marshall Dutton, August 9; died November 3. Charles H. Messinger, August 4; died December 13. William Moore, August 11; died December 19. Levi L. Wilcox, August 7; died June 6, '63. Henry B. Tyler, August 17; died May 14, '63. Thomas W. Wilcox, August 8; died June 6, '63. Joseph M. Swift, August 14; died June 6, '63. William H. Benson, August 7; died May 27, '63. William S. Sipples, August 14; killed July 1, '63. Morrill Sturges, August 4; died July 2, '63 of wounds. Daniel L. Wells, August 11, died August 20, '63. David F. Porter, August 13; died September 8, '63. Charles L. Beckwith, August 12; died October 12, '63. Liberty White, August 13; died July 1, '63. Adam Silvernail, August 11; died February 3, '64. James A. Locke, August 8; killed April 8, '64. George Luther, August 11; drowned June 13, '64. Valentine Palmer, August 10; killed October 19, '64. John L. Rhodes, August 10; killed October 19, '64. Nathan Robbins, January 5, '64; died July 28, '64. Noah Preston, August 12; died December 23, '64. James McKee, August 7; killed October 19, '64.

DISCHARGED.

First Sergeant Dennis Thompson. See Biographical Sketch, page 239.
 Corporals, Elbert L. Widger, enlisted August 6; discharged May 23, '63. John Q. Perry, August 11; discharged May 30, '63.
 Privates, Stephen Reynolds, enlisted August 11; discharged January 21, '63. Joseph Kinlock, August 7; discharged February 18, '63. Delos Finch, August 13; discharged March 31, '63. Jerome W. Levisce, August 11; discharged April 6, '63. Lemuel M. Briggs, August 14; discharged April 9, '63. George W. Bemas, August 9; discharged April 30, '63. Samuel Church, August 4; discharged March 28, '62. Thilander Parker, Aug. 6; discharged Aug. 6, '63. Albert Richer, Aug. 11; discharged August 23, '63. Benjamin F. Reynolds, August 6; discharged September 23, '63. Thomas B. Wells, August 11; discharged November 29, '63. Lorenzo Robbins, At-

gust 12; discharged February 13, '65. Asa H. Legg, August 4; discharged March 7, '65. Joel F. Bassett, August 8; discharged April 10, '65. Woodal Eastman, August 11; discharged April 10, '65. Frederick Pritchard, September 1, '64; discharged May 20, '65. Harvey Stearns, August 11; discharged May 14, '65. George W. Allen, August 13; discharged May 23, '65. John Hilliard, August 12; discharged May 28, '65.

TRANSFERRED.

Captain James F. Thompson,	See Biographical Sketch, page 327
First Lieutenant Nelson W. Schermerhorn,	" " " " 337
Second Lieutenant Elias P. Pellet,	" " " " 333

Corporal Justice Lewis, enlisted December 15, '64; transferred June 1, '65.

Privates, Henry Teakey, enlisted August 12; transferred September 5, '63. William W. Fargo, August 11; transferred June 1, '63. Franklin Brown, August 14; transferred October 20, '63.

DESERTED.

Privates, Bimmiel Robbins, enlisted August 12; deserted October 19. Charles Shaver, August 13; deserted June 2, '63. Albert Stearns, August 11; deserted July 31, '64. Edward M. Slawson, November 1, '63; deserted July 16, '64. Anthony Bailey, (colored cook) January 1, '64; July 2, '64.

COMPANY K.

MEMBERS OF COMPANY AT MUSTER OUT, WITH DATE OF ENLISTMENT.

Captain Homer W. Searle,	See Biographical Sketch, page 344
First Lieutenant Elijah St. John,	" " " " 363
Second Lieutenant Robert N. Eddy,	" " " " 374

First Sergeant S. Delevan House, enlisted August 15; appointed First Sergeant February 5, '65.

Sergeants, Luzerne A. Ticknor, August 12. William C. Horton, August 9. Daniel W. Sims, August 11; appointed Sergeant January 23, '64. George C. Billings, August 11; appointed Sergeant April 30, '64.

Corporals, Henry G. Dixon, enlisted August 8; appointed Corporal December 1, '63. William E. Mann, August 11. James O'Brien, August 8; appointed Corporal September 19, '64. Stephen Barber, August 9; appointed Corporal September 19, '64.

Musicians, Oscar F. Smith, August 11. Samuel C. Butts, August 11.

Privates, John Cadogan, Jr., August 8. Isaac H. Clark, August 12. Henry C. Combs, August 12. Chaucey J. Cook, August 7. Sidney Corkins, August 6. J. H. Harris, August 11. Spencer E. Davis, August 12. William Dwyer, August 12. Patrick Farley, August 12. Horace R. Graham, August 15. George P. Haight, August 11. Orasmus D. Hill, August 11. Willard M. Hudson, August 8. Thomas Kearney, August 11. Lewis S. Loomis, August 8. Charles E. Myers, August 12.

Lewis Nourse, August 12. John H. Preston, August 8. Cyrenus A. Rogers, August 12. Eugene Santee, August 13. Perry Tibbetts, August 5. William Tuttle, August 11. Thomas Walker, August 12. Newell B. Webber, August 8. Reuben D. Wright, August 13. Enos Cook, August 6, '64.

KILLED OR DIED.

Corporals, James F. Loomis, enlisted August 9; died July 23, '63. Lucien F. Barnard, August 11; killed April 9, '64.

Privates, Robert R. Bentley, enlisted August 11; died July 3, '63. Harvey Clark, August 11; died September 19, '63. Edward Cook, August 11; died May 29, '63. Edwin R. Combs, August 11. killed October 19, '64. James M. Combs, August 11. died March 9, '63. Electus B. Dean, August 11; died March 7, '63. Harvey Daley, August 8; died March 22, '63. Charles S. Dodge, August 6; died November 7, '64. James Farrell, August 12; died September 24, '63. George C. Gault, August 12; died July 20, '63. George E. Gillson, August 11; died September 8, '63. Henry A. Gifford, August 8; died September 29, '63. Charles N. Gorton, August 6, '64; died December 2, '64. Stephen Hungerford, August 15; died '63. Seth C. Johnson, August 9; died October 17, '63. Charles Knight, August 7; died December 21, '63. Joseph J. McCullough, August 12; died September 26, '64, of wounds. John F. Madge, August 4; died February 16, '64. Charles B. Needham, August 13; died July 15, '63. Herbert M. Newton, August 11; died August 29, '63. Abel P. Pangburn, August 8; killed September 19, '64. William L. Partello, August 11; died May 31, '63. Uriel D. Perry, August 9; died May 26, '63. William H. H. Rathbone, August 11; died June 1, '63. William E. Savage, August 8; died October 27, '64, of wounds. Christopher C. Spencer, May 16; killed September 19, '64. Theron L. Vincent, August 4; died July 21, '63. Joseph A. Wallace, August 11; died September 20, '64, of wounds.

DISCHARGED.

Captain Seneca Lake,	See Biographical Sketch, page 256
First Lieutenant Daniel C. Knowlton,	" " " " 245
Second Lieutenant Erastus S. Carpenter,	" " " " 279
Corporal Adelbert F. Coope,	" " " " 329

Corporals, John B. Goodsell, enlisted August 8; discharged April 13, '65. William R. Colwell, August 11; discharged April 3, '65. Nason H. Haight, August 8; discharged February 1, '64. Owen O'Connor, August 8; discharged August 15, '64.

Privates, William P. Albee, enlisted August 12; discharged January 2, '64. William Blanchard, August 12; discharged July 2, '63. William H. Broadfield, August 16; discharged March 8, '64. Henry A. Evans, August 7; discharged '62. Myron Howard, August 11; discharged July 2, '63. Franklin Hammond, August 8; discharged March 8, '63. Ansel D. Hopkins, August 5; discharged March 31, '63. Thurlow C. Irons, August 4; discharged '63. William H. Kinning, August 12; dis-

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charged September 10, '63. Daniel N. Nichols, August 5; discharged March 12, '64. Orlow Z. Nourse, August 11; discharged February 29, '64. Clinton K. Nourse, August 11; discharged May 18, '65. Oliver M. Slocum, August 8; discharged October 17, '63. Frank Wyman, August 12; discharged '63. Samuel A. Wheeler, August 7; discharged April 23, '64.

TRANSFERRED.

First Sergeant Edward E. Hunt, enlisted August 8; transferred February 5, '63. Sergeant David M. Jones, enlisted August 9; transferred April 30, '64.

Privates, Charles J. Abbot, enlisted August 8; transferred March 1, '64. Lorenzo M. Bronson, August 11; transferred May '64. Joseph H. Clark, August 13; transferred June 11, '64. William E. Kingsley, August 12; transferred June 4, '64. William C. Reddy, August 6; transferred April 11, '64. Lewis L. Weed, August 4; transferred July 1, '63. Giles Woodin, August 8; transferred April 30, '64. John R. Watts, August 12; transferred April 30, '64. Nathaniel G. Foote, February 22, '64; transferred May 31, '63.

DESERTERS.

Privates, Robert R. Allen, enlisted August 11; deserted November 4, '62. James Wilson, August 11; deserted October 31, '64. Alfred Marsh (colored cook) February 25, '64; deserted March 15, '64.

CHENANGO'S GREETING.

MAJOR R. P. PELLET:

DEAR Sir:—Having written the following lines commemorative, though in an infinitesimal part, of the services of the gallant One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, I hand them to you for such disposition as you think their merits, if any, warrant. I would respectfully dedicate the same to the survivors of said Regiment.

Very Respectfully Yours,

NEWTON, February 6, 1866.

N. H. BUTTON.

The hills and the vales of Chenango resound,
With echoes of plaudits, and welcomes expressed ;
Her sons are returned, and with victory crowned ;
Sing anthems of praise—from their conflict they rest.

As the dark cloud of war waxed wroth in the sky,
And freedom for man, was by slav'ry menaced,
True hearts and stout arms down the valley did fly,
To strike the foul tyrant and foe—whom they faced.

The Chief of a Nation its peril beheld,
And beckoned to legions of freemen, and brave ;
The signal was answered—and treason compelled
To feed on its venom, and make its own grave.

Where battle waged fiercest, and deadliest the strife,
From the shores of dark Sabine, to climes further north,
The foot-prints of blood sapped the fountains of life
Of heroes—whose dust is commingled with earth.

And Sabine and Hudson are drunken with gore,
For Death rode the air, and his missiles were hurled :
Thy leader* who led thee, shall lead thee no more
With bay'nets uplifted, and banners unfurled.

For "through the dark valley and shadow" he passed—
A hero, and martyr to liberty slain ;
Nor shout of the victor, nor trumpet's loud blast
Can awake from their slumber his ashes again.

Step lightly, Oh pilgrims ! the soil which ye tread
Has drunk the libations of sweat and of blood ;
And roses shall bloom, and their fragrance be shed
O'er the place where earth's heroes stemmed the dark flood.

Thy vales, too, Virginia ! a story can tell,
How mustered the squadrons, how caverns did ring
With shouts of the victors as bleeding they fell ;
And winds through thy cedars their requiem sing.

Again we would welcome thee, C X I V,
Though tattered thy banner, yet perfect its rod ;
Thy faces are bronzed, but thy hearts—they are free :
AND FREE ARE THE MILLIONS ! Give thanks to our God.

*Colonel E. B. Smith was killed while gallantly leading his men in the assault on
Fort Hudson.

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