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# REMINISCENCES

OF THE

## 123d REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.,

GIVING A COMPLETE

### HISTORY OF ITS THREE YEARS SERVICE IN THE WAR.

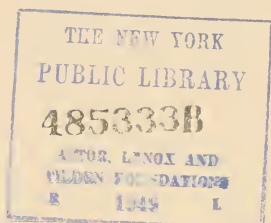
BY

SERGEANT HENRY C. MORHOUS,<sup>12</sup>

To which is added an Appendix, containing the Name, Company, Date of Enlistment, and Discharge of each Man in the Regiment.



GREENWICH, N. Y.:  
PEOPLE'S JOURNAL BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.  
1879.



REMINISCENCES  
OF THE  
123<sup>D</sup> REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.

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CHAPTER I.

CALL FOR TROOPS BY THE PRESIDENT—OLD WASHINGTON COUNTY RES-  
PONENTS—ENTHUSIASTIC WAR MEETING AT ARGYLE—PATRIOTIC RES-  
OLUTIONS—WAR COMMITTEE—APPORTIONMENT OF COUNTY—A FULL  
REGIMENT BAISED—RENDEZVOUS AT SALEM—DEPARTURE OF THE  
REGIMENT—ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON,

MCCLELLAN'S campaign before Richmond in June and July, 1862, resulted disastrously to our army, and carried triumph to the South and to the North dismay. The patriotic but unwarlike enthusiasm of the country, which had hoped to crush the Rebellion ere this, was temporarily stifled. But the chill was only like that of the first stealthy drops of the thunder gusts upon a raging fire, which breaks out anew and with increased vigor when the tempest fans it with its fury, and now burns in spite of a deluge of rain. From the great centres of national life went forth warm currents of renovating public opinion, which reached into every hamlet and village in the North. Every true man was grasping the stirring questions of the day, and was dis-

cussing them with his family at his own fireside, and the Rebellion was doomed. In a deeper and broader sense than ever before the country was rising to meet the emergency, and Northern patriotism, now thoroughly aroused, was sweeping everything before it. Everywhere resounded the cry "To arms!" and thousands were responding to the President's generous call for 300,000 troops July 1st, 1862.

It was under these trying circumstances that the citizens of Washington County, feeling that the hour for prompt action had come, assembled at Argyle in mass convention July 22, 1862, to make arrangements for the raising of her quota under the call.

The Convention was called to order by Hon. E. Dodd of Argyle, who nominated Hon. C. L. Allen, of Salem, as Chairman, who on taking the chair addressed the Convention in a stirring and patriotic address. On motion of Hon. Charles Hughes, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected as officers of the Convention :

PRESIDENT—Hon. C. L. Allen, Salem.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—R. G. Hall, Argyle; Thos. Shiland, Cambridge; Charles Benjamin, Dresden; Adam Cottrell, Easton; Alanson Axtell, Fort Ann; E. R. Nash, Fort Edward; P. H. Neher, Granville; Simon Pratt, Greenwich; F. Farewell, Hampton; J. M. Northup, Hartford; D. C. J. White, Hebron; Peter Hill, Jackson; Charles Rogers, Kingsbury; Robert Patterson, Putnam; John McDonald, Salem; J. J. Gray, Whitecreek; Michael J. Myers, Whitehall.

SECRETARIES—A. H. Tanner, Whitehall; D. B. Cole, Salem; Alonzo T. Mason, Greenwich.

The Convention adjourned for an hour, and on being called to order by the President, he announced that there were present several survivors of the war of 1812, and they were given a position on the platform.

Hon. E. Dodd, chairman of War Committee, offered several resolutions.

After the most unanimous and enthusiastic adoption of the resolutions by the Convention, the President introduced the Rev. Henry Gordon of Coila.

The soul-stirring and patriotic address of this gentleman aroused the patriotism of even the most sluggish. Among other things he declared that he had taken the blanket from his own head and given to a volunteer to prevent him from shivering with cold. He had a few things left, which were at the disposal of the War Committee if necessary. He had a horse, and they might tax every tooth in his head, and then if that was not sufficient, every hair in his tail. The whole address was characterized by vigorous argument and impulsive eloquence, that reminded one of the speeches of Curran and O'Connell.

After the conclusion of this speech, Hon. Joseph Potter of Whitehall was loudly called for, and came forward amid loud applause. He believed the Rebellion could and would be put down, and he should believe it until he could be convinced that Slavery made brave men, and Freedom made cowards. Every one must do something; if they could fight, FIGHT; if they could better pay, let them PAY; and if they can pray, let them PRAY.

Isaac W. Thompson of Granville followed, and after "Dixie," by the Ft. Edward band, Rev. Dr. Lambert was introduced, and he was followed by Hon. Charles Hughes and a Mr. Fowler.

After these stirring addresses the following resolutions were passed:

RESOLVED, That we will raise a Regiment in Washington Co.

RESOLVED, That A. J. McDougall, Esq., be nominated as Colonel of the Regiment.

RESOLVED, That the camp or depot for the Washington County Regiment be located at the village of Salem, on the County Fair Grounds, upon condition that the buildings be erected within twenty days, the fence built and the grounds finished, all without expense to the State or County.

RESOLVED, That James C. Rogers be nominated for Major of the Regiment.

RESOLVED, That Rev. Henry Gordon be nominated as Chaplain of the Regiment.

The following gentlemen composed the War Committee :

Hon. E. Dodd, Oliver Bascom, William Coleman, Charles Hughes, John T. Masters, A. L. McDougall, J. M. Stevenson, R. Richards, Edwin Andrews, Joseph Potter.

The following committees were appointed to aid in enlisting volunteers in the several towns :

ARGYLE—Alexander Barkley, John Gillis, James Hall, C. G. Harsha, J. McCall, E. Hill, W. D. Robertson, Wm. Lendrum, Henry Shepherd, Wm. Clapp, T. McN. Congdon.

CAMBRIDGE—E. McKie, A. Ingraham, J. S. Hall, Abel S. Webb, C. Skinner.

DRESDEN—A. A. Hulett, T. Slight, O. L. Steere.

EASTON—Seneca Gifford, Henry S. Crandall, Lewis Potter, J. M. Eddy, Henry Smith, S. Battie, E. Gifford, Adam Cottrell, Dr. J. Cipperly.

FORT ANN—C. Adams, Sidney D. E. Golyer, J. M. Barnett, George Clements, S. F. Pike, W. Swift, S. B. Corning, G. L. Stevens, I. Clements.

FORT EDWARD—Geo. Bradley, Geo. Satterlee, Daniel T. Payne, William Durkee, William Robinson.

GRANVILLE—O. F. Thompson, M. Utter, R. G. Dayton, Nathaniel Mason, B. F. Ottarson.

GREENWICH—Moses White, Morgan Heath, Abram Reynolds, A. Lendrum, Robert Alexander, Alex. Cherry, J. I. Lourie, S. L. Stillman, Jr., D. C. Bodge, Perry M. Selleck, Harvey Reid.

HARTFORD—J. P. Wood, J. M. Northup, J. Sill, W. H. Brown, Milo Ingalsbe.

HAMPTON—A. Dailey, A. R. Broughton, J. Green, Hiram Hotchkiss, Thomas Manchester.

HEBRON—C. G. White, J. M. Rea, S. E. Spoor, Nathaniel Reynolds, J. S. McFarland.

JACKSON—William Thompson, Benjamin C. Bishop, A. W. McLean, Thomas B. Lourie.

KINGSBURY—Guy W. Clark, A. Freeman, G. I. Stone, Jr., Walden E. Richards, A. F. Hitchcock.

PUTNAM—A. Hulett, W. G. Corbett, R. Craig.



SALEM—T. H. Walker, J. M. Williams, D. Woodard, W. Law, John King.

WHITECREEK—S. E. Sweet, R. C. Nicholson, M. P. Barton, J. Van Rensselaer, H. C. Gray, Jr.

▲WHITEHALL—E. E. Davis, S. T. Cook, J. Doren, J. F. Billett, G. A. Hall, T. Cowan, J. P. Blakeslee.

The county was apportioned into ten company districts, as follows :

No. 1—Putnam, Dresden, Fort Ann. 2—Whitehall. 3—Hampton, Granville. 4—Hartford, Hebron. 5—Kingsbury. 6—Fort Edward, Argyle. 7—Salem. 8—Cambridge and south half of Easton. 9—Greenwich and north half of Easton. 10—Whitecreek and Jackson.

The following were designated captains by the War Committee:

Dist. No. 5—Geo. W. Warren. No. 6—S. R. Potter. No. 8—O. S. Hall. No. 9—Abram Reynolds. No. 10—Henry C. Gray, Jr.

The following gentlemen were authorized to recruit : George Robinson, Argyle ; Harlan P. Wait, Hartford.

Enthusiastic war meetings were held in other towns in the county, and the enlisting of men was pushed rapidly forward. The raising of a Regiment in this county was more than her proportion of the full quota, but the people were thoroughly aroused. To the town of Greenwich and the north half of Easton belonged the honor of taking the right of the Regiment, being the first to fill up her quota.

At a subsequent meeting of the War Committee the following additional appointments were made : Quartermaster, John King, Salem ; Surgeon, Dr. Clark, Sandy Hill ; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Kennedy, North Whitecreek ; Assistant Quartermaster, Charles Warner, Whitecreek. Col. McDougall appointed George H. Wallace Adjutant of the Regiment.

The Regiment rendezvoused at the Fair Grounds in Salem, the camp being designated as "Camp Washington," and was mustered into the United States service Sept. 4th, 1862.

In obedience to orders from the Adjutant General, the 123d Regiment broke camp September 5th, 1862, and took their departure for Washington. The embarkation of the troops on board the cars and the departure from the depot was delayed until about 10 o'clock in the evening, at which time the Regiment left amid the shouts and cheers of the immense throng of people, who had assembled to testify their respect for and interest in this noble offering of the patriotic sons of old Washington County.

Just before leaving camp the colors were presented to the Regiment, Co C of Whitehall being color company. The day before the departure of the Regiment, Hon. J. I. Lourie, on behalf of the citizens of Greenwich, in a neat and appropriate speech, presented to Capt. Abram Reynolds and Lieuts. James C. Shaw and Alonzo T. Mason each an elegant sword. Similar presentations were made to other officers of the Regiment.

The following is a list of the officers that went out with the Regiment :

#### FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel, A. L. McDougall, Salem; Lieut.-Colonel, Frank Norton, (in the field); Major, James C. Rogers, (in the field); Adjutant, George H. Wallace; Quartermaster, John King, Salem; Surgeon, John Moneypenny; First Assistant Surgeon, L. W. Kennedy, Cambridge; Second Assistant Surgeon, Richard S. Connolly, Easton; Chaplain, Henry Gordon, Cambridge; Sergeant Major, Walter L. Martin, Fort Ann; Quartermaster Sergeant, Charles D. Warner; Commissary Sergeant, Clark Rice; Hospital Stewart, Leonard Corning, Fort Ann; Clerk, A. A. Buell, Whitehall.

#### COMPANY OFFICERS.

A—Captain, Abram Reynolds, Battenville; First Lieutenant, Alonzo T. Mason, Greenwich; Second Lieutenant, James C. Shaw, East Greenwich.

B—Captain, George W. Warren, Sandy Hill; First Lieutenant, James Warren, Sandy Hill; Second Lieutenant, Samuel C. Burton, Sandy Hill.

C—Captain, Adolphus H. Tanner, Whitehall; First Lieutenant, Walter G. Warner, Whitehall; Second Lieutenant, John C. Corbett, Whitehall.

D—Captain, John Barron, Fort Ann; First Lieutenant, Alex. Anderson, Putnam; Second Lieutenant, Edward P. Quinn, Fort Ann.

E—Captain, W. W. Weer, Hartford; First Lieutenant, Geo. R. Hall, Hebron; Second Lieutenant, Seth C. Carey, Belcher.

F—Captain, Duncan Robertson, Argyle; First Lieutenant, Donald Reid, Lake; Second Lieutenant, George Robinson, Argyle.

G—Captain, H. C. Gray, Jr., North Whitecreek; First Lieutenant, James Hill, Coila; Second Lieutenant, Charles Archer, North Whitecreek.

H—Captain, John S. Crary, Salem; First Lieutenant, Benjamin Elliott, Salem; Second Lieutenant, Josiah H. Culver, Salem.

I—Captain, Orrin S. Hall, Centre Cambridge; First Lieutenant, Marcus Beadle, South Easton; Second Lieutenant, Albert Shiland, Centre Cambridge.

K—Captain, Henry O. Wiley, North Granville; First Lieutenant, Hiram O. Warren, Hampton; Second Lieutenant, Geo. W. Baker, Middle Granville.

The Regiment reached New York about 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 6th of September, Saturday, and marched through Broadway to City Hall Park, where they remained until 5 o'clock next day afternoon, when they took the steamer Transport for Amboy, and there took the cars for Camden. They were ferried over the Delaware river at this point to Philadelphia, where they found breakfast awaiting them at the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. This eating house was established on Otsego street, below Washington Avenue, in May, 1861, and in one year furnished meals free to 87,513 soldiers on their way to the front. The building was large enough to admit of a whole regiment eating at once. After a hearty breakfast the regiment marched up Washington street to the Park and after resting awhile, started for the Baltimore and Ohio depot.

The regiment reached Baltimore about 6 o'clock P. M. Alighting from the cars they started for the Washington depot, their march leading them through the principal streets of the city, thereby giving them a good view of the public buildings and business portion of the city. Remembering the reception given the Massachusetts troops at this place, the boys were agreeably surprised on reaching Washington depot to find awaiting them a substantial meal, prepared by the patriotic citizens of Baltimore.

Again taking the cars they reached Washington in due time and were marched to Camp Chase, on Capitol Hill, where was commenced the real life of a soldier. The camp was laid out in company streets, the little shelter tents put up and a strong guard placed around camp. No soldier was allowed to go outside the camp limits, and especially into the city, without a pass from the commanding officer.

The ride from Salem to Washington was a grand excursion for the boys, and they enjoyed it most heartily. But to one poor soldier it was his last. Evander Burtis, a soldier in Co. A, from Greenwich, was taken sick while on the way and left in the hospital at Philadelphia, where he died on the 9th of September, 1862. His remains were taken home and deposited in the beautiful Cemetery at Salem. He was the last man who enlisted in the company and the first one to die.

## CHAPTER II.

AT CAMP CHASE—MARCH TO ARLINGTON—AT FREDERICK CITY, MD.—  
IN CAMP AT PLEASANT VALLEY AND LOUDON VALLEY—MARCH TO THE  
OCCOQUAN—IN CAMP AT FAIRFAX STATION.

SOON after reaching Capitol Hill the boys received their first army rations, consisting of beef, rice, beans, bread, coffee, sugar, salt and vinegar, and also their guns and accoutrements. The first accident in the Regiment occurred September 11th. Charles Lapoint, of Co. A, was wounded by a shot from a Colt's revolver in the hands of Benjamin Rodier of the same company. They were sitting down about three feet apart. Rodier held the pistol in the right hand, was turning the cylinder with the left, when the pistol went off. Lapoint was sitting sideways to Rodier, and received the shot in the right side. The ball passed about seven inches under the skin, and lodged against the skin on the "posterior aspect" of the body. The ball was extracted and he was properly cared for by Drs. Connolly and Kennedy.

While at Camp Chase Capt. Reynolds was appointed Quartermaster in place of John King, who resigned October 25th. This gave Lieut. Mason the command of the company. 1st Lieut. Walter G. Warner of Co. C also went on the staff of Gen. Paul, Brigade commander, about the 19th of September.

Until the 17th of September the Regiment remained in camp on Capitol Hill drilling and equipping and doing camp guard duty. On the morning of the above date orders came to strike tents. Without one dissenting voice this order was enthusiastically received and obeyed. The Regiment filed out of Camp Chase, and with drums beating and colors flying marched down Pennsylvania Avenue and across the Potomac river via Long Bridge, and reached Arlington Heights about 2 o'clock P. M., footsore and weary, and camped in the vicinity of the Arlington House, on a ridge commanding a splendid view of the Potomac and the surrounding country. This place of historical interest was well calculated to awaken the enthusiasm of young soldiers, and to recall the patriotism and noble life of him who stands before the civilized world the epitome of soldier, patriot and Christian.

The march from Camp Chase to Arlington was not over six or eight miles, and many of the boys in looking back to that first march, and remembering their Georgia and Carolina marches, will laugh when they think of their falling out by the wayside from sheer exhaustion. But the day was dreadfully hot, and every soldier was loaded down with many things then considered indispensable, but which experience taught them they could not carry.

The Regiment remained on Arlington Heights drilling, doing guard duty, clearing off camp grounds, &c., until the 29th of September. Here it was the boys made their first effort at washing shirts and stockings. They got along very well, however, the starching and ironing being dispensed with. It may be their washing would not have been acceptable to the mothers and sisters at home, but the boys were satisfied. Their favorite washing place was in a small stream, about one mile from camp, on the Leesburgh turnpike. In going to their washing grounds one day they discovered, in a lonely hollow below Fort Richard-

son, a soldier's grave. There was nothing to mark the spot; and a soldier in speaking of it said that he never passed the lonely spot without praying that his fate might not be like the one buried there—away from home and loved ones—perhaps forgotten.

September 29th orders came to march, and instructions were given the boys to take only an overcoat or blanket, one piece of shelter tent, haversack, canteen, gun, and forty rounds of cartridges. About sundown the Regiment marched out of camp, down to the Potomac, across the Long Bridge and through the City of Washington to the depot. The cars not being ready the Regiment marched up a street, and some of the boys wrapped their blankets around them and lay down on the sidewalk and slept until nearly morning, while others took a stroll around the City. Some of them went into a store where the music of a violin was heard, and a lively time they had dancing for a few moments, when crash went the floor, falling a distance of three or four feet to the ground. Fortunately none were hurt, and the boys crawled out and sought fun elsewhere. About daylight they were marched to the depot and boarded the cars for Frederick City, Md. The cars were large freight cars, and from thirty to forty soldiers were placed in each. About 8 o'clock the train started, making some thirty miles an hour. The road from the Relay House for several miles resembles the G. & J. R. R. very much, continually winding between the hills. It follows a beautiful stream, the Patapsco; Mount Airy is the summit; afterwards it descends the slope towards the Monocacy.

The train reached Frederick City about dark, after having made several stops, and the Regiment remained during the night near the village. At the time the regiment was there Frederick City was a fine place of 8,000 inhabitants, well built, healthy, and the water equal to that of our own Washington County. The



next morning the Regiment marched about two miles out of the place and camped for two days, when orders came to march.

Going back to the depot they took the cars for Sandy Hook, which is about one mile from Harper's Ferry. The train stopped some time at Point of Rocks. The rocks are perpendicular, and some extend over the track. The wall extends over a mile but decreases in height. After remaining at Sandy Hook about two hours the Regiment marched north about two miles and pitched camp in Pleasant Valley. Maryland Heights, the scene of Col. Miles' surrender, were on their right, the Potomac in front, and the Virginia Heights on the other side, while to their left was another range, beyond which was the south mountain battle field, and Antietam was northwest of them. Here the Regiment was assigned to the 2d Brigade (Brig.-Gen. Thomas C. Kane), 1st Division (Brig.-Gen. A. S. Williams), 12th Corps (Maj.-Gen. H. W. Slocum). The regiment remained in Pleasant Valley a month or so, doing picket duty. Several died of disease in the hospital at Harper's Ferry, one soldier accidentally shot his thumb off while on picket, and another was found with his throat cut, supposed to have committed suicide.

About the 1st of November, 1862, the Regiment broke camp, and leaving the sick in camp went on a scout. They crossed the Potomac and the Shenandoah, remained in the Valley a few days guarding the latter river, and then crossed the mountain in a heavy snow storm and went into camp in Loudon Valley on the 8th of November. The regiment remained in camp at Loudon Valley through the months of November and December, and were thoroughly drilled, guard and picket duty being regularly performed. The boys built good log houses, many of them having very fine ones. Harvey Bosworth, John Richards, John Hornibrook and Eugene Cowan especially had a snug hut, having spent a great deal of time in its construction. They had



the pleasure of sleeping in it one night after it was completed when orders came to march, and they had to leave it. One squad in Co. C had a small box stove, and when orders came to march, not knowing but it was simply to change camp, they took the stove apart and each carried a piece for half a day when they cast it off, and well they did.

December 11th the Regiment received marching orders, and started in the direction of Fredericksburg. They were seven days on this march, passing Hillsboro, Whiteland, Leesburgh, Green Spring, Fairfax Court House, Fairfax Station. Fairfax Court House is in Fairfax County, which derived its name in honor of Lord Fairfax, an English lord, who owned a large tract of land in the northwest part of Virginia. The Court House is the capitol of the county, and was quite a business place before the war broke out. December 15th they reached and passed over Occoquan river. It was a cold, rainy, muddy march, and this night in particular, the boys having no tents, their blankets and clothes were completely soaked with the rain. On the morning of the 16th the roads were in a much worse condition than before. They returned to Fairfax Station, marching in one day what it had previously taken them two days to march. At Fairfax Station the Regiment went into camp. They had made about 100 miles on this march. Quite a number were left in camp at Loudon Valley, sick. The guerillas made a dash on them one night, and captured two or three, but released them after destroying their arms. The Regiment guarded the railroad at Fairfax Station, now and then being marched to the Occoquan river, crossing at Wolf Run Shoals, and then back to camp.

On the 27th firing was heard in the direction of Dumfries, where four or five regiments and a section of artillery belonging to Geary's division were stationed, which proved to be a fight

with the Rebel General J. E. B. Stuart, who, with over 3,000 cavalry, had crossed the Rappahannock for a raid through the Union lines. This was the occasion for another move to the Occoquan by the Regiment, and it is doubtful if the boys will ever forget the tramps from Fairfax Station to this river. They had three days' rations with them this time, and remained at the river two days, sleeping on the bank of the river rolled up in their blankets. The weather was very cold at night, and they suffered severely.

The 29th the Regiment moved back to the Station. During the absence of the Regiment a squad of Rebel cavalry made a raid on the lower station at Fairfax and took prisoner the telegraph operator.

January 1st, 1863, found the Regiment stationed at Fairfax Station, with streets handsomely arranged, and in snug winter quarters, built of logs, arranged with huge fire places and all the conveniences that only a soldier knows how to arrange. And some of these fire places were certainly novel. They were made by driving sticks into the ground at one end of the tent in the shape of a horse shoe, and then plastering inside and out with mud. Around these some of the mischievous ones would gather after dark, and while the occupant would be busy frying his bacon they would drop two or three cartridges into the fire, the explosion of the powder causing the poor fellow to turn a back handspring, blowing frying-pan, bacon, ashes and wood all over the tent, and as soon as the frightened soldier could gather his senses he would lay hold of his gun or the first thing his hands reached and start for the guilty ones, but of course none were to be seen, and the very ones who did the mischief would soon come around and be his greatest sympathizers.

## CHAPTER III.

THE "MUD MARCH" FROM FAIRFAX TO STAFFORD COURT HOUSE—IN CAMP AT STAFFORD—SICKNESS AND DEATH OF SOLDIERS—FURLOUGHS GRANTED.

While the Regiment lay at Fairfax Station, three soldiers from Co. C concluded they had served Uncle Samuel long enough, so one dark night they quietly stole out of camp, by the guards, and started for Washington, or some other place, and arrived safely home, as was supposed, not being heard from afterwards, and they were set down as deserters. One of them was a constant grumbler. He carried a heavy load in his knapsack, and would often say while on the march to Fairfax, "Who can have the courage to fight wid dat dam ting on his back?" But the Company and Regiment were much better off without such men, their grumbling having a tendency to cause a feeling of disquiet and discontent among the men. These three Canadians were of but little use, and they were not missed very much from the company.

When the Regiment left Sandy Hook to go into camp at Pleasant Valley, several were sent to the hospital at Harper's Ferry. William Skellie, of Co. I, died of camp dysentery, Oct

31, 1862. December 30th, news reached camp of the death of Edson Whitney and Joseph H. Dilts, both members of Co. C. Zachariah Hastings of Co. A also died at Harper's Ferry Dec. 25th, 1862. We think George Mattison, Co. D, died about the same time at Harper's Ferry. Quite a number were left in camp at Loudon Valley but returned to the Regiment about the 1st of January, 1863. Two soldiers from Co. C, Shields and Carrol, received their discharge for disability.

A short time before the Regiment left Fairfax, they carried the remains of a soldier from Co. F to lay him in a grave in the old church-yard. It was in a grove of venerable oaks, beeches, &c., on the road to Fairfax Court House. (Fairfax Station is three and one-half miles west of Fairfax Court House.) While they were performing their duties to the dead, an old man, apparently some 70 years of age, came from his dwelling near by, and looked on with melancholy interest. After the burial he talked with Capt. Robertson about the war, &c., and about the then demolished church. He said that it had stood a hundred years; that Gen. Washington contributed towards the building of it; and tears were in the old man's eyes as he told of the hopes so fondly cherished, that times would change, and permit a harmonious action in reconstructing it. He told what Massachusetts regiment tore out the inside, and what Vermont regiment from Fairfax Court House broke down the walls and drew away the brick.

The Regiment remained at Fairfax Station, nothing occurring to relieve the monotony of a soldier's life, until the 19th of January, 1863, when orders came to get ready for a march, and at nine o'clock in the forenoon the Regiment started on the great "mud march." The roads were in a very good condition, and the first day the march was unbroken until night when the Regiment went into camp. The second day they reached Dumfrees,

the second village settled in the United States, it is said, and judging from its appearance we have no good reason to doubt the assertion. The Regiment bivouacked near the village.

About midnight a terrible rain storm came on, and the boys were flooded out. To sleep was beyond question, and they made the best of the weather until the storm had passed, and then made fires and solaced themselves with a cup of hot coffee. The next day the roads were in a terrible condition, and they made only about three miles. The weather was severely cold, but hope and labor kept their bodies and spirits warm, and they pushed their way through as best they could. If Bunyan's Pilgrim had half as hard a task when struggling through the Slough of Despond as the Regiment did in marching those three miles, we feel to pity him, and glory in his perseverance and success.

The mud was fathomless. In some instances a six mule team was required to draw an unloaded wagon out of a mud hole. A little fellow from Co. C, being loaded down with his knapsack and accoutrements, became imbedded in the mud, and two of his companions had to go to his assistance and pull him out. Tired and sick at heart are some who drag themselves wearily along into camp that night; wet to the skin, blanket and tent soaking with the rain which has been falling all day, the ground wet as well as wood, but in spite of all these discomfitures and drawbacks, huge fires were soon blazing all around, the old coffee pot is boiling, and while the soldiers drink their coffee and dry their clothes, the incidents of the day are related amid much laughter. Tents are put up, gradually the yelling and swearing of the teamsters dies away, the roars of laughter cease and sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," comes to drive away their cares and to put their sorrows in oblivion, and the soldiers now wander through dreamland, where kind friends are met, loved ones held in fond embrace; battles are fought, and bloody victories

won, until the morning breaks, when they find that their feet have lain too near the fire, and the bottom of their blue pants are scorched and burned.

January 22d, 1863, the Regiment did not break camp until about noon, having had to wait for a bridge to be built over a creek, which had been carried away by the high water. Two more days of floundering through the mud and Acquia Creek was reached and crossed, and the Regiment went into camp at Stafford Court House, taking possession of log huts vacated by other soldiers. At this place the Regiment was destined to remain for the winter, but the boys had no knowledge of this, supposing that the next day they would have to push on again. The next, the 24th, large details were made for picket duty, which was an evidence to the boys that their marching, for a while at least, was over. For a few days the weather was warm and pleasant, and the boys were comfortable. The night of the 27th of January snow fell to the depth of several inches. This made it very disagreeable getting around, but having comfortable quarters they managed very well. Picket duty required large details, the picket line extending from Stafford Court House to Acquia Creek, and there being so many on the sick list, about every other day was spent on the picket line by those who were well. The camp was located in a hollow between high hills, and was a very unhealthy one.

On Sunday, February 8th, Geo. H. Sweet, Co. H, and Chauncey Parker, Co. G, were borne out from their tents by faithful comrades, and their remains deposited in a grave dug on a hill just above camp. Rev. H. Gordon, chaplain of the Regiment, conducting the services. Tears filled the eyes of the soldiers as they laid away forever their tent mates and companions, and the little mounds were left unmarked by slab or stake. There are many, very many little mounds on the hills around

Camp Stafford where gentle zephyrs play, and night winds murmur soft and low. To them the toils and hardships of a soldier's life were over. They did not die in the din and clash of battle, yet they gave up all, and died for their country. Among the many who died at Camp Stafford were Daniel S. Carmody, Co. K, who died in March; Henry Reed, Co. F, February 26th; body sent home to his father in Argyle; Martin F. Dunlap, son of Peter C. Dunlap of Lake; his body was also sent home to his father; Darwin Easton, Co. D, died in March; Andrew J. Coen, Co. G, March 16th; R. B. Janes of Co. A; his parents resided in Westchester county, and his remains were sent there for burial. About the 10th of February Jacob Stover, also from Co. A, died in the hospital at Harper's Ferry. Grim death reaped a rich harvest at Camp Stafford. Quite a number were injured from falling trees. A captain in the 5th Connecticut was killed, and many others were injured. The boys were not all wood choppers, and did not understand chopping a tree and making it fall in any certain direction, but would chop all around the tree and there was no telling where it would fall; each man had to look out for himself.

Furloughs were granted at Stafford for ten days, and quite a number availed themselves of this opportunity to visit home. Among others who had leave of absence was Rev. Henry Gordon, who by his uniform kindness and social disposition had endeared himself to the hearts of the soldiers in the Regiment.

On account of the increasing sickness, the doctors advised a change of location of the entire brigade. About two miles from camp was a very fine location, on a hill with good water near by, and to this place it was decided to move the camp. Then commenced the erection of new log huts, and for several days this was carried on, until the 20th of February, when the entire Regiment, officers and all, repaired to the new grounds to finish

up the work begun. The Regiment did not move camp until the 4th of March, owing to a heavy fall of snow February 22d.

## CHAPTER IV.

NEW CAMP—MAIL DAY—HORSE SHOT ON THE PICKET LINE—ORDERS TO MARCH—EN ROUTE TO CHANCELLORSVILLE—THE FIRST SHELL FIRED AT THE REGIMENT—THE BOYS UNDER FIRE.

The Regiment finally took possession of their new camp on the 4th of March, and with better quarters, better water, and much better atmosphere, the health of the Regiment began to improve. Every morning Company streets were “policed” immediately after breakfast; the boys who had been detailed for picket made themselves ready, and were soon marched off by an officer who likewise had been detailed to take charge of the picket line, and those who remained in camp busied themselves as best they could, when not called out to drill, mostly by writing letters home. And just here we will say a word about mail day. Whatever the men were doing on these days was laid aside, and a rush made for the captain’s tent, where one of the officers reads aloud the addresses. Every one hopes for a letter from the dear one—a brief, yet precious memento. Eagerly each one listens for the calling of his name. The bustle of distribution over each man regains his tent, when an unusual quiet



reigns. The disappointed are communing with their own thoughts, while others are busy with words from their loved and distant friends. One might look into the tents and easily learn without inquiry what news had been received. Here a countenance glows with delightful joy over words of love and pleasant intelligence, but there, hidden away as far as possible from his tent-mates is one whose flowing tears fall upon the page that tells of ominous sickness or sorrowful death. Thus amid hopes and fears, sorrows and joys, mid scenes of strife and daily toil the days wear away.

One dark night on picket one of the men thought he could hear some one stealthily approaching his part of the line. He listened attentively, and the sound became more distinct. He tried to penetrate the darkness but could see nothing. Finally the sound of approaching footsteps broke upon his ear, and the thought of the enemy stealing upon him to lay him low in death made him still more watchful. He saw in the darkness an object approaching and he fired. All was still in front, but the report of his gun routed up the reserve and the picket line was strengthened. News reached camp that the enemy had made an effort to creep upon our pickets and capture them, but their designs had been frustrated owing to the vigilance of "Andy." There was no sleep for the reserve the balance of the night, and they remained with guns in hand ready to repel the advancing horde. Finally after dreary hours of anxiety and alarm daylight dawned, and no signs of the enemy. Some of the boys went out in front to find traces of blood, when lo and behold it was found that "Andy" had not been mistaken in hearing and seeing some one approach, for there lay cold in death his victim—AN OLD WHITE HORSE. It would seem that the old horse was quietly grazing in the woods, and approaching too near the picket line met his death as above related. There was considerable

swearing by those who had been broken of their rest, but all enjoyed a good joke at "Andy's" expense.

It was the custom of the boys after nightfall to gather around the camp fires and talk over the incidents of their boyhood and the events of their lives. Thoughts of home and the friends gathered around loved firesides would crowd upon them; memory dwelt with clinging interest on scenes that might never be repeated; imagination feasted herself on pictures that might never prove a reality, and some were destined never again to see home and loved ones.

The 15th of April the boys received eight days' rations of hard tack, sugar and coffee, and sixty rounds of ammunition. The issuing of so many days' rations and rounds of ammunition was to them an omen, it portended a movement of the army. Day after day passed and no move, yet rations were being supplied so as to make the eight days' rations good. All clothing, save one change of under-clothing, had been turned over, and the trains were reduced to the smallest possible limit.

On the morning of April 27th, 1863, orders came to pack up and move. A brighter morning never shone than on that April morning as each company and regiment filed out of its camp towards the column already en route. The sun's rays, reflecting from thousands of bayonets and polished gun barrels, resembled a phosphorescent sea, whose brilliancy the beholder can never forget and only faintly describe. The arms and equipments of the soldiers were complete, and an army never went out better prepared, more confident of success in whatever they were to undertake, or with more perfect faith in their officers than did the 123d Regiment, as on that memorable morning its long line of glistening bayonets, its floating banners and its noble braves filed off past Falmouth on its Chancellorsville campaign. The 12th Corps, to which the Regiment

belonged, and the 11th and 5th moved northwesterly towards Warrenton, and on the 28th reached the north bank of the Rappahannock river, crossing without opposition at Kelly's Ford. Pushing on they reached the Rapidan river, crossing at Germania Mills in the night, and camped about one mile beyond. At Germania Mills the Rebels had some time before destroyed a bridge, and were repairing it at the time the army moved, but unfortunately for the soldiers, the Rebels had not succeeded in completing it. All the troops which had preceded the Regiment had to ford the stream. The water was breast high to a fair sized man, and short boys had to struggle to keep heads above water. The current was running very rapidly, and despite the efforts of a squad of cavalry, many came very near being drowned. One soldier fell into the water, and his knapsack being too heavy he could not regain a foot hold, and was towed to the shore by a cavalryman. The 123d, through Col. McDougall, offered to build a bridge, and were allowed to do so. This saved them from the disagreeable bath their predecessors had to endure. Except the upsetting and "spilling into the river" of some half a dozen mules that sailed feet up for two or three rods down stream, and came out braying hideously, nothing serious occurred. Nearly 200 Rebels, together with a captain of engineers and a captain of cavalry, were captured at this ford.

The troops were now on the direct road that leads to Fredericksburg. This was on Thursday the 30th. During the morning's march they struck the Fredericksburg plank road, on which they marched until about 11 o'clock, when a heavy report, a white puff of smoke followed by a whizzing, screaming noise, gave them to understand that the enemy were anxiously waiting to see them. The Regiment was ordered to charge up and silence the battery which was being operated by rebel cavalrymen.

They filed off to the right of the line of march up a road. On a hill away ahead was stationed a battery, and two shells were thrown at the Regiment as they were marching up to the battery, but fortunately the shells went over and the entire length of the Regiment and exploded. This was the first time the boys had been under fire, but there was no flinching, no hesitating. To be sure they did dodge a little when the shells went whizzing over their heads, but they silenced the guns, and drove the enemy. No one was hurt, although a shell burst within a rod of Co. A. The Regiment waited until the wagon train had passed and then joined the Brigade.

The next morning, May 1st, the boys were allowed quite a rest, and guns were cleaned, ammunition examined and everything put in readiness for action. At 11 o'clock the Regiment was ordered into line and marched forward, following the plank road. Just as they were starting, to use a soldier's expression the ball opened. The heavy firing directly in front of them told that the struggle had commenced. And yet at this time they did not know what the struggle was to be. The officers may have known something of the movements, but the rank and file only trusted in their officers, and were confident of success, and seemed as merry and determined as ever. They had known only camp life and all were anxious for an engagement. After advancing a mile or so they filed to the left into the woods that flanked the road on either side. Here the Brigade to which the Regiment belonged was formed, and they pushed on till they struck the rebel batteries which were secreted in the dense woods. For over half an hour they lay in an open field, the rebels shelling them incessantly, and the shells from the Union batteries screaming just over their heads. They retired in good order, having accomplished all they intended, namely, holding the attention of the rebels on the left, while our forces on the right could attack and take United States Ford.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE—COMPANIES "I" AND "A" ON THE PICKET LINE—LIEUT.-COL. NORTON KILLED—DESPERATE FIGHTING,

Our last chapter closed with the Regiment falling back to its former position after having made a feint towards Fredericksburg, which was at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of May. Soon after this about two-thirds of Co. I with Lieutenant Beadle, was sent out to form a picket line. They proceeded to a tobacco house in front and to the east of the Regiment, and ran their line just about southwest across a meadow, through a piece of woods and on to a road leading to Spottsylvania Court House, which was the right of the picket line. From the meadow through the woods the ground was ascending. No sooner had the last post been established than the cavalry attacked the right of the line, and after a sharp resistance from the boys, drove back four or five posts. Finally the line fell back to the meadow fence at the foot of the hill. Captain Hall, who in the meantime had come up with the balance of the company, took charge of the pickets, and commenced reforming the line by placing the men along up the hill again, when he discovered the Rebels moving up in column and forming. He then placed

his men nearer together. Lieut. Mason with Co. A joined Capt. Hall at this point, and Co. A was ordered to form along the fence directly in front and in the Rebel's centre. The Regiment hearing sharp skirmishing on the picket line pushed rapidly forward and took position on the edge of a bluff in the rear of the pickets, and as soon as the boys discovered the Rebels, gave three cheers. The Rebels responded with their peculiar yell, and then firing commenced on both sides. Being between the two fires, Capt. Hall ordered the pickets to file to the right out of range. Co. I did so, but Co. A moved directly back towards the Regiment and suffered severely in doing so, having to ascend a steep hill to reach the Regiment. Co. I skirmishers fell back to a piece of woods in rear of the Regiment, and it is a great wonder that any one escaped death. The Rebels finally got a battery in position and commenced shelling the Regiment. It was at this time that the gallant Lieut.-Col. Norton fell. He was swinging his sword and cheering on the men, and was about to advance the line, when a rifle ball struck him in the hip, glancing upward. He was immediately carried to the rear. When he fell the Regiment wavered, but Major Rogers' ringing voice was heard above the roar of musketry giving the command to "steady, men, steady," and the boys stood bravely until the order was given to fall back to the woods, it not being desired to bring on a general engagement. They fell back in good order and lay down in the woods.

Then commenced a terrible artillery duel, and for an hour the roar was incessant; the heavy shells came with solid shot to back them, cutting down trees and throwing up the dirt most frightfully. The roar of the guns, the screaming of the shells, the crash of falling trees, the cries of the wounded, with the rattle of musketry, all conspired to make the scene terrific. Darkness put an end to the firing, and the boys slept on the ground with their guns in their hands until morning.

During the artillery duel Dr. Connolly came along to two or three of the officers and invited them to share with him for the night a cosy place under a massive tree. While talking with the officers a shell struck the tree in question breaking it off near the top, the top of the tree falling just where the doctor had proposed to sleep for the night. He turned to the officers and coolly remarked, "I didn't care much about sleeping under that tree anyway." Had the doctor been under the tree he would have been killed.

Saturday morning dawned bright and beautiful. The birds sang just as sweetly as they did in the far-off Northern homes of the boys, where there was no deadly strife. The Regiment spent the day in building such breastworks as they then knew how to build; for, be it remembered, they were not old soldiers then, and did not know the value of strong works. About the middle of the afternoon they were moved forward, as a support to the 3d Corps. After dark, and when they were skirmishing with the enemy, order came to fall back. The order not being heard or understood by the whole Regiment, about five companies held their position in the line, while the other five fell back to Gen. Geary's breastworks. The order soon became understood, and the remaining five companies fell back also.

It was here the boys witnessed an artillery duel in the night, the sight of which was grand, sublime. Even an attempt to describe which would seem too tame. The Regiment was soon moved out to the south of the plank road, and reached that position just in time to be overrun by the broken debris of the 11th Corps. The enemy had struck their right flank and driven them back in great disorder. The Rebels followed in hot pursuit, but were checked by a force of artillery, and a portion of the 12th Corps. It is believed by many that it was here that Stonewall Jackson was killed. The 12th Corps was facing the west,



with its right resting on the plank road, while the 3d Corps extended still further to the right, and supported the right of the 12th Corps. The 123d was in the front line, and in the edge of a wood, while behind them was an open field, the ground ascending back to the Chancellorsville House. Between the Regiment and the plank road was the 3d Maryland Infantry, and behind the 123d were several lines of troops, and on a knoll in the rear the artillery was massed.

All through the long hours of Saturday night the boys lay behind a few stumps, rails and rotten logs which they had placed in front of them, for a sort of breastwork. No fires were allowed for coffee, no lights of any kind. The boys talked in subdued voices of the probable events of the morrow, and all was quiet save the mournful notes of the whip-poor-wills and an occasional burst of firing, and a deathlike stillness seemed to pervade the whole line. Some tried to sleep, but an intuitive knowledge of the dreadful carnage and blood shed that awaited them on the morrow, made their slumbers a horror of dreams. No one but a soldier knows the dreadful agony of suspense; the hardest fought battle is nothing in comparison to it. At length Sunday morning dawned, a day destined to be invested through all coming time with a melancholy and imperishable interest by the members of the 123d Regiment. With the first pencilings of the light of the 3d of May the battle commenced and raged with great fury. Fired to an almost divine potency, with a majestic madness, this band of soldiers shook the air with their battle cries, and for over four long hours fought like Spartans. The Rebels charged up in solid column and were repulsed; rushed up again and again, receiving terrific fire square in their faces, but still pushed forward unto death as if they coveted it. The lines in the rear of the Regiment began to fade out, and there is nothing between its right and the plank road. Soon there is nothing on their left, and soon, too, nothing can be



seen behind them but the artillery. Our batteries, at short range, hurled upon them grape and canister. The advancing column was cut and gashed as if pierced, seamed and plowed by lightning strokes. Companies and Regiments melted away yet still they came. The living masses surged and rolled against each other like the billows of the sea in a tempest. The enemy, maddened by the resistance of these brave men, rushed up to certain death. The batteries stationed on the ridge in rear of the Regiment left long lines of dead men piled where the grape and canister passed through, but the Rebel commanders pushed their men forward and filled up the lines as fast as they were mowed down. The Rebels, half crazed with whisky, fought with the desperation of demons. The rebel cavalry drove the infantry on and allowed no man to skulk or retreat.

The brave Dr. Connolly took his position in the centre of the Regiment and there remained caring for the wounded, never flinching, until they were driven back. With the immense odds the preponderance of numbers must eventually tell, and the weaker party be forced back by the sheer weight of the foe. It was so in this case. It must be remembered that the boys had had no food since noon the day before, and no sleep.

The enemy finally sweep down and try to turn the right flank. The right wing of the Regiment swings back, but they come to the front again. The boys were ordered to unsling knapsacks and charge over the works. They did so, but having no support on either right or left, were ordered back behind the rude works where many of their brave comrades lay dead and many more wounded.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE CONTINUED—THE REGIMENT FALLS BACK—LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED—INCIDENTS—BACK TO CAMP AT STAFFORD COURT HOUSE.

AT the time the Regiment was ordered back over the works, the Rebels were steadily advancing upon them. There was no General to give orders, and they were a law unto themselves. Col. McDougall gave the orders to fall back, and they did so. So close were the Rebels upon them that many who had unslung knapsacks to make the charge preferred to lose them rather than be taken prisoners, which they would have been had they loitered by the way. It was hard to leave behind their wounded comrades, but there was no place of safety near and no time to assist them, and reluctantly they fell back. Up the hill towards the Chancellorsville House they went, through a perfect shower of shot and shell. The batteries on the knoll worked with astonishing rapidity on the advancing Rebels, and besides running the gantlet of their own guns the Rebel batteries were raining shot and shell on the hillside up which the Regiment was pushing. At this point the Regiment became divided, some going to the right and some to the left of the Chancellorsville House. And here, also, the colors of the Regiment were

lost, and a better soldier never trod the soil of Virginia than he who at this time must have thought that self-preservation was the first law of nature. Up to this time he had held them up firmly, proudly, but in the retreat he must have become "demoralized," as the boys had it, and threw them away. And by way of parenthesis we will here say, that in all the fights in which the Regiment was afterwards engaged, he showed himself a cool, brave man. No one regretted the occurrence more than he, and probably he would have given his life if he could have recalled this one dark spot in his otherwise brilliant record as a soldier. He received a public reprimand from the Colonel after reaching camp at Stafford, but received it as a true soldier—with meekness and humility.

Some of the boys went directly to the Chancellorsville House, in which was crowded the wounded from both armies, and behind which hustled the Union men and Rebel deserters. Soon the Rebel batteries got range and rained shot and shell at the house. Then commenced a scramble for the Ford. In the afternoon the Regiment took a position on the extreme left of the line near Bank's Ford, where massive works were thrown up, and every preparation made to repel the enemy, should they follow up their slight advantage gained. Not until next day, May 4th, did the little band of what remained of the Regiment get together. But oh, how many are missed from their accustomed places.

Second Lieut. J. C. Corbett, of Co. C, was left on the field dead, and first Lieut. Beadle and second Lieut. Albert Shiland of Co. I, were badly wounded, and roll call revealed nearly one hundred and fifty men killed, wounded and missing, in this their first baptism of blood.

The following is a list of the men killed, wounded and missing in each company :

Lieut. Col. Frank Norton, wounded and died of wounds.

Co. A—Killed—1st Sergt. Wm. J. Harrison, William Bartlett, Oscar Baumes, John H. Hyde. Wounded—Hiram T. Young, Ezra Booter, Henry Lampman, died of his wounds; Wm. Manning, Geo. H. Hay, Palmer K. Clark, LeRoy Wright, James Pilling, Oscar Sparhawk, Caleb Tefft, John Shearer, Joseph Safford, Joshua Allen, Anson Bently, Charles Tucker; taken prisoner, Alexander Dobbin.

Co. B—Wounded—G. E. Stover, died on battle field from lock-jaw; Seymour Bennett; taken prisoner, Leander Pelott.

Co. C—Killed—Lieut. John C. Corbett, Sergt. L. S. Gillett, Corporal George Wright. Frank Cull, William Holt, George H. Leonard, David H. Sager. Wounded—Sergt. R. W. Farrell, Corporal Orville A. Manville, George Black, Pascal L. Cook, John Douglass, George Horton, H. F. Johnson, James Kelgallon, William P. Lamb, Frank Moen, James Sherman, Hiram Taft, Jr., Nathan Thompson. Missing—Nathan Leonard, never heard from after the battle, and H. T. Blanchard, who was taken prisoner and paroled.

Co. D—Killed—J. Finch. Wounded—Henry Sartwell, Isaac McNutt, George W. Pattison. Rice C. Bull, George Chase, John Hall, Amos Walker, Alexander McLaughlin, Albert Nicholson.

Co. E—Killed—B. Briggs, James A. Norton. Wounded—C. E. Wood, Capt. Norman F. Weer, Dennis Baker, William Murphy, Joseph Tellier, E. Tanner, Sidney S. Weer, Daniel Wells, John Murphy, Amos Rhodes, William Smith, James McMurray, supposed to have been taken prisoner, never heard from.

Co. F—Killed—William J. Wood, George L. Taylor.—Wounded—Sergt. Jacob Williams, Russell Fullerton, J. S. Dobbin, Geo. W. McKibbin, William Brady, Garner Baker, William Lackey, William S. Skellie, John Fowler, J. Schermerhorn, William H. Smith, D. R. McDougall, Daniel M. McClelland, P. B. Robbins; taken prisoner, Robert Williams.

Co. G—Killed—Clarence Coulter. Wounded—John A. Stevenson, ——— Bell. Alexander Ellis, John M'Umbert, George Lambert, H. W. Brown, George Wells. Missing—Lieut. J. Rice, S. R. Warner and James H. Morse, taken prisoners.

Co. H—Killed—W. L. Rich, John A. Mains, C. Marshal. Wounded—E. Gleason, J. A. Perkins, Corp. G. W. Briggs, Sergeant William H. Dennison, William J. Cruikshanks, Corp. W. H. Stewart, M. McFarland, Alvah Streeter, Charles E. Wood, John S. Doig, A. Johnson, died of wounds.

Co. I—Killed—Kelly Bishop. Wounded—Lieut. Albert Shi-

land, James Bassett, Rufus Galloway, John Ketchum, James P. Wickes, Robert W. Skellie, John H. Cobb, Josiah Fletcher, L. Phelps, Thomas Henley, Lieut. Marcus Beadle, Wm. Haggarty. Taken prisoners, John Hover, George L. Dennis and James S. Springer.

Co. K—Killed—F. Wilbur, Orderly Sergt. Horace Howard, Milo Shaw, Edward Tanner. Wounded—A. M. Cooke, D. J. Humphrey, Albert W. Doan.

135 killed, wounded and missing.

Many deeds of valor were performed that morning, and a coolness displayed on the part of some that was astonishing. When the battle raged the fiercest, and men were falling all around him, James Sherman of Co. C was slightly wounded in the head. Raising his hand to his head, he laughingly remarked, "Boys, there goes one shingle off my roof." He paid no further heed to his wound, but kept on loading and firing his gun. Soon a bullet grazed the opposite side of the head when he cried out, "Hello: I'm d——d if there ain't another shingle gone." Sherman went through all the battles in which the Regiment was engaged, came home with the Regiment, and was drowned in Lake Champlain.

Another instance of coolness was that of Lee Belden of Co. D. A rebel bullet struck one of the rotten logs which the boys had placed in front of them for breastworks, and threw the dust and dirt into the face and eyes of Belden. Wiping his eyes, and blowing and spitting the dirt from his mouth, he said, "Thar, condemn yer, yer think you've done it, don't yer;" and firing his gun at the advancing Rebels cried out, "By lightning! take that."

Henry Sartwell, of the same company, received a bad wound in the arm. He had his wound dressed by a surgeon, and returning to his company did good work with a navy revolver, until becoming exhausted from loss of blood he had to retire to the rear.

William Manning of Co. A was severely wounded, and was taken to the rear by two or three boys of the same company,

Joshua Allen being one. While they were carrying him up the slope in front of the Chancellorsville House, the shells, solid shot and bullets flying all around them, a piece of shell hit Joshua in the hip. Instantly dropping poor Manning, he clapped his hand upon his hip and gave a leap into the air. "There," said he, "I'm shot, and in the back too. The last thing the old man told me when I left home was not to get shot in the back." The sight was so comical, that with death staring them in the face as it was, his companions, and Manning, though severely wounded, laughed heartily.

Thus we could relate many instances of this nature, to show that amid the greatest danger the soldiers relished the ludicrous, but we have a long way yet to travel before the Regiment reaches home.

The Regiment remained in its position near Bank's ford Monday and Tuesday, and Tuesday night Hooker commenced moving the troops noiselessly back across the Rappahannock. At about 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, May 6th, the Regiment passed out of their works, crossed United States Ford, and took up their line of march for the old camp at Stafford, which they reached at sunset in a hard rain.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN CAMP AT STAFFORD COURT HOUSE—THE REGIMENT REVIEWED BY  
GENS. SLOCUM AND WILLIAMS—THE LIEUTENANT'S RIDE TO ACQUIA  
CREEK—CHANGE OF CAMP—THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN COMMENCED  
—A SEVERE DAY'S MARCH—THE BOYS CONFISCATE A FEW HORSES—  
GEN. SLOCUM'S REPLY TO A SECESH.

IT was a sad and lonely time for the boys of the 123d Regiment the night they reached camp at Stafford after the battle of Chancellorsville. They then fully realized the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. Not a man but had lost one or more of his tent mates, and over some rude log huts there was no piece of shelter tent stretched, for its former occupants were either dead or wounded. On that first roll call after reaching camp there was no response to many a name called; and in far off Northern homes many sad hearts were waiting for loved ones whose voices never more will greet them. The boys will well remember the loneliness of that first night's camp at Stafford after the battle. But a soldier's life does not admit of much mourning, and the heavy picket duty and other duties occupied all their time. Around the camp fires at night, the main topic of conversation was in recounting the good deeds of Harrison, Corbett, Gillet, Norton, Bishop,



Howard and the many others who gave up their lives in this, their first great battle for the right.

On the 9th of May the Regiment was reviewed by Gens. Slocum and Williams, and, by Gen. Slocum, highly complimented for their fine conduct at the battle, but these encomiums did not reach the ears of companions buried in the trenches at Chancellorsville, yet the boys felt a just pride in the praises bestowed on them by their commanding general.

The 12th of May the entire Regiment was ordered on picket, on account of some Rebel cavalry scare.

Many of the soldiers visited the wounded who were in the hospital at Acquia Creek, and among others was the writer and Lieut. Carrington of Co. C. We borrowed an old horse whose backbone was as sharp as the back of a knife, and throwing an army blanket on his back led him to a rail fence, and mounting the topmost rail managed after awhile to get well seated on our "fiery steed." The Lieutenant in the meantime had borrowed a mule—one of those little army mules; had become mounted, and was rejoicing in the possession of one spur which a colored boy was attaching to his boot heel. All at once the mule's heels shot up into the air, and the Lieutenant shot straight over the mule's head and landed on the ground about six feet in front. The mule being free started on a run, with the darkey after him shouting, "Stop dat mool! stop dat mool!" The Lieutenant slowly arose from the ground rubbing his bones, and declared that "that darkey ought to be shot for jabbing the spur into the mule." The mule was led up and the Lieutenant remounted, the darkey all the while declaring, "What de debbil ail dat mool anyhow. I done gone fix dat spur all right." We finally got under way, the Lieutenant's head being about even with our horse's back as we rode along together. We had proceeded about one mile on our way when from some cause the mule



commenced to kick again, and in spite of Luke's good generalship, he was tumbled off on the ground. He got up saying he would ride that mule to Acquia Creek if it took him a week, and started for the mule, which was making good time for camp. We waited, seated on our "camel," until the Lieutenant returned, and then proceeded to the hospital without any further mishaps. On the way we halted at Mrs. Morton's for a drink of water, and for the first time in many months met and conversed with ladies.

On the 21st of May the camp was changed to a much better location, the ground being very level. Company streets were properly laid out, each street being a certain number of feet in width and length, a certain number of tents being allowed on each side of the streets, about three feet apart. The streets were turnpiked, and at the head of each street was an arch of evergreens, and suspended from the centre of each arch the letter of the company. This camp presented a very inviting appearance, but it cost days of hard labor to make it what it was. The weather was exceedingly warm during the day, with cool nights. It was almost impossible to sleep on account of the woodticks and mosquitoes, (and these mosquitoes seemed to take as much delight in presenting THEIR BILLS as we do in presenting OUR BILLS to delinquents; the only difference being theirs received immediate attention.)

About as soon as the boys had got their camp fixed to suit them, orders came to get ready to march, which was June 3d, about 3 o'clock in the morning, but they did not strike tents until the morning of June 13th, when the boys were aroused with orders to start at 5 o'clock. They were in line by that time, and marched to Gen. Williams' headquarters, where was found the balance of the brigade; and then commenced the Gettysburg campaign, but they did not know it at the time. The day was

very hot and the roads dusty, but they marched most of the time in the woods, and arrived within about two miles of Brook's Station without being much fatigued, and were marched into a field. The boys thought this might be a change of location, or certainly a night's camp, and went to work putting up their tents and making themselves comfortable for the night, and had just got everything nicely arranged, when orders came to pack up and get ready to move in 30 minutes. There were a good many "cuss words" used, but that did not help matters any, and by 5 o'clock the column was marching back towards Stafford, going in the same road traveled in the morning. Reaching Stafford they did not stop as many expected, but kept on until Dumfries was reached, which was at about 8 o'clock the next morning. This was a hard night's march for the boys. The roads were bad enough to march over in daylight, but at night it was much worse, and many a fall was taken, to the amusement of others. But there is an end to all things, and daylight put an end to their stumbles and falls.

At Dumfries the Regiment remained until about 3 o'clock the next morning, the 15th, when they took up their line of march for Fairfax Court House. It was one of the hottest days ever experienced by the boys while on a march. They carried heavy loads with them—clothing, tents, knapsack, haversack, canteen, coffee kettle, gun and accoutrements, ammunition, etc. Many received sunstroke that day, and some died. All through the long day they dragged themselves along. Here and there by the roadside could be seen great stout men who had become exhausted, could go no further, and had dropped out of the ranks. No good water was to be had along the line of march, but some drank too much of what they could get and were the first to succumb to the heat. One plucky soldier was determined to come into camp with his company, and so was put on a horse, and helped into camp in that way. Just at dark the Regiment went

into camp near Fairfax Court House; but not the whole Regiment, for many had lain down by the roadside to sleep. Just as they marched into camp a brass band struck up a national air, which seemed to infuse new life into the weary and exhausted soldiers, for they cheered most lustily.

At Dumfries many of the boys supplied themselves with horses, which were abundant thereabouts, and as the Regiment filed out of camp from Dumfries that morning it would have required some good judgment to have decided whether it was a Regiment of cavalry or mounted infantry. Every few moments a horse was brought in with a gun strap around his neck, and half-a-dozen knapsacks would be strapped on, much to the annoyance of the secesh owners, and as much to the gratification of the weary and foot-sore soldiers. One man from whom a fine young horse had been taken, came to Gen. Slocum and complained piteously that he had been robbed by the Yankees. The general asked him if "he was a Union man." He replied, "Wa'll, no, not exactly." "Did they burn your house and barn, and kill all your cattle?" asked the general. "No." "Well sir," said the general, "you ought to thank God, and consider yourself fortunate," shrugged his shoulders and rode off, leaving the traitor to meditate on "Northern aggression," the "Lincoln dogs" and "Yankee barbarism."

When the boys struck the road leading from the Occoquan to Fairfax Station it was almost like getting home, for they had marched over the same road no less than five times in their journeyings to and from the river six months previous. But this brought up afresh the memory of companions who were then joyous and full of hope, but who now sleep their last sleep on the bloody field of Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH TO LEESBURG—GOOD FORAGING—CO. A'S 100 POUNDS OF HONEY—THREE MEN SHOT FOR DESERTION--FROM LEESBURG TO GETTYSBURG—THE BATTLE OPENED.

WEDNESDAY morning the Regiment left Fairfax Court House and moved about nine miles, and camped in the midst of a delightful country on Prospect Hill. Here the boys found good "foraging," and for a short time lived in clover.

Thursday morning they pushed on, passing a small village called Dranesville, and reached Goose Creek, which the boys had to ford, there being no bridge at the point where they crossed. Soon after crossing this creek a heavy rain came on, which continued until after they had made camp at Leesburg. The country in the vicinity of this place strikingly resembled Northern farms. Rolling, fertile, well wooded and watered, with fine crops of wheat, rye, oats, corn, potatoes, &c. The boys made good use of this abundance, and every night squads of half-a-dozen "skirmishers" came in loaded with fowls, milk, butter, flour, mutton, veal, pork, onions and hosts of other luxuries. One evening a few of Co. A's men went out on an exploring expedition, and were rewarded by two large hives of honey, weighing nearly 100 pounds. About midnight they en-

tered camp with the spoils. The whole company were waked up, a fire kindled, and for nearly two hours there was one of the most interesting "conference meetings" ever enjoyed. Jolly peals of laughter rang out again and again, until the officers sent word to "cease laughing." Next morning the honey market was dull, and toothache remedies were in good demand. The town was a perfect nest of sneering Rebels. They insulted the soldiers in every way they thought safe. The people were the bitterest in their hatred of the "Northern Mudsills" of any they had met. Still many of their houses were guarded, but these guards were more sensible than their officers, and had strange ways of not seeing things sometimes. The ladies were the most outspoken and bitter. They took every possible means to avoid a soldier, and would step into a yard and wait for a soldier to pass, and if there was no gate near for them to pass through, they would go into the middle of the road. One woman said she would not pass under the Stars and Stripes, so in her absence from her house one day some one put a flag over her door, and she was compelled to either walk under the flag or remain out. She chose the former.

On Friday, June 19th, three men in the division, and two of them in the brigade, were shot for desertion; two in the 46th Penn., and one in the 13th New Jersey. The scene was terribly impressive. They were busy writing to friends during the whole of the forenoon, and with one exception seemed penitent for their crime. At 12 o'clock the corps was formed into a hollow square in a large field near the camp. Gens. Slocum, Williams and Geary, with their staffs, were present. At 1 P. M. an ambulance, tightly closed, containing the criminals, made its appearance, surrounded and followed by a large guard. Immediately in front of it was an army wagon carrying the coffins which rattled a dismal dirge that must have grated painfully on the ears of the unfortunate men. On arriving at the scene of the

execution they were helped out of the ambulance, conducted past their graves, blindfolded, and, with their hands pinioned, seated on their coffins. The sight was touching, and impressed even the most hardened. Three stout, robust young men, in the full flush and vigor of manhood, waiting to be coolly and deliberately shot down by companions in arms. The firing party consisted of a squad of soldiers, four from each regiment, who had been previously detailed for that purpose, in charge of the Provost Marshal. The guns had been taken into a tent, some of them loaded and then laid in a pile, the soldiers not knowing which were loaded with bullets. The firing party was then marched up in front of the victims, and stationed at a distance of about three rods from them. The chaplain then made an impressive and earnest prayer, commending these erring ones to the mercy of the Heavenly Friend. He closed; the Provost Marshal made a few final arrangements; the sentence of the Court-Martial was read to them, and the friends who had been standing beside them withdrew. At a signal thirty-six guns came to a ready—a moment of deathly silence—the sharp flash, the rattle of the muskets, the fall of the corpses on their coffins, and twenty thousand soldiers had learned that it was a serious thing to forsake the Government they had sworn to defend. The corps was then marched past the corpses, which had fallen stone dead, with five, seven and eight bullets in them respectively. Many a face which never knew a tremor in battle turned pale at the sight of these gaping, bloody wounds. The troops marched back to their quarters, the graves were filled up, and these men who had been shot for desertion were forgotten forever, save by their immediate friends.

The Rebel citizens cut the telegraph wire between Leesburg and Alexandria. Gen. Slocum issued an order that if the wire was again meddled with he would burn the town. This order had its desired effect, for the wire was not again disturbed.

June 24th the entire Regiment was sent out on picket; a rumor having reached camp that the Rebel cavalry were advancing probably had something to do with this move. Long before daylight of the 25th the Regiment was in line ready to meet the Rebel cavalry should they make a dash. Daylight came, but the Rebels did not. The Regiment remained on the picket line all that day and night, and the next morning orders came to march. They were soon on the move, overtaking the brigade just before crossing the Potomac river at Edwards' Ferry into Maryland. They marched all day, passing a village called Pottsville, and camped about four miles from it. It was very bad marching for the boys; rain poured down nearly all day and the roads were very muddy, but they tramped on unmindful of the storm and mud, making the best of everything and complaining of nothing.

After a hasty breakfast the morning of June 27th, (and a soldier knows what a hasty breakfast means,) the Regiment started on their march and halted for dinner by the railroad track. Two trains of cars passed while they were taking their dinner. Gen. Hooker also rode by on his big black charger and was loudly cheered. After dinner they proceeded on their march, passing Point of Rocks, and proceeded up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal a few miles and then passed under the canal; passed Slab City and Petersburg, and camped about two miles from the latter village for the night.

On the 27th of June, Gen. Hooker was relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac, and Gen. Meade appointed his successor. This change of Commanding officer on the eve of battle, as it were, was something the soldiers could not understand. Gen. Halleck says, in his report, that it was at Hooker's own request. We are of the opinion that the same glorious results would have been achieved at Gettysburg had Gen. Hooker been in command. But the ways of the rulers at



Washington were past finding out during those dark days of the War for the suppression of the Rebellion.

The 28th the Regiment made an early start, going back about three miles over the road marched the day before, and struck the Frederick City road. They passed two small villages, Centerville and Jefferson, and camped a short distance from Frederick City, Md. The 29th they made a good march, passing through the city, and camped for the night near Ladiesburg. Nothing occurred during the march, but the boys were weary and foot-sore. The 30th, the Regiment took up their line of march soon after 3 o'clock in the morning and pushed rapidly forward, passing several villages. Crossing the line into Pennsylvania they passed Taneytown, and when in sight of Littlestown the boys discovered a commotion among the cavalrymen in the fields far in advance. Soon news came back that the cavalry had run on to the rebel picket. The troops were halted; Gens. Slocum and Geary dashed forward and soon a battery came up the road and passed on to the front, the horses on a dead run. As soon as the battery had passed the command "fall in" was heard, and every man was up and in his place in a moment. "Forward, double quick," was given, and the boys went tearing along after the battery. Reaching Littlestown they found the entire population out. On every doorstep and on the walks in front of the houses were stationed men, women and children, each holding a pan or basket of cakes, pails of water, cold meats, &c., and on the upper piazza of the small hotel was congregated a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, singing that grand old tune, "Hail Columbia." Some of the ladies were in tears and all waved their handkerchiefs. The boys appreciated, but did not have much time to enjoy the hospitalities of the people of Littlestown, nor the smiles of the ladies, but some of them did grab a handful of cake as they passed by. On through the vil-



lage the Regiment went, and never halted until nearly one mile beyond, when they halted and were marched into a large field with the balance of the Brigade. Here they remained for the night.

As the cavalry advance came into Littlestown, one old man volunteered to show them where a squad of Rebel cavalry were. True to his word the old man piloted them right, and soon the cavalry were engaged: but instead of retreating when the fight commenced the old man went in on his own hook. He dragged one Rebel from his horse, and having no arms, **CHOKED HIM INTO SUBMISSION.**

July 1st the Regiment retraced their steps about one mile, and struck the road leading to Gettysburg. They had proceeded but a short distance on the way when cannonading was heard in front, and news soon came from the front that our forces were engaging the Rebels near Gettysburg. The Regiment was pushed rapidly forward, and finally marched into the woods, and kept moving all day through the woods, over fences and across swamps, until the boys were completely exhausted. The Regiment kept gradually approaching a position on the hill, and about night formed line of battle near Wolf Hill on the right of the Baltimore pike, and in sight of Gettysburg, and lay down with guns in hand to await further orders. They were not disturbed that night, but on the morning of July 2d they moved forward and took position near the Cemetery, the right of the Corps resting on Rock Creek. Green's Brigade joined the 123d Regiment on the left, the right of the Regiment reaching nearly to Spangle's Spring. Here they threw up breastworks. The boys, remembering Chancellorsville, were determined to have good works this time, and went to work with a will. They worked until late in the afternoon, chopping down trees and shoveling dirt, and made works that would stand a shell. To-

wards night the battle raged furiously on the left, and the Regiment was ordered to the rear of Round Top, the extreme left of the line, to support the forces there engaged. The shells from the Rebel guns struck all around them in their march there, but no one was wounded. Here and there they passed a dead soldier. Down a hill, away in front of them, came tearing what they supposed was a battery, believing from this manœuvre that our forces had been pressed back, but on a nearer approach it proved to be a Dutch sergeant of artillery going to the rear for ammunition with his caissons. As he dashed by he yelled out, "Dis ish nod a retread, dis ish nod a retread!" The boys were very glad it was "nod a retread," and pressed forward, but soon the firing ceased and they were ordered back. It was about dark when they returned, and the 123d Regiment being on the lead, Lieut. Beadle with part of Co. I were sent out as skirmishers. All was still on the line, and it was not known who occupied the works, friend or foe, as hard fighting had been heard in that direction after they left the works to go to the support of the left. Lieut. Beadle with his usual fearlessness advanced his line, and on a near approach challenged, and was answered, "Come on, it's all right." Advancing, he made the startling discovery that they were Rebels. He was taken prisoner himself, but had the bravery to call loudly to his men, "Fall back men," and they were thus saved capture. As soon as the men heard the command to fall back they opened fire upon the Rebels, and they returned the fire. The Regiment in the meantime had halted at the foot of a hill, being in line of battle, the balance of the Brigade being in line of battle by regiments in the rear of the 123d. At the time the Rebels opened fire on the skirmishers it was quite dark, and the bullets passed over the Regiment and into the 46th Pennsylvania, which was next in rear. The 123d commenced immediately to fall back up the hill, and the 46th must have thought they were Rebels, for some of them fired

into the former. At that the 123d moved back more rapidly, and the 46th broke into a run.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG CONTINUED—INCIDENTS—A RECONNOISSANCE—THE BATTLE ENDED—BURYING THE DEAD—LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

IT seems that the Rebel Gen. Ewell, knowing of the weakening of the Union lines by the withdrawal of the Brigade to which the 123d Regiment belonged, to help repel the attack of Longstreet and Hill on the left, determined to improve the advantage offered, and take Culp's and Wolf's hills to the right and southeast of Cemetery hill, massed his forces first against the position of the 11th Corps on Cemetery hill, and afterward on Green's Brigade of Geary's Division. The attack on the 11th corps was speedily repulsed. Ewell's success was somewhat better in his attempt on the lines further to the Union right. He attacked Green's Brigade with great fury but was received with most resolute courage, and the whole ground in front of Green's breastworks was covered with the killed and wounded. Although repelled from Green's breastworks the Rebels succeeded in penetrating a point inside the Union lines near Spangle's Spring, which had been vacated by the 123d and the balance of the

Brigade. After it was found the Rebels held the works the Brigade fell back over the hill and lay all night in a corn field. The next morning, July 3d, a battery on a knoll just in rear of the Brigade on the Baltimore turnpike commenced firing, depressing their guns so as to rake the woods and breastworks lately occupied by the Brigade. One gun fell short several times, killing one man in the Regiment and several in the Brigade.

During the day the 20th Connecticut boys had been on the skirmish line, and about noon the 123d relieved them. The Regiment proceeded to the edge of the woods and threw out skirmishers with orders for them to advance. They did so, driving the Rebel skirmishers, the Regiment in the meantime advancing to their support. As soon as the Regiment came in sight of the works they had left the day before they gave a cheer and a rush, and gained them without loss of life, the Rebels being driven over the works with great slaughter. The Brigade followed, and the gap which had been made in the right of the line at Spangle's Spring was closed. It was then the boys discovered the havoc that had been made by the battery spoken of, and by the skirmishers. The dead lay on the ground in every direction. There had been hard fighting all day at this point.

After the retaking of the works by the 123d Regiment, and the retreat of Ewell's troops to the west and the northwest of the town of Gettysburg, the enemy remained quiet until 1 o'clock P. M., when they opened fire with one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty guns on the centre and left, the position of Gen. Hancock's Corps, which, from the want of natural defences, was the weakest portion of the Union lines. The Union batteries, fully equal in number and calibre, replied promptly, and for the next two hours the earth shook and trembled under the feet of the two armies with the terrible concussion. The air seemed filled with iron missiles, and the forest

trees were riven, torn and splintered as if struck by lightning. The shells fell thick and fast around the Regiment. Three hundred pieces of artillery! Such a terrific roar was never heard before and probably never will be heard again. The birds seemed confused, and would fly down and light on the heads and knapsacks of the soldiers; rabbits would come out from under the bushes and hide under the soldiers' coats.

They had a sharp fight in the afternoon, and at 4 P. M. were ordered to support the line at the left of the Cemetery. They reached that point just in time to see the broken masses of the enemy sullenly withdrawing from the field. In the twilight, as they were retiring to the right of their old position, and in crossing a ravine, they were fired upon by sharpshooters concealed in McAllister's Mill, beyond Rock Creek. Capt. Norman F. Weer of Co. E received a wound in the knee from which he died. Crossing the ravine into the woods the boys prepared coffee, and remained there until after dusk and then moved to their old position and lay on their arms. About midnight the pickets discovered the enemy advancing and fired on them, and then came into the breastworks. The line then opened a terrific fire on the advancing rebels, driving them back with great slaughter.

The morning of July 4th dawned bright and beautiful. There being no evidence of the enemy in front the boys went over the works in quest of the wounded. Wesley P. Huntington of Co. C was brought in dead. They buried him on the field 'neath the shade of a large oak tree, there to remain until the roll call of that day when all shall assemble at the call of the Great Commander. Among the many wounded Rebels brought in was one South Carolinian who was wounded severely. The boys did everything they could for him—brought him hot coffee and the best of what they had to eat, and a doctor to dress his wounds. He received these acts of kindness with seeming astonishment,

and with tears running down his face thanked them, and said he did not expect such kindness from the "Yanks." He expected to be treated with roughness and perhaps cruelty, and had tried to crawl away but was unable to do so. He said if he could only live to get home to his wife and children he should never raise a hand against the Yankees or the dear old flag again.

Many of the boys had very narrow escapes. One in particular, Thomas J. Wrangham, of Co. C. He was on the picket line, in charge of a section of the line. Being hard pressed the line fell back over the breastworks, and as he mounted the works a bullet struck the "U. S." brass plate on his cartridge box, passing through that and the thick leather flap, through the tin box which held the cartridges and lodged in the leather next his hip. Had he been in any other position he would undoubtedly have been killed.

Early the morning of July 4th the Regiment was ordered to "fall in." "Where now?" was the inquiry made by the boys, but none of them knowing, the inquiry remained unanswered. Out into the road they went, and there found three or four other Regiments, a squad of cavalry and a battery. The line moved off, the cavalry on the lead, a piece of artillery being sandwiched in between the Regiments. Around the right of the army they moved cautiously, every moment expecting to hear the rebel shells in their midst. Making a reconnoissance of about eight miles they passed through Gettysburg, and by the Cemetery to their former position, without seeing a sign of the enemy. The boys then knew the enemy had been defeated and had left. It was then they thanked the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" that they had been spared through another terrible battle.

Large details were made to bury the dead, and this duty occupied the entire day. The Corps to which the Regiment belonged buried that day fifteen hundred dead Rebels. The dead lay in every imaginable shape. From the position of some of the bodies

inside of the works, near Spangle's Spring, it appeared as though the entire picket line had been shot down while in possession of the works vacated by the Regiment. Over the breastworks the ground was literally covered with dead bodies. Several rebel officers lay there in their handsome gray uniforms, and among others Gen. Ewell's Assistant Adjutant General. He lay partly under his horse, and both were riddled with bullets.

In the National Cemetery, on Cemetery Hill, now sleep the brave boys who fell at Gettysburg. Here repose the precious offerings laid upon the altar of the country by the loyal States. Ordinarily the filling up of a Cemetery is slow work—the work years. THREE DAYS SUFFICED TO FILL THIS. And what is the reward of those brave men for their weeks of weary marching, and days and nights of fearful fighting? “Two paces of the vilest earth.” There they lie, those “unnamed demi-gods” of the rank and file. “Unknown!” “Unknown!” The only epitaph of hundreds. Yes, there they lie, “massed” with military precision, rank upon rank, as if awaiting the order to appear in review before the Great Commander-in-chief of us all.

“ Up many a fortress wall  
They charged, those Boys in Blue,  
' Mid surging smoke and volleying ball,  
The bravest were the first to fall—  
*To fall for me and you.*”

We give below the casualties of the Regiment :

A—Wounded—Wm. H. Fenton, Orton Wallace.

B—Wounded—G. W. Smith, John R. Hamilton.

C—Killed—Wesley P. Huntington.

E—Killed—John Bell. Wounded—George E. Rogers.

F—Wounded—James R. Cronk.

G—Wounded—George Hodge,

I—Lieut. Marcus Beadle taken prisoner.

K—Killed—Edward Tanner. Wounded—Wm. Norton, Walter Smith.



## CHAPTER X.

THE REGIMENT LEAVES THE BATTLE FIELD—MARCH TO FREDERICK CITY—A SPY HUNG—BIVOUAC ON THE OLD ANTIETAM BATTLE FIELD—BUILD BREASTWORKS AT FALLING WATERS—MARCH THROUGH HARPER'S FERRY—REACH WARRENTON JUNCTION.

ABOUT 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 5th, the Regiment moved out of their works at Gettysburg on account of the terrible stench arising from the dead, and marched to near Littlestown, ten miles south-east of Gettysburg, and bivouacked for the night, and the 6th marched through Littlestown and halted for the night in the woods about two miles beyond the village. When they passed through the village hardly a person was to be seen, and the boys could not believe it was the same village they had passed through a few days previous. Then all was anxiety and alarm, but now that no fears were entertained of the enemy, the real sentiment of the people of the town was made manifest. We certainly have no words of praise for the people of Littlestown, for their conduct was not praiseworthy.

The 7th of July the Regiment made a splendid march of thirty-two miles and bivouacked within a mile or two of Frederick City. The boys were very weary, but rejoicing in their recent victory, not a word of fault was found.



It rained very hard the morning of the 8th, and the rain continued all day. At 5 o'clock they took up their line of march, and passed through Frederick City in the early dawn. Their curiosity was excited by seeing a man hanging from a limb of a tree, and on close inspection it proved to be a man well known to the boys as one who had peddled songs through the camps at Pleasant and Loudon Valleys. He was a spy, and had met his just deserts.

The Regiment reached Burketsville and camped for the night, having marched about twenty miles. Co. C was sent out on picket, and a terrible time they had of it. They marched over South Mountain, passing through Crampton Gap, and after climbing over fallen trees, wading brooks and falling over stumps and rocks, finally formed their line. The Regiment did not march far the next day, having struck the Rebel pickets. They bivouacked on the Little Antietam river.

On the morning of the 10th cannonading was heard in front. They pushed on, passing a grave yard where were buried the many brave boys who lost their lives at the battle of Antietam, and went into camp on the old battle field. The boys busied themselves for awhile looking over the field. One spot deserves special mention—the famous lane in which the Rebels remained so long, doing so much damage to our troops. It had been gullied out at some time by the water, and formed a natural rifle pit. Here the enemy, supported by her best batteries, placed themselves, and for nearly a whole day could not be driven from their position. Finally Mosher's Irish Brigade made their famous charge up to and down into it. And there they stood upon the bank spearing the rebels in the pit as if they had been so many fish. It was said nearly every man in the pit was bayoneted to death. The dead Rebels were buried in large pits. On one of the largest was a board on which was written, "The

Rebel Gen. Anderson and 87 Rebels are buried in this hole." "The wages of sin is death," was the epitaph. On another was the following, "Here lie 60 Rebels, and Brig. Gen. Calsey. He lied well while living; he seems to lie well while dead," and on another, "Here lies a poor dead fool; he fought for his right to the soil, and he has obtained it."

Early on the morning of July 11th the Regiment was on the move. They passed through a small village called Fairplay, and soon afterwards ran into the Rebels. A line of battle was formed, skirmishers thrown out, and an advance made. The skirmishers commenced firing, advancing as they did so, driving the Rebels before them. A battery opened, throwing a few shells after the retreating Rebels, and nothing more was heard from them. The Regiment pushed on, formed a line of battle near Falling Waters, and commenced building breastworks, working on them all night. In the rear of the Regiment was a wheat field, the wheat cut and stacked. These the boys used with the rails, which were plenty, and by morning as splendid a line of breastworks as were ever built by soldiers was to be seen. The boys in the Regiment had but few if any shovels, and used their bayonets to loosen the dirt, which worked easy, and then their hands and staves in carrying the same. There was no shirking, each man working with a will, knowing that in case of an engagement the lives of many depended upon good breastworks. No grumbling, no fault finding. All the next day the boys delved away strengthening their works.

The man on whose farm the Regiment had built their works, and whose rail fence had been taken to build them, came into camp and wanted to know who was going to pay him for his rail fence, and how he was going to tell his rails from his neighbors'. The boys had considerable sport with the old fellow, and we are sure he did not get satisfactory answers to his inquiries.

Skirmishers were sent out when the Regiment first took position, and there was a constant warfare between them and the Rebel pickets. The cavalry relieved the boys from duty, and with their carbines made it warm for a Rebel who dared to show his head. The morning of July 14th the Regiment moved out from behind their works, and as they were about to make an advance movement a colored man came in from the Rebel lines saying the Rebels had "Dun gone an' crossed de ribber." The boys took the darkey along with them, telling him if he had not told the truth they would let the Rebels shoot him. The Regiment pushed forward without meeting with any opposition, and found that the darkey had told the truth; the Rebels had crossed the river. The brisk firing kept up by the Rebel pickets was merely a blind to allow their army to get across the river. After pushing forward a few miles the Regiment returned to their old position behind the breastworks and remained there for the night. During the night the rain poured down in torrents, thoroughly wetting every man.

The 15th the Regiment was on the road early, passing Fairplay, Sharpsburgh, the Antietam Iron Works, and camped for the night about three miles from Harper's Ferry. In one place on the march nearly a mile was saved by letting down a fence and crossing the field. The owner was determined the army should not go through his fields. Suffice it to say he did not stop them.

The morning of July 16th the boys were up at 3 o'clock, marched over Maryland Heights and camped near Sandy Hook. Here they remained until the morning of the 19th when they commenced the march again, passing through Harper's Ferry and by the Arsenal where Brown and his followers had their fight, across the Potomac and camped some distance beyond. The 20th they pushed on, passing several small villages, and camped

near Snicker's Gap, where they remained until the morning of the 23d, when they again took up their march, reaching Ashby's Gap, then took a back track for some distance, passing Uppersville and Piedmont Station, and went into camp about 10 o'clock weary and foot sore.

The 24th of July the Regiment was up and on the march by 3 o'clock, marched into Manassas Gap where the boys drew their rations of hard tack, etc. At about 4 o'clock the next morning, without breakfast, the Regiment was pushed on into the Gap nearly to Linden. Resting an hour or two they were hurried back down the Gap, and at nearly midnight bivouacked near White Plain. The 25th the boys were allowed a morning's rest, not breaking camp until about 8 o'clock, when they moved on to Fairplain and were ordered to pitch tents for a night's rest. They had just got their tents up when orders came to be ready to march at noon, and their afternoon's march was a severe one. Passing Fairplain Station they pushed on through Thoroughfare Gap and camped for the night at Haymarket in a rain storm. The 26th they were on the road by 6 o'clock, passing Greenwich, Catlet Station, and camped between Catlet Station and Warrenton Junction.

## CHAPTER XI.

AT WARRENTON JUNCTION—MARCH TO KELLY'S FORD—THE PAYMASTER AND CONSCRIPTS ARRIVE—ORDERS TO MARCH.

THE Regiment remained at Warrenton Junction five days. Trains of cars passed by to the Station, which was about one mile from camp, every hour, loaded with Government rations. It was very lively at the Station. Squads of soldiers were employed unloading the cars as they came in, and the six-mule teams were employed in conveying the hard tack, etc., to the different Brigades and Regiments. During these five days the boys were engaged in washing, mending and resting.

On the morning of the 31st of July they struck tents and again took up their line of march, for where they knew not, neither did they care. Plodding along all day, joking and laughing, and with eyes wide open to take in everything they passed. Just at evening they heard skirmishing in advance, and soon after came out on a high bluff, overlooking the Rappahannock river at Kelly's Ford, and formed line of battle. Away across the river the Rebels could be seen skedaddling in every direction. The picket line of the Rebels was located on a ridge running about parallel with and over one quarter of a mile from the river. Near the river were stationed the Rebel vidette posts,

and when the troops appeared on the bluff, so intent were they watching their movements they did not observe the Union skirmishers who were stealthily approaching the river, until they had crossed and opened fire. Then commenced the skedaddle which was observed by the troops on the bluff. The Regiment moved down the hill and halted, and remained over night.

From April till the arrival of the troops at Kelley's Ford, the contestants had been almost constantly engaged, each endeavoring to deal the fatal blow that was intended to drive its antagonists back either upon Richmond or Washington. Public feeling both North and South had been wrought up to its highest pitch. Gen. Meade, who had superseded Hooker, it was hoped by the loyal would prove himself equal to the emergency. But this is a matter of history; we have only to do with the 123d Regiment.

Early next morning the Regiment pushed across the river at the same place they did when on their way to the battle field of Chancellorsville, but many who crossed at that time were not present this 1st day of August, 1863. As soon as they crossed the river pickets were sent out, and shelter tents put up. Not a tree or bush to keep off the scorching sun; the soil was sandy, and so warm that the boys said eggs could be roasted if left in the sand. They remained in the hot sand one day, and the second moved back across the river to a much more suitable place, and put up their tents.

The boys suffered terribly from the heat; in fact the weather being so warm but two hours were set apart for drill—from half-past five to half-past six in the morning, and the same hour in the afternoon, so all the boys had to do during the day was to keep cool, which was impossible. The picket line was on the bank of the river, not a great distance from camp, and the Rebel pickets on the opposite side. There was no firing on either side

and they occasionally indulged in conversation. A very pleasant camp ground was made at this place. Every soldier's bunk was raised about one foot from the ground, built by driving four crotched sticks into the ground, and placing thereon sticks cut from the woods near by; then boughs and leaves were placed on top, an army blanket thrown over, and a comfortable bed was had. A heavy thunder shower now and then came on, and in one instance, some of the boys whose bunks were not high enough, were flooded out. The brass band at Brigade headquarters played every evening, which was a source of great enjoyment to the boys, for the band played well. The principal topic of conversation was the paymaster and the conscripts, both of whom were anxiously looked for—the paymaster, that they might have money; the conscripts, that they might hear from home. A Regiment in the Brigade camped next the 123d was sent to New York to help quell the rioters. How the boys did wish this had been their luck, as they termed it. Some evenings a prayer meeting would be held in some of the company streets by a member of the Christian Commission, which was as well attended as prayer meetings usually are.

August 15th orders came to be ready to move at a moment's notice. The paymaster gladdened the hearts of the boys by giving four months pay, and about the same time the conscripts put in an appearance, which made amusement for the old soldiers who were constantly playing harmless tricks on them. One day a conscript was seen coming out of his tent with a pair of boots in his hand, and going up to a squad of old soldiers who were smoking their pipes and telling stories, inquired where he could find a shoemaker, as he wanted his boots tapped. He was directed to the tent of Gen. Knipe, Brigade commander, and told that he would there find a shoemaker by the name of Knipe who would be glad to serve him. (Gen. Knipe was by trade a shoemaker, and left his bench and kit of tools for the army.)



The conscript wended his way to the General's headquarters and inquired of the guard if Gen. Knipe was inside, and on being informed that he was, walked into the tent and said he had come to have his boots tapped. The General looked up sternly at first, but in an instant saw that he was a conscript and had been made the but of a joke. He was informed of his mistake by the General, and told to go back to his tent and not let the old soldiers fool him.

The 20th of August a soldier from the 20th Connecticut was to have been shot for desertion, but a postponement of a week was made and nothing more was heard of it, to the great relief of the boys, for to them it looked too much like murder, this marching a man up and shooting him without showing the cause. September 4th one of the conscripts from the 46th Pennsylvania swam across the river into Rebeldom. September 12th a heavy rain storm broke upon the camp, blowing over tents, uprooting trees, overturning ambulances, etc. This was followed by a terrific rain, which deluged the whole camp.

On the 13th of September troops commenced moving across the river. First came the cavalry, then the 2d corps, followed by artillery. As soon as the cavalry crossed they gave the Rebel pickets a lively chase and succeeded in capturing most of them. The boys could see the Rebels running in every direction with the cavalry in hot pursuit. In an old house was found the soldier who deserted from the 46th Pennsylvania a few days before.



## CHAPTER XII.

MARCH FROM KELLY'S FORD TO RACCOON FORD—A DESERTER SHOT—  
MARCH TO BRANDY STATION—REGIMENT TRANSFERRED TO THE DE-  
PARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND—A WEEK'S RIDE ON THE CARS—AR-  
RIVAL AT BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA.

SEPTEMBER 16th the Regiment broke camp at Kelly's Ford and at daybreak were on the march, and after a severe tramp reached Stevensburgh about 1 o'clock next morning, where they bivouacked. They were on the road again by daylight, and after several hours weary marching reached Raccoon Ford and filed into the woods for a rest. After marching and countermarching all day, they finally went into camp in a rain storm. September 18th the shooting of a deserter from the 3d Maryland Regiment took place. The young man to all appearance was not over twenty-two years of age, slightly built, with fair face and black eyes—probably the idol of his doting mother at home. The troops were drawn up in hollow square, and the same manoeuvring was gone through with as on a similar occasion which we have mentioned. Marching up to the open grave he turned and cast one long, lingering look at the troops surrounding him, at the beautiful hills away off across the Rapidan, as if fully realizing it was the last time he should look

upon things earthly, and was then blindfolded and seated upon his coffin. The following lines vividly illustrate the scene on the Rapidan that beautiful September morning:

'Twas morning,—On a tented field, and through the heated haze,  
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze;  
While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,  
A sad procession o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,  
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.  
A youth—led out to die;—and yet it was not death, but shame,  
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame!

Still on, before the marshalled ranks, the train pursued its way,  
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—  
His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing, desolate—  
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate,

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air:  
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his parents there;  
He saw them bowed with hopeless grief, through fast declining years;  
He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision closed—in tears!

Yet once again. In double file, advancing, then, he saw  
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—  
But saw no more;—his senses swam—deep darkness settled round—  
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound!

A sharp, quick report, and all was over with this poor soldier. The soldiers marched around to view the corpse, and then to their quarters.

There was occasional skirmishing by the pickets, the Union line being on one and the Rebels on the opposite side of the Rapidan. It was a wild and rocky country around Raccoon Ford, and the boys were momentarily expecting the enemy to shell the camp from some of the high hills on the opposite side, they of course not knowing the force of the enemy in their immediate front.

The 23d eight days' rations were issued to each man. This to them meant business, and they made themselves ready to

receive marching orders, which they did the next morning early. Moving out of their camp they marched back to Stevensburgh, and pushed on towards Brandy Station, which they reached late in the afternoon, and went into camp. The next day, the 25th, another deserter was shot, or murdered rather. He was caused to be seated on his coffin and just as the word was to be given to fire he raised up. He was again seated, and again rose from his coffin as the squad fired. He received several wounds in the head, body and arm. These wounds did not kill him, but he died soon after. Rumor was afloat that on the morrow the Regiment was to start on some new expedition, and speculation was rife as to what the move would be. During the night of the 25th cars were moving into the station, and the boys anxiously awaited the dawning of another day,

With the first pencillings of the morning light of the 26th of September, unticketed, the Regiment took the cars, and it was then rumored that they were to be transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Department of the Cumberland. They reached Alexandria in the afternoon, and Washington about dark, and at 9 o'clock took supper at the Soldiers' Home. After supper they took the cars on the Baltimore and Ohio road. The 27th they passed the Relay House, Harper's Ferry, and Martinsburgh, and Cumberland about dark. The 28th they crossed the Monongahela river, and the Ohio river about four miles below Wheeling, Va. The 30th they reached Columbus, Ohio, where bread and coffee was issued them. At Indianapolis they took dinner at the Soldiers' Home, and again boarded the train and reached Jeffersonville in the night. From this place they crossed the Ohio river to Louisville, Ky., on a ferry boat, and marched through the streets of Louisville to the depot just before daylight. At the depot they found a Soldier' Home, and what was still better they found a breakfast of coffee, bread

and pork awaiting them. After breakfast they took the cars and were soon ploughing through the State of Kentucky in a heavy rain storm. They passed through Nashville, Tenn., on the 1st of October, and Murfreesboro the 2d. The morning of the 3d the train stopped at Bridgeport, Ala., on the Tennessee river, where they got off the train, marched over a hill and camped in a valley.

Thus for a whole week they were crowded, jammed, jounced, and jerked in uncomfortable box cars through the labyrinth of Western Virginia, across the rolling and fertile acres of "Old Buckeye," through the thrifty and enterprising towns of Indiana, across the plantations of Kentucky and Tennessee to the military centre of the West. A long journey—in many respects a pleasant, and in many others an unpleasant one. Fifty men shut up in a close car, pushed on by night and day,—too much crowded too sleep by night, and too much occupied with the scenery to sleep by day, were in no very favorable condition to criticise either the country or the people living in it. Still they all saw much in both to admire and to respect. Leaving the deserted plains on the Rapidan any territory where people lived appeared delightful; much more so the romantic mountains bordering on the Shenandoah Valley. Wild and rugged as our own Adirondacks, they compel the railroad to wind in arcs and curves, climb steep grades and pierce high mountains, until one loses all idea of direction or distance. They passed through nine tunnels in a single half day, the longest of which was more than a mile and three-quarters in length. Just beyond Grafton, (where McClellan obtained praise for a battle planned and fought by another) a steep grade of seventeen miles placed them on the summit of the mountains. For the next six hours they descended at a rapid rate into a valley beautiful and fertile. Scores of little villas, burghs and boroughs lined the railroad, in

all of which the spirit of loyalty was made manifest by the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and the encouraging smiles of sympathy and hope.

If there was one loyal state in the whole Union it was Western Virginia. As beautiful flowers are often found springing from the trunks of fallen and decayed trees, so this new state, full of energy, of industry, of pure Republican heart, had grown out upon the decaying body politic of a proud and false aristocracy.

They crossed the Ohio river at Bellair, four miles from Wheeling. Here for the first time the spirit of disloyalty was manifested in the sullen looks and short answers the boys received while passing through the town. There were a few Union men and women, and they took great pains to manifest their sympathies, but the majority were traitorous. All through the state the same element was discernable, especially around Columbus.

At Indianapolis, Indiana, the state fair was being held. The streets were crowded with the people living near, but as the Government had monopolized the railroad for the transportation of soldiers, few visitors from abroad were present. Their route from Indianapolis was southward to Louisville, and as they marched through the streets they saw but little of the city, but concluded that the same French element that gave it a name gave style to its architecture. At Nashville was found sterling loyalty. Here was found a band of refugees who had fled from Alabama. It was a pitiful sight. The old man who had loved and labored for his country till his hairs were gray with age, driven from his home, deprived of even a bed to die on. His old wife, exhausted by the journey, lay sick upon the floor of the depot beside him. Several children stood around, pitifully crying in the misery they could not understand, And what was the cause of such punishment? What crime had they committed? This, and only this. They could not tear out of their hearts the love of the old Union.

From Nashville to Bridgeport occupied a trifle over twenty-four hours. At Murfreesboro the boys for the first time saw colored soldiers, a line being drawn up to salute the train as it passed. They were natives of Tennessee.

Bridgeport, Alabama, was the terminus of the railroad which connected Rosecrans with Louisville, his base of supplies. Before this the road ran through to Chattanooga, but was destroyed by the Union troops. The rebels had so fortified a chain of hills near Chattanooga that all the supplies to the army had to be transported by wagons sixty miles over a very bad road. Rosecrans was in a very hazardous position. All his supplies had to be transported 250 miles through states where guerillas were liable to cut the road at any moment. Such was the situation when the 123d Regiment reached Bridgeport. At every station on the road crowds of people gathered, and some of the boys conceived the novel idea of writing their address on a card or piece of paper, attaching the same to a stick and throwing it to some young lady whom they fancied at the stations. By this means many a correspondence was formed which helped while away the tedious hours of camp life.

## CHAPTER XIII.

FROM BRIDGEPORT TO DECHERD—FROM DECHERD TO GARRISON BRIDGE AND WARTRACE—IN PURSUIT OF GUERILLAS TO SHELBYVILLE—BACK TO BELLBUCKLE AND WARTRACE—OVER CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS TO TANTALLON—THE BOYS MEET GEN. ROSECRANS—TO BRIDGEPORT BY RAILROAD—ANECDOTES, ETC.

THE boys were heartily glad to pitch tents, and expected that they had reached their destination and would be allowed to rest after their wearisome journey of seven days and seven nights in box cars; but Sunday morning, October 4th, the old order was heard, to "strike tents." Marching to the railroad track they found the 46th Pennsylvania getting aboard the train. The train moved off, and they were ordered back to their camp and there remained over night. The next day they were again marched to the train and this time were more fortunate, embarking about 3 P. M., and after riding in open cars all night, passing Stevenson, which is on the Alabama and Tennessee line, arrived at Decherd Tenn., at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. The boys had scarcely finished breakfast when orders came to fall in, and load into and on the cars to go to Garrison Bridge, near Wartrace, where the Rebels had appeared, and were preparing to burn the bridge. After a ride of some eight hours they reached the railroad bridge and found it burning, having been previously

sawed and chopped until it was worthless. A strong stockade commanding the bridge was also in flames and nearly consumed; but the Regiment was too late, the incendiaries had fled, after rifling the stores and residences at Wartrace of everything they could find. This band who burned the bridge consisted of but thirty-five men, while a regiment of soldiers was in sight, who never fired a gun. This was not the fault of the soldiers, however, for they begged and plead to go to the defence of the work, but to the ignorance of a Lieutenant-Colonel in command. Finding that they could do no good, the 123d camped on the bank of the stream until morning. At daybreak they marched about a mile to Wartrace. At 11 o'clock, A. M., they received news that a band of Rebel cavalry were in the direction of Shelbyville, ten miles distant. At once they with other regiments fell in and pushed off in the direction of the town as fast as they could march.

They did not encounter the enemy, however, but by holding three roads drove them into the hands of Wilder's mounted infantry, who up to that afternoon had taken 328 prisoners and 4 pieces of artillery, after killing 120. Just at dark the boys started on their march back, taking a different road. From Shelbyville back to Wartrace was the severest march they had seen. Over an unfinished Macadamized road, full of large stones and uncovered drains, in the darkness they stumbled and hurried on, only taking one rest in thirteen miles. When they reached camp near Bellbuckle they were totally used up. Two-thirds of the Regiment had fallen out, and had thrown themselves down by the side of the road.

Early on the morning of the 8th the Regiment pushed into Bellbuckle, and remained there until late in the afternoon, and then marched to Wartrace, reaching there in the night, wrapped their blankets around them and lay down upon the ground for a night's rest. The 9th they marched to Garrison's Bridge, and



after remaining there an hour or two marched back to Wartrace. The boys made every arrangement for a night's camp, which arrangement consisted in putting up their pieces of shelter tent, and wrapping themselves in their woolen blankets; but long after the shades of night had settled over their bivouac, the stillness of the night was broken by the order to "fall in." But few moments' time was given to discuss the matter, when they were marched to the railroad, got aboard of some old freight cars and started for Decherd, which place they reached on the morning of the 10th. Alighting from the cars the boys cooked their coffee and were happy. During the day they received a mail, the first since they left the Army of the Potomac. Letters from home and loved ones were read many times over that day at Decherd. The Regiment lay around the railroad track all day, and just before dark marched a few rods and put up their shelter tents for the night. The Regiment remained at Decherd nine days. A camp ground was cleared up and good quarters built during this time, with fire places. Out of old boards they constructed stools, tables, etc. Quite a number of the boys had either a kitten or a dog, and everything was in good shape. The weather was quite rainy; in fact it rained three days, steady, and then again they were rather short of provisions, but after awhile drew full rations.

The 19th, three companies from the Regiment were detailed to guard the 11th Corps train over the Cumberland mountains and to Tantallon. Everything went well until they commenced ascending the mountains, and then such a time as the teamsters had with their six mule teams. Several wagons were broken and abandoned. The road in some places was so steep and rough that it required the exertions of a six mule team and all the soldiers that could work around a wagon, to get it over.—Night came on them in the mountains, and the boys crawled under wagons and stowed themselves away as best they could. It

rained hard during the night, which made the marching down the mountain very unpleasant. The three companies arrived at Tantallon about the middle of the forenoon of the 20th, tired, wet and hungry. They were fortunate enough to get shelter under an old shed, built little fires to make their coffee by and to dry themselves. Here they remained all day and night, and about dark on the 21st got aboard of some old cars. While waiting for the train to start, a train came in on board of which was Gen. Rosecrans. As soon as the boys learned that he was on the train they sent up cheer after cheer, which brought the general to the car door. He made a few remarks, saying that their arrival was opportune; that he had entered the shell of secession, and all that was left for them to do was to go clean to the ashes,—to the very heart of secession. The boys yelled, “We’ll do it, general!” With a “God bless you,” he entered the car and the train moved on. Soon after this their train moved, and they arrived at Andison about 3 o’clock on the morning of the 22d. Wrapping their blankets round them they lay down and slept until daylight. It rained nearly all day of the 22d, and the boys sought shelter in an old tannery and other places, built fires and dried their clothing. Here they drew seven days’ rations of everything in the provision line. Just at night, as they were preparing a place to sleep, orders came to “fall in.” They marched down to the railroad in the rain, and got aboard of some old rickety cattle cars that had been nearly knocked to pieces in some railroad collision. After having been aboard about an hour, the engineer of the train gave notice that he could not carry them. Out into the pelting storm they went. How the boys did swear! Soon after, the express train came along, and Col. Rogers ordered Cos. C and F to get aboard, which they did with all haste. They rode as far as Stevenson and then changed cars, getting into old freight cars, and arrived at Bridgeport about three o’clock next morning, and marched over

the hill to the old grounds occupied by them when they first arrived at Bridgeport. The other companies came in next day, having marched from Decherd.

In a day or two six companies took possession of a fort overlooking the Tennessee river, and the other four under Maj. Tanner marched across the river on the pontoon bridge and camped on an island.

There was a squad of Rebel prisoners constantly on hand, generally deserters from Bragg's army. They came in daily, ragged, dirty and miserable. The citizens, what few there were around the country, were utterly destitute, having been stripped of everything but land and houses by the Rebels. They drew rations from the Government, and many of the men had to work for Uncle Sam by the side, perhaps, of their former slave. It was a bitter pill for them, but they had to take it. The women nearly all chewed and smoked tobacco, dipped snuff and swore at the Yankees, and their personal appearance was not at all enhanced by the Southern dress of homespun cloth. Every carpenter in the Regiment was detailed to work on the flatboats which were being built to place on the river. A large depot was built on the banks of the river, which was piled full of hard tack and other army rations. It was the duty of the boys to guard the rations at the landing and at the depot, do patrol and guard duty, etc. About the middle of November the four companies on the island came back and joined the Regiment.

Considerable liquor passed through Bridgeport to the front, and we venture to say that no straggling soldier succeeded in stealing any of it while it lay under the watchful care of some of the boys of the 123d. Sometimes there would be two or three barrels and small casks on the platform awaiting transportation. One night a soldier from Co. C, who had been imbibing too freely of "cider,"—the Murphy movement was not

known to them at that time—was seen, endeavoring to roll a barrel up the steep hill to camp. He pushed the barrel along when his feet slipped and he fell, the barrel rolling down on him. He would then brace his shoulder against the barrel, dig his heels into the ground and push. He could hold it, but made no progress toward camp. Then he would talk to it, “Why don’t yer act-like-a-man, and not crowd a feller?” Then he would brace himself and succeed in rolling it up the hill a few steps, when down he would go, the barrel rolling on him. Once his hands slipped off from the barrel and he fell across it, at the same time his feet flew from under him, and he and the barrel rolled some distance down the hill, but he landing ahead of the barrel of liquor, it came on him with such force that he yelled, “Take him off, take him off.” A party of soldiers near by nearly killed themselves with laughing over the freaks of George Henry in trying to roll his barrel up hill. The Sergeant of the guard, discerning the dilemma in which he was placed, relieved him of his labor of love, and put him in the guard house over night.

Another laughable incident occurred at the steamboat landing. Late one afternoon a barrel was unloaded, and accompanying it was a lofty appearing man, one of those kind of men who consider themselves all-important. The barrel was rolled on the platform, the stranger ordering it to be rolled to a certain place. The guard, who was leisurely walking his beat, inquired of the stranger if he desired to have the barrel guarded. He replied, “No, sir; that barrel contains liquor, and I shall guard it myself. I have heard that the soldiers at Bridgeport considered themselves very smart, but THAT barrel I am gonig to take to Chattanooga with me in the morning.” “Very well,” said the guard, “I dare say you will.” Some time after dark the stranger unrolled his blanket, and wrapping it about him seated himself on

the barrel and went to sleep, leaning against a post. The whistle of the early steamer coming up the river awoke him, and he got off the barrel with the air of one having gained a great victory. As soon as the boat touched the dock he called to some of the deck hands to come for his barrel, at the same time laying aside his blanket and taking hold of the barrel gave it a vigorous push, as any one would a heavy barrel, for the purpose of pushing it over to roll along the platform, when the barrel yielded too readily to his strong hands and he fell over, while the barrel rolled off along the platform—an empty barrel. If one could picture the amazement depicted on that man's countenance, it would make a picture most enjoyable to look upon. He arose from the platform, approached the barrel, and there discovered in one end a hole bored by an inch auger, and a corresponding hole up through the platform on which the barrel had rested. The look of pain, of wounded dignity, of extreme astonishment, of mingled horror, anger and humiliation that rested on the face of that man when he discovered the hole in the barrel, can never be forgotten. He made no inquiries, for he knew it would be useless, but went directly on board the boat amid the laughing and jeering of the soldiers.

It seems that during the night some of the boys, on learning from the guard the contents of the barrel, and the shabby manner in which he had been treated, resolved to show him a "trick with a hole in it;" so, getting under the platform with an auger, of which they had a variety, they bored up through the planks of the platform and the barrel, and saving what they wanted in pails, let the balance run out on the ground.

## CHAPTER XIV.

AT BRIDGEPORT—NICAJACK CAVE—A TRIP TO HUNTSVILLE—REMOVAL TO  
ELK RIVER—NATHAN LAMPHERE SHOT BY A GUERILLA—SCOUT INTO  
LINCOLN COUNTY.

IT was evident from the number of old broken muskets and broken shells, and shells that had not been exploded, lying around loose, that at some time the Rebels had either blown up a magazine or one had exploded by accident. In an old ditch surrounding the fort was swept and carried the dirt of the camp ground after every "policing," and then set on fire. On one occasion a loud explosion was heard, and the dirt and stones were thrown in every direction. No one was hurt, however. Several explosions occurred from these old shells, but no accidents resulted therefrom.

The sutlers and bakers formed most of the population of Bridgeport aside from the soldiers, and how they did rob the boys! But the soldiers cared little for money. If they saw anything they wanted, and had money enough, no matter what the cost, they would have it.

The 1st Division was ordered front to engage in the fight at Lookout Mountain, but, as it was understood among the boys, Gen. Geary of the 2d Division wanted to go, and so Gen. Wil-

liams gave way, and the boys were thus saved one hardship. After the battle of Lookout Mountain large numbers of prisoners were brought through Bridgeport on their way to Nashville. The Rebels had no sort of uniform, but were dressed in all manner of suits, the butternut color predominating, and for hats—no two had hats or caps alike. One gritty young Rebel took from his vest pocket a small piece of his skull, and taking off his hat, showed the place on his head where it came from, and said: "See thar, what you'ns done. It was a right smart fight where I lost that, I reckon, but I'll be dog gone if you'ns have whipped we'ns yet."

Very often the boys would take a stroll around the country for the purpose of getting a meal and visiting with the ladies. These families were of the class known as the "poor whites," and were as ignorant as they were poor. Some of them actually believed that the Yankees had great horns on their heads, and one young lady in particular said she "was not afraid of the Yankees after seeing they had no horns."

Quite a number of the boys visited Nicajack cave at Shellmound, about fourteen miles distant from Bridgeport. Shellmound is a railroad station, and is on the Tennessee river. It derives its name from the large mounds of mussel shells which are found in the vicinity, doubtless the work of the aborigines of the country. One of these large mounds of shells was found on the banks of the Tennessee river at Bridgeport, and in removing the shells for the purpose of making a road, numerous human bones, arrow heads, and trinkets of various kinds were found. Some of the boys in digging for relics came across the skeleton of a brave. For about one foot all around the skeleton the shells were clean and dry, while above that it was shells and dirt together. This mound and the ones at Shellmound were undoubtedly Indian burial grounds. The cave at Shellmound is said to be five miles long. The entrance is 100 feet wide, and



from 30 to 40 feet high. On the left is a high gallery; on the right, about 20 feet lower, runs a crystal stream in which was a boat; those who wanted to explore the cavern could paddle up the subterranean river. Before the war and for some time after, large quantities of saltpetre were obtained from this cave, and a few rods from the mouth of the cave stood a mill which had been run by the cave stream.

December 28th a Sergeant from Co. C, with a detail of men, was sent to Huntsville, Alabama, with about twenty-five deserters and convalescents. The distance was about twenty-five miles from Bridgeport. The cars were run only as far as Flint river, the bridge across the river having been burned by the Rebels. The Sergeant with his men crossed the river in an old scow boat, and the distance from there to Huntsville was ten miles, and through a country infested by guerillas. Reporting to the Provost Marshal at Huntsville, to the chagrin of the Sergeant he would not receive his prisoners, but ordered him back to Bridgeport with them. He gave them quarters for the night, however, in an old slave pen, and having no wood, they tore down a partition and chopped it up, and made good fires. The next morning was New Year's, and bitter cold it was, too. The Provost Marshal sent an orderly three times to order them to start, with the consoling announcement that the guerillas were around in force, and it was not safe for them to wait. After the boys had made their coffee they started, and reached Flint river without having been attacked by the guerillas, although several were seen on the knolls flanking the road. Crossing the river they halted near a house, killed a pig, and kept warm during the day and night by burning up the man's picket fence. The train came in next morning, and in the afternoon returned. To keep warm, the boys placed large flat stones on the floor of the box car and built a fire, and thereby avoided freezing, but came near



being smoked to death. In due time the Sergeant reached Bridgeport without having lost a man.

The town of Huntsville was named after a man by the name of Hunt, who was a large land owner. Before the war it was the Saratoga of the South, having been a resort for all the "F. Fs." It was a great country for cotton; as far as the eye could reach were to be seen great fields of cotton. One singular feature of the place was the water. At the base of a massive bed of rocks gushed out with great force a stream of pure water, which supplied the entire place with water, and also run two or three mills.

On the 6th day of January, 1864, the Regiment was transferred to Elk river, midway between Nashville and Chattanooga, and relieved a regiment there on duty. In the afternoon of the 6th they marched out of their quarters and down to the railroad, and spent the balance of the afternoon and evening in getting into and out of cars, and once they had lain down in the old cars preparatory to a "snooze," when the order came to "pile out." Finally they were loaded and proceeded on their way, reaching Elk river about noon of the 7th, and marched off in the woods, where they soon had rousing fires. The night of the 7th snow fell to the depth of one inch, but by noon of the 8th, under the warm rays of the sun, it had entirely disappeared. Co. E was stationed at Estell Springs water tank, and patrolled a portion of the railroad, Co. F in a stockade to guard the trestle bridge over Elk river, and the balance of the Regiment took possession of the log huts vacated by the other regiment.

The quarters were good board shanties roofed with canvas, fire places of brick and out door ovens of the same material. The climate was much milder than that of Virginia; in fact many days during January were like the weather we have here in May; it was quite changeable, however, and sometimes they

were sensibly made aware of the fact that they were not in the 'land where there were no chilling winds.' Elk river is a small stream, not so large as the Battenkill at Greenwich. A little village called Alisonia stood near where the boys were camped, but this was all history to them, for not a single house remained standing when they were there.

Estell Springs derived its name from mineral springs in the vicinity. The springs were very much esteemed for their medicinal qualities, and were visited by many invalids in times of peace.

The country around Elk river had suffered much from the ravages of war; a kind of desolation reigned over many places that were once the homes of happy families. The people, what few there were left, had a good many phrases that were common to most Southerners. In calling to a person at a distance, it was "Ho! Jim," or "Bob," as the case might be, the "Ho" emphasized in a peculiar style. If you asked one a question, the answer would be "I reckon." If you asked if there were any ducks up the river the answer would be, "thar's a right smart of game up thar." They had a "heap" of people—"mighty" fine men—knew things "plum" well—be "dog gonod" if they didn't.

Jan. 12th, Lieutenant-Col. Rogers with a detail from each company went out on a reconnoissance after guerillas, and at night Nathan Lamphere, who was one of the pickets, was shot dead by a guerilla, who crept up to him, and without any warning whatever, fired. The remains were sent into camp and buried, the Lieutenant-Col. searching in vain for the assassin. His gun was found, which in his flight he had dropped, but he succeeded in making good his escape. We believe quite a heavy assessment was levied on the citizens around Winchester Springs where the shooting took place.

January 16, Lieut.-Col. Rogers, with the following detail was sent North to recruit for the Regiment: Capt. Henry O. Wiley, Capt. Duncan Robertson, Capt. Alexander Anderson, Lieut. R. Beattie, Lieut. David Rogers, Sergt. John Richards, Sergt. Daniel White, Sergt. Clark Darrow, Sergt. Chas. Vaughn, Sergt. Wm. J. McMillan, Sergt. Chas. E. Warner, Sergt. H. C. Morhous.

Near the last of January Cos. A, E, G, H and K, under command of Col. McDougall, were sent into Lincoln Co., Tenn., on a foraging expedition, and to break up some bands of guerillas which were known to exist in that vicinity. They went to Boone Hill, and quartered in a brick school house, and were three days in reaching this place, having skirmished some with guerillas. Arriving at the above mentioned place they arrested several, one a Dr. Smith, who were supposed to belong to one of the gangs. Several were taken to camp and forwarded to Nashville under guard. The boys had good foraging, but no soldier was allowed to commit any wanton act. A lady reported to the Colonel her jewelry being stolen by some of his men, and he had one strung up by the thumbs for awhile, as punishment for the supposed theft, but he was not the right man. They returned to camp after being out about three weeks, all feeling well and looking hearty.

About this time the 11th and 12th Corps were united and called the 20th Corps, under command of Major-Gen. Joe Hooker, or "Fighting Joe," as he was called by the boys. The 123d was now in the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Corps, Army of the Cumberland, Major-General G. H. Thomas, commanding.

## CHAPTER XV.

CO. E'S SKIRMISH WITH FERGUSON'S GUERILLAS—ORDERS TO MARCH—  
FROM ELK RIVER OVER THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS TO RESACA  
—BATTLE OF RESACA—DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE—LIST OF CASUALTIES.

ON the 16th of March Co. E had a sharp skirmish with Ferguson's guerillas. On the day named, Capt. Geo. R. Hall had sent out two men and a Corporal to patrol the road half way between his post and Tallahoma. Ransom Qua and Chauncey P. Coy, we think, were two of them. The patrol not returning at the regular time, the Captain at once made up his mind that "something was up." He accordingly got out his company, and had proceeded up the track about one mile when he came in sight of the guerillas. The latter had run a train off the track and had fired three cars of hay. On the train were several soldiers, three of them from the Regiment. When Co. E came in sight the guerillas were relieving the boys of their overcoats, money, watches, etc. Co. E charged on them, driving them and retaking the prisoners. After driving them for nearly a mile the Rebels came up with another squad of their men who had been dispatched for some purpose, when they turned upon Co. E, driving them for some distance. Capt. Hall rallied his men and once more drove the enemy. This time

they did not come back. The captain pursued them for some distance, but he found it useless as the Rebels were mounted.

Sergeant G. Stevenson of Co. G, had about \$20 taken from him, besides his overcoat. Private W. Arnold of the same company also had some money taken from him. Arnold had Lieut. Hill's watch, but when they asked him if he owned a watch he told them no and succeeded in concealing it from them. Private George W. Edie of Co. H had his watch and about \$5 taken. They told him to pull off his overcoat, but Co. E coming in sight just then they did not wait to get it. The guerillas shot one negro who was braking on the train. Co. E killed two of the guerillas, but none of the boys in the company were hurt.

The guerillas numbered 120, while the Captain had but 46 men. By the bravery of Capt. Hall and his little band, three engines and at least sixty cars loaded with supplies for the army at Chattanooga, were saved. They used to run three trains, one right after the other, and had Co. E not appeared on the scene the guerillas would not only have destroyed this large train, but the two which followed, and they might also have captured Gen. Grant, for he was on the second train. Great praise was due Capt. Hall for his promptness and judgment, and to his company for the brave manner in which they conducted themselves. But we suppose no soldiers were ever more pleased to see their company than were these same boys who had been taken prisoners by the guerillas, and who were being robbed of all they had.

After this skirmish there was nothing to disturb the quiet of camp life. The usual duty of picket, camp guard, and patrolling the railroad track of course had to be performed. The officers and men formed many pleasant friendships with the citizens around Elk river.

The Regiment received orders to move on the 27th of April, precisely one year from the day the Regiment marched out of

their camp at Stafford Court House for Chancellorsville. Orders to move made quite a stir in camp. But it was no great effort for a soldier to pack up his effects, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon they were on the road to Decherd. The citizens around Elk river expressed many regrets at their leaving, and paid many compliments to the boys for their good conduct and civility. On the morning of the 28th they took up their line of march toward the Cumberland mountains, and at 2 p. m., commenced the ascent. At night they arrived at University Place, where was to have been the great university of the Confederate states. It is about six miles from the top of the mountain, and is an open space of a couple of acres. One mile from the university the Cowan & Tracy R. R. runs, which was built to carry coal out of the coal mines in the mountains. A few dilapidated houses were to be seen in the mountains. The next day by sundown they were off the mountain, the road over being about twenty miles. At the foot of the mountains they emerged into "Sweden's Cove," a valley formed by the spurs of the mountain. There are numerous coves of the same description all along the foot of the mountain. Sweden's Cove is seven miles long, and from one-half to three-fourths of a mile wide.

The next day, April 30th, they reached old Bridgeport, which was almost like getting home again to the boys, so familiar were they with everything in and around the place. They bivouacked on the island. The island is perhaps four miles long, and from one-fourth to one-half a mile wide, covered with wood, and has a rich alluvial soil.

May 1st they crossed the other branch of the Tennessee river on a pontoon bridge, and reached Shellmound in a few hours, where they camped for the night. The Regiment pushed on again next morning, passing around the point of Lookout Mountain, and on the 3d camped near Chattanooga. The Regiment marched over the battle field of Chickamauga, past Gordon's

Mills and Cane's Springs, and through Nicajack Gap to Trickem, and immediately after the seizure of Snake Creek Gap by Sherman, the 20th Corps by an all night's march reached there, and our Regiment in common with several others had to ascend the mountain on the left of the gap, and on the summit they built breastworks. From this elevation the boys looked off to the south and east, in a densely wooded country which they believed to be truly "Dixie's land." Here it was expected the "great battle of the West" would be fought, but after a few days of skillful manœuvering by Gen. Sherman, the enemy found themselves so completely flanked, that a retreat amounting almost to a stampede was the result. Falling back and reorganizing on a new line near Resaca, he ensconced himself behind a heavy line of fortifications, which had been previously prepared. So perfect and formidable were these works that scarcely an acre of ground could be found within ten miles but was protected by direct and enfilading fire from several batteries. The prospect of hurling themselves on these slaughter pens was anything but agreeable to the boys after they in a measure had become aware of their strength. Still Sherman seemed determined to give them battle on their own grounds, calculating that his superiority of numbers and morale would more than overcome their advantage of breastworks.

On the afternoon of the 14th the Regiment, with the balance of the Division, was moved to the left where the 4th Corps was fighting, and was already overcome by superior numbers in their flank.

The Rebels were sent back flying before the red stars, and thereby the 4th Corps was saved, and virtually the battle. But it was the next day that "Hooker's Ironclads" (as the enemy called Hooker's men) added new glory to their already high reputation, and not only overcame the prejudice so strong against



the Potomac boys, but placed them in the very highest estimation by all the army.

May 15th at 12 o'clock the Brigade was formed in front of the breastworks, the long line advancing, often halting to reform. They advanced nearly a mile when they were halted, and other Brigades were seen taking positions on the left, while those on the right were probably in position before. Heavy firing was heard on the right. Regiments of the Brigade to which the 123d belonged were warmly engaged, while away to the left from Gen. Ruger's Brigade was heard heavy musketry firing, as the Rebels charged upon them and were driven back. From the position of the Regiment the Rebels did not swing around near enough for it to open fire at first, and in obedience to orders held their fire, expecting to get a better chance. It was hard work for the boys to hold still while they were under a galling fire from the enemy. The position of the Regiment was very much exposed, being in an open field on the crest of a hill, and in plain sight of the Rebel works. They saw the Rebels bring up a battery, and planting their pieces throw shot and shell right into their faces.

While the 123d held the open field, the rest of the Brigade was not idle. The 141st New York charged furiously and with great loss on the right; the 5th Connecticut and 46th Pennsylvania kept pouring the contents of 1,500 rifles into the astonished columns of the enemy. Driven to desperation by the assault, they in turn made an effort to charge the line where the Regiment was stationed, coming out of their works in excellent order, their battle flags flying defiantly, yelling like demons. The boys let them come up into easy range, when like the bursting of a whirlwind they poured a hot fire into their front and flanks. At first they tried to face the storm of lead and iron, then, staggering and swaying like a crowd of drunken men, they moved to the left, hoping to find the 2d Brigade easier to



handle, but here again they were severely beaten, and rushed back pell meli into their breastworks. The work was done.

That night the Regiment was advanced a little, and they worked until after midnight building breastworks, and while at work the pioneers dug into the Rebel work and drew off a piece of artillery. Some of the boys took a stroll across the field by the pale moonlight to see some of the victims of the struggle. In the immediate front of the Regiment there were not so many as in some other parts of the field, but there were enough. Here and there lay the boys in their army blue. They had fallen with their faces to the foe; they had fought their last fight. They were from different regiments, and the fate of many has probably been shrouded in mystery to their friends.

No person who has not been upon the ground, and an eye-witness of the stirring scenes which there transpire, can begin to comprehend from a description the terrible realities of a battle, and even those who participated are competent to speak only of their own personal experience. Where friends and foes are falling by scores, and every species of missile is flying through the air, threatening every instant to send one into eternity, little time is afforded for more observation than is required for personal safety. Therefore no two men will give the same description of a battle.

“The scene is one of the most exciting and exhilarating that can be conceived. Imagine a regiment passing you at ‘double-quick.’ the men cheering with enthusiasm, their teeth set, their eyes flashing, and the whole a frenzy of resolution. You accompany them to the field. They halt. The clear voices of officers ring along the line in tones of passionate eloquence, their words hot, thrilling and elastic. The word is given to march, and the body moves into action. For the first time in your life you listen to the whizzing of iron. Grape and canister fly into the ranks, bombshells burst overhead, and the fragments fly all

around you. A friend falls; perhaps a dozen or twenty of your comrades lie wounded or dying at your feet: a strange, involuntary shrinking steals over you which it is impossible to resist. You feel inclined neither to advance nor recede, but are spellbound by the contending emotions of the moral and physical man. The cheek blanches, the lip quivers, and the eye almost hesitates to look upon the scene. In this attitude you may, perhaps, be ordered to stand an hour, inactive, havoc meanwhile marking its footsteps with blood on every side. Finally the order is given to advance, to fire or to charge. And now what a metamorphosis! With your first shot you become a new man. Personal safety is your least concern. Fear has no existence in your bosom. Hesitation gives way to an uncontrollable desire to rush into the thickest of the fight. The dead and dying around you, if they receive a passing thought, but serve to stimulate you to revenge. You become cool and deliberate, and watch the effect of bullets, the shower of bursting shells, the passage of cannon-balls as they rake their murderous channels through your ranks, the plunging of wounded horses, the agonies of the dying, and the clash of contending arms which follows the dashing charge, with feelings so calloused by surrounding circumstances that your soul seems dead to every selfish thought. Such is the spirit which carries the soldier through the field of battle. But when the excitement has passed, when the roll of musketry has ceased, the noisy voices of the cannon are stilled, the dusky pall of sulphurous smoke has risen from the field, and you stroll across the theatre of carnage, hearing the groans of the wounded, discovering here, shattered almost beyond recognition, the form of some dear friend whom only an hour before you met in the full flush of life and happiness, there another perforated by a bullet, a third with a limb shot away, a fourth with his face disfigured, a fifth torn almost to fragments, a sixth a headless corpse, the ground ploughed up and stained with blood, human

brains splashed around, limbs without bodies and bodies without limbs scattered here and there, and the same picture duplicated scores of times,—then you begin to realize the horrors of war, and experience a reaction of nature. The heart opens its floodgates, humanity asserts herself again and you begin to feel. Friends and foe alike now receive your kindest ministrings. The enemy, whom but a short time before you were trying to kill, you now endeavor to save. You supply him with water to quench his thirst, with food to sustain his strength, and with sympathizing words to soothe his troubled mind. All that is human or charitable in your nature now rises to the surface, and you are animated by that spirit of mercy “which blesseth him that gives and him that takes.” A battle field is eminently a place that tries men’s souls.

The casualties in the 123d Regiment at the battle of Resaca, in killed and wounded, was as follows :

A—Wounded—Charles Tefft.  
B—Killed—Sergt. W. P. Harris.    Wounded—Ed. Pierson.  
F—Wounded—James T. Hay.  
H—Wounded—William Pierce.  
K—Killed—John Pitts, William Waters.    Wounded—Amos C. Potter.

This was the first engagement Waters had been in, having enlisted not quite two months previous and had arrived that same day with the recruiting party. The Regiment occupied the only exposed position in the Brigade—or Corps for what we know—on a ridge running nearly parallel with the enemy’s breastworks, with not a tree or shrub in front. The Rebels brought up a piece of artillery, placed it in position, pointed it directly for the right of the Regiment, loaded it with all care, and threw a shell directly into Co. K. The entire Regiment lay flat on the ground, but notwithstanding this, the first shell tore off one of Waters’ legs. The gun was again loaded and fired and the other

leg was taken off. Still the Regiment lay there, when by moving a few feet back they might have been out of range of that piece of artillery. The third shell exploded directly over the company, injuring no one, but it seemed to stun the entire company, having the same effect that a blow on the head from a club would. After this the Regiment was ordered to fall back a few rods to a place of perfect safety. Of course the Regiment was put in this exposed position for a purpose—to attract the attention and fire of the Rebels while Gen. Hooker massed his troops in the woods.

Gen. Hooker was everywhere present on his black charger. To the left of the 123d Regiment was a piece of woods, back of which was a large open field. Orderlies were seen galloping here and there just before the fight opened, and soon regiment after regiment was seen entering the woods on the left, massing. Hooker passed near the Regiment, when the boys lifted their hats to give him a cheer; he halted his horse and said, "Boys, keep still and keep cool; there's a hen on." And the rebels found it a good sized "hen," too.

## CHAPTER XVI.

FROM RESACA TO CASSVILLE—THE FIGHT AT CASSVILLE—THE BATTLE OF DALLAS—COL. McDOUGALL MORTALLY WOUNDED—LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED—LOST MOUNTAIN—PINE HILL.

ON the morning of the 16th all seemed to be quiet along the Rebel line, and it was surmised that they had “ske-daddled.” Co. C, with two other companies, was ordered out on the skirmish line. Advancing steadily they soon reached the Rebel works. They were found vacant. Over them they went and on through the woods and fields, and it was found the Rebels had shaken the dust of Resaca from their feet and departed, and judging from the things strewn along the road they did not stand on their manner of going.

The army was immediately put in motion in pursuit of the enemy, moving steadily forward through Resaca, but before reaching the town saw a train of cars bringing up supplies for the army. The Regiment bivouacked for the night near a small stream. The 17th they did not march very far. The morning of the 18th the boys were up early, and by 3 o'clock commenced the march and marched very rapidly, crossing Coosawattee river, passing through Calhoun, and at 10 o'clock at night bivouacked a few miles from Cassville. The morning of the 19th they made

another early start, being ahead and led by Gen. Hooker. After severe marching they finally came upon the Rebels strongly fortified at Cassville. The Regiment moved up to where a battery had opened upon the Rebels, and then moved up under a knoll, and after waiting there a short time they advanced across a field, over the enemy's breastworks, through thick woods which were burning, the boys having to run through to keep from choking. They finally reached a position where they could see the Rebels firing from a battery upon our troops. The Regiment was ordered down the line to support a battery. They took a double-quick, the Rebels throwing shells at them as they went. One shell struck near Co. D, and exploded, one of the pieces knocking down Private Woodruff, injuring him quite severely. The Regiment gained their position without loss of life, and lay down on the ground, where they remained until nearly night, when they were relieved by another regiment. In the evening our troops took possession of Cassville, the enemy falling back.

The enemy were really frightened out of a very formidable position, and one they had evidently intended to hold. Indeed, they were so determined to make a strong line that they had not hesitated to run it through a beautiful cemetery, and the graves, in many cases, were shovelled open, to throw up the breastworks. Nearly every monument and headstone was broken to fragments, and the whole enclosure was little else than a rubbish heap.

The morning of the 20th dawned pleasantly, and the Regiment moved down near the village. Cassville was a beautiful little village, but a deserted one. The citizens had left their homes and fled on the approach of the Yankees, Johnson having told them to flee, for their lives were in danger if they remained. The Regiment camped there four days, subsisting mostly on the country, and during this time no less than four hundred prisoners came in voluntarily, and asked permission to take the

oath. They represented their wives and families starving at home, while they were hazarding their lives in a cause with which they had no sympathy, and in whose success they had no interest. The country through which our line of march extended, was stripped of everything,—literally “cleaned out.” Large and thrifty fields of corn, wheat and oats soon disappeared under the hungry mouths of an army of horses. For a width of twenty miles not an acre of any kind of forage was left. Every head of stock was “confiscated.” Inspired with a perfect terror of the Yankees, which had been taught them for years by their leaders, the poor ignorants ran frantically into the woods and secreted themselves. A few remained, but they appeared as much afraid of the boys as if they had been a pack of ravenous hyenas. Those who remained did well, for their property was not destroyed, but where a house was found deserted it did not fare as well. It was indeed a pretty village, with fine walks, well shaded, and several very handsome private residences, but its beauty was somewhat marred from the effects of both armies.

The boys drew six day's rations, an indication of more “business” in store for them. On the morning of the 23d the army moved. The weather was extremely hot, and many of the boys in the Regiment threw away blankets, tents, knapsack, and all save haversack and accoutrements. They marched eight miles in a southeasterly direction from Cassville, crossed the Etowah river, and bivouacked in a piece of woods a short distance beyond. The morning of the 24th they started bright and early, and marched about fifteen miles in a southeasterly direction, most of the way along the summit of a ridge covered with yellow pine, passing through Euharlee and Burnt Hickory, and made camp about 4 o'clock P. M., in the woods, a short distance from Huntsville, a place of three or four houses, a postoffice and one store.

At sunrise on the 25th of May, the Regiment was up and away. After marching about five miles they reached Pumpkin



Vine creek, and there halted and made coffee while a bridge was being repaired. Soon after pushing across the creek, firing was heard in the direction taken by Geary's division, and after marching about two miles from the creek, an Orderly was seen riding at full speed toward the head of the column, his horse covered with foam. All laughter and joking immediately ceased along the line. Soon the expected order came to "about face, double-quick, march," and the column pushed back to Pumpkin Vine creek, across the little bridge, and on to the support of Gen. Geary whose column had been attacked on Alatona Ridge, along the road leading to Dallas.

The Rebel Gen. Johnson leaving Cassville made a masterly retreat to a high, rough range of mountains, just over the Alatona creek. Here they had a perfect Gibraltar. Work after work, behind and above each other. Probably they thought the "Yanks" insane enough to commit suicide then and there, but they "didn't see it." Gen. Sherman, after throwing a few shells among the enemy by way of a feint, drew his army to the west, in the direction of Dallas, and before the Rebels knew what the "Yanks" were at, they had gone completely to the rear of their Gibraltar, thus rendering it entirely useless. Johnson then fell back again to another line, Geary's division ran onto it, and this brought on the battle of Dallas, or New Hope church, the second in the campaign.

As the 1st division came up on a run, the three brigades in the division were formed in lines of battle to the right of Geary's position. This brought the 123d Regiment in the second line of battle. When all was ready, (and it did not take long to get ready), the order was given to advance. They made a splendid charge, of nearly a mile, driving the enemy, but coming to their massive works they could go no further. The first line was but a short distance from the enemy's works, and when they had



fired away their ammunition the second line went to their relief with a yell. Down into and across a ravine, and up a hill, and how the grape and canister, solid shot and shell and minie balls did fly ! and the only thing that saved the Regiment from being cut to pieces was the fact that these missiles of death passed mostly over their heads. In the advance Col. McDougall, while bravely urging his men on, was wounded, the fatal bullet entering his knee, shattering it frightfully. As the bullet struck him he fell to the ground, and called to be taken from the field. Some of the boys assisted him to the field hospital, where his leg was amputated early the next morning, from which he died at Chattanooga on the 23d of June, 1864, about one month after being wounded. About the time Col. McDougall was wounded Maj. Tanner was also slightly wounded in both legs, but soon joined the Regiment amid the cheers of the boys, who lay on the ground within a few feet of the enemy's cannon. This management, and the nearness of the Rebel works saved the Regiment from destruction. From 4 p. m. till dark the boys were under a terrific fire. In the darkness and rain they reformed their line, threw out videttes, and gathering the branches of trees cut down by the enemy's artillery, made rude breastworks. Late in the night another regiment came to relieve them. As the line went over the Regiment the boys told them to look out as they would not go far, and to be very quiet, but contrary to the advice given, the officer in command, in a loud, pompous tone, gave the order to "right dress," when the enemy opened with grape and canister and nearly swept away the relieving force, and came near carrying the Regiment with them, but the boys quickly and quietly obeyed orders and the line was held. About 4 o'clock next morning the Regiment was relieved and passed to the rear, where they made coffee and sought a few hours' rest after the exciting events of the day and night.

At the battle of Dallas, or New Hope Church, the Regiment lost the following in killed and wounded :

Col. A. L. McDougall, died of wounds.

Maj. A. Tanner, wounded.

B—Wounded—Lieut. G. W. Smith, William Barbour, Bernard Carroll.

D—Killed—James L. Cummings. Wounded—Orson Brinor,

E—Wounded—Franklin Woodard.

F—Wounded—William C. Campbell.

G—Wounded—Peter Crombie, died of wounds.

H—Wounded—Henry J. Cleveland, L. S. Amidon.

I—Killed—Robert W. Skellie. Wounded—Lewis S. Tripp, John Obern.

K—Wounded—Horace Tooley, died of wounds.

The number of killed and wounded in the Division was 950.

There was a continuous skirmish on the picket line all day the 26th, but no general engagement was brought on. There was hard fighting on the right and left the 27th, and about half past four the enemy charged the centre, the battle raging with great fury until darkness closed the bloody strife. An occasional shell would strike near the Regiment, and the 28th they moved back out of range. The night of the 28th the Rebels tried hard to break the front line, but were repulsed with great slaughter. The 29th there was continual skirmishing, and at about 9 o'clock at night the enemy seemed to have made an advance along the entire line. The battle raged furiously at intervals during the entire night.

Although the Regiment was not on the front line, they were in an exposed position, and the boys were in terrible suspense, not knowing what moment they would be called into action. They lay by divisions, closed en masse, and their shelter tents which they had put up to keep off the hot sun, were huddled together in all shapes. There was no heavy fighting on the 30th, but the skirmishers kept banging away all day. On the 31st the skirmishers were not so noisy, only now and then a gun being

heard, when some venturesome Rebel exposed himself and was fired at by the boys.

At about 10 o'clock, June 1st, troops from the 5th Corps relieved the Regiment, and the boys were marched about four miles to the left of the line and bivouacked for the night in the rear of the 14th Corps. The 2d of June they were moved about one mile still further to the left of the line, supporting troops belonging to the 23d Corps, who were gradually turning the right flank of the Rebels. There came up a terrible rain storm which thoroughly wet the boys. Gens. Sherman, Hooker, Schofield, and several other generals, sought shelter under a pile of rails, and sat there talking and smoking until after the shower had passed over. After the shower the Regiment moved forward to a line of breastworks. The 3d, the 23d Corps moved to the left. This brought the boys in the front line where they remained all day. The 4th, Gen. Hooker with the 3d Division moved to the left. The 5th, the Regiment was relieved by troops belonging to the 14th Corps, when they moved about four miles to the left and bivouacked for the night, cavalry being in front. The morning of the 6th the boys were routed early, and marched about three miles in a southeasterly direction, and bivouacked in the rear of Lost Mountain, on which was a signal station. The 2d and 3d Brigades were in front, the 3d Division forming on their left, and the 1st Brigade was held in reserve in rear of the 2d and 3d Brigades. They lay in this position four days, and on Saturday, June 11th, formed line of battle on the left of the 3d Division, getting into position about dark. The 12th the boys built breastworks in a hard rain on the line formed the night previous. All day the skirmishers were busily engaged, and an attack on the line was expected. The 13th it rained hard all day, and owing to the quantity of rain which had fallen the roads and fields were in bad condition for marching.

They remained quiet the 14th, but at noon the 15th the Regiment advanced southward beyond and to the right of Pine Hill, and on a line between that and Lost Mountain, following the skirmishers until they came upon the enemy's works. Quite a lively fight was then had, Lieut. Wm. B. Brown and Harlan Harrington of Co. B being slightly wounded, but most of the fighting was in Gen. Geary's Division. The Regiment went up handsomely expecting to be heavily engaged. As soon as they took position they lay flat on the ground, the shot and shell passing over them. In this position the Regiment remained all night with their guns in hand. The moon shone brightly, and as the boys lay there upon their backs their thoughts wandered away from the bloody strife and gory battle-fields to the loved ones at home.

The morning of the 16th dawned bright and beautiful. In plain sight of the Regiment lay Pine Hill. A squad of Rebel officers was seen to ride up on the hill; some dismounted while others remained on their horses, and all seemed intently viewing our camp. An artilleryman seeing them loaded his piece, and taking good sight threw a shell directly among them, which, exploding, killed some and wounded others. The boys always believed that this shot killed the Rebel Gen. Polk.

The Regiment moved to the left of the line and built breast-works between the 2d Brigade and 4th Corps and in plain sight of the enemy's works. The Rebels opened a battery on the boys but with no damage, and our battery soon silenced them. The morning of the 17th not a Rebel was seen in front, and an advance movement was made. On the march they passed an old log house, on the door of which, written with chalk, were these words: "You d—d Yankees, you have killed our old General Polk." The Regiment pushed on, and after marching about two miles found the enemy posted on a ridge running

south from Kenesaw mountain, and about four miles from Marietta. The first knowledge the boys had of their nearness to the enemy was the whizzing of what they supposed was a shell which struck near the Regiment, wounding two men slightly, but which proved to be the barrel of an old revolver fired from the enemy's cannon. Several spent balls came whizzing into the Regiment, one striking Henry Cleveland of Co. H in the breast, with just enough force to lodge in his clothes but not to wound him. The Regiment filed to the left into the woods and formed line, at the same time Gen. Hooker dashed by followed by a battery, which proceeded ahead a short distance and was planted at the edge of the woods and on the crest of a hill. From this hill the Rebel wagon train could be seen hurrying along with all possible speed. Three men were stationed just in front of the Regiment at the opening of the woods taking signals from the Rebel signal post in the distance. The Regiment lay in the woods that night and all day the 18th, the 1st Division and 4th Corps artillery keeping up a continual cannonading. It rained hard nearly all day, which did not add to the comfort of the boys.

## CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF CULP'S FARM—THE REGIMENT ON THE SKIRMISH LINE—  
WILLARD IN A TIGHT PLACE—LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISS-  
ING.

THE morning of June 17th the boys awoke without hearing the usual skirmish firing, and it was soon learned that the enemy had "lit out" during the night. The boys hastily made their coffee, for they knew that an advance would soon be made. They had hardly finished their morning's repast when they were ordered to move. They went directly forward over the enemy's breastworks, which they found as usual very strong. Many expressed themselves as being well satisfied at not having to charge these massive works. They marched about two miles, and then ran into the skirmish line, they having advanced as far as they could, having driven the enemy's skirmishers into their main works. The Union boys had drawn by hand a battery to their skirmish line, which they were using to good advantage. Towards night the Regiment built breastworks just in rear of the skirmish line, on a ridge running parallel with that last occupied by the Rebels. The boys lugged rails in a heavy rain and under a sharp fire from the Rebels, but fortunately no one was injured, and after having built suitable works, lay down behind them, and went to sleep.

Troops from the 4th corps relieved the Regiment on the morning of the 20th and they moved towards the right of the line about one mile and halted, late in the afternoon pushed on about one mile further towards the right, and bivouacked in an opening between the 3d Division and 23d Corps. Heavy fighting was heard on the left, and it was ascertained that the enemy attacked that part of the line vacated by the Regiment in the morning. The boys threw up works in their front. The 21st they strengthened their works, and made every preparation to receive the enemy should they make a charge.

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday, June 22d, the Regiment moved to the left of the line. A half-hour's march brought them to the summit of a long, high ridge, where the pickets were firing very briskly. The 2d Brigade was on their right, reaching to the Marietta road, the 23d Corps being on the right of the 2d Brigade, the balance of the Division being on the left of the Regiment. As soon as the Regiment reached the ridge spoken of several of the companies were deployed as skirmishers, the balance acting as support to the line. The line advanced, crowding the enemy down the hill, across a ravine and up the next knoll, into a belt of dense woods on the crest of the second knoll and into their strong works. The rebel pickets went through an old orchard on a run the boys firing at them at every jump. The right of the skirmish line was in the woods, the left in an open field, and the right had advanced considerably more than the left, owing to their cover. Once the left undertook to straighten the line by advancing, but the Rebels opened such a terrific fire on them that they were compelled to give this up. In this effort to straighten the line J. Willard Allen of Co. C succeeded in gaining a position behind a stump far in advance, and did not fall back with the rest. The Rebels must have known there was a "Yank" behind that stump, for they kept pouring



the minie balls into it, peeling the bark off from each side, and knocking the splinters from the top of it. Willard shrunk himself into as small a compass as he possibly could, waiting for a favorable opportunity to come back. The enemy, after amusing themselves for awhile at Willard's expense, ceased firing, and seizing the favorable opportunity, he made a few rapid and very lengthy jumps and landed among his comrades, and glad were they to welcome him, for he had been in a very dangerous position. The Rebels opened fire on him as soon as they saw him, but he escaped without injury. Lieut. Quinn, of Co. D, in his anxiety to straighten the line, took a gun in his hands and made an advance, calling on his company to follow him. He had advanced but a few steps when he was hit in the face with a bullet, which broke his lower jaw, and he fell to the ground. In this position he lay some time. Several times he was heard to call, "Company C, c-o-o-me and t-a-a-ke me in," and as often the answer would be yelled back, "Lieu-ten-ant Quinn, g-o-o to h——ll!" After awhile he came in without any assistance, the Rebels seeming not to fire at him. It would have been as much as a man's life was worth to have gone to his assistance, and probably this was what Co. C thought. After this effort to straighten the line, the left of the line moved by the right flank into the woods, and then by the left flank up to a rail fence, and by the left flank again along the rail fence and lay flat on the ground, all keeping as quiet as possible, no man speaking above a whisper. The enemy could be plainly heard moving about in the woods in front with every appearance of massing their troops. This was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the boys "slid" out of their knapsacks, and noiselessly commenced fixing rails in front of them for breastworks. In the meantime Col. Rogers had sent word back to General Knipe that the Rebels were massing in heavy force in his front, and then commenced active preparations to meet them. The brass battery of twelve



pounders belonging to the Brigade was fortified with rails and logs on a knoll just in rear of the 123d's skirmish line.

All the regiments were brought up on the crest of the knoll on a line with the battery and threw up temporary breastworks of rails and dirt, and how the men did make the dirt fly with shovels, tin plates and hands! The boys could hear the Rebels making arrangements to charge, yet they did not leave their places until they heard the general give the command to "forward," which was passed from captains to their companies, and then out of the woods they came. The skirmishers on the right retreated through the woods; those on the left ran down into a ravine, and this act saved many lives, for when the Rebels fired a volley at them, the bullets mostly passed over their heads. As they raised up from their line to fall back, a rattling volley of musketry was poured into the brave boys. Then as they returned the fire, out moved the long gray lines of Stevenson's Division of Hood's army Corps. Steadily, almost solemnly they emerge from the woods in three heavy lines, with bayonets glistening in the setting sun, and battle flags boastfully flaunting their stars and bars in full view. The glorious old Stars and Stripes are unfurled and planted on the breastworks, and with a pride almost superhuman, seemed to defy the traitors to come on. The feelings of the boys as they await with breathless suspense, amount almost to suffocation. They can distinctly see the Rebels advancing down from the woods till they have nearly come half way to the little brook, then the long wished for command comes, for the skirmishers are all in. "Ready men," "fire low," "commence firing." Boom! Boom! crashing through the long lines of the enemy go the solid shot, while every musket adds its mite to help its larger friends. Now screaming and yelling goes a broadside of shells, tearing and smashing in the solid columns, who stagger and waver before it, yet the brave Rebels press on. Why do they dare come further into such a hot hail

of lead and iron? But hear that crashing, rattling, hissing volley from the cannon as six stands of canister shot goes sowing death among the enemy. Yet still they advance. The artillery-men begin to get anxious for the safety of their pieces, and cram in first canister and then a shell on top of that. Our boys, enraged at the perseverance of the enemy, fire faster and aim truer, till the gray mass begins to sway, tottering to the right and left a moment, and then turning, a dense rabble, a mob, rush over, by and through each other, up the hill and over the fence into the woods. How the boys did cheer, and many an opportunity was given to frighten a belated Rebel as he "winged" it for his works. And some sport was given the boys by shooting at Rebels who in their flight had sought shelter behind some stump, as in the case of Willard.

This closed the battle of Culp's Farm, or Culp's House. We give below a list of killed, wounded and missing in this battle, the missing having been taken prisoners:

A—Killed—Charles Lapoint. Wounded—Thomas Hughes. Missing—Corporal Richard Durham, John Decker.

B—Wounded—Ira Durkee. Missing—B. F. Smith.

C—Wounded—Edward Crow, William B. Allen.

D—Wounded—Lieut. E. P. Quinn, Robt. McLaughlin, Geo. Sheldon, J. D. Backus. Missing—Oliver Smith.

E—Wounded—Sergt. Peter Boushe, Frank Archambolt, E. W. Durling, Luther M. Parke, Elliot Burch, John Wright, wounded and missing.

F—Killed—David G. Stewart, Sergt. J. M. Rowan. Wounded—Corp. John Martin, John Scott, George Mickle. Missing—Lieut. Walter E. Martin, Patrick Malone.

G—Missing—John Luddy, James Morrissey, David Lambert, Matthew Monnegan.

H—Killed—Peter McNassar, Joseph Kearsing. Wounded—Frank McFarland, Patrick Flynn, Wm. Conway. Missing—Corp. Austin Duel, William H. Butler, James Conway, Daniel R. Ross, William H. Welch.

I—Wounded—Sergt. George A. Fairchilds, Corp. John Skel-lie, John Hover.

K—Wounded—Sergt. Fayette Hale, Corp. Horace Dowd, Henry Watkins, James A. Wright.

In this fight the Regiment lost forty-eight men in killed, wounded and missing; only eighty-three men were lost in the entire Brigade.

In relation to this battle we take the following from Schmucker's history of the civil war:

"Suddenly, on the 22d, the enemy, who were restive under this unintermitting pressure, rallied and attacked Gen. Hooker, the blow falling chiefly on Gen. Williams' Division, and a Brigade of Schofield's army. The ground was quite open, and the enemy easily drove in the skirmish lines—an advanced regiment purposely thrown forward by Gen. Schofield as a temporary check to the assailants. Their point of attack was evidently a wooded ridge running in a southeasterly direction, and diagonally across the front of the Union lines, and which had been gained by Butterfield's Division that morning after some severe and very determined fighting. It was occupied, at the moment of the attack, by Williams' Division of the same Corps, who had come upon it about noon, but before they had time to fortify it the Rebels dashed out upon them from the distant woods, moving at the quickstep, in three lines of battle. The danger was imminent; but our batteries opened fiercely upon them, and as they came within short range, Williams' men, who had hitherto reserved their fire, delivered such rapid and deadly volleys that they fell back, their confusion greatly increased by a sudden enfilading fire, which came from some batteries placed in position by Gen. Geary of the same Corps."

After the battle the boys buried their comrades—buried them in their army blue where they fell fighting the foe. The boys were thoroughly exhausted by the incessant marching, exposure and privations of a fifty-nine days campaign, but feeling confident of further success, they had a disposition to endure and dare more and even greater trials for their country.

The 23d they lay behind the works. A picket line was established, and a continual firing was kept up on both sides. Occasionally the firing would cease and the pickets would then

converse with each other, and the boys from their tents in camp at night, when all was quiet, could distinctly hear them talk. Now and then a bullet would come singing over into camp. Henry Sartwell, of Co. D, was wounded in the arm by an explosive bullet fired from the Rebel picket line.

The line to the left of the Regiment was not as far advanced as the balance of the line on the right, and on the 27th they advanced in order to perfect the allignment. Major Tanner was the officer in command of the pickets that day, and in the morning selected a Sergeant from the reserve, belonging to his own company, with instructions to go to the post on the left of his line, which was on a knoll, commanding a view of the line further to the left which was to be advanced, and when the advancing line was up and pushing forward, to give the command to forward. The Sergeant obeyed orders, but felt that it was sure death for him to stand out alone in face of the enemy to give this command. The line to the left advanced, but had hard fighting to even get up as far as the balance of the line, without going beyond. The 29th the Rebels attacked the line, and were repulsed with great slaughter.

The Regiment lay quiet until Sunday, July 3d, when it was found the enemy had fallen back, and they pushed on in pursuit.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

IN CAMP ON THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER—RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH  
OF COL. McDOUGALL—BROKE CAMP—BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK.

ON the morning of the 3d of July the pickets reported that the enemy's intrenchments were abandoned. At about 6 o'clock the Regiment started, passing through the Rebel works which they found to be very strong, consisting of a well intrenched skirmish line, two light lines behind it, and still back of these a most elaborate main line, the parapet being ten feet wide on top, with ditch and abattis in front. The skirmishers in advance met with very little opposition, and quite a number of prisoners were taken. They pushed along slowly all day, and bivouacked just at night in the woods. Nothing occurred on the march the 4th, but the 5th they reached a range of hills on the north bank of the Chattahoochie, from which the boys obtained their first view of Atlanta, the "gate city of the South," and there bivouacked for the night. The 6th the Regiment moved a short distance and built breastworks, and behind these the boys put up their shelter tents. Details for picket duty were made as usual, the picket line being on the north bank of the river, while that of the Rebels was on the south bank. The 7th the heat was oppressive and the boys on the picket line on both

sides of the river indulged freely in bathing. Finally some of our boys called out to the Rebel pickets, "Ho ! Johnny Reb ! Do you want to trade tobacco for coffee?" And the answer came back, "Dog-goned if we don't, Yanks; come over, we won't shoot." Two venturesome boys, without their blue, plunged into the river with a small bag of coffee in their teeth, and were soon over among the Rebels, seated on the bank of the river exchanging their coffee for tobacco, an article which was very scarce just at that time with the boys. After remaining there awhile they swam back, carrying the tobacco in the same way they carried the coffee.

The 8th of July the boys received orders to lay out camp and make themselves comfortable. This order was obeyed most willingly. Company streets were laid out, and the grounds cleared of all brush and stumps, and a very pleasant and handsome camp was made. They were kept busy until the morning of the 10th, when orders came to strike tents and get ready to march. This order the boys obeyed without a great deal of grumbling. They did not march far, however, when orders came for them to return to camp, and there they remained until the 17th.

The 15th of July the officers of the Regiment met at the tent of Lieutenant-Col. Rogers, and passed the following resolutions on the death of Col. A. L. McDougall:

WHEREAS, In the Providence of God our commanding officer, Col. A. L. McDougall, has been removed from us by death from wounds received in action at Dallas, Ga. on the 25th day of May, 1864. As an expression of our respect and esteem for his memory :

*Resolved*, That we are called upon to deplore in his loss a warm friend, a genial companion, a trusty counselor, an ardent patriot, a warm soldier and skillful officer. At the call of his country he left all the endearments of home, the enjoyment of peaceful life, and the honors and profits of civil office and a lucrative profession, to endure the hardships and face the perils which confront the soldier in the field, and during the time of his service he met them all with a patient fortitude worthy of all praise. Struck down in the midst of his career, by the fortunes of war, while leading his men against the enemy, he endured the blow with a cheerful and heroic resignation.

*Resolved*, That his memory will be cherished among us as one of the most deserving of that cloud of witnesses who have already borne testimony with their lives to the heroic resolve of the soldiers of the American Army, that our national existence

shall be preserved, and that the blessings of free government and civil order shall be perpetuated throughout all our borders, at whatever cost of blood or treasure. We confidently believe that his example will inspire us with fresh determination and renewed efforts in the discharge of our duties.

*Resolved*, That we tender to his wife and children, and other kindred our warmest sympathies. They have laid a large offering upon the country's altar. They are added to that multitude of widows and orphans whose prayers and daily conversation bears testimony that this war can never cease until peace can be established upon the secure foundations of a redeemed and regenerated country.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Regiment, and published in the papers of Washington county, and in the Albany Evening Journal, and that a copy hereof attested by the Chairman and Secretary, be sent to the widow of the deceased.

JAMES C. ROGERS, Lient -Col. Commanding, President.

SETH C. CARY, Secretary.

These resolutions were sent to the Albany Journal for publication. Sunday morning, July 17th, the boys were called out early with orders to "police up," as Gen. Hooker was to pay the camp a visit. They went to work and made the camp as neat as brush brooms could make it. After everything had been made ready to receive the general, another order came which was not so pleasing to the boys, and that was to "be ready to move." At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Regiment moved out of their camp, and taking a northeasterly direction, crossed a railroad track just before crossing the Chattahoochie river on pontoon bridges near Vining's Station, and taking the same course pushed on until dark and bivouacked for the night.

The 18th the Regiment did not move until about noon. They marched across brooks and deep ravines, over steep hills and through swamps, and halted for the night about dark.

The 19th the Regiment did not move until after sundown, when they moved out of camp, striking the Atlanta and Decatur Turnpike, and marched a few miles in a northerly direction, and soon after crossing a small creek bivouacked for the night.

The morning of the 17th dawned brightly, and there was nothing whatever to indicate the terrible ordeal through which the Regiment was to pass before the dawning of another day. The Regiment moved along leisurely, crossing Peach Tree Creek on pontoon bridges, and marched up on to a hill, and



halted, the 14th Army Corps being on their right and the 2d and 3d Divisions of the 20th Corps on their left. The troops were closed up, resting in columns, the left of the Regiment being on a knoll, the right running down to a ravine. A battery was also near by, but not unlimbered. Army officers were seated on their horses, and everything had the appearance of a halt for a rest. There was firing on the picket line, but nothing more than usual.

About noon the boys were ordered to fall in, and rest on their arms. After remaining in this position an hour or two, it was noticed that the firing on the picket line was becoming more frequent; orderlies commenced galloping here and there, and officers looked with anxiety towards the picket line. Every man was on his feet with musket clutched firmly in his hand, awaiting orders. To a private there seemed to be no order about the arrangement of troops, huddled together as they were. Soon a soldier on the picket line was seen coming in on a run without his hat, then another and another; the firing sounded nearer, the officers on the knoll dispersed, and the order was given for the Regiment to forward. Up the hill and by and through the battery they run—every man in his place, none lagging behind. They went but a few rods when the Rebels opened a hot fire on them, and they were just in time to gain the crest of a hill where the line was formed, and at it they went. In fact, they were hotly engaged before the line was formed. Here the boys in the Regiment stood without the least protection, and drove the Rebels back down the hill with great loss. In front of them was a heavy growth of timber, through which the Rebels had attempted to advance. In the rear of the Regiment and the 141st New York was an open space. The 14th Corps joined the 141st New York, that regiment being the extreme right of the 20th Corps, the 123d being on the left of the 141st. In this



first charge the Rebels had pressed the extreme left of the 14th Corps back just enough to allow them to get a cross fire on the 141st and the 123d. Just back of the 123d was an old log house, and as soon as the Rebels had been repulsed in their first charge, some of the boys commenced tearing it down to build breastworks, while the balance stood with their guns in hand ready to meet the Rebels should they charge again. The boys had only succeeded in placing a few logs and getting up works just about to their knees when the Rebels came again with greater determination than ever, but they found the red stars ready to receive them, and this time they were met with grape and canister, for the battery, which they had passed in running to their position, had been placed on the line and did glorious work. The boys loaded and fired with such rapidity that their guns became so heated that they could not hold their hand on the barrel. Corporal Smith's gun went off while he was in the act of ramming home a cartridge, and John had to hunt around and find another ramrod. How that dreadful cross-fire from the left of the line did take off the men! But again the Rebels were driven back, but not before many of the boys had been either killed or wounded. As soon as the firing ceased, the boys went to work again, and after Herculean labor succeeded in getting up works, but before they had completed them the Rebels made another charge, and this time seemed determined to break the line. Their yells could be heard as they pressed on; the grape and canister from the battery on the line swept them away as fast as they came up, until they finally broke and run, unmindful of the commands of their officers to stand firm. Night came on with her mantle of darkness and closed the terrible scene. The boys strengthened their works, and then laid down with their guns in their hands, to await the Rebels should they come again. But everything is quiet. The moon struggles through the clouds of smoky darkness, and looks

sadly down upon many an upturned face lying cold in death.

Gen. Knipe, with Lieutenant-Col. Rogers and others, was standing near the old log house, and after one of the Rebel charges had been repelled, Gen. Knipe remarked to the Lieut.-Col. as follows, concerning the 123d: "Colonel, the best d—d regiment in my brigade!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK CONTINUED—INCIDENTS—LIST OF  
KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING—SOLDIERS' SONG.

**A**FTER the Rebels had made their last charge, Gen. Knipe found three soldiers skulking behind trees in the rear of the Regiment. He marched them up to the line, and after making them fill their cartridge boxes from an ammunition box near Co. A, he marched them to the right of the Regiment and put them in the front line, telling the officer in command of the company to shoot them down should they attempt to run.

After the firing had ceased, one of the pickets from the 5th Connecticut, who had been wounded, and had remained out in front during all the hard fighting, crawled in on his hands and knees, and just behind him came a Rebel, who was also wound-

ed. When the Connecticut boy saw the Rebel he was determined to kill him, saying he was the one who had shot him, and he certainly would have done so had not Gen. Knipe prevented him.

Ransom Qua was wounded in the elbow and reported to his captain, who ordered him to go to the rear. He did so, but in a few moments was seen coming back, and on the captain's asking him why he did not stay in the rear, replied that he thought his wound would admit of his fighting it out, and taking his place in the line, remained there until the close of the fight. From the wound in the elbow Qua was laid up some three weeks.

Lieut. Duane M. Hall was hit in the heel with a bullet. It injured him so that he limped back a few rods, and seating himself behind a stump pulled his boot off, and found that though the bullet had cut through the leather and stocking, his foot was only benumbed, and that there were no bones broken. He hastily pulled on his boot and went back to his company. Had there been any disposition on the part of either of these soldiers to have shirked duty, they could easily have availed themselves of this opportunity, but the 123d Regiment was not composed of shirking material. We knew of one soldier who was making his way to the rear, and on being asked where he was wounded, replied: "I am not wounded, but I am terribly shattered."

William Allen, of Co. C, after having been given as many canteens as he could carry, went to a spring of water a short distance to the rear of the Regiment, filled them and was returning to his company when the fatal bullet hit him. He was taken to the hospital, and on asking the doctor if he could recover, was told that he had but a short time to live. "Well, here she goes," said William, and turning over on his side died soon after without uttering another word.

Henry Chapman enlisted in Granville in 1864, and joined Co.

I. He was engaged in the battles of Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountain, and received his fatal wound at Peach Tree Creek, the bullet entering his left breast. On being wounded he went directly up to Capt. O. S. Hall and handed him his gun; then taking off his straps he handed them to him, also, and said, "Here, Captain, I turn over to you my accoutrements. I shall have no further use for them, for I have fought my last fight—I have finished my course. I shall never see home and loved ones. God bless you, Captain, and keep you through to the end. You have been kind to me and I thank you for all; good bye." He then walked a few rods to the rear and lay down, and in less than two hours was dead. Capt. Hall was very much affected by this incident, and will probably never forget it.

Among the many who were wounded was William Hutton, Jr., the color Sergeant. We speak of him particularly because he was our bosom friend and tentmate, and well we remember the loneliness of that first night at Peach Tree Creek, when there was no William to share with us our blanket. During the fight we kept watch of the colors, and as long as we saw them waving in their place we knew that he was there, but at the end of the third desperate charge made by the Rebels we looked over for the colors, and seeing them leaning up against a tree, we knew that he was either killed or wounded. On going to the colors, we found that not only had he been wounded, but also nearly every one of the color guard. Corporal P. Kinney and one other had the colors in charge. From them we learned that he had been wounded during the heaviest of the fighting by that terrible cross-fire. We could not leave the line to go to him then, but next morning Col. Rogers kindly gave us a pass to go to the field hospital in the rear, but told us not to be disappointed if we could not get through, as it required a pass from the commanding general to get to the rear. But armed with this pass from

the Colonel we started. The first guard we met was at the pontoon bridge crossing Peach Tree Creek, and as luck would have it we found there a Dutchman on guard. We produced the pass, and on being asked if it was from the general, told him to read it and see. After looking at it for awhile, turning it over two or three times, he handed the pass back. We anxiously awaited his decision, knowing that if he could read he would not let us pass, and our delight can be imagined when the guard said to us, "Dot ish all right; pass on." This we did immediately, and found the field hospital in due time.

In one of the hospital tents we found William, lying on the ground with nothing under him but his rubber and woolen blankets. We gathered leaves and branches, and made him a better bed, and we then learned that the fatal bullet had entered at the side of the back bone, and although the doctor had probed for it, had not succeeded in reaching the ball. We wrote his sister a hopeful letter, and at his request told her he was slightly wounded, and would soon be home on a furlough. On leaving him he gave us a volume of poems which we had often read together in camp, saying, "keep it to remember me by, old comrade, for we may never meet again." (This volume we now have.) We promised to see him next morning, and went back to the Regiment. Agreeable to promise, the next morning we started for the hospital, but just before reaching the tent where we had left our companion we saw several new made graves, and seeing a board at the head of one our curiosity led us to stop, and we read, "William Hutton, Jr., died July 21." We could not believe we had read aright, but there it was, "WILLIAM HUTTON, JR., DIED JULY 21." While standing there over the grave of one who but so recently was full of life and vigor, and wondering if this could be truly so, a hand was laid on our shoulder, and turning we saw "Dickey" Terrill, who was

assisting at the hospital, standing by our side, who told us that William had died during the night, and was buried that morning. "When they told him he could not live," said Dickey, "he sent for me, and wanted I should go for you, Sergeant, but it was impossible for me to leave, there were so many wounded to attend to." We went back to the Regiment, feeling that we had lost the best friend we ever had. No braver nor truer soldier fell in the defence of his country than William Hutton. He was a splendid man, and of noble physique; a man of strong will, much firmness and tenacity of purpose, and above all an honest man with many virtues. In a little valley on the banks of Peach Tree Creek, there he sleeps in a common grave far from the scenes of home—the soldier's "sleep that knows no waking." For many summers the wild flowers of Georgia have unfolded their beauties over our dead comrade, but in the "bright morning of the world's resurrection" his mortal frame now resting quietly on that far off Georgia battle field, "shall spring again into newness of life, and expand in immortal beauty in realms beyond the skies."

The Rebels did not make another effort to break the line after the third charge, and the boys were not disturbed.

The morning of the 21st details were made to bury the dead, and a sad duty it was. The 123d lost in killed, wounded and missing, fifty-eight. The 141st N. Y. lost a much larger number, losing their Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Sergeant-Major, and some of the companies were in command of Sergeants after the fight, their commissioned officers being either killed or wounded. The loss in the 20th Corps was nineteen hundred.

Capt. Wiley, Co. K, Capt. Henry Gray, Co. G, Lieut. Daicey, Co. E, Adjutant Carey, Co. E, and Lieut. James Hill, Co. G, messed together. They took breakfast together about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, and Capt. Wiley, producing a bot-

tle of wine from his valise, said: "Here is some wine which I brought from home; (Capt. Wiley returned with the recruiting party, joining the Regiment at Resaca;) we may never all be together again, so I think we had better drink it," and they did so. How prophetic were the words of Captain Wiley, for when that mess met together on the night of the 20th there were but two out of the five present, Capt. Gray and Lieut. Hill. Wiley and Daicey had been killed, and Adj. Carey severely wounded.

The following is a list of the killed, wounded and missing:

A—Killed—LeRoy Wright. Wounded—Corporal Joseph Lapoint. Missing—James Livingston.

B—Killed—W. O. Aikin. Wounded—Orderly Sergeant Joseph Middleton, Corporal James B. Taylor, George W. Harrington. Missing—Wm. Martindale.

C—Killed—Sergeant William Hutton, Jr., William Allen. Missing—Frank Johnson.

D—Wounded—Corporal DeRay Williamson, Barney Shanley, Joel Harvey.

E—Killed—Lieut. John H. Daicey, George Donley. Wounded—Adjutant Seth C. Cary, Corporal Robt. McEachron, Alvin Gray, Samuel Stiles, Darius I. Brown, Ransom Qua.

F—Wounded—Sergt. John R. McMillan, Corporal Russell Fullerton, Corporal Andrew H. McWhorter, Ebenezer Kinney, Taylor A. Hopkins, died soon after; George H. Robinson, Jas. M. Stowe, Joseph McMurray, John Burns, Wm. H. Smith.

G—Killed—Henry Welch. Wounded—Corp. Henry Arnold, Clark Lawton, Henry Coulter, Peter Cowan. Missing—Martin Bennett.

H—Killed—Michael Haley. Wounded—Henry Danforth, Francis Brannan, Chester Orcutt. Missing—Crandall Johnson.

I—Killed—Henry Chapman. Wounded—Corporal Frederic Slocum, Corporal Jacob Herman, Thomas Henley, Geo. Higby. Missing—James Platt, Edward Kroff, James Springer.

K—Killed—Capt. Henry O. Wiley. Wounded—Corporal Chauncey A. Guilford, Thomas Donahue. Missing—Corporal Henry Welch, James A. Wright, Bassel B. Pitts, B. F. Wright, Samuel A. Potter.

Each Corps was designated by a badge, made of flannel and worn on the cap. The arrow was the badge of the 14th Corps:



the triangle, of the 4th; the shield, of the 23d; the cartridge box, of the 15th; the acorn, of the 14th, and the star of the 20th, the brigades being distinguished by the color. The 1st Brigade, 1st Division of the 20th Corps wore the red star. A soldier belonging to the 1st Brigade wrote the following song, which the soldiers were very fond of singing:

### BONNIE RED STAR.

AIR—"BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

Come listen comrades, one and all, unto my humble song,  
It's short and sweet, and to the point, and won't detain you long,  
For while we labor side by side, all brothers in the war,  
We can't forget the honors of the gallant old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! now comrades take your stand,  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Red Star, the badge of our command.

'Twas on Virginia's "sacred soil" that it was first displayed,  
And soon among the Rebel ranks a terror it was made;  
They knew full well the day was lost, when up through smoke and roar,  
Came marching boldly to the front the gallant old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

And on Resaca's bloody field, in Georgia's fertile state,  
It gleamed amid the fire and fray from early dawn till late;  
The Rebels felt its fury there, their hopes were not at par,  
And oh, they tremble as they met the gallant old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

At Dallas and Kenesaw its lustre bright was seen,  
And many a brave defender fell upon the crimsoned green;  
But on they pressed, all heedless, too, of death or frightful scar,  
While on our caps we wore that badge, the gallant old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

And once again at Peach Tree Creek, the bloodiest fight of all,  
Where valient men, like autumn leaves, upon the turf did fall;  
The "Johnnies" thought they'd played a game, the biggest of the war,  
By massing up against the braves, who wore the gallant Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

'Tis true they took us by surprise, but hastily we threw  
Our armaments upon our backs and to the conflict flew;  
And forward came the Rebels fierce, with yells that echoed far,  
To terify the gallant lads who wore the old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

But not a veteran would yield, and standing man to man,  
They poured their deadly messengers into the Rebels' van;  
They fought all day, and won the fight, but not without a scar,  
And brighter grew the badge they wore, the faithful old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

But comrades, now, before we part, let's drop a farewell tear,  
Unto the memory of those whose faces are not here;  
They sleep beneath the crimson turf, and time shall never mar  
The glories which they truly won, beneath the old Red Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.



## CHAPTER XX.

IN FRONT OF ATLANTA—THE SIEGE COMMENCED—ADVANCE OF THE PICKET LINE—THE REBEL PICKETS CAPTURED—DEATH ON THE PICKET LINE.

THE 22d, to the surprise of all, it was found that the whole of the enemy's line was abandoned. An advance was made, and the Rebels were found occupying their first line of finished redoubts, about one mile and a half nearer to Atlanta, and which covered all the roads leading to that city. These redoubts the Rebels were busy in connecting with curtains strengthened by rifle pits, abattis and chevaux-de-frise. The Regiment moved up and took their position on a ridge running north and south and parallel with the enemy's works in front. The Union army now occupied a line in the general form of a circle of about two miles radius around the city, and some of the troops were fortunate enough to take possession of the abandoned works of the enemy, which, as they faced outward, had to be somewhat changed to render them available defences against the foe. But not so the 123d, they had to go to work and construct some portion of their line. The works of the enemy were in plain sight, and the Rebels could be seen watching the movements of the Yankee troops. The Regiment commenced building breast-

works, the Rebel artillery in the meanwhile throwing shell at them, but the boys kept steadily at work, the crashing of the shells, if anything, only making them work the harder. After dark Battery "I" took a position on the line, and the Regiment fell back a few rods in rear of the 141st N. Y., and 46th Penn. Along in the night the enemy made quite a demonstration, firing artillery, etc. The boys stood ready to receive them should they come, but we think they had been sufficiently amused at Peach Tree Creek, and thought it not best to make too many charges against the red stars.

The 23d all was quiet along the line. A line of pickets was established in front, and picketing here was attended with a great deal of danger, but the boys dug for themselves pits, and by placing logs and rails in front of them made it less dangerous; still they were in continual danger from the Rebel sharpshooters.

The night of the 24th our line made a demonstration, firing artillery, cheering, etc., in order that the 2d Division might move to a position nearer the enemy. The entire line of pickets also advanced a few rods, and two or three hundred Rebels came in, thinking a charge was being made by the Yanks. But such was not the case. Gen. Geary advanced as far as he desired, and then threw up works.

The 26th the 123d Regiment took their position in the front line, relieving the 61st Ohio Regiment. The boys put up their tents, the company streets running back from the breastworks. On the right of the Regiment was a deep ravine, and on a hill to the right of the ravine was stationed two or three 32 pounders, strongly intrenched.

The morning of the 27th the 2d Brigade skirmishers advanced and burned a house which had been occupied by the Rebel sharpshooters, the firing from which had wounded several of their pickets. The Rebel picket line offered but little resistance, and

about forty of them were taken prisoners. After destroying the house the 2d Brigade pickets fell back to their old position.

The 28th a demonstration was made for the purpose of covering a movement on the right, at or near Ezra church. The Rebels responded briskly, throwing the shells over quite rapidly, but without damage. One twenty-pound shell struck the ground in front of Co. C, and then bounded on the works. How the boys did hug the earth! Fortunately for the company the shell did not explode. A shell also struck the ground in front of Co. H, and bounded on and over the works and struck in a haversack, and it was fortunate for Co. H that this shell did not explode.

Everything was quiet along the line the 29th, save the firing of the 32 pounders spoken of. Every ten minutes, day and night, a shell was thrown into the city, and at night when everything was quiet, the explosion of shells in the city could be plainly heard.

Long before daylight on the morning of the 30th of July the boys were called up. Stationing themselves behind the works they awaited an important movement. Capt. Geo. R. Hall, who was in command of the picket line, informed the pickets that the line was to be advanced, and instructed them to move forward very quietly. Just before daylight they advanced as cautiously as possible, and when near the Rebel pickets, made a dash and captured nearly the entire line, the Rebels having no time to offer resistance. Some escaped and carried the news to their camp, when the Rebels opened their batteries and rained a perfect shower of shot and shell on the advancing picket line. Our batteries also opened, and for a time there was a perfect roar of artillery. Capt. Hall advanced his men until checked by a strong force, and then fell back a rod or two and established his line. He advanced so near one Rebel fort that the boys, by fir-

ing through the embrasures at the artillerymen, prevented the guns being used, but meeting with such strong opposition, they were compelled, as before stated, to fall back a short distance. Here the pickets commenced intrenching themselves, the Rebels endeavoring to drive them from their position by throwing solid shot, shell, and Minie balls. About noon Captain Hall sent word to headquarters that he must be relieved, as his men had been on duty more than twenty-four hours, and had had nothing to eat since the night before. He sent this word back two or three times, but it was not until about the middle of the afternoon that he and his men were relieved.

In this advance of the picket line but one man was killed, Albert Potter, of Co. A. He and Frank Knapp were together, firing at the Rebels on the fortifications, when the fatal bullet came, piercing the brain of the brave soldier, killing him almost instantly. The stretcher corps of the Regiment went out and brought in the body, and they laid him to rest in a hollow just back of his company. A headboard marked with his name, company and Regiment designated the spot.

During the night of the 30th the boys on the picket line strengthened their works, and the 31st the works were finished, and a strong line they were, too. A ditch about four feet wide and two feet deep was dug, and the dirt thrown up, and on top of this was put logs resting on blocks. This left a space of two or three inches under the log through which the boys could fire and have their heads protected at the same time. If a head was seen it was sure to be fired at by the Rebels, and if a Rebel's head was seen it was just as sure to be fired at. It was very dangerous "relieving" in the day time, and this was performed only at one place on the line where there was a thick growth of bushes. At this place the boys could get into the rifle pit without being seen by the Rebels, and then go to their places on the line.

August 5th, the 2d Brigade moved nearer to the enemy's breastworks. August 8th, George Osborne was wounded on the picket line. He unnecessarily exposed himself and was hit. If we remember correctly, Osborn did not die of this wound, but died of disease in North Carolina.

At about 4 o'clock on the morning of August 18th, the boys were aroused from sound slumber by the exploding of shells near them, and it did not take them long to perform their toilet and get into the rifle pits, and some of them thought the most agreeable place to perform this duty was where there was less danger, so grabbed their dry goods and run for the works. Battery "I" returned the fire, and for a time it was quite lively, but the firing soon ceased, and all was quiet. The only man injured was an artilleryman, who had a leg shot off. James L. Beaty of Co. H was killed on the picket line. The pickets had entered into an agreement not to fire at each other, but the Rebels broke their promise, fired, and killed Beaty, and Capt. George R. Hall and several others had very narrow escapes. Beaty was buried by his comrades in rear of Co. H, Chaplain White being present. There was to have been a grand movement of the army by the right flank, but it was countermanded for the probable reason that the Rebel cavalry, under Wheeler, had struck the Union lines of communication near Adairsville. This movement contemplated the withdrawal southward of the whole army except the 20th Corps, Gen. Williams commanding, who was to occupy the intrenched position at the Chattahoochie bridge.

At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th all the batteries belonging to the 20th Corps opened simultaneously. The boys had no warning of this, and at first did not know whether the Rebels had undermined the camp and blown it up, and that they were the only ones who had escaped death, or whether Sherman had blown up the city of Atlanta. They did not re-

main long enough under their shelter tents to decide the matter, but seizing their guns and what wearing apparel was in reach, "streaked it" for the breastworks. As soon as they took in the situation they laughed heartily over their fright, and proceeded to robe themselves in proper apparel. From the 19th to August 25th nothing occurred in or to the Regiment worthy of relating.

## CHAPTER XXI.

BACK TO THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER—ATLANTA CAPTURED—THE 123D  
THE FIRST TO ENTER THE CITY—THE TOBACCO USERS HAPPY—CAMP  
AND CAMP LIFE.

IN front of Atlanta! The wires flashed the news all over the loyal North that Sherman and his veterans had reached Atlanta. By degrees, and after marking every mountain pass, and almost every mile with blood, the Rebel army had been pushed back and dislodged from one position and another, till now they had settled sullenly around the doomed city. The cautious and able Rebel commander, Johnson, was displaced in favor of the madcap and brainless fighter, Hood, who, in the language of the insurgent chief, "was determined to strike one manly blow for Atlanta." But while the antagonists lay at bay, awaiting the

opportunity to strike that "manly blow," Sherman was perfecting the details of that splendid manœuvre by which the stronghold became ours.

At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of August the boys were called up with orders to prepare for a march. At daylight they filed out of their works and marched back to the Chattahoochie river, near a large railroad bridge. Here they found one regiment from the 3d Brigade, building breastworks, and now learned that this was the duty of the 123d, and they were soon at work. Late in the afternoon the entire Corps took position in the works which had been constructed by the two regiments. Here the Regiment lay until the 2d of September.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of August 31st the boys were awakened by heavy explosions in the direction of Atlanta, several miles distant, followed by a series of minor explosions, and by what seemed rapid volleys of musketry continuing for nearly an hour. The boys, of course, thought there was fighting somewhere, but this was not the case. About 4 o'clock on the morning of September 1st there occurred another series of similar detonations, apparently nearer.

The 2d of September the Regiment moved out of their works on the Chattahoochie river and made a reconnoissance towards Atlanta. Passing through the picket line, but little or no opposition was met from the Rebel pickets and they pushed on, THE FIRST REGIMENT TO ENTER THE CITY OF ATLANTA—the Rebels having abandoned the city on the night of September 1st—and occupied the works on the east side, thus ending the justly famous campaign of Atlanta.

It was a proud day for the soldiers when they camped in and around the city of Atlanta, and after their protracted manœuvring, marching and fighting, they were glad enough to rest on the glorious triumphs they had so long anticipated and so nobly won.



And how the boys did rejoice! And how they did revel in cigars and tobacco! Having been without tobacco so long, they were not long in supplying themselves with this article. As the Regiment marched through the city to the works on the east side, two or three soldiers from each company dropped out of the ranks and started off on a scout, and soon came to their companies loaded down with tobacco. And what a variety of tobacco! Tobacco in plugs and papers for chewing; pressed tobacco, soft and hard, fancy and plain for smoking, and in fact, tobacco in every imaginable shape. Some companies had caddies of tobacco, and every soldier who smoked laid away for a time his old briar root pipe and smoked only cigars.

The pickets were not relieved on the morning of the 2d, but brought up the rear in the march into Atlanta, and reaching the city about dark, and a heavy rain setting in, they concluded to seek shelter and remain over night. They went into a house which was not occupied on Marietta street. This house seemed to have been in range of the "Yankee" artillery, for a dozen or more shells had passed clean through it. In the morning the pickets went out in quest of tobacco, also, and arrived at a warehouse which had just been broken into, and in which was stored the best of tobacco and cigars ready for shipping. Having laid in a supply they proceeded to the Regiment, where they found nearly every soldier smoking a cigar. On their way to camp they passed near the railroad, and there discovered the effect of the terrible explosion and firing of cannon which had disturbed their slumbers on the morning of the 31st of August. The Rebels finding that Sherman had torn up the railroad so they could not carry away their artillery and ammunition which they had already loaded on the cars, they determined to destroy it rather than let it fall into the hands of the Yankees. Between thirty and forty cars loaded with the munitions of war were destroyed,



besides five locomotives. Five 64-pounders lay on the ground near the depot, spiked. But this is all a matter of history. We have only to do with the 123d Regiment.

September 4th, everything was quiet. No distant booming of cannon, and the sharp ring of the rifle with its deadly missile on its mission of death was not heard on this beautiful September morning. Seated together in squads were the soldiers discussing the campaign which had just closed. They fought over again the battles of Resaca, Cassville, Dallas, Culp's Farm and Peach Tree Creek; recounted the bravery of comrades who had given up their lives for their country, and paid them many glowing tributes; laughed together over scenes of mirth which had occurred during the four hundred mile's march of the army, and talked of the days and nights spent in building the four hundred miles of breastworks which had been constructed by the army since the commencement of the campaign, and in looking back and calling up the hardships which they had been called to pass through, it seemed to them like a dream.

Several of the boys took their meals at some house in the city, they furnishing to the lady of the house the rations they received from the Government, she cooking and preparing the same for a small compensation—not that she could prepare their meals better than they could themselves, but the great attraction was in eating from white plates and sitting at a table.

About the 8th of September the Regiment moved to the left of the line of works, and commenced erecting quarters. The camp was laid out, and with the boards obtained from some torn down houses in the city, the boys erected very neat and comfortable quarters, and camp life was commenced again. Few can realize the real character of camp life, until they have tried its stern realities. At home, locks and bars keep away many intruders, and we lie down and sleep in stillness and safety. In

camp, the locks are made of rope, and no other means are needed to open their doors than to untie a knot. At home the wakeful cock, or speaking bell from the neighboring steeple, tells you of the early dawn, and that the time has come to begin the duties of the day. In camp, the sharp twang and roll of the martial drum starts one into wakefulness.

Some of our friends have said to us, "Tell us of the camp and how you lived there." Every soldier of the old 123d Regiment knows what camp life is. Every camp had or should have had, a parade ground. This forms the front. Beginning with this, and going backwards, you have the tents of the men, each company having their tents arranged in lines facing on a street where the company forms, preparatory to marching on to the parade ground, and where they also meet for roll call, which occurs three times each day—at sunrise, at sunset, and at 8 o'clock in the evening. Next after the tents of the men come those of the commissioned officers of the companies. These face on a street which runs at right angles with the company streets. In this broad aisle the men do their cooking and have their company fires. Here they meet of evenings to smoke and talk and sing. Still back of these are the tents of the Colonel and staff. This is composed of the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Quartermaster, Chaplain and Surgeons, the tent of the Colonel forming the centre. In the rear of all may be found the Quartermaster, Commissary and Sutlers' department.

When the ground has been marked off, the men proceed to pitch their tents, which, when raised and spread, are fastened to their places by cords and stakes, then a shallow trench is usually dug around each, to carry off the water. When this is done the occupant gets some boards for a floor if he can; if this cannot be, he uses the ground, on which he makes a platform, spreads it over with boughs of evergreens or straw, rolls himself up in his blanket and sleeps sweetly, dreaming, it may be, of home and

glory. A soldier generally cooks his rations in the open air. Then sitting in his tent or under the shade of some neighboring tree, with his plate on his lap, he enjoys with a soldier's zest his frugal meal. The signal for retiring is given by the drum—the ever present drum. And when the morning breaks, again the roll of the drum shakes sleep from his drowsy eyelids, and calls him forth, with his musket and his belt, to duty and to drill. Each day the colonel selects one officer, who is styled the officer of the day. He is known by his wearing his sash over his shoulder, the ordinary way being around the waist. He has charge of the guard and the police of the camp. The guard is detailed for twenty-four hours by the adjutant, each sentry being changed once in two hours. The guard entirely surrounds the camp, so that no one can leave or come on the ground without their notice and permission. Then when a soldier retires to rest he is assured that these men are camped round about him, and that they will be faithful, for if found asleep at his post the sentry may be shot, or suffer such other penalty as the court martial may inflict. Such was the camp life of our soldiers, perhaps somewhat varied at Atlanta.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE REGIMENT IN ATLANTA—REMOVAL OF CITIZENS FROM THE CITY—ATLANTA CEMETERY—THE BOYS CAST THEIR BALLOTS—FORAGING EXPEDITION—THE GREAT MARCH TO THE SEA COMMENCED—ARRIVAL AT SOCIAL CIRCLE AND MADISON—THE CONTRABANDS.

THE months of August and September, 1863, passed in quiet while the army rested at Atlanta, varied only by drills, dress parades, reviews, and the usual phases of camp life and duties. The boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly here; they gloried in the past, and were confident of the future.

The long trains of ambulances and wagons that bore the families from Atlanta into the Rebel lines, seemed to contain mostly those of the lower class. The wealthier families removed from Atlanta when the firing began, those only remaining who were willing to take the risk of shot and shell, and the possibility of Sherman's army taking the city. Many of those sent into the Rebel lines at Rough and Ready felt very sad at being obliged to leave their homes. They had not felt the war before, except in the cost of the luxuries of life. They did not believe the Yankee army would ever penetrate so far south, but they considered their removal one of the necessities of the situation.

One of Atlanta's fairest daughters, in conversation with the writer, expressed her willingness to give her heart to the keeping of some good and handsome young Yankee officer or soldier, if he would marry her and send her North. We admitted possessing these necessary qualifications, and were it not for the three years lease of our services held by Uncle Samuel, we would be willing to make her happy by becoming a Benedict. This young lady was perhaps an exception, for as a general thing the ladies of Georgia were most bitter in their hatred of the Yankees. We give the following verse from one of their favorite songs, as a specimen of several they were in the habit of singing:

"I wish I had a butcher knife,  
I'd kill old Abe and steal his wife,  
And I wish I was to hum."

October 3d the Regiment was ordered to go with the Corps train on a foraging expedition. At 7 o'clock A. M. the boys were in line, and after having put their knapsacks in wagons the order was countermanded. October 6th, a detail of one hundred and ten men was made to assist in building a new line of works around the city. October 16th about four hundred teams were sent out into the country after forage, with a large detail from the 5th Connecticut.

A great many of the boys visited the Rebel cemetery at Atlanta. About 4,000 Rebel soldiers were buried there, representing every state in the South. Quite a number from the 20th Corps died of disease while in Atlanta, are buried in a remote part of the cemetery, with the red, white or blue star painted on the little headboards. Charles Donohue of Co. C, and several others are buried there.

October 18th the Regiment voted for President with the following result:

Whole number of votes cast.....	366
Abraham Lincoln received.....	336
George B McClellan received.....	30

October 21st the 123d Regiment, with the balance of the Brigade, accompanied by nearly eight hundred wagons, went out on a foraging expedition in the vicinity of Stone Mountain, a distance of about twenty miles from Atlanta. They followed the railroad east to Decatur, a small village nearly deserted, and halted for dinner about one mile from the village. Halting for the night, the boys went out and confiscated five hogs, and having plenty of sweet potatoes, prepared a very good supper. The night was very cold, and the boys passed the night in keeping up large fires. The morning of the 22d, they commenced loading the army wagons with corn, the wagons being driven into the large fields, the boys stripping the ears from the cornstalks and throwing them into the wagons as fast as the teams could walk. The eight hundred wagons were nearly all filled, during the day, and the boys had time to do a little foraging on their own hook. The morning of the 23d the Regiment started for Atlanta, and soon after crossing what was called Snap Finger Creek, a rumor reached them that a division of Rebel cavalry was between them and Atlanta, and would cut them off, and the troops were placed in the best order to guard the wagons. They met with no opposition, and bivouacked for the night one mile from Decatur. The morning of the 24th they pushed on for Atlanta. At Decatur they found troops that had been sent out from Atlanta to assist the foraging party had they been attacked. The eight hundred wagons arrived safe at Atlanta loaded with corn and fodder, and every soldier loaded down with sweet potatoes, fresh pork, chickens, honey, etc.

October 26th another foraging expedition went out, and the 29th the 123d was ordered out to meet them on their return, and assist them should occasion require.

From this date there were various rumors in regard to a movement of the army, and on November 5th, when the Regiment

broke camp at about noon, with orders to march, they felt confident that the rumors were not without some foundation. The Regiment marched about four miles from the city in a southerly direction, and bivouacked for the night near an old log house. The next forenoon part of the Regiment was paid off, and in the afternoon orders came to march back to their old quarters in Atlanta, where the balance were paid.

November 7th Chaplain White left for home, most of the boys sending their money home by him. The Regiment was awakened from its slumbers at an early hour on the morning of November 9th by the firing of cannon. The order to "fall in" was heard, and the soldiers were soon in line, when they ascertained that the Rebels were throwing shells into Atlanta. The Regiment and the balance of the 1st Brigade marched to the breastworks on the opposite side of the city, the 2d Brigade going out on a scout. They did not return until night, when the 1st Brigade marched back to their quarters and all was quiet.

From the preparations being made the boys knew that they were on the eve of some grand movement, and speculation was rife as to what would be the destination of the army. Some thought it was Savannah, after first taking and destroying Macon and Augusta. Others thought differently, but no private soldier knew. Neither did they care. If Sherman said "come," that was all that was necessary. They went wherever he led without a murmur. Some of the troops commenced moving on the 12th, and the last train of cars whirled rapidly past the troops moving south, speeding over bridges and into the woods as if they feared they might be left helpless in a deserted land. The telegraph wire bore the last message from Sherman to Gen. Thomas, "all is well," the wires were severed, and Sherman and his grand army cut adrift from their base of operations and line of communications. At daylight on the morning of November



15th the 123d marched out of their works and wended their way towards Decherd, and the great March to the Sea was commenced. Looking back towards the city a grand and awful spectacle was presented. It seemed to them that the entire city was on fire. The heaven was one expanse of black, curling smoke; the air was filled with burning, flying cinders. By order, the chief engineer destroyed by powder and fire all the store houses, depot buildings and machine shops. Buildings covering two hundred acres were in flames.

The Regiment reached Decherd about noon and there halted for dinner. After an hour's rest they pushed on, marching along a road through a dense wood, and came in sight of Stone Mountain, and bivouacked to the right of it. This mountain is a solid mass of rocks, with only here and there a shrub. The Regiment made about fifteen miles.

We will here say that the 123d belonged to the left wing of the army which was called the army of Georgia, and contained two corps, the 14th and 20th.

Being guard for the train, the Regiment did not break camp until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th. There were from four to six soldiers to each wagon. They marched about fifteen miles, and went into camp about 11 o'clock at night. The 17th they marched about twenty miles over a rolling country and went into camp. November 18th the Regiment reached Social Circle about noon, and halted to rest and make coffee. Social Circle was a very pretty little village, and it was here the colored people commenced following the army. Not all the colored people, of course, at Social Circle joined the army, but a great many. They lined the walks on each side of the streets as the Regiment passed through, exclaiming, "Bress de Lord, dat good day am come! De Yanks is come! De day ob jubilee hab arribed!"



The Regiment made an early start the 19th, and reached Madison about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Madison is another pretty village, and resembles some pretty Northern village very much. Quite a number of the residences were surrounded by beautiful flower gardens and hedges. The Brigade band played a lively air as they marched through the village, the colored people flocked at every corner, and seemed fairly wild with delight. "Bress de Lord!" could be heard on all sides. A good many colored people from Madison followed the army. Marching on the Regiment bivouacked about five miles from the village, having made about fifteen miles.

A day's march varied according to the country to be traveled, or the opposition to be encountered. If a battle was anticipated the train was shifted to the rear of the centre, and under any circumstances the troops having the lead moved unencumbered, and in close fighting trim. In the rear of each regiment followed the pack mules, laden with every kind of camp baggage, including blankets, pots, pans, kettles, and all the kitchen ware needed for cooking. Here would be found the led horses, and with them the negro servants. Every company in the 123d Regiment had two or three of these pack mules, and colored men to lead them, and these colored men were also good foragers. Two Sergeants in Co. C picked up a colored man at Madison, who wished to cast his lot with Sherman's army. The very next day he "confiscated" a good horse, and the Sergeants transferred their heavy knapsacks, tents and blankets, pots, kettles, frying pan, coffee pot, etc., to the back of the horse. At night Jack, the name of the colored man, came in with plenty of sweet potatoes, fresh pork, etc., and fodder for his "mool" as he called him. Unloading the "mool," he tied him to a stake, built a fire, procured water and put up the tents. He said he was going to get a cook next day, and sure enough, next night

he brought in two colored girls, one of them a house servant, who was quite aristocratic, the other a field hand, who did not know enough to go into her tent when it rained. These two Sergeants had an easy time of it all the way to Savannah. When the Regiment halted for the night, Jack was always near at hand with his pack mule and the girls. After unloading the "mool" and tying him to a stake or a tree, he would go and fill his canteens with water; the house servant, who did the cooking, would get out the kettles and pans, and commence preparing the evening meal; the other colored girl in the meantime would be after wood for a fire. As soon as Jack returned with his canteens the fire would be going nicely, the fresh pork would be ready for frying, and the sweet potatoes ready for boiling, and while supper was being prepared, Jack would put up the three tents, one for the Sergeants, one for the girls and one for himself, all facing the fire. The Sergeants during this time would be stretched on the ground, taking a "solid rest," until the "Come, Massa Morey and Dick, you hash am ready," was heard, and with a soldier's appetite the fresh pork, hard tack and sweet potatoes would soon disappear.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA CONTINUED—MILLEDGEVILLE—DESTROYING RAILROAD—WHEELER'S CAVALRY—SKIRMISHING—SANDERSVILLE—THANKSGIVING DAY—THE PRISON PEN AT MILLEN.

NOVEMBER 20th found the roads in a wretched condition, which gave employment to the pioneers, and a busy time they had, too, for all ugly places in the road had to be "corduroyed" at once, before the wagons could pass. The pioneers, who always followed the advance guard, would quickly tear down a fence near by and bridge over the treacherous place, sometimes at the rate of a quarter of a mile in fifteen minutes. If rails were not near, pine saplings and split logs supplied their places. During this temporary halt the boys would drop out of line by the roadside, lying upon their backs, supported by their knapsacks. These short halts were of great benefit to the boys; they gained a breathing spell, and had a chance to wipe the perspiration from their brows. The guerillas appeared on the 20th, the first the Regiment had been troubled with. But little progress was made, and they bivouacked for the night at about 12 o'clock, having marched some twelve miles.

At about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the Regiment took up its line of march in a rain. The roads were, if possible, in a much worse condition than the day before. They marched

through Eatonton, a small village, and after a fatiguing and cold march camped for the night at Gerard's Cross Roads, having made but eight miles. Nothing of importance occurred on the march the 21st. When the day's march was nearly finished, officers rode on in advance to select the ground for each brigade, giving the preference to slopes in the vicinity of wood and water. Then the troops filed out into the roads and fields, the troops leading pitching tents first; those in the rear marched on still further, ready to take their turn in the advance next day. As soon as the guns were stacked, how the boys would "go for" the fences and rail piles! and with incredible swiftness little shelter tents would spring up all over the ground. After supper would be heard the music of dancing or singing. Some of the boys had confiscated a large accordeon, and as soon as the music of this instrument was heard playing a jig, the colored boys would gather around, and commence dancing,—happy as larks in their freedom. While one would be dancing, the others would stand around, and such exclamations as "Broke 'em down dar, Pete!" "Fro yer sef!" "Kie, dar, bully! bully!" could be heard from the excited, happy colored men.

The 22d the roads were in a much better condition, and they entered Milledgeville, the capitol of Georgia, about dark, and bivouacked for the night in the outskirts of the place.

The 23d the Regiment with other troops were engaged in destroying the track of the Georgia Central railroad, the depot, the State's prison, in which was found several soldiers who had been taken prisoners and confined there. These were liberated, besides several convicts who were incarcerated there. The magazines, arsenals, factories of various kinds, with storehouses containing large amounts of Government property, with about seventeen hundred bales of cotton, were burned. Private houses were respected everywhere.

The 24th the Regiment left Milledgeville at daylight and went into camp at sundown, having marched about seventeen miles without any serious mishaps or incidents worthy of relating.

The march on the 25th was somewhat impeded by the absence of a bridge across Buffalo Creek, which the Rebel cavalry under Wheeler had destroyed. They were delayed but a few hours. After crossing, the cavalry made a dash on the advance guard and pioneers. The Regiment pushed forward on the "double-quick," and the Rebels retreated. Four or five Rebels were captured. There was but little firing, and no one in the Regiment killed or wounded. The Regiment bivouacked for the night in line of battle.

The 26th the Rebel cavalry contested the road into Sandersville. The 1st Brigade had the advance of the Corps; one regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and the other regiments, including the 123d, formed in line of battle on either side of the road. The movement was executed in the handsomest manner, and was so effectual as not to impede the march of the column in the slightest degree, although the roll of musketry was unceasing. The loss to the Brigade was about twenty, killed and wounded, but fortunately the 123d escaped. The loss to the Rebels must have been more than double that number, for many dead Rebels were seen along the streets of the village. Two or three were killed on the steps of the church. The Regiment bivouacked for the night in or near the village.

The 27th the Regiment left at daylight, traveling in an easterly direction through a very poor looking country. Crossing the Magache river they camped for the night near Davisborough Station, on the Georgia Central Railroad, having marched about fifteen miles.

The 28th the 123d, together with other troops from the Division, was engaged in destroying the railroad. They started

from Davisborough Station and marched along the track, tearing it up as they went. Reaching Key West Station they destroyed the depot, and pushed on, tearing up the track to Spier's Station and bivouacked for the night, having made about twelve miles, and destroyed about the same number of miles of railroad. The boys were divided into three parties. The first party turning the ties, sleepers and rails over. Twenty or more men would lay hold of the ties and lift them up and turn them completely over. The squad following would pile the ties up and place on top of the pile the iron rails. The third squad followed on with hatchets and matches, and set fire to the wooden ties, and the iron rails becoming heated in the flames would bend by their own weight. Sometimes six or eight men would seize a rail which had become heated and twist it around a tree. Some of the men had wrenches, and when a rail was sufficiently heated, it would be taken off by these wrenches fitting closely over the ends, and by turning in opposite directions, the rail was so twisted that even a rolling machine could not bring it back into shape. In this manner the Georgia Central railroad was destroyed, as was also twenty-five or thirty miles of rails which lay in Atlanta, and all on the Augusta and Atlanta road from the last named place to Madison.

The 28th, being Thanksgiving day, was very generally observed by the boys. Chickens, turkeys, vegetables, etc., were at hand, and the soldiers gave thanks as soldiers could, and were as merry as only soldiers could be. The boys had reached the sand regions, so that the fall of rain had no terror to them, only as it inconvenienced them in preparing their coffee.

The 29th the 123d was engaged in destroying the railroad and also destroyed a steam saw mill, and large piles of bridge and railroad timber.

The 30th the Regiment was not on the railroad, but their march was through magnificent pine woods. The pines were

destitute of branches, and towered to a height of eighty or ninety feet, their tops being crowned with tufts of pure green. The Regiment halted for dinner on a large rice plantation. Pushing on, they crossed the Ogeechee river, and bivouacked for the night in a large field, some three or four miles from Linnville. Thousands of colored people joined the columns every day, many of the women carrying children in their arms, while older boys and girls plodded by their side. All were ordered back, but some, and a good many, too, kept along with the army.

The morning of December 2d dawned warm and pleasant, and their line of march was down between the Savannah and the Ogeechee rivers, through dismal swamps and over wretched roads, being obliged sometimes to build corduroy roads so that the trains could pass. Being guard for the train the Regiment did not march over six miles.

They made an early start December 2d, and after marching about sixteen miles bivouacked for the night.

At an early hour December 3d the Regiment filed out on the road and commenced their day's march, and halted for dinner about three miles from the village of Millen, and near the Rebel prison pen, used by the enemy for the confinement of Federal soldiers who had become prisoners of war. It was situated about eighty miles north of Savannah, in a country where pine forests abound. About forty acres of ground inclosed by a stockade, without any covering whatever, was the hole where thousands of our brave soldiers had been confined for months, exposed to heavy dews, biting frosts and pelting rains, without so much as a board or a tent to protect them. The boys saw where some of the poor fellows had adopted the wretched alternative of digging holes in the ground, into which they had crept at times. What wonder that they found the evidence that over seven hundred had died there, and could a voice have been given to those silent graves, and they have become witnesses of what they had seen



and heard, what revelations would have been made of things that can never be known now. Leaving Millen to their right the Regiment pushed on, and after marching about eighteen miles bivouacked for the night.

December 4th the Regiment made an early start, and after marching two or three miles filed out of the marching column at a point where it was expected the Rebel cavalry would make a dash on the wagon train. Here they waited until the train had nearly passed when they pushed on, reaching the Brigade at dark and camped, after having marched some fifteen miles. The country through which they marched was of a low, swampy nature, the principal product being water melons. The buildings of a large plantation were seen on fire, and on a near approach the cause was discovered in the dooryard in the shape of several dead bloodhounds. The soldiers were determined that no more flying fugitives, white or colored, should be followed by hounds that came within reach of their powder and ball. Wherever the boys marched everything in the shape of a dog was immediately shot.

December 5th the Regiment did not move until sundown, being guard for the wagon train. The roads were in such a condition that they did not march over four miles, halting for the night after midnight.

The Regiment made an early start on the morning of December 6th, and marched all day parallel with and about five miles from the Savannah river, and after marching about fifteen miles bivouacked for the night.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA CONTINUED—FORAGING—ROYAL DINNER—SKIRMISH—ARRIVAL IN FRONT OF SAVANNAH—PROVISIONS SCARCE.

THE men who had been detailed to forage for the Regiment did not succeed in bringing in enough supplies, so on the 7th of December about one hundred men, in charge of a commissioned and a non-commissioned officer, were sent out. Striking off to the left of the line of march some two or three miles, they struck a road running parallel with the moving column, and after marching about five miles on this road they came to a plantation, and singular though it may be to relate, not a "bummer" had been there. Here they found fresh pork in abundance, and many a fine porker fell under the bullets of the soldiers. One of the men went into the kitchen or cook house, which, like all cook houses on a plantation, was situated a few feet from the main buildings, and to his surprise and delight saw hanging from the crane in the fireplace a large kettle, and from the odor he concluded it was a boiled dinner which was in preparation. Seizing a six quart pan which lay on the table, he raised the cover from the kettle with a large fork, and what visions of boiling pork and cabbage met his gaze! It was the work of a few moments to fill his pan half full with cabbage and pork, and he was none too soon, for in rushed several hungry

soldiers, and the scrabble for what was left of the hot cabbage and pork was laughable to witness. The fortunate soldier who first made the discovery left with his feast by another door, and going into the yard placed his pan on an old work bench, and fixing his bayonet on his gun for self defence, made ready to enjoy a good, square meal. He CLEANED THE PAN, but it came very near cleaning him out, for not being used to this kind of food, it made him very sick. Besides fresh pork, sweet potatoes, etc., found on this plantation, the boys filled their canteens with a delicious syrup made from sorghum, which was cultivated on nearly all the plantations, and on this one was stored away in large troughs. After each man had provided himself with all he could conveniently carry, they took up their march for the Regiment. Marching along a very pleasant road through a dense wood they came upon a large mansion, situated very pleasantly, and surrounded by beautiful grounds. In front of this mansion the boys halted to rest, and the officers paid a visit to the house. They were met at the door by three women—an elderly lady and her two daughters—who were weeping bitterly, and on inquiring the cause, the officers were conducted into the house, and were there shown a scene of shocking confusion; articles of furniture, soiled and broken, were strewn about the floor; bureau drawers had been pulled out and their contents scattered around; trunks had been broken into, and household utensils shattered into pieces beyond the mender's art. "This is the third time our house has been ransacked," said one of the ladies, "and I admit our soldiers are just as bad as the Yankees. I can see no difference. They have thrown our things around like this in hopes of finding watches or silver. My husband is in the Confederate army, and I expect you will take all you want for yourselves and horses, but to come in and ruthlessly destroy things in this way is too bad," and with fresh tears and sobs she sat down. The officers told the ladies that in both armies there were a great

many soldiers who were not gentlemen at home, for certainly no gentleman in the Union army would thus enter a house, and in the presence of ladies destroy property for the mere hope of finding a little silver. One of the young ladies said, "yes, and a Yankee soldier took one of our skirts this morning, and tying it together at the top filled it with nasty potatoes and toted it off." The officers, after a few consoling remarks, bowed themselves out, joined the boys and pushed on, striking the Regiment late in the afternoon. The Regiment made about fifteen miles and bivouacked in the woods.

December 8th the Regiment filed out into the road at daylight, as guard for the ammunition train. The Division marched about seven miles on a wrong road. After marching about eighteen miles the Regiment bivouacked within sixteen miles of Savannah.

December 9th the Regiment did not move until eight o'clock in the morning. The boys were marching along, joking, laughing and singing as usual, when all at once a shell exploded directly over their heads. If ever soldiers were surprised it was the boys of the 123d Regiment, about noon on the 9th of December, 1864. The Regiment led the Corps on this day's march, and they had no warning that the Rebels were in front. They halted without the word of command for once. Several shells were thrown over, but no one was injured. Soon Gen. Williams and staff came dashing up. The 2d Brigade was sent to the right and the 3d Brigade to the left, and the 1st Brigade formed in line of battle in front. Soon after the order was given to advance. The cheering from the other brigades could be heard as they moved forward on the flanks. On either side of the road in front, the position occupied by the 1st Brigade, it was swampy, and as the brigade advanced the 123d Regiment had to wade in water, the Rebels in the meantime firing shell and

pouring in Minie balls at a terrific rate. In the advance, a soldier by the name of Barrett, belonging to the Whitehall company, was hit by a bullet in the head, the ball just grazing the skull. When hit he was standing in the water nearly up to his knees. The bullet knocked his hat off. He remained quiet for a moment or two, and then commenced swearing, saying he "could lick the Rebel that fired that bullet." His companions yelled to him to come on, but he did not stir, and kept shaking his fist in the direction of the Rebels, daring them to come and tackle him. Some of the boys took him by the arm and he went along, swearing vengeance on the Rebel who fired that shot. The hit on the head seemed to make him crazy for a little while. Pushing on through the swamp the Regiment soon came to the fort, but the birds had flown, as usual. The Rebels had built two small forts on the edge of a swamp, and blockaded the road with fallen trees, but in about one hour from the time the first shell came hissing over the Regiment, the Rebels were fleeing to Savannah. Hats, guns, etc., were scattered along the road, a sure indication that there was not much order about their leaving. Two or three caissons containing considerable ammunition were left in the forts. The Regiment bivouacked on the Rebel Gen. Harrison's plantation. As the army approached Savannah the country became more marshy and difficult, and they came more frequently upon obstructions, in the shape of felled trees at the crossings of roads, swamps, or narrow causeways, which, however, were removed in an incredibly short time by the pioneer corps.

The 10th the Regiment marched to within about four and a half miles of Savannah, and formed line of battle with the left of the Brigade on the Savannah river. Up to this time the boys had fared sumptuously every day, but the nearer the army approached to Savannah the scarcer became provisions, for the

reason that the entire army was concentrating and the field for foraging was not so extensive, consequently by the 10th of December they became narrowed down to rice and poor beef.

The 11th the Regiment changed their position to one nearer the river. The question of rations was becoming a serious one to the boys. At an old rice mill some distance from the Regiment, some of the boys who had money, purchased rice at one dollar per quart, but the demand being greater than the supply even at that price, this avenue was closed, and the boys fell back to beef alone. There was considerable firing on the right of the line, but no firing of consequence in front of the Regiment. Of course the Rebels kept throwing over shells, to which the boys paid but little or no attention.

December 12th, Battery "I," stationed on the bank of the river, captured two Rebel gun-boats, and cut off two gun-boats from communicating with the city. In the immediate front of the Regiment was a large rice field, which had been flooded either by the tide water or by inland ponds. Away across this body of water could be seen ponderous guns, and Rebel soldiers commanding them. The boys knew there could be no advance made in their front except by crossing this flooded rice field on narrow causeways, which the cannon on the opposite side commanded.

December 13th Fort McAllister was carried by assault by Gen. Hazen's Division of the 15th Corps. The assault was made late in the afternoon, the roar of the artillery being distinctly heard by the boys in the Regiment.

December 14th the boys commenced building breastworks, which convinced them that no direct assault was to be made on the city. From the 15th to the 20th the Regiment lay behind their works. Picket and camp duty had to be performed as usual. The all absorbing question was that of provisions.

Whatever may have been the condition of the balance of the army, we know the boys belonging to the 123d Regiment were HUNGRY. Beef was issued in very limited quantities, and of quality not the best. Every day, when the time for killing beef came, the place was thronged with soldiers in quest of fat with which to fry their beef. Many of them not being fortunate enough to secure this coveted article, placed their piece of beef on a stick and roasted it over a fire. One soldier, well known to the writer, received mostly bone on one occasion. He roasted this over the fire, and after getting all the meat he could from it, cast the bone aside. He went to sleep that night hungry, and dreamed he was at home attending a public supper, where was spread a table loaded with all the eatables his heart could wish. But around this table was an iron railing, and although almost famished he could not get to the table. He awoke from his dream, went out and got the bone which he had discarded awhile before, washed it, and roasted it over the fire again.

But amid all this there was no complaining—no grumbling. The boys knew that communications had been opened with the fleet, and it was only a question of time when they would again have rations, but they prayed that the time might be short. The 10th of December the 2d Division succeeded in getting a position for their artillery, where they could throw shells into the city.

The morning of the 21st the boys awoke hungry, with the hope that something would turn up during the day that would give them rations. Soon the order came to “fall in.” Filing out of their works, they marched straight for the front. Reaching the edge of the flooded rice field they commenced crossing on one of the causeways. They did not know that the city had been evacuated the night before, and expected every moment to be swept into eternity by guns on the opposite side. On they went, across, up to and by the large cannon, which they found had been spiked, and then knew that the enemy was not there.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE REGIMENT IN SAVANNAH—THE MAYOR OF THE CITY GIVES TWO HUNGRY SOLDIERS SOMETHING TO EAT—THE JOY OF THE OLD GERMAN—ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER IN DUGOUTS—THE SEARCH FOR HIDDEN PROVISIONS ON THE MARCH—THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS COMMENCED—ARRIVAL AT SISTER'S FERRY.

AFTER marching some distance towards the city the Regiment came to a halt, and quite a number of the boys started for the city in quest of something to eat. It was the fortune of two of the boys to first strike the house of the mayor of Savannah. Ringing the door bell, three gentlemen came to the door, and the two soldiers making their wants known one of the gentlemen stepped back into the house, and the two remaining informed the soldiers that the gentleman who had gone in quest of provisions was the mayor of the city. He soon appeared with a pan of bread and cakes, which the soldiers placed in their haversacks with many thanks. The next house which they approached was occupied by a German, who invited the boys in and seemed very glad to see them. He conducted them into a room and there left them. The boys did not know what to make of the singular actions of the German, and as he disappeared through a door at the further end of the long room in which they were seated, they placed caps on their rifles in order to be in readiness to defend themselves should they discover any



treachery on the part of the German. He soon appeared, however, but not alone, for with him came a young man, also a German, wearing the army blue, who came quickly forward and shook the hands of the two soldiers, and made other demonstrations of delight, while the old German lay back in a chair, holding his sides with laughter, exclaiming, "Mine Gott in himmel, dot vas goot, dot vas goot!" An explanation soon followed, to the effect that the soldier had escaped from the Rebels several months previous, and the old German had concealed him in his house, and that the two hungry soldiers from the 123d Regiment were the first boys in blue he had seen for several months. It is needless to say that the two soldiers fared well at the hands of the old German, who seemed to be well supplied with this world's goods, so far as provisions went, at least. They returned to the Regiment, which they found in camp on the Savannah river, a mile or so from the city.

The 22d of December the Regiment laid out streets, and commenced building quarters. Here the Regiment remained, performing the usual duties of camp life, till the 17th of January, 1865, and during this time the boys enjoyed themselves as only soldiers could who had just finished a long campaign. Some of the boys speculated in provisions, etc., to some extent. They made their purchases at Fort Pulaski, distant from the city about sixteen miles. They usually went in long dug-outs, going with the tide late in the afternoon, and coming back with it the next morning. By so doing, the sixteen miles would be made in a remarkably short time. Arriving at Fort Pulaski they would purchase of the sutlers there such articles as they desired, and be ready to start for camp with their boat loaded down in the morning. They paid twenty dollars per barrel for apples, one dollar per pound for butter, seventy-five cents for cheese, and fourteen dollars for a common flour barrel packed full of molasses cakes. Arriving at camp, they would sell apples, three for



fifty cents, ten, twelve and fifteen cents each, according to size. They usually sold fourteen of the small molasses cakes for one dollar, butter one dollar and fifty cents per pound, and cheese one dollar and twenty-five cents. The cakes and apples commanded the best sale, although now and then would be found a soldier willing to indulge in butter and cheese. Sometimes the boys would find it very difficult to get their load safely to camp, and especially so if the wind blew hard, for then the great danger was in getting swamped. If they got well away from the shore, and managed their boat so as to ride the waves, they were all right, but woe to the dug-out that by any mismanagement got into the trough of the sea. A soldier who had not spoken a loud word for several months accompanied one of these expeditions. The evening bade fair to be pleasant and still, for only on such evenings would the boys venture down the river, and they started off in their dug-out. Nearing Fort Pulaski the wind came up, and before they reached the dock, the waves were rolling four or five feet high, and by some careless move of the soldier who was steering, the boat came sideways to the waves, and was in imminent danger of being swamped. The first one to give utterance to his fears was the soldier who had not spoken above a whisper for so long a time. "My G——," said he, "we shall all go to the bottom." For a moment or two, this was what the others thought, but by skillful management the boat was brought around to head the waves, and they were saved. From that time out, George could yell as loud as the rest of the boys. Opposite Fort Pulaski was an immense oyster bed, and when the tide was out the boys would collect a bushel or so, row into shore and have a feast of raw oysters.

Nearly every day squads of soldiers procured passes to go into the city, and there paid exorbitant prices for very poor meals. But what cared the soldiers for money if they could have a good time.

While each man in the Regiment, with that easy philosophy of the soldier which teaches him to catch pleasure wherever he can, was making the most of his time, not one imagined that the march to Savannah had been made with no other object than to remain there. It was understood by all the intelligent soldiers, that so long as Lee stood defiant at the Rebel capital, Richmond was the real grand object of the campaign. How and when they were to reach that place, and the success of the forages on the next move forward, were the questions discussed by the boys. Having the experience of the march to the sea, they had no fears but the country through which they were to march would supply them with the necessities of life.

Many an evening was passed in recounting the manner in which they had discovered the secreted provisions, and sometimes the hidden watches and silver. When the boys first commenced the Georgia campaign they had no difficulty in finding provisions, but after a while nothing could be found at the houses along the march, and concluding that everything must be hidden away somewhere, they commenced to search, and on many instances were liberally rewarded. It seems that as rumors of the approach of Sherman's army reached the frightened inhabitants, frantic efforts were made to conceal not only their valuable personal effects, plate, jewelry, and other rich goods, but also articles of food, such as hams, sugar, flour, etc. A large part of these supplies were carried to the neighboring swamps, but the favorite method of concealment was the burial of the treasures in the pathways and gardens adjoining the dwelling houses. Sometimes the graveyard would be selected as the best place of security. Unfortunately for the people the negroes betrayed them, and the soldiers soon learned the secret. If supplies thus hidden escaped the search of the boys, it was not for want of diligent exploration. Whenever a halt was made almost every inch of ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked

by ramrods, pierced with sabres and upturned with spades. It was comical to see a group of these blue coated boys punching the unoffending earth in a most energetic way. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp witted soldiers. The fresh earth recently turned up, a bed of flowers just set out, the slightest indication of a change in appearance or position attracted the gaze of the boys, and they "went for" the loose earth as a dog would dig out a woodchuck. After awhile nothing could be found buried around the dwellings, and the boys concluded the valuables must have been carried away and secreted. So on reaching a house they would take a circle around it until they espied a wagon track, which they would follow. Sometimes it would take them off into the woods, and into an open place where woodmen had been at work chopping down trees, the branches being piled in different heaps, and under the piles would be found the hidden provisions, etc.

On the evening of January 16th, 1865, orders came to be ready to march. For several days previous to this there were various camp rumors in regard to marching orders, and the boys who were engaged in speculation disposed of their goods as best they could.

The morning of January 17th, the camp presented a lively appearance. Each soldier packed his knapsack with only such articles as were absolutely necessary on a long march and cast aside such articles as he had accumulated, but which were handy and convenient in camp. The boys had been on too many marches to load themselves down, as was the case in their first year's soldiering. Soon the bugle sounded, and they filed out of their camp at Savannah, into the road, down to the river and across the pontoon bridge into South Carolina. The first house which the boys passed after crossing the river into South Carolina was in flames, and it was a welcome sight to the

them, for South Carolina had commenced to pay her debt. Little did she dream that the hated flag would again wave over her soil when she dragged her Southern sisters into the cauldron of secession, but this pleasant January morning a thousand Union banners float in the breeze, and the ground trembled beneath the feet of thousands of brave Union boys in blue, who knew their mission, and were determined to perform it to the end. The Regiment pushed on, and after marching about ten miles went into camp. The 19th the Regiment reached Sister's Ferry, on the Savannah river, in a rain storm, and went into camp. Here the Regiment remained until the 27th, unloading boats, building roads and waiting for supplies. A gunboat lay anchored opposite and the steamers run up from Savannah with supplies, so that Sister's Ferry, while the Regiment lay there, was a lively place. The 27th the Regiment pushed on, making about twelve miles and went into camp. The 28th the Regiment made but little progress on account of the roads, and after marching until about noon they learned that the road led through a swamp, and it was found necessary to turn back a few miles to strike another road, and when night came on the boys were tired enough, having waded through swamps and brooks nearly all day.

The 29th the Regiment marched through a small village called Robertsville, and camped on a large plantation. During the march to this point the boys had an opportunity of observing a barren agricultural region, and a population of poor whites whose brains seemed as arid as the land they occupied. The wealthy land owners had all run away on the approach of the troops, and the only inhabitants seen were the poor whites, a half civilized people, who seemed not to have the intelligence of the ordinary slaves, who were by far the more interesting, alert, witty and sensible.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAROLINA CAMPAIGN—REGIMENT AT ROBERTSVILLE—CROSS THE SALKAHATCHIE RIVER AT BEAUFORT'S BRIDGE—REACH THE EDISTO RIVER—A SKIRMISH FOR CHICKENS—THE NIGHT MARCHES LIT UP BY BURNING BUILDINGS—ARRIVAL AT LEXINGTON COURT HOUSE—ACROSS THE SALUDA RIVER

THE 30th of January the 123d Regiment lay camped on a plantation near Robertsville, which they had reached the day before, and the 31st they marched down to Sister's Landing. The boys enjoyed the luxury of wading through swamps, but it being one of the military necessities, no complaints were made. Reaching the Landing in good season, five companies were sent out upon a reconnoissance. Making a detour of a few miles, they returned without discovering either bushwhackers or Rebel infantry. The Regiment lay at the landing until the 4th of February, unloading provisions, etc., from the boats, when they marched back to Robertsville and camped, and found that the little village had been nearly destroyed by fire.

February 5th, in the afternoon, the Regiment took up its line of march. During the afternoon they passed several houses which had been burned to the ground. Through rain and mud, and over most wretched roads, they finally reached the Coosawhatchie, where a bridge had to be built, and on the 8th camped

at Beaufort's Bridge. The place was remarkably strong, both in its natural advantages and the line of works which defend the passage. Wading and stumbling over the narrow road which led half a mile through the swamp they emerged from the dense jungle, and beheld upon its border a line of well built works, extending for some distance on either side. There were the embrasures, pierced by heavy guns, while the parapet was surmounted by the usual head-log. Probably if the Rebels had not been flanked, and could have defended this place, many lives would have been sacrificed before its capture.

On the 9th the Regiment marched rapidly to Blackville, a small station on the South Carolina Railroad, and a place renowned for its "secesh" proclivities, and its abuse of Union prisoners. At this place no violence was done to the inmates, but household furniture was pushed about somewhat. In and around this place wide spreading columns of smoke continued to rise.

On the 10th the Regiment reached the south fork of the Edisto river, where a bridge had to be built for the artillery and wagon train. On the opposite side of the river the boys discovered a house, and also discovered several cavalymen near the i.. The great question with them was, not how they could keep out of the way of the cavalymen, but how they could cross the river and get to the house. Some half a dozen of them finally succeeded in the attempt. The cavalymen, seeing the boys opened a brisk fire, which was returned by them as they kept advancing. The Rebels soon mounted their horses and rode off to the edge of a piece of woods where they remained, while the boys chased the hens, chickens and geese. Clubs flew in every direction, and, if any one missed a goose and hit a soldier on the shins, it mattered not—no one got mad. The main point was to secure the goose. The cavalymen had just finished a meal of hoe-cake,

and on the table in the house the boys found a cake or two which they confiscated, and being well provisioned with fowls, etc., went back to camp. They cooked their fowls all night, expecting to have a royal breakfast, but they might just as well have boiled an old army shoe, for the chickens, which must have been hatched before secession was thought of, were too tough to eat.

The 11th was spent in making a bridge and repairing roads, and the 12th the Regiment pushed on, reaching the north branch of the Edisto river. Here a bridge also had to be built. The advance had pretty heavy skirmishing with the enemy and several were killed. The 13th the Regiment crossed the river, marched about five miles and camped. The land seemed to improve as they advanced, and the region was rich in forage and supplies, and the boys revelled in the luxuries experienced in the Georgia campaign—turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, ham, potatoes, honey, and abundance of other luxuries for the soldiers, and fodder for the animals. The houses and outbuildings on the plantations denoted the wealth of the planters. Nearly all the plantations were deserted, although here and there would be found women and children. Black columns of smoke continued to rise on all sides as the army moved forward. Building material must have been in great demand in South Carolina after the war closed.

The 14th the Regiment marched to some cross roads and bivouacked, and on the 15th marched to near Lexington Court House. The boys were on one-quarter rations, and South Carolina had to make up the balance. The “bummers” were out every day, returning at night loaded down with provisions. This branch of Sherman’s army did good service. Seldom a day passed but what they had a skirmish with the Rebels. Woe to the forager that fell into their hands. Generally his dead body



would be found at the side of the road with his throat cut, and a piece of paper pinned to his breast on which was written, "Death to all foragers." A forager was in more real danger than the soldier in the ranks.

The 16th the Regiment marched to within four miles of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and camped. The magnificent spectacle of a fire in the woods was the striking episode of their march this day. The army moved through a tract of hilly country which was thickly clothed with pine forests. Many of the trees were dead, and all had been scraped in order to obtain the resinous substance. Accidentally or otherwise the dry leaves and pine cones had caught fire, which ignited these trees, and for miles the woods were on fire. It was grand to see the flames flying over the ground like a frightened steed, but to have to march into the woods and through the smoke was another thing altogether.

The Regiment crossed the Saluda river about dark the 17th, and after marching some distance bivouacked. The sky was lit up in the direction of the city of Columbia, and the boys knew that large fires were raging there. Whether the fires originated in sparks flying from the hundreds of bales of cotton which the Rebels had placed along the middle of the main street and fired as they left the city, or whether the two hundred or more prisoners who had escaped from the Rebel train as they were being conveyed from Columbia to Charlotte, remembering their long sufferings in Rebel prison pens, sought this means of retribution, or from other causes, we cannot say.

The 18th the Regiment did not move until towards evening, and after marching about eight miles, bivouacked. Every house along the road was burning or had been burned. In fact the road was lit up all the way by burning buildings. They passed one house which was in flames, and some soldiers were helping



two old people out of a window, and they had barely escaped when the entire building was wrapped in flames. This was not the work of any of the boys in the 123d Regiment, for the building was on fire when they came to it, and it was some of them who helped the people from the burning building. Had the house been vacant when they came to it, we certainly would not have invested any money in the property with the thought that it would remain unburned. But very few men were to be seen on the march, and what few the boys did run across evinced a whining, helpless, craven spirit, so different from the Georgians. These South Carolinians, these fellows who were to "die in the last ditch," who would welcome the Northerners "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," were more cowardly than children, and whined like whipped school boys. The boys had a supreme disgust for every one of these men they met in South Carolina so many years ago, and since the close of the war they have not discovered anything that has materially changed their minds.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE REGIMENT ARRIVES AT BROAD RIVER—COMPANY F'S FORAGERS—  
CROSS THE WATEREE RIVER—SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS AT CHESTER-  
FIELD COURT HOUSE—REACH CHERAW—CROSS THE GREAT PEDEE RIV-  
ER—CROSS THE LINE INTO NORTH CAROLINA AND CAMP NEAR LAUREL  
HILL.

THE 19th of February, 1865, the Regiment filed out of camp about noon, and marched to within about one mile of Broad river and camped. The 20th the Regiment pushed forward, crossing Broad river, and went into camp about seven miles beyond. It was near this river that the handsome stallion was captured which Gen. Rogers rode afterwards.

It will be remembered that the army lived mostly on the country during these campaigns, and that men were detailed from each company to do the foraging. Clark Curtis of North Greenwich, and J. E. Perry of Argyle, members of Co. F, were detailed to forage for their company. These two soldiers, with two others from company B, started out on foot the day the Regiment reached Broad river. After having traveled some four or five miles through the woods, in a north-easterly direction, they came to a large plantation. They found that the plantation was occupied by one white woman and about two hundred slaves. The slaves lived in log huts about sixty in number. The huts were built facing each other, about thirty on one side and thirty

on the other, and at the head of the street was the planter's residence, a two and a half story building, painted white, with a large yard in front. What struck the boys as being singular was the fact that there were no stables on the plantation, and but one carriage house, horse barn and granary and a large store house: in the latter they found plenty of peanuts. And again, they could not find any provisions, but knowing that the two hundred colored people must eat, they commenced a search, but could find nothing. Finally one of the colored men told them that the owner of the plantation was on an island in Broad river about two miles distant, and that he had with him the horses. With the colored man as guide they started for the island. They reached the river in about an hour and found an old boat lying bottom upwards on the bank. This they launched and found that it leaked, but bound to reach the island they jumped in, one taking the oars while the others bailed out with old cups. They at last succeeded in reaching the island. Here they found an old log house, in which was a double-barrelled rifle loaded and capped, and a barrel of flour. After filling their sacks with the flour, (the bummers always carried large sacks,) they went in pursuit of the horses. Over a knoll a short distance from the hut they discovered the horses, seven in number. Five were running loose and two were locked to a tree by means of a chain and padlock. They succeeded in catching three of those running loose, and breaking the locks secured the two fastened. The planter was some distance off, watching operations, but offered no objections. Finding another boat on the island, they loaded their flour into it, and had the colored man row it across, while they mounted their horses and swam the river. Reaching the opposite side the flour was placed on the backs of the horses, and the foragers started up the river road to meet the Regiment. Before proceeding far they came to another plantation, and passing themselves off for Rebel soldiers were treated to a good

supper. After supper they pried the door off a smoke house, and helping themselves to several hams, which they strapped to their horses, pushed on. Proceeding about two miles they came to Gen. Geary's Division. The General was there, and took everything away from them, and put them under guard. The next morning, Col. Rogers, hearing that Geary had some of his foragers under arrest, went directly to his headquarters, accompanied by Gen. Slocum, and demanded of him his men and their forage. Geary was about starting, and had the stallion saddled, but he transferred the saddle to his own horse, and Col. Rogers and his men, with their horses and forage, joined the Regiment. The boys gave the stallion to the Colonel, which, we believe, he brought home with him. The other horses they kept for their own use in foraging, and did good service, supplying the camp with provisions every night, and starting out again early in the morning.

The 21st the Regiment passed through Winnsboro in the night, a large village which had been burned by the enemy. Many buildings were then burning. Winnsboro was first settled by Irish, and grew into a large, thriving place. It is situated on the Charlotte, (N. C.,) and South Carolina R. R., seventy miles south of the former place, and thirty-seven miles north of Columbia. The Regiment camped some three miles from the village. The woods and fields in this vicinity were filled with rabbits, whose presence was the cause of a good deal of fun. The boys did not seem so much disposed to injure the frightened animals as they did to engage in the chase.

The 22d the Regiment made a march of twenty miles over a succession of horrible hills. The boys having become used to traveling level roads, where the feet pressed gently into the yielding sand, the change to mounting steep hills, and descending into valleys, upon hard, clayey soil, resulted in stiffened muscles

and sore feet. But they made this toilsome march, reached the Wateree river at the point called Rocky Mount, crossing at about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, and went into camp some four or five miles beyond. The task was all the more difficult because the road was not much used, and near the banks of the stream it was extremely precipitous, filled with large boulders of granite rock, and cut up with steep gullies.

The 23d the Regiment remained quiet. The Regiment did not move on the 24th very far, on account of the 14th Corps crossing their line of march. A storm, which had been gathering for several days, burst forth. The rain pattered upon the little shelter tents over their heads and sputtered in the fire, which, made from South Carolina rails, burned as brightly as it could under the circumstances. It swayed to and fro in the fitful wind, now and then pouring into the little tent a volume of smoke which was grateful neither to the eyes nor nostrils. Ira Stacey died, of heart disease it was supposed, on the night of the 24th. The 25th the Regiment did not move. The 26th the Regiment started in the afternoon, marched about five miles and went into camp. The roads were in a very bad condition. The 27th they did not march much over three miles, on account of a bad place in the road.

The 28th was a rainy morning with nothing to eat,—made about eight miles and camped. Soldiers were taught, among other virtues, the cardinal one of patience; but three days continuous rain, with its accompaniments of sticky mud, roads to be corduroyed, and small streams to cross, wet feet and clothes, and smouldering fires, they thought sufficient for one term; but, when every one was preparing to be discontented, that old friend, the sun, after severe struggles with the storm, won the fight and shone out upon them all—upon bedraggled mule, upon toiling soldier, upon roads of mud, and upon the most beautiful

country they had seen in South Carolina. By March 1st the roads were good, likewise the forage, and about fifteen miles were made. Fortunately the route led along high ridges and through the pine barrens, where the soil was sandy, and better for the fall of rain.

March 2d the Regiment started early and marched very rapidly until within about two miles of Chesterfield Court House, where their advance was checked by Hampton's cavalry. The 5th Connecticut and 141st New York Regiments were deployed as skirmishers, the 123d and 46th Pennsylvania acting as support. While the skirmishers were deploying, a battery came up and threw a few shells at the cavalry, at the same time an advance was ordered. The Rebels replied with artillery, but the skirmishers moved steadily forward supported by the two Regiments, driving the Rebels from the town in haste, and across Thompson's creek. The Rebels undertook to destroy the bridge, and in fact did set fire to one end of it, but the skirmishers were so close behind them that they put out the fire and saved the bridge. The Brigade lay in the swamp until some time in the night, when they went back a short distance and bivouacked. As the 123d were passing an old jail, some of the boys burst the door in and liberated two or three who were confined there, among them one old colored man who said he was to have been hanged the next day, "but bress de Lor, de Yanks hab come and sabed dis niggah's neck sure." During the skirmish one forager was wounded, but the most serious accident occurred to a negro woman in a house where the Rebels had taken cover. A bullet had just clipped the lobe of her ear. When asked what had struck her, she replied: "Lor bress me, mas'r, I dunno. I just fell right down. I heerd a s-z-z-z-z, and den I jus' knock down; I drop on de ground."

March 3d found the front clear, the Rebels having "dun

gone." The Regiment built corduroy roads, repaired the bridge which the Rebels attempted to destroy, and then marched across the bridge, two miles beyond, and bivouacked. The 4th the Regiment started about noon, and marched very slowly until about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, when they camped. They only made about seven miles. A squad of bummers went into Cheraw, and came out loaded with provisions, and when on their way back to camp a squad of Rebel cavalrymen gave them chase, and coming up to them, the bummers turned and gave them battle. The bummers finally got away with the loss of only one man, a Sergeant from the 5th Connecticut. The Regiment remained in camp until the morning of the 6th when they started on their march. Reaching Cheraw they remained in the place several hours. There were some five hundred sick Rebels in the hospital. Here Marion is buried, and his last resting place is marked by a single slab of white marble. The Regiment pushed on, crossing the Great Pedee river in the night, and marched until 4 o'clock on the morning of the 7th. Although marching all night the Regiment were not privileged to rest on this day, but tramped on, marching about fifteen miles, and pitched their shelter tents in the state of North Carolina, in the vicinity of Laurel Hill. Lient. Duane M. Hall took charge of the foragers from this time out.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE REGIMENT REACHES FAYETTEVILLE AND PASS IN REVIEW BEFORE GEN. SHERMAN—CROSS CAPE FEAR RIVER—THE FIGHT AT AVERYSBORO—CROSS BLACK CREEK—BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE—CROSS NEUSE RIVER AT COX'S BRIDGE.

THE 8th of March found the Regiment in North Carolina, having crossed the line the afternoon before. It rained hard all day, and after marching about eight miles they bivouacked. The boys seemed to understand that they had entered a state which had suffered somewhat for its Union sentiments. The conduct of Sherman's soldiers perceptibly changed during that first day's march into the state. There were no evidences of plundering; the men kept their ranks better, and what was remarkable, not a single column of fire and smoke marked the positions of the different lines of march, as had been the case in South Carolina. It was not in imagination only that the boys could see the difference between the two states, but in the fences, the barns and the dwelling houses. The fences were in good order, the barns and dwelling houses well built and cleanly, and there was an air of thrift which was an evidence that the owners took a personal interest in the management of affairs.

The following Rebel letter was picked up at Laurel Hill: "I say agin deer Melindy weer fightin' fur our libertis to dew gest as



we pleas, and we wil fite fur them so long as godlemitey giv us breth. "

March 9th dawned cool and pleasant, and the boys congratulated themselves on having a good day for marching, but before noon it commenced raining, and kept it up the balance of the day with the most disagreeable pertinacity. Sometimes the rain would come down in perfect torrents, and by the time the boys reached camp they were soaked to the skin. Having made roads and waded through mud and streams, they marched about seven miles and pitched camp in the mud, with a torrent of water drenching everything around them, and especially themselves. It was not the most cheerful business, yet there was no help for it. Soon large fires were blazing before every tent, and having dried themselves and procured their accustomed kettle of coffee, they rolled themselves up in their blankets and slept as well as they could under the circumstances.

March 10th was also a rainy morning. Nearly the first move made after starting on their march was to wade a brook, so being wet nearly to their knees on the start, there was no "picking" the road that day, and they marched right through mud and water. "No matter," they would say, "we shall be in camp by-and-by, and then, before our roaring fires, we will rehearse the incidents of the day." Thus these brave boys endured every hardship, shrank at no exposure, and not only without grumbling, but with a good humor and merriment which no hardship dampened and no risk discouraged.

March 11th was a very pleasant morning, to the great delight of the boys, and the roads being in pretty good condition they marched about twenty miles, and camped about two miles from Fayetteville. One of the foragers belonging to the Regiment was found dead by the side of the road. His name we do not remember.

March 12th the Regiment lay where it camped the night before, and here the boys had an opportunity of sending letters home.

March 13th they broke camp at 2 o'clock P. M., marched into Fayetteville and passed in review before Sherman, crossed Cape Fear river on pontoon bridges and marched some five miles and camped. Fayetteville was a beautiful city before the destruction of the public buildings. The arsenal buildings were situated upon a commanding eminence on the west side of the city, and presented an exceedingly picturesque appearance; and, taken together with the old buildings buried among the trees, which at that time were putting on their livery of green, gave the place a romantic air. An ancient market-house, of very tasteful architecture, stood in the center of the main street, which was a wide avenue, lined on either side with substantial stores and dwelling houses; and towards the Cape Fear river were several mills and manufactories. Charles Dings, Joseph Laport, members of Co. F, and two other soldiers, were taken prisoners while foraging near this place.

March 14th and 15th the boys drew clothing, which they certainly needed very much. Oh, how ragged they were! Some had but one sleeve to their blouse, others with both sleeves gone, while still others had no blouse. With shoes worn out, pants worn and hanging in shreds from the knees they looked like ragamuffins.

The Regiment lay where they camped upon the night of the 13th until the morning of the 16th, when they pushed on again through the mud, it having rained hard the night before. After marching about four miles on the Cape Fear river road, which passes through Averysboro direct to Raleigh, cannonading was heard in front. Kilpatrick's cavalry was ahead, and the boys knew that he was engaging the Rebels at some point. The 1st

and 3d Divisions were sent forward to support the cavalry. The boys found the Rebels strongly intrenched behind earthworks on the brow of a hill, skirted by a ravine and creek. The 123d took position on the line, and were then moved to the right and flank of the 3d Brigade. The Regiment had no sooner reached this position, Co. E being thrown out as skirmishers, when the Rebels charged the cavalry who were in front. The cavalry fell back, and this gave the Regiment a chance to open fire. They poured such deadly volleys into the advancing Rebel ranks that they were compelled to fall back. Our artillery at about four hundred yards distance silenced the Rebel guns. After about three hours' fighting an advance was ordered. Through the swamps and mud they went, sometimes in water two or three feet deep, driving the enemy before them for about one mile, when they came upon another and more thoroughly built line of works, behind which, it soon became evident, the Rebels lay in great strength. Co. E was now relieved by Co. F. Night came on, and through the long hours the boys lay in the pine forest, with guns in hand, ready to repel the enemy should they charge, or to advance should a charge be ordered. Now and then the Rebel cannon would belch forth grape and canister, but with no serious results to the Regiment. Above all could be heard the wild wind singing among the pine tops, while now and then the rain would sweep down in passionate, fitful showers upon the unprotected heads of the soldiers. The early morning of the 17th found the Rebel intrenchments evacuated, they having escaped in the night, leaving their pickets to be taken prisoners. This was the battle of Averysboro, in which the Regiment lost five men—Sergeant Peter Boushe and private Patrick McKinna of Co. E, and three others wounded. In this fight the Division to which the Regiment belonged captured three guns and two hundred and seventeen prisoners, of which sixty-eight were wounded and left in a house. One hundred and eight

dead Rebels were buried. And yet Averysboro is not put down in history as a battle, but simply a skirmish. We will say, however, it was a very lively skirmish.

The morning of the 17th the Regiment marched out into the road at 7 o'clock, and there remained until sundown waiting for the train to pass, then pushed on and bivouacked at midnight.

The 18th they broke camp at 6 o'clock A. M., marched through mud and water all day, fording Black Creek through water four feet deep, and bivouacked late at night. Although marching was bad, the air was deliciously pleasant,—full of the balmy influences of spring. The trees felt it, and the peach and apple trees were full of their delicate pink and white blossoms.

The morning of the 19th was pleasant, and the Regiment was early on the march. They had probably proceeded seven miles on the Smithfield road, when cannonading was heard in front. The Regiment was pushed forward on the double-quick for nearly a mile, when they came upon the scene of action, in a large open field, skirted by a thick wood in which the enemy were posted. Coming on the field, the Regiment filed to the left through a gap in a rail fence. Many of the boys as they passed seized a rail and took it with them to the edge of a piece of woods, where they formed line of battle, and then went rapidly to work throwing up a sort of breastwork. They did not remain long in this position, however, but were ordered further to the right and to the rear of the line of battle to support a battery. In this position they remained until just at night, when they relieved a regiment of the 3d Brigade, which had been engaged in the front line.

The battery which the Regiment supported was on a knoll just in rear of the line of battle, and the fight in front was witnessed by the boys. Once a regiment in the front line broke, seeming not to have any commanding officer. The men were retreating,

when from some other regiment in the line an officer was seen riding directly for the retreating colors. These he halted, and the color bearer planted the colors firmly in the ground. The officer then rose in his stirrups, and waving his sword and hat rallied the regiment. Every one of that retreating regiment rallied to the colors, took their places, and were marched back on the double-quick to their position on the line and there remained. It was handsomely done. The writer does not know whether the officer was the Colonel of the regiment or an officer belonging to some other regiment, but he does know that the regiment rallied in fine style, and went back into the fight on the double-quick. From the position of things as they appeared on coming on the field it would seem that the ammunition train had halted for the night, and it was this the Rebels were striving to reach. Such a hustling among the teamsters we never saw before. The wounded who were being carried along in wagons were handled rather roughly, being pitched into the ambulances and army wagons most any way, and the teamsters proceeded to the rear as soon as their mules could take them there.

The boys lay on their arms all night, occasionally firing with the enemy, and on the morning of the 20th it was found that the enemy had disappeared, leaving their pickets to fall into our hands and their dead unburied. Several went out in front and brought in a number of wounded Rebels. One Rebel who was severely wounded would not accept of help. He said he would die rather than accept of a favor from a Yank, and he was as good as his word for he did not accept of even a drink of water, and died in the afternoon. An examination in front of the line of battle revealed the fact that the battery which the 123d had supported did good execution, and especially was this so on the road through the wood. Under one tree lay in death's cold embrace some eight or ten dead Rebels, and all along the road for

some distance the Rebels lay dead in twos and threes. The 20th was devoted to burying the dead. Gen. Slocum reported the loss of the left wing about Bentonville at nine officers and one hundred and forty-five men killed, fifty-one officers and eight hundred and sixteen men wounded, and three officers and two hundred and twenty-three men missing—taken prisoners by the enemy. Total, one thousand two hundred and forty-seven. He buried on the field one hundred and sixty-seven Rebel dead, and took three hundred and thirty-eight prisoners. Gen. Howard reported the loss of the right wing at two officers and thirty-five men killed, twelve officers and two hundred and eighty-nine men wounded, and one officer and sixty men missing. Total, three hundred and ninety-nine. He also buried one hundred Rebel dead, and took one thousand two hundred and eighty-seven prisoners. It will therefore be seen that the battle of Bentonville was quite a fight, although the 123d Regiment escaped, remarkable as it may seem. The number of the Rebel wounded must have been much larger than the Union, for the artillery did terrible execution, and the Rebel dead on the field outnumbered the Union dead by seventy-six. But it rained hard the 20th, of course, as it most always did after a fight.

The 21st the Regiment moved out of their breastworks which they had constructed, and advanced as far as the picket line, but were soon ordered back to their works. At 8 o'clock in the morning of the 22d they moved out of their works, and taking the road leading to Cox's Bridge on the Neuse river, made about twelve miles, and bivouacked for the night near Falling Creek. The 23d they crossed Falling Creek and pushed on, passing some of the 25th Army Corps, colored troops, also troops belonging to the 4th, 23d and 24th Army Corps. Crossing Neuse river at Cox's Bridge they marched several miles further and camped for the night in the pine woods.

The 24th of March, 1865, the Regiment marched into the city of Goldsboro and passed in review before Gen. Sherman, and, marching some distance out of the city, camped on the Weldon and Wilmington railroad. Thus after ten months of ceaseless marching, working and fighting, Sherman's army reached the city of Goldsboro, and camped about it, upon the hillsides and in the sweet scented pine forests to rest and refresh themselves.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REGIMENT IN CAMP AT GOLDSBORO—THE "BUMMERS" CALLED IN—THE RALEIGH CAMPAIGN—THE REGIMENT ON THE SKIRMISH LINE—IN WATER UP TO THEIR HIPS—SKIRMISH AT MOCCASIN CREEK—THE REGIMENT CHARGES THE REBELS—THE LAST MAN KILLED IN THE REGIMENT—IN CAMP AT SMITHFIELD—NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER—REACH RALEIGH.

THE 25th of March the Regiment moved camp to near a place called Scottsville, two miles north of Goldsboro. The 26th was a happy day for the boys, for they drew full rations and received a mail. The 27th they again shifted camp to a better location. The 28th the Regiment was mustered for pay. Orders were issued for all foraging to stop, and for the "bummers" to return to their respective companies, and orders were issued to turn over all extra animals. It rained hard the night



of the 29th, and the morning of the 30th the Regiment again moved camp. The 31st was occupied in fixing up their tents and grounds. April 2d was Sunday, religious services being held in the open air by Chaplain White, nearly the entire Regiment attending. Long before daylight on the morning of the 10th the hum and stir around camp unmistakably indicated that the "raiders" were about to move again. Just at the first glimmer of daylight the rattling of drums and the clear note of numberless bugles call the troops into line. Out to the color line they march. "Shoulder arms!" "Right dress!" "Front!" "Right face!" "Right shoulder shift!" "Forward!" and with faces towards Raleigh they commence their march. They follow the same road over which they passed to enter Goldsboro a few days previous, some seven miles. There they bore to the right on the Smithfield road,—the roads being in a very good condition, weather fine, but threatening rain. The enemy's pickets were finally run upon, when the 123d Regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and drove them back for five miles without a halt. Such was the unceremonious haste of the boys that a nice hot dish of hoe-cake and a kettle of beans had to be left untasted by the retreating "Johnnies." Swamps, dense and deep favored the enemy at several points, but the men crawled, waded and floundered through the tangled roots and vines, and drove the enemy from a line of works erected at the opposite side of the marsh. A mile further on they came to Moccasin creek, a wide, deep stream, and rendered still worse by the enemy's cutting a dam a mile above the crossing point, which overflowed the banks. But without hesitation the boys waded in and succeeded after a hard struggle of an hour in reaching the first bank of the stream. On the opposite side the enemy were intrenched, having torn the planks off of the only bridge over a stream at least twenty feet in depth. On the edge of this stream the boys stood in the water waist deep and kept up a hot fire on

the enemy for an hour. Many of the men had to hold up their cartridge boxes to keep their ammunition from getting wet, and some of the short men had to place their cartridge boxes on their shoulders. We can safely say that not a man was in water less than knee deep, while the most were deeper. Now this manner of fighting required the very staunchest sort of pluck, and a good deal of it, too, but not a single man retreated, or acted otherwise than in the bravest manner. William H. Toohey of Co. K, was killed, (the last man killed in the Regiment,) David Irvin of Co. F, and Silas Ormsby of Co. B, and two or three others from the Regiment wounded. At last it was decided to charge the enemy, and with a yell, over the boys rushed, crossing on the narrow stringers some thirty feet in length, and causing the Rebels to "dust out." They were met with a terrible fire from the enemy while crossing, but fortunately no one was hit. The enemy being evidently bewildered and astounded by the rashness of the move, failed to aim true. Having crossed the stream, the boys were again compelled to wade in water up to their hips. Advancing steadily through the water, they finally reached dry ground and saw the Rebels in full sight. Giving them a volley the Rebels retreated, leaving behind them two killed and six wounded. Arriving on a knoll the Regiment halted. Two or three of the boys, being somewhat in advance, discovered an object moving behind a rail fence in front, the position last occupied by the Rebels, and supposing a Rebel or two was there and wanted to come in, sang out, "come in, Johnnie Reb, we won't fire." The shout was repeated, and no response, when one of the boys advanced and discovered the supposed Rebel to be half a dozen little pigs and their mother. The boys considered it a good joke, and enjoyed a hearty laugh. The Regiment pushed on in line of battle and camped for the night at about 4 o'clock, wet and tired, for it had been an excit-

ing day to them. Soon large fires were blazing, made from dry rails, of which there was a good supply.

April 11th the Regiment did not move out of camp until 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for having been on the lead the day before, it was their fortune, or misfortune, to be in the rear on the 11th. They moved rapidly all day, and camped for the night on the road leading to Smithfield, and near the place. The country through which they traveled was rich in corn and fodder, notwithstanding its recent occupation by the Rebel army. Handsome two-story houses were the homes of the owners of the most prolific farms in the Southern country.

April 12th the Regiment broke camp at 8 o'clock, and were in line ready to march when Lieut. Harvey Bosworth rode along the line, and gave the information that Lee had surrendered. The boys went wild with excitement when this glorious result was announced. They gave cheer after cheer to express their joy, and then, when cheers became too feeble an expression, uttered yeli upon yell, until they waked the echoes for miles around. Then the bands burst forth in swelling strains of patriotic melody, which the soldiers caught up and re-echoed with their voices. Hats, caps, cracker boxes, knapsacks and haversacks were thrown high in the air, and small colored boys were tossed high in blankets. Everybody was glad, everybody rejoiced, and the boys of the 123d, especially, were in ecstasies, for they knew what the old Potomac army was, by experience, and their old comrades had gained what they had so long and unsuccessfully struggled for. With light steps and eager hearts the boys commenced their day's march,—marching with the elation of victory. Along the ranks the soldier shouted to his comrade, "We must push old Johnson now." Marching through Smithfield they crossed Neuse river, and camped about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Orders came soon after stacking arms to go to

the support of Kilpatrick, who had run into the Rebels. The Regiment pushed on about one mile and was then ordered back.

April 13th the Regiment marched into Raleigh, the "City of Oaks," about noon, and moved to the south-east side and halted near the lunatic asylum, which at that time contained one hundred and ninety lunatics. The boys expected Johnson would certainly make a stand here, for the report was that he had thrown up very elaborate works about the town. But when at 11 o'clock they came in sight of the town and saw the Union flag waving over the capitol, they knew the Rebel capitol had been captured. The city is small, situated on a high ridge, pleasantly and regularly laid out, with fine shade trees on both sides of the streets, which are broad and clean. The buildings were all old, and but few business places were to be seen.

Everything was quiet in and about camp the 14th, the topic of conversation being the probability of Johnson's surrender. Several of Johnson's men were seen on their way to their desolate homes.

April 15th the boys had orders to be in readiness to move at 6 o'clock, but the hour came and passed and they did not move, for the reason, probably, that Gen. Sherman had received a letter from Gen. Johnson, asking if some arrangement could not be effected, which would prevent the further useless effusion of blood. Rained hard all day.

Sunday, April 16th, everything was quiet during the day, but at 10 o'clock in the evening the camp was aroused by loud cheering in the direction of the city, and the news soon came that Johnson was to surrender at 8 o'clock the next day. There was but very little sleep for the boys that night, for they knew if this was the case the next move would be for home. Home!

No wonder the boys could not sleep. To think that after nearly three long years of fighting, marching and suffering, they were about to turn their faces towards HOME!

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE REGIMENT AT RALEIGH—REPORT OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION—JOHNSON SURRENDERS—THE MARCH FOR HOME—REACH THE SOUTH-SIDE RAILROAD—THE COMMON SOLDIER.

**A**MID the stirring April days of 1865, while spring grass and greening boughs proclaimed that summer was drawing nigh, the boys anxiously awaited the final arrangements between Sherman and Johnson. The morning of April 17th came at last, after an exciting night, caused by the news that Johnson was to surrender at 8 o'clock. The day wore away without their hearing of Johnson's surrender, but other news reached the army, which never before had been so shaken with pain, and grief and righteous indignation—the news that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Sorrow was seen on the face of every soldier, and the talk of surrender gave way to expressions of sorrow at the death of the beloved President. All the bloom of spring around, the thought that the bloody strife had virtually ended, could bring no flush to their changed countenances, for over all there brooded a sorrow as if the most revered had fallen, as if the shock

of personal bereavement had smitten separately every soldier, and embittered every heart toward the Rebels, to whom they attributed the murder.

April 18th was brigade inspection day, and the rumor reached camp that the President had not been assassinated, but the report was unfounded. The Regiment was detailed to forage for grain, which did not look much to them like a surrender by Johnson.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of April 19th the Regiment moved out of camp and marched fifteen or twenty miles to Jones' cross roads, filled the wagons with corn and fodder and marched back to within seven miles of Raleigh and bivouacked.

By daylight on the morning of the 20th they were on the road, and on reaching camp their hearts were gladdened by the rumor that in a few days they were to take up their march for home.

The morning of the 23d dawned with all the beauty God could bestow. The mocking bird sang in the tree tops, and not a sound was heard save the singing of the birds, and the merry laugh of some joyful soldier. The day wears away without orders or rumors of any kind.

The insane asylum was but a short distance from camp, and the boys spent many hours lounging around the building, watching the poor victims as they appeared at the windows. Gen. Sherman visited the asylum one day, and one of the few who showed evidences of intellect, even if it were a disordered one, demanded his "walking papers," as he had been there long enough. The General told him that when his papers came to him in regular shape he would attend to them. "Meanwhile," said the General, "put your faith in God." "In God?" answered the man, fixing his keen eye on the General. "Yes, in God; you certainly believe in His power?" The man, who had been born and reared in Massachusetts, replied: "In God?"

Well, I think I do believe in a sort of Divine Providence, but when it comes to the question of power, it strikes me that for a man who has been walking about over the country whipping these cursed Rebels, you have a d—d sight more power than anybody I know of."

The 22d occurred something which caused the boys to think that for them the war might not be ended, and that was a review of the army by Gen. Sherman. They always expected some movement after a review, and as a general thing a skirmish or a fight followed a move.

Sunday, April 23d, everything was quiet, but Monday, the 24th, after inspection, came orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. All sorts of rumors were in circulation, the most of them being to the effect that they had to go and fight Johnson. They knew that Gen. Grant was in the city with Sherman, but whether his presence meant fight they did not know. A soldier from Co. E, Philo Smith by name, was laid away in his last resting place.

Tuesday morning, April 25th, the order came to "fall in." By 7 o'clock they were on the road, and taking a southwest course from Raleigh, reached Holly Springs, a distance of about twelve miles, and halted. The Rebels were in front, but everything was quiet. Rumors were rife of Johnson's surrender, but the boys knew nothing positively.

The 26th the boys learned for a certainty that Johnson had surrendered his army of thirty-seven thousand soldiers. There was great rejoicing among the soldiers. "What will be the next move?" says one. "The march home," is the reply. The sick were sent to the hospital.

The 28th the Regiment moved back to camp at Raleigh, reaching there at 2 o'clock P. M. After reaching camp orders came to pick up and pack up, and be ready to march for home on the 30th.



The day of the 29th was spent in "skirmishing," but of a peculiar warfare. The boys were not in quest of Rebels, but of an enemy they dreaded about as much—the "graybacks" the boys called them. And these "graybacks" were no respecters of persons, for they would attack an officer just as soon as they would a private, and all day long the 29th officers and soldiers were to be seen seated on stumps and stones, skirmishing for graybacks. And the 123d gained another glorious victory.

A lovelier morning never dawned than on April 30th, the day that was to see the boys shoulder their knapsacks, and with faces turned northward, commence their tramp, tramp, tramp for home. At daylight the Regiment broke camp, marched out into the road and commenced the day's march, halting for dinner near Neuse river. After dinner they crossed the river near Forest Mills, marched two miles from the river and camped for the night.

May 1st the Regiment broke camp at 8 o'clock A. M. and marched to Tar river, a distance of about sixteen miles, and camped for the night at 6 o'clock.

May 2d the Regiment commenced the march at 7 o'clock. Crossed Tar river, on through Sand Fork, passed near Oxford, N. C., and camped for the night after marching a distance of twenty miles. The boys really enjoyed this marching, but the only trouble was they did not march far enough each day. They wanted to march rapidly, for their great desire was to see home. But they knew there was no enemy in front,—no danger, and they were happy and contented.

May 3d they commenced their march at about 5 o'clock in the morning. By 8 o'clock they moved through Williamsburgh, and struck the Clarksville and Gaston railroad, which had been destroyed. Pushing on, they passed Townsendville, and crossed the Roanoke river at Taylor's Ferry. The stream was six hun-

dred and eighty feet wide, and it took thirty-three pontoons to make the bridge. After crossing the river, the Regiment halted for the night, having made about sixteen miles. Seated around the camp fire after a day's march, the topic of conversation was home and the friends and loved ones looking for their return. The names of companions would be mentioned, whom they had left behind on some battle-field—companions of many a toilsome march and hasty bivouac. Many were the regrets expressed that they had not lived to see the glad ending. They paid the absent ones fitting tribute, and who could do this better than the soldier who has stood side by side with the departed, hour by hour, day by day, year after year, in storms and sunshine, on the march or in the cloud of battle, in the bivouac, or at the moment of sudden death.

May 4th they were on the wing again at 8 o'clock in the morning. At 12 o'clock they halted, and were given thirty minutes for dinner. After procuring a cup of hot coffee they were ready to push on again. Crossing the Mahern river they pushed on about one mile and bivouacked for the night, making in all about twenty-two miles. The boys were well satisfied with this day's march, and after procuring their usual cup of coffee, and enjoying a smoke and chat, lay down to dream of home and loved ones.

May 5th they passed through South Hill District at about 8 o'clock in the morning, and at 11 o'clock struck the Boynton plank road running to Petersburg. After marching about twenty miles they struck the Nottaway river and camped.

By 7 o'clock May 6th the boys were in their harness ready and eager for the day's march. Crossing Nottaway river they pushed on, passing Black and White Station on the Southside railroad, and to Wellsville where they halted for the night, having marched about sixteen miles.

[SELECTED.]

## THE COMMON SOLDIER.

Nobody cared, when he went to war,  
 But the woman who cried on his shoulder;  
 Nobody decked him with immortelles;  
 He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk  
 Folded raiment and officer's fare;  
 A knapsack held all the new recruit  
 Might own, or love, or eat, or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-by fete,  
 With the sparkling jest and flower crowned wine;  
 Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood,  
 Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went  
 With the man that fought till the bullet sped  
 Through the coat undecked with leaf or star,  
 On a common soldier left for dead.

The cool rain bathed the fevered wound,  
 And the kind clouds wept the livelong night;  
 A pitying lotion Nature gave,  
 Till help might come with the morning light—

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives,  
 Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder;  
 And another name swells the pension list,  
 For the meagre pay of the common soldier.

See, over yonder all day he stands—  
 And an empty sleeve in the soft wind sways,  
 As he holds his lonely left hand out  
 For charity at the crossing ways.

And this is how, with bitter shame,  
 He begs his bread, and hardly lives;  
 So wearily ekes out the sum  
 A proud and grateful country gives.

What matter how he served the guns  
 When plume and rash were over yonder?  
 What matter though he bore the flag  
 Through blinding smoke and battle thunder.

What matter that a wife and child  
 Cry softly for that good arm rent?  
 And wonder why that random shot  
 To him, their own beloved, was sent.

O patriot hearts, wipe out this stain;  
 Give jeweled cup and sword no more;  
 But let no common soldier blush  
 To own the loyal blue he wore.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HOMEWARD MARCH—ACROSS THE APPOMATTOX—ARRIVAL AT RICHMOND—ON THE OLD SPOTTSYLVANIA BATTLE FIELD—THE HALT ON THE CHANCELLORSVILLE BATTLE FIELD—PASS FAIRFAX STATION—CAMP AT BERK'S STATION.

MAY 7th the Regiment was on the move by 7 o'clock A. M., being guard for the wagon train. Crossed the Appomattox river at 3 o'clock P. M., and moving up to the coal mines not far from the river, camped for the night at Clover Hill. May 8th they camped at Falling Creek, after having marched about nineteen miles, and May 9th camped near Manchester after marching only about six miles.

May 11th the boys were up early, brushing up accoutrements and clothing, for it was understood they were to march through Richmond, and they desired to look as well as they could. But at best they were a "seedy" looking body of men, but happy and jovial. Filing out of camp they marched through Manchester, which was guarded by colored troops. The streets were crowded with soldiers and citizens who manifested their delight at seeing Sherman's veterans by cheering most lustily. Crossing the James river the line of march led by Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, even the names of which will cause many a soldier to shudder when he thinks of the tortures endured in one or both

of these prisons, presided over by that fiend in human form, Turner. They marched through Richmond, passing in review before Gens. Sherman, Halleck, and others. The streets were crowded with people, the greater portion of them being colored. "Wot de debbil am dis yer comin'," says one. "Dey looks like dey was gwyn to dat happy lan' but been mighty long time gettin' dar." Marching out of the city about four miles, and outside of the immense fortifications, they camped for the night. The boys had just got their tents up when there came on one of the most terrible rain storms they had ever witnessed. The thunder was one continuous roar, and the lightning lit up the heavens as in one livid flame. A terrible wind accompanied the rain, and nearly every tent was leveled to the ground. But little sleep for the boys that night.

May 12th the Regiment, being guard for the train, did not break camp until 9 o'clock. They crossed Chickahominy creek and swamp soon after starting, and moved on to Ashland, a very pretty village on the R. & F. R. R., crossed the corner of the Peninsula, on to and across South Anne river, and camped about one mile and a half from the river.

May 12th, broke camp about 5 o'clock in the morning, being on the lead. They crossed Little creek, the Virginia Central railroad, and went into camp at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after having marched about sixteen miles.

Sunday, May 13th, they made another early start; marched some twenty miles and camped at 2 o'clock P. M., within about ten miles of Spottsylvania Court House.

May 25th they moved out of camp at an early hour, through the village and over the battle field of Spottsylvania. Although about two years had elapsed since the battle, the evidences of that terrible conflict were plainly visible on every hand. At one place a large trench had been dug for the purpose of burying the dead, and the skeletons of soldiers lay on the edges of the pit unbur-

ied. Flight must have prevented their burial, for there they had lain for two years, bleaching under the blaze of a Southern sun. The fowls of the air, the wild beasts of the forest, the insects and the elements, all had conspired to devour the flesh, while the skeletons alone remain—horrible reminders of the dreadful conflict which took place in the woods of Spottsylvania two years previous. Here the boys saw the stump of the large tree which had been cut in two by Minie balls at the time that Hancock's Division charged the Rebel works. In a little wood was found a lieutenant and six men. They lay in their army blue, just where they fell facing the enemy. Human bones were scattered all over the field. On a post was seen a ghastly skull which some soldier had placed there. The boys were glad when they left this terrible spot, and passed on into the green fields and shady woods.

At about noon the Regiment reached the old Chancellorsville battle field, the scene of their first terrible conflict over two years before. Here they halted two hours, and visited the spot where so many of their comrades had fallen, and a prayer of thanksgiving went up from many a heart that day, that God in His great goodness had seen fit to spare them. Walking over the field brought vividly to memory that terrible 3d day of May, 1863. They visited the line where so many of their comrades had fallen, and found that their dead bodies had been scarcely covered with earth by the Rebels who held possession of the field at the close of the fight. They procured spades and covered up the skeletons of several, and at the head of some Sergt. Wrangham of Co. C placed a board with the name and number of the Regiment cut thereon. Two years had made but little change in the looks of things on and about the field. There was the same little line of stumps and rails which they had made for a breastwork; the little brook just back of the line, in which they bathed their faces on that memorable Sabbath

morning, bubbles along just the same; the plank road to the right, from which came that cross-fire; the hill up to the Chancellorsville house is just as steep as on that 3d day of May, when they were compelled to fall back amid a perfect shower of shot and shell. Green grass covers the fields now, and the singing of birds has taken the place of the booming of cannon, the screaming shell, and the wails of the dying and wounded.

Gen. Sherman was to be seen, with his hands behind him, walking backward and forth on the ridge near the Chancellorsville House in apparent deep meditation, while the boys were scattered over the field visiting places familiar to them. Soon the bugle sounds to "fall in," and with one more look at the graves of fallen comrades they hasten into line, and are soon on the march, taking the same road to United States Ford they did two years before, but under what different circumstances! Then they had been defeated and were falling back to their old camp at Stafford Court House; now they were on their way home after having helped conquer the Rebels. Moving down on the flat by the Ford they camped for the night, feeling that they had passed through an eventful day—a day in which scenes of other days had been brought fresh to their memories.

May 16th the boys were up early, and after a breakfast of coffee and hard-tack, pushed on across the Rappahannock river at United States Ford, and soon after reached Hastwood church, and moving north-west, halted for the night at Cedar Creek, after having made about sixteen miles. Nothing occurred on the march during the day, and the conversation of the boys was mostly about the eventful battle of Chancellorsville, the visit to the field having brought back fresh every little incident.

By 9 o'clock on the morning of May 17th the boys were on the road. Crossing Cedar Creek they pushed on, passing through Bristersburgh and Weaversville, and camped for the night on the banks of Slaty River, having marched about thirteen miles.



The morning of May 18th they crossed Slaty river and moved on through Brintonville, crossed Broad river and Bull Run, and to Fairfax Station. Here the boys felt as though they had run across an old friend, for they were stationed there the winter of 1862-3, and the country from Fairfax to the Occoquan, and to Stafford Court House was familiar to them. Pushing on, they marched to Berk Station and camped for the night, tired out. They had marched about twenty miles, and a good share of the day it rained. But the boys cared nothing for the aches and pains of a long march, for they knew that each mile passed over brought them a mile nearer home.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

REACH FAIRFAX SEMINARY—IN SIGHT OF WASHINGTON—IN CAMP AT FORT WORTH—FRIENDS FROM HOME—ACROSS LONG BRIDGE—THE GRAND REVIEW—COL. ROGERS PROMOTED—MUSTERED OUT—OFF FOR PHILADELPHIA—BREAKFAST AT THE COOPER SHOP VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON—REACH NEW YORK—RICE SOUP IN A WASHTUB—UP THE HUDSON—IN CAMP AT ALBANY—HOME AT LAST.

MAY 19th, 1865, they were on the road by 7 o'clock, and reached Fairfax seminary at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and camped near Fort Worth, in sight of the old Capitol at Washington. What a welcome sight this was to the boys. It was like seeing the steeples of their own village, and they felt that they were near their journey's end. They marched about

seventeen miles. The 20th they laid out streets, and the 21st friends from home came flocking into camp to visit the boys. The 22d and 23d were occupied in preparing for a grand review which they understood was to take place in Washington, before the head men of the nation.

The Regiment broke camp at sunrise on the morning of the 24th of May, passed in review before Gen. Sherman, and then marched down to the Potomac and across Long Bridge, and passed in grand review before the President, Gen. Grant and others, moving through the city, and about four miles north on the Washington and Baltimore railroad, and camped for the night very tired; and well they might be, for they had marched about thirty miles in all, and it was as hard a day's march as they had ever made. It is not necessary for us to speak of the grand review for it is a matter of history. This day was devoted to the review of Sherman's army, the army of the Potomac having been reviewed the day before. In this review the "bummers" took a prominent part, for they occupied a position in the line with their pack mules loaded with pots and kettles, and all the paraphernalia of the "bummers' brigade," minus the pigs, geese, hens, turkeys, etc.

The next day the Regiment moved camp to a pleasanter location, laid out streets and went into camp to await the order to leave for home. The days dragged themselves wearily along until June 8th, when they were mustered out of the United States service. June 2d orders were read on dress parade that Col. Rogers had been promoted to Brigadier-General in the Volunteer service.

The officers worked day and night making out the muster rolls. On June 6th the papers were all completed, and on the 7th they were carried in and handed over to the Government for inspection, and on the 8th the Regiment was mustered

out. The boys were fairly wild with delight when they received orders to get ready to go home. At 6 o'clock in the morning, Friday, June 9th, the Regiment boarded the cars at Washington depot, reaching Baltimore at 1 o'clock P. M., where they took dinner. At 5 o'clock they left Baltimore, reaching Haverdegrass at dark. After an all night's ride they reached Philadelphia at daylight. Marching to the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon the boys partook of the best meal that they had had since they were there nearly three years before. The Regiment was not so large by several hundreds as it was then. The boys will never forget the old Quaker city, and not only the boys in the 123d Regiment, but every soldier who passed through that city. After breakfast they took a boat for Camden. At the latter place they took the train at 7 o'clock, passing through Burlington, Portland, New Brunswick, Norway, Elizabeth and Jersey City, N. J., crossed the river to New York city, where they were fed a little rice and warm water, called rice soup. The soup was in large washtubs, from which it was taken in large tin dippers, and every soldier marched up and received his "slush" if he had a tin cup. If not, he did not get anything. Many preferred a "wind pudding," and ran away from the filthy mess as fast as they could. What a contrast to the breakfast at Philadelphia. There they were seated at a long table, with table cloth on, and everything neat and clean, and with victuals, the like of which they had not seen in nearly three years. In New York, two or three bare armed laborers dipping soup from a WASHTUB! Perhaps New York city thought this was good enough for soldiers. A farmer would not treat his hogs as the boys were treated in New York, and they were glad enough when orders came to "fall in," and off they went for the "John Taylor," a steamer lying at the dock, ready to take them where they could get clean grass to eat, if nothing more. At just 5 o'clock in the afternoon the old steamer let go her moorings, and after an all

night's ride on the Hudson, reached Albany at sunrise on the morning of the 11th of June, Sunday, and marched to Fenton barracks on the Troy road, and camped in rear of them.

The Regiment went out nine hundred and fifty strong, and returned with five hundred and twenty-five. About forty one-year men returned with the Regiment. About sixty recruits, whose terms were unexpired, were transferred to the 60th New York.

The 14th day of June came at last—the day which was to see the final release of the boys from the thralldom of military martinet. And with his honorable discharge in one pocket, and his pay (minus the price of the most rectangular kind of a square meal) in the other, the average Washington county veteran looked calmly down with a placid, patronizing disdain, on that portion of creation generally which did not belong to the 123d Regiment. A free and independent citizen of the great Republic his good right arm had helped to save. Free to come and go as he pleased, and do what he pleased, providing he harmed no man. Free to swagger coolly past his superior officer with his army regulation cap set squarely on the back of his head, and his martial fists thrust into the lowermost depths of his army regulation trousers pockets. As one frisky warrior piously put it, "They allowed that they could lick six times as many Rebs as they were, any day, and didn't care a cussdam for any son of sin from a brigadier down." No one who has not "been there himself," and submitted to the galling restraints of the camp, can realize the refreshing sense of personal independence of the discharged soldier on his way home. Home! In the contemplation of his new-born dignity he had actually forgotten, for the instant, that bright particular star toward which his thoughts have fondly turned for weary days, and months, and years it may be, in the lonely vigil and by the smouldering embers of long since dead camp fires.

The rousing receptions and public dinners tendered to each company of "bold sojer boys" by their respective towns are still too fresh in the minds of our readers to need special mention here. Suffice it to say that the arrangements were perfect; that every soldier drew full rations; that the speeches, good, bad and indifferent, were rapturously applauded: that everybody was happy, and again "The Regiments uproarious, laughed in plenty's glee."

Little remains to be said. We have followed the fortunes of the 123d Regiment to the end. We have traced their wandering footsteps over half a continent. North, south, east and west,—from the quiet homes of old Washington to the battlemented heights of Georgia; from the blue waters of the Atlantic to the rolling prairies of the West. We have seen them floundering through Virginia mud, plunging amid the thunder-crowned Alleghanies, and breathing the tainted air of far off Carolina rice swamps. We have seen them amid the shock of battle,—emerging with bullet-riven ranks from the smoking hell of fight after fight, till on their tattered ensigns was written the proud record of a score of hard fought fields; dropping the musket but to seize the spade, scorched with heat, parched with thirst and fainting with fatigue. And finally, after nearly three years of toiling, fighting and suffering, we mark their return to the firesides so gallantly defended, to again take up the duties of a blood-united country. A wide, dark interval since we first beheld them, full of lusty life, marching gaily out of the old rendezvous at Salem. The ranks are thinner now. There are deep gaps in the long line. Manly voices are still, whose sturdy "Here!" rang out with the boldest. The men are a trifle older, a trifle sterner on this 14th day of June, 1865, but the same soldiers still. The same happy-go-lucky soldier boys who cursed Jeff Davis, consumed army whiskey and plundered secesh hen roosts in half the

states of the Confederacy. The same dauntless heroes that faced the storm of Rebel lead, and exchanged badinage in the very Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Widely scattered are the graves of those sons, friends and neighbors who went down amid war's discordant clangor, in nameless skirmish and immortal field; under the surgeons knife and stricken by the pestilential breath of Southland marshes. They died that we might live. May it be long, very long, ere the pulses of old Washington county shall thrill at the brave deeds of another 123d REGIMENT!

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[SELECTED.]

### A CRIPPLED SOLDIER IN COURT.

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“ Drunk? Yes; that's what the p'liceman said.  
 Reform? I will—when I am dead.  
 A man that's short a leg and arm  
 Don't need to give the cops alarm;  
 And drink drowns weary pain, I've found,  
 And helps a fellow graveward bound.  
 I “steal” to quench this cursed thirst?  
 If I was whole you'd hardly durst  
 To ask me that. Judge though you are;  
 I fought with Sherman in the war!  
 This empty sleeve bore chevrons then;  
 I wore 'em in the Devil's Glen;  
 And old Tecumseh thanked me, too,  
 And said I'd glorify the blue;  
 And only for my wounds, I say  
 I'd been an officer that day.  
 The color sergeant. Reckless Joe?  
 That's me, of course, but how'd you know?  
 What!—you led the “Bummers'” Own?  
 You rode that mare, the kickin' roan?  
 Why!—yes, my God, its really him!  
 Judge!—Colonel!—pshaw, how dim  
 My peepers get! Discharged? No fine?  
 Come to your house at ene? To dine?  
 A man once more, 'mong other men!  
 I think I'll try to live again!”

## APPENDIX.

The following Appendix we have compiled from the Company Rolls. It is very difficult to avoid errors in lists of this kind, but in the main the Companies are correct. We are under obligations to Capt. O. S. Hall, Capt. George R. Hall, Capt. James Hill, Capt. George Robinson, Lieut. Robert Cruikshank, Lieut. Donald S. Reed, Sergt. Thomas J. Wrangham, Sergt. Joseph H. Middleton, and Sergt. Sidney B. Weer, for Company Rolls, and for valuable assistance in preparing the following Appendix. We do not give the date of enlistment of the men who went out in 1862, as most of them enlisted in July and August of that year.



## ROLL OF COMPANIES.

## CO. A—GREENWICH AND EASTON.

In the civil war the old town of Greenwich furnished 231 men. 100 of the 231 lost their lives in the service. Greenwich and the north half of Easton expended \$88,074.82, and was represented mostly in the 123d, 77th, 93d, 30th and 22d Regiments. When it was resolved in July, 1862, to raise a Washington County Regiment, this town went to work with a will and determination to raise her quota promptly. The War Committee designated Abram Reynolds as Captain of the company to be raised from Greenwich and the north half of Easton, and a recruiting office was opened in the south end of Whiteside Hill's old block, since burned. It was the first company to reach the rendezvous at Salem, and was given the right of the Regiment, Co. A, with 99 men. The company received \$4,950 in bounty from the County, and the same from the State, each man receiving \$100 in all.

The town adopted appropriate measures to fill her quota at each call of the President for more men. At a special meeting held October 30, 1862, a bounty of \$2,400 was authorized to be paid by the town auditors. On the 18th of December, 1863, the action of the Board of Supervisors was ratified, and John Stewart, Jas. Lourie, Archibald Lendrum, Morgan Heath and Isaac G. Parker appointed to fill the quota under the President's call for 300,000 men, by paying \$200 bounty to each man. The number of men to be raised was 52. At a special meeting held March 26, 1864, the Supervisor of the town, Isaac G. Parker, was authorized to pay \$350 per volunteer, and August 11, 1864, I. G. Parker, N. G. Moor, Abram Reynolds, Wm. M. Holmes, J. T. Masters and Morgan Heath as a committee, were authorized to pay \$500 per volunteer. December 27, 1864, I. G. Parker, Abram Reynolds and W. L. Cozzens were appointed a final committee to fill the quota.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- Abram Reynolds was the first Captain of the company. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 9, 1862. He resigned and was discharged July 18, 1863. Has been Member of Assembly two terms.
- Alonzo T. Mason, 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 9, 1862; promoted to Captain Oct. 16, 1863; breveted Major; was aid-de-camp to Gen. Williams when war closed; mustered out with regiment; died of consumption at Greenwich, April 7, 1872.
- James C. Shaw 2d Lieutenant: Date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 9, 1862, promoted Captain of Co. B July 21, 1863; discharged with regiment; elected Sheriff of Washington County in 1868.
- George Robinson, Orderly Sergeant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant; date of commission October 15, 1863; date of rank July 18, 1863; commanded company while Captain was on staff duty; breveted Captain; discharged with regiment; resides at Schuylerville, Saratoga County.
- Harvey Bosworth, Sergeant. Promoted 2d Lieutenant July 10, 1863; was aid de-camp to Brevet Brigadier Gen. Selfridge, commanding Brigade; discharged with regiment; resides at Troy.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- William Harrison, Sergt., killed at Chancellorsville May 1, 1863; buried on the field.
- Albert A. Norton, Sergt., detached with ambulance corps; discharged with regiment.
- Joseph Safford, Sergt., wounded and prisoner at Chancellorsville May 3; discharged with regiment.
- Eugene Cowan, Corp., promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment; resides at Chicago, Ill.
- William Dobbin, Corp., died of fever at Nashville, Tenn., August 10, 1864.
- John Richards, Corp., promoted Sergeant Nov. 11, 1863; discharged with regiment.
- Albert M. Cook, Corp., promoted Sergeant Nov. 14, 1863; sick and sent to Nashville when regiment commenced the Atlanta campaign; discharged with regiment.
- Roswell B. Janes, Corp., died at Stafford Court House, March 5, 1863.
- Aaron M. Hyatt, Corp., discharged with regiment.
- Hiram Rice, Corp., discharged with regiment.
- William Manning, Corp., wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.

## PRIVATES.

- Albert Allen, died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., of chronic diarrhœa, December 21, 1863; supposed to be buried there.
- Joshua Allen, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- John Baker. While the regiment was stationed at Elk river John married a girl in Lincoln Co., Tenn., and when the regiment left for the front he remained behind.
- Ansel Bentley, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Fzra Bouter, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Leroy Briggs, discharged with regiment.
- Ferdinand Bourrie, discharged with regiment.
- William Bartlett, killed at Chancellorsville; buried on the field.
- Oscar Baumes, killed at Chancellorsville; buried on the field.
- John Baumes, discharged with regiment.
- Adelbert Brown, discharged with regiment.
- Evander Burtis, died at Philadelphia while en route to Washington, 1862.
- James H. Bennett, recruit.
- George K. Buck, discharged with regiment.
- Charles Campbell, discharged with regiment.
- Palmer K. Clark, musician, wounded and prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged December 25, 1864.
- George L. Cramer, transferred to V. R. C., September, 1862; discharged June 24, '65.
- John Curtis.
- John Cutter, reenlisted in Co. A in September, 1864; discharged with regiment.
- Drias Chapin, recruit; discharged with regiment.
- Elisha Downing, discharged with regiment.
- John Donn, discharged with regiment; resides at North Adams, Mass.
- John Decker, taken prisoner while on skirmish line at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.
- Alexander Dobbin, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Richard Durham, promoted Corporal; taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.
- Charles Dings.

- David Donohoe, discharged for disability February 2, 1863.  
 Phineas F. Dixon, enlisted in September, 1864; discharged with regiment; resides at Argyle.  
 Charles A. Fowler, discharged with regiment; drowned July 4, 1879.  
 Samuel Fones, discharged with regiment.  
 Burdick Fuller, wounded at Dallas, Ga.; discharged with regiment.  
 Cortland Faxon, discharged with regiment.  
 William Fenton, wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. May 16, 1864; discharged July 7, 1865.  
 John Groome, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles Gillson, discharged with regiment.  
 Abel Galusha, discharged with regiment.  
 Richard Galusha, discharged with regiment.  
 John H. Hyde, killed at Chancellorsville; buried on the field.  
 John F. Hillman, discharged with regiment.  
 George H. Hay, wounded at Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C. April 10, 1864.  
 John Hornbrook, discharged for disability July 15, 1864.  
 Thomas Hughes, wounded at Culp's Farm June 22, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 John Hughes, deserted, came back under President's pardon proclamation, and transferred to the 60th N. Y. S. V. to serve out full time.  
 Jonathan Hatch, discharged with regiment.  
 Zachariah Hastings, died at Harper's Ferry December 25, 1862; supposed to be buried there.  
 James Hay, discharged July 10, 1865.  
 Benjamin H. Hyde, Alexander Hemstreet, David Irvin.  
 Henry Knapp, Scout for Gen. Kane; discharged June 29, 1863.  
 Frank Knapp, discharged with regiment.  
 Robert Karnaghan, discharged with regiment.  
 Alexander Lambert, discharged with regiment.  
 James Livingston, discharged with regiment.  
 Vital Lapoint, discharged with regiment.  
 Lucius Long, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles Lapoint, killed at Culp's Farm; buried on the field.  
 Henry Lampman, died at Acquia Creek hospital of wounds received at Chancellorsville; supposed to be buried at Acquia Creek.  
 Joseph Lapoint, wounded at Peach Tree Creek, Ga.  
 Nathan Lamphire killed at Winchester Springs, Tenn., January 12, 1864; buried at Elk River Bridge.  
 John Lampman, discharged with regiment.  
 Alexander Mitchell, died of disease at Chattanooga, Tenn., August 16, 1864.  
 Edwin B. Mosher, discharged with regiment.  
 Thomas McCullough, reenlisted from the 22d regiment August 25, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 Wallace Orton, wounded at Gettysburg; discharged at Philadelphia.  
 Daniel Parks, discharged with regiment.  
 John Previe, discharged April 17, 1865.  
 Albert Potter, killed on skirmish line at Atlanta, Ga., July 30, 1864; buried there.  
 James Pilling, wounded at Chancellorsville; transferred to invalid corps; discharged May 21, 1865.  
 Alonzo Rice, discharged with regiment.  
 George L. Russell, discharged with regiment.  
 Adolphus Rosebush, discharged with regiment; died at Greenwich of consumption.  
 Hiram Rice, promoted to Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Jacob Steves, died at Harper's Ferry, Feb. 10, 1863; supposed to be buried there.  
 George Sheffield, discharged with regiment.  
 William Sheffield, discharged July 13, 1865.  
 Geo. W. Sears, discharged with regiment.  
 John A. Spencer, discharged with regiment.  
 William H. Spencer, discharged with regiment and died in Greenwich in 1873.  
 Oscar Sparhawk, wounded and taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged May, 1865.  
 Reuben Stewart, discharged with regiment.  
 John Shearer, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 William J. Smith, discharged with regiment.  
 Martin Shearer, discharged with regiment.  
 Albert W. Tanuer, promoted to Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Martin F. Dunlap, Thomas O. Giles.

Hiram B. Tefft, transferred to Navy April 17, 1864, and shipped on board U. S. steamer "Winnebago" as ship Corporal April 24, 1864. Was present at the time of the capture of the Rebel ram "Tennessee," and the gunboats "Selma" and "Gaines," four large scows and four sloops. Also at the capture of Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, Spanish Fort and the city of Mobile. Was discharged August 7, 1865.

Caleb B. Tefft, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with the regiment.

Charles Tefft, wounded at Resaca.

Charles Tucker, wounded at Chancellorsville; promoted to Corporal November 14, 1863; discharged with regiment.

Benjamin Van Arnum

Alfred Wilmarth, wagoner; discharged for disability February 21, 1863.

Monroe Waller, discharged with regiment.

Thomas D. Wright, discharged with regiment.

LeRoy Wright, wounded at Chancellorsville and killed at Peach Tree Creek; buried on the field.

David Whipple.

Erastus T. Williams, discharged May 24, 1865.

Thomas Wilson, discharged with regiment.

Albert Wilcox, died at his home in Moreau, Saratoga county, while a patient in Saterlee hospital, May 31, 1863.

John Wilson, discharged for disability March 16, 1863.

LeRoy Whittaker, enlisted in old 9th New York in June, 1863; discharged on account of sickness; reenlisted in Co. A. 123d regiment, fall of 1864, and joined regiment at Atlanta: discharged with regiment.

Michael J. Wolff, enlisted in March, 1864; died in hospital at Jeffersonville; supposed to be buried there.

Archibald Weir, recruit, enlisted August 31, 1864; died in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., January 8, 1865, of typhoid fever; supposed to be buried there.

Arnold A. Young, musician, discharged May 28, 1865.

Hiram T. Young, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.

John Scott, William H. Scranton, James H. Ferris, Benjamin F. Rodier.

## CO. B—KINGSBURY.

The town of Kingsbury, like the other towns of the county, went early to work to raise her quota under the President's call for 300,000 troops, July 1st, 1862. Guy W. Clark, A. Freeman, G. I. Stone, jr., Walden E. Richards and A. F. Hitchcock were appointed a committee to assist in enlisting troops in the town, and George W. Warren was appointed Captain of the company to be raised. The success in raising the company is shown in the fact that it was the second to report at Salem, with 88 men, and took the second in rank, "B." The bounty paid by the county to Co. B was \$4,400. Each man also received \$50 from the state.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

George W. Warren was the first Captain of the company. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 13, 1862; he resigned June 10, 1863; died in Texas since the war.

James C. Shaw was the second Captain of the company; promoted from Co. A.

James C. Warren, 1st Lieutenant; date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 13, 1862; resigned January 28, 1863.

William B. Brown was the second 1st Lieutenant of the company. He was promoted from Orderly Sergeant of Co. K. to 1st Lieutenant of Co. B; date of commission, May 2, 1863; date of rank, January 29, 1863; wounded in leg at Pine Hill, Ga.; was afterwards military conductor; discharged at close of war.

Samuel C. Burton, 2d Lieutenant; date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 13, 1862; resigned January 7, 1863.

George W. Smith was the second 2d Lieutenant, being promoted from Orderly Sergeant; date of commission, May 21, 1863; date of rank, January 17, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant of Co. K.; date of commission, January 27, 1865; date of rank, January 12, 1865; slightly wounded at Gettysburg and at Dallas; discharged with regiment; murdered in Texas since the war.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

William O. Akins killed at Peach Tree Creek.

John H. Beach, died in 1862.

Lemuel Buck, returned with regiment.

Norman L. Bailey, discharged in 1862.

Orville Branch, taken prisoner on march through South Carolina, 1865.

Phineas Barber, transferred in 1863.

Roswell Bryant, discharged in 1862.

James Bennett, died in 1863.

Andrew J. Blake, returned with regiment.

Dennis Bennett, never mustered in.

Seymour Bennett, wounded at Chancellorsville; returned with regiment.

Martin Burton, promoted to Corporal; returned with regiment.

Alexander Burnett, died in 1863.

Arnold Bullard, returned with regiment.

Charles F. Blakenian, discharged in 1863.

William Barber, wounded in abdomen at battle of Dallas; returned with regiment.

Bernard Carroll, wounded in the hand at Dallas; returned with regiment.

Eli Carpenter, recruit; returned with regiment.

Lem Carpenter, wagoner; returned with regiment.

Edmund Capron, Corporal; returned with regiment.

Francis Clark, wagoner; returned with regiment.

Ira Durkee, wounded in ankle at Culp's Farm.

William M. Fuller, returned with regiment.

David I. Gleason, Corporal; discharged in 1863.

E. T. Gilman, musician; returned with regiment.

Jeremiah Green, returned with regiment.

Andrew J. Gile, returned with regiment.

Jabez Green, discharged in 1862.

Reuben Gleason, returned with regiment.

Jerome Green, returned with regiment.

William Hall, returned with regiment.

John R. Hamilton, wounded at Gettysburg.

Levi Heath, Sergeant; deserted in 1863.

Newton R. Hays, Sergeant; returned with regiment.

Willard P. Harris, Sergeant; killed at Resaca, May 15, 1864.

Alonzo Harrington, Corporal; discharged in 1863.

Orrin E. Harris, Corporal; promoted to Sergeant; discharged with regiment.

Wesley F. Harrington, returned with regiment.

Harlan Harrington, leg off at Pine Hill.

George W. Harrington, wounded in hand at Peach Tree Creek.

Henry Hill, returned with regiment.

Abram W. Haight, discharged in 1862.

Austin Hazleton, returned with regiment.

J. G. Harrington, returned with regiment; hung himself since his return.

G. W. Irish, discharged in 1863.

James Johnston, Corporal; returned with regiment.

Horace Harris and James Haines, discharged in 1862.

John Knapp, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.  
 James Lord, accidentally wounded in the hand while on guard at Bridgeport; returned with regiment.  
 Joseph H. Middleton, Orderly Sergeant; wounded in right arm at Peach Tree Creek; returned with regiment.  
 Thomas A. Morris, Corporal; returned with regiment.  
 Germond Mosier, returned with regiment.  
 Charles Mosier, returned with regiment.  
 John H. Middleton, died at Harper's Ferry, January 16, 1863.  
 Charles Moore, returned with regiment.  
 Joseph Moore, recruit; returned with regiment.  
 William Martendale, returned with regiment.  
 Elias Mead, discharged in 1863.  
 Thomas McCloud, returned with regiment; died in 1877.  
 Edwin B. Norton, Corporal; returned with regiment.  
 Silas Ormsby, Corporal; slightly wounded at Moccasin Creek. N. C., March, 1865.  
 John H. Ormsby, returned with regiment.  
 Emmett L. Ormsby, returned with regiment.  
 Edward Phair, taken prisoner on march through South Carolina 1865.  
 George M. Perry, returned with regiment.  
 William H. Pixley, returned with regiment.  
 Edwin Peirson, wounded in hand at Resaca, May 15, 1864.  
 Ezekiel Parks, discharged 1863.  
 Leander Pelot, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; returned with regiment.  
 Charles L. Rausom, discharged in 1863.  
 Robert Ramsey, deserted in 1863.  
 B. Franklin Smith, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm, June 22, 1864; returned with regiment.  
 George H. Simpson, Corporal; deserted in 1862.  
 Dwight Stone, died at Bridgeport in 1864.  
 Walter Stone, discharged in 1863.  
 George Stover, wounded in heel at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; died May 5th on battle field, from lock-jaw.  
 Lewis Tucker, returned with regiment; drowned at Sandy Hill soon after return.  
 James B. Taylor, Corporal; wounded in arm at Peach Tree Creek.  
 Henry Vanyea, returned with regiment; died at Sandy Hill soon after return.  
 Henry Van Vranken, discharged from hospital at close of war.  
 Charles H. Vaughn, Sergeant; returned with regiment.  
 Joseph Warren, Corporal; discharged from hospital 1865.  
 Munson Wheeler, died 1863.  
 Joseph White, returned with regiment.  
 P. C. Wetman, discharged 1862.  
 Jacob Yarter, blacksmith: returned with regiment; died since war.



## CO. C—WHITEHALL.

Whitehall raised eighty-five men for the 123d Regiment, and was the third town to send a company to the rendezvous at Salem, taking third position—Co. C. This town was not wanting in patriotism, and appropriated means to fill every call for troops. Co. C was paid a County bounty of \$4,275, and a State bounty of the same.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Adolphus H. Tanner was the first Captain of the company. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 17, 1862. Promoted Major May 12, 1863; promoted Lieutenant-Colonel November 19, 1864; wounded at Dallas; discharged with regiment. Was elected to Congress in 1868.

Walter G. Warner was the first 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission, Sept. 10, 1862; date of rank August 14, 1862; detached on Gen. Paul's staff; resigned February 11, 1863; died since the war.

John C. Corbett was the first 2d Lieutenant; date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 14, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville and buried on the field.

George H. Wallace was the second Captain of the company. Date of commission, October 15, 1863; date of rank, May 12, 1863; resigned January 11, 1864.

Hiram O. Warren was the third Captain of the company, being promoted from Co. K. Date of commission March 15, 1864; date of rank Jan. 12, 1864; discharged with regiment.

Luke H. Carrington was the second 2d Lieutenant, promoted from Orderly Sergeant. Date of commission May 22, 1865; date of rank May 3, 1863; was military conductor; discharged with regiment.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Nicholas Hillard, Orderly Sergeant; discharged with regiment.

R. W. Farrel, Sergeant; wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.

Michael Johnson, Sergeant; deserted when regiment reached Washington.

H. C. Morhous, Sergeant; discharged with regiment.

George Wright, Corporal, killed at Chancellorsville.

Leonard S. Gillett, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; killed at Chancellorsville.

E. S. Penfield, Corporal; discharged with regiment.

Thomas J. Wrangham, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.

Abram Mosher, Corporal; discharged soon after enlistment.

John C. Hollister, Corporal; discharged with regiment.

Orville Manville, Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; detached to invalid corps; promoted to Hospital Steward, and honorably discharged at close of war.

John Vanauden, Corporal, discharged with regiment.

## PRIVATES.

George D. Wells, discharged with regiment.

Joseph Willard Allen, discharged with regiment.

William H. Allen, killed at Peach Tree Creek.

Winfield Butler, discharged with regiment.

Mark Bourden, deserted at Fairfax Station, Va.

George Brannock, discharged with regiment.

Thomas Bryan, discharged for disability.

George S. Black, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.

George H. Beattie, discharged with regiment.

Hiram T. Blanchard, discharged with regiment. Now editor of *Fort Edward Gazette*.



- ✓ Joseph Bogart, discharged for disability.
- ✓ Frank Cull, killed at Chancellorsville.
- Jed. Cull, discharged with regiment.
- Michael Crowley, wounded at Gettysburg and discharged for disability.
- James Crowley, discharged with regiment.
- ascal L. Cook, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- James Carroll, discharged for disability.
- Henry Clemons, discharged for disability.
- John Carle, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Edward Crow, discharged with regiment.
- ✓ Joseph H. Dilts, died in hospital at Harper's Ferry.
- ✓ Charles Donohue, died in hospital at Atlanta, Ga.; buried there.
- John Douglass, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Edward B. Day, discharged with regiment.
- ✓ James W. Earls, jr., supposed to have been drowned in the Ohio river while returning from a furlough.
- William Foster, discharged with regiment.
- George Forget, discharged for disability.
- George Horton, discharged with regiment.
- ✓ William Hutton, jr., promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Peach Tree Creek while carrying the colors; died in hospital from wounds; buried there.
- ✓ Wesley P. Huntington, killed at Gettysburg; buried there.
- Henry F. Johnson, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; died since the war.
- James Killgallon, wounded twice at Chancellorsville; discharged for disability.
- James Hurlburt, discharged with regiment.
- William Holt, killed at Chancellorsville; buried on the field.
- George D. Knowles, discharged with regiment.
- Thomas Kelley, discharged with regiment.
- Patrick Kinney, promoted to Corporal; discharged with regiment.
- Lewis King, deserted at Fairfax Station, Va.
- William P. Lamb, wounded at Chancellorsville; promoted Lieutenant of U. S. colored regiment; discharged after the war; resides in New York.
- George W. Lamb, teamster; discharged with regiment; died in 1878.
- Nathan Leonard, supposed to have been killed at Chancellorsville.
- George H. Leonard, killed at Chancellorsville; buried on the field.
- Franklin Moon, wounded at Chancellorsville; died since the war.
- Charles W. Morris, discharged with regiment.
- Thomas McCarty, discharged with regiment; died since the war.
- John W. Manning, discharged with regiment.
- James O'Reilly, discharged with regiment.
- Daniel O'Connor, discharged with regiment.
- Napoleon Meatt, discharged for disability.
- Charles Rose, deserted at Fairfax Station, Va.
- Charles H. Norton, discharged for disability; died at home.
- Horace Pardo, discharged with regiment.
- Joseph Price, discharged with regiment.
- Richard Scott, discharged with regiment.
- ✓ Daniel Shields, discharged for disability.
- ✓ John Sears, jr., died in hospital at Savannah; buried there.
- ✓ John C. Smith, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.
- David H. Sager, killed at Chancellorsville; buried on the field.
- James J. Sherman, wounded at Chancellorsville twice; discharged with regiment; drowned in Lake Champlain since the war.
- Michael Tigh, discharged for disability.
- Henry N. Taft, discharged with regiment.
- Hiram A. Taft, discharged with regiment.
- Andrew J. Taft, discharged with regiment.
- Hiram Taft, jr., wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; drowned in Lake Champlain in 1878.
- Richard Terrill, discharged with regiment.
- George R. Winn, wounded at Bentonville, N. C.; discharged with regiment.
- Joseph Whitten, taken prisoner while foraging; discharged with regiment; drowned since the war.
- ✓ Andrew Wilson, discharged with regiment.
- ✓ Nathan Thompson, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- ✓ Edson Whitney, musician; died in hospital at Harper's Ferry.

Andrew A. Buell, on detached duty; promoted Lieutenant; did not report for muster.  
 Charles Leet, recruit; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 William Stevenson, recruit; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 Joseph Barrett, recruit; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment; drowned in Lake Champlain since the war.  
 — Smith, recruit; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.

## CO. D—PUTNAM, DRESDEN, FORT ANN.

The towns of Putnam, Dresden and Fort Ann were designated by the War Committee to raise one company for the regiment. Putnam raised 30 men, Dresden 14 and Fort Ann 67. These towns sent the fourth company to the rendezvous at Salem, 99 men in all, and took the fourth position as Co. D. The County bounty paid was \$4,950; State bounty the same.

### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

John Barron, Captain; enlisted at Fort Ann. Date of commission Sept. 10, 1862; date of rank August 14, 1862; dismissed for absence without leave Feb. 22, 1863.  
 Alexander Anderson, enlisted at Putnam as 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission Sept. 10, 1862; date of rank August 14, 1862; promoted Captain; date of commission May 21, 1863; date of rank February 22, 1863; discharged with regiment.  
 Edward P. Quinn 2d Lieutenant; enlisted at Fort Ann; date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 14, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant; date of commission May 21 1863; date of rank February 22, 1863; wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged May 15, 1865.  
 Willis Switt, Jr., enlisted at Fort Ann as Orderly Sergeant; promoted 2d Lieutenant; date of commission May 21, 1863; date of rank February 22, 1863; detailed to command of pioneer and ambulance corps; discharged with regiment.

### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS FROM PUTNAM.

Jarius D. Backus, discharged with regiment.  
 Levi A. Belden, discharged with regiment.  
 George W. Blair, discharged for disability February 23, 1863; died of fever February 26, 1863, at Washington, D. C.  
 Andrew E. Benson, discharged with regiment.  
 James L. Cummings, Sergeant; wounded at Dallas; died of wound soon after.  
 John C. Cummings, discharged with regiment.  
 Robert I. Cummings, absent from regiment since July 17, 1864.  
 Joseph H. Congdon, discharged with regiment.  
 Henry A. Dedrick, died of disease at Madison, Ind., July 25, 1864.  
 Darwin Easton, died of disease at Stafford Court House, Va., March, 1863.  
 John C. Gourle, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 James H. Haynes, died of disease at Harper's Ferry, Va., November 15, 1862.  
 James D. Leigh, discharged February 23, 1863; re-enlisted 5th Cavalry; discharged.  
 John A. McLaughlin, Orderly Sergeant; enlisted in 44th regiment, 1861; discharged; re-enlisted in 123d July 30, 1862; discharged with regiment.  
 Robert Maxwell, Corporal; discharged for disability January 13, 1863.  
 James McLaughlin, 2d, discharged with regiment.  
 Kilbourn A. Miller, discharged with regiment.  
 Alexander McLaughlin, enlisted April 16, 1861, 3d Cavalry; discharged; re-enlisted in 123d July 30, 1862; died of disease Dec. 1, 1863, while home on furlough.  
 William Moore, discharged with regiment.  
 William McLaughlin, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.

Joseph Petty, discharged with regiment.  
 Alexander C. Thompson, died of typhoid fever at Washington, D. C., Feb. 12, 1863.  
 James M. Vaughn, discharged with regiment.  
 George T. Wright, Corporal.  
 D. Ray Williamson, Corporal; wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with reg't.  
 William Anderson, jr., enlisted Mar. 20, 1864; died of disease at Chattanooga, Tenn., November 15, 1864.  
 Edwin F. Harvey, enlisted December 25, 1863; transferred to 60th N. Y.  
 William D. McLaughlin, enlisted March 1, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y.  
 Robert McLaughlin, enlisted March 25, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y.  
 The above recruits were discharged August 1, 1865.

#### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES FROM DRESDEN.

Charles Bartholomew, discharged with regiment.  
 Joseph Bartholomew, discharged with regiment.  
 Carter Barrett, discharged for disability in 1862.  
 Dennis Barrett, discharged with regiment.  
 Thaddeus Chubb, discharged with regiment.  
 S. A. Eastman, discharged with regiment.  
 Oscar F. Hopkins, discharged with regiment.  
 Baker R. Plew, discharged with regiment.  
 Royal Plew, discharged with regiment.  
 Amos Walker, discharged with regiment.  
 Asabel Ward, died of fever at Stafford Court House, Va.  
 James F. Wallace, discharged with regiment.  
 Joseph Young, discharged with regiment.  
 James Platt, recruit; enlisted March 25, 1864; discharged July 17, 1865.

#### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES FROM FORT ANN.

R. C. Bull, Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Charles Blanchard, discharged with regiment.  
 Edward Blanchard, discharged with regiment.  
 Orson Brinor, wounded at Dallas; discharged with regiment.  
 Orrin Belden, discharged with regiment.  
 Orestes G. Batchelder, detailed as Hospital Steward; discharged with regiment.  
 James Cunningham, discharged with regiment.  
 Marvin Chase, discharged with regiment.  
 Daniel O'Connor, discharged with regiment.  
 Timothy Crowly, discharged with regiment.  
 Horace Chase, discharged for disability, 1863.  
 George W. Chase, discharged with regiment.  
 William O. Clark, discharged with regiment.  
 Leonard Corning, promoted Hospital Steward, regiment, brigade and division; discharged with regiment.  
 Thomas Dana, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Levi Eaton, discharged with regiment.  
 Jeremiah Finch, killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Andrew J. Fisher, discharged with regiment.  
 John Fuller, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Ransom O. Fisher, accidentally killed with revolver at Bridgeport, Ala., Dec., 1863.  
 John Green, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Charles Grout, died of disease at Chattanooga, June, 1863.  
 William B. Heddleston, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Peter L. Haskins, detailed as Hospital Steward; discharged with regiment.  
 William Henderson, discharged with regiment.  
 Joel Harvey, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.  
 John Hall, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 George F. I. Kingsley, Corporal, discharged for disability 1863.  
 William H. Loomis, discharged with regiment.  
 John Lesson, discharged with regiment.  
 James H. Loomis, died of disease at Harper's Ferry, Va., in 1863.  
 Isaac McNutt, wounded at Chancellorsville; died of wounds May 15, 1863, at Acquia Creek, Va.; supposed to be buried there.  
 James M. Mattison, died of disease, 1863.  
 Albert Mattison, discharged for disability 1863.  
 George Mattison, died of disease 1862.  
 Eli Mattison, detailed as butcher; discharged with regiment.

Reuben W. Martin, died of disease, 1862.  
 Walter F. Martin, promoted to Sergeant-Major; to Lieutenant; detailed for staff duty; taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.  
 Alexander Nicholson, Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; taken prisoner in Georgia, and remained a prisoner until after the close of the war.  
 Charles Nicholson, discharged for disability, 1863.  
 George Pattison, Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Allen Plue, transferred to Battery F, Artillery, for one year; discharged June 8, '65.  
 R. P. Rich, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Edward Rice, died of disease at Alexandria, Va., December, 1862.  
 Page Rowell, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Nathaniel S. Rowell, promoted Corporal; served one year as scout; discharged with regiment.  
 Seymour D. Rich, discharged with regiment.  
 Henry Sartwell, Sergeant; wounded at Chancellorsville; at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.  
 Julius Swift, detailed to ambulance corps; discharged with regiment.  
 Barney Shaudiey, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; died of wounds soon after.  
 George Shelden, discharged with regiment.  
 Phineas M. Spencer, discharged for disability, 1863.  
 Oliver H. Smith, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.  
 Byron Trobridge.  
 Job Vaughn, promoted Sergeant; detailed to color guard; discharged with regiment.  
 Frank Van Wornier, drummer; discharged with regiment.  
 Albert Woodruff, wounded at Cassville; discharged with regiment.  
 Charles Welch, detailed to ambulance corps; discharged with regiment.  
 Daniel Wagner, discharged with regiment.  
 Theodore Williams, discharged with regiment.  
 Philip McWhorter, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Lewis Walker, discharged for disability 1863.  
 Edward Raymo, recruit; enlisted April, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y.; discharged; re-enlisted in U. S. regiment; wounded at New Orleans; promoted Sergeant; died at Hartford in January, 1875.  
 Albert Corbett was not old enough to enlist but was bound to go. He joined Co. D. at Salem, and after reaching Washington was mustered; discharged with regiment.

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### CO. E—HARTFORD AND HEBRON.

Hartford and Hebron raised 134 men for the 123d Regiment, Hartford 69 men and Hebron 65. This was more than enough for one company, so when they reached Salem Capt. Weer selected the best men, and the balance were transferred to the other companies. This accounts for Co. E having such a fine looking body of men, most of them being large and well formed, and of about the same height. Hartford adopted appropriate measures to fill her quota, and the demand for men and means was met by a cheerful and hearty response. Hebron appointed the following committee to aid in securing men to fill her quota: Dr. Charles J. White, John S. McFarland, Hon. S. E. Spoor

and John M. Rea. The company from Hartford and Hebron was the fifth to reach the rendezvous at Salem, and took position in the regiment as Co. E, receiving \$5,350 in bounty.

#### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Norman F. Weer, Captain. Date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 20, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville; wounded at Gettysburg, and died of wound soon after. The soldiers of his company sent the body home to Hartford at their own expense, where he was buried with Masonic honors by Herschel Lodge, of which he was a member. The funeral was the largest ever held in that town.

George R. Hall, 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 20, 1862. Promoted Captain; date of commission Oct. 15, 1863; date of rank July 26, 1863; discharged with regiment; now resides at Iowa City, Iowa.

Seth C. Cary, 2d Lieutenant. Date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 20, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant; date of commission October 20, 1863; date of rank July 26, 1863; promoted to Adjutant March 15, 1864; wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment; now resides in Massachusetts.

John H. Daicy, Orderly Sergeant; promoted 2d Lieutenant. Date of commission October 21, 1863; date of rank July 26, 1863; wounded at Peach Tree Creek July 20, 1864, and died two days afterwards of his wounds. His body was brought home and buried with Masonic honors by Herschel Lodge, F. and A. M., of which he was a member.

Harlon P. Wait, enlisted as a private; promoted 2d Lieutenant May 6, 1864; date of commission March 15, 1864; date of rank July 30, 1863; promoted 1st Lieutenant; date of commission January 31, 1865; date of rank January 12, 1865; discharged with regiment; now resides at Catlett Station, Va.

Duane M. Hall, Corporal; promoted Sergeant November 1, 1862; promoted Sergeant Major January 14, 1864; promoted 2d Lieutenant; date of commission January 31, 1864; date of rank January 12, 1864; discharged with regiment; resides at North Greenwich.

#### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Harvey Reynolds, Sergeant; discharged with regiment.

Douglas Potter, Sergeant; promoted Orderly Sergeant November 11, 1863; discharged with regiment.

Charles H. Barker, Sergeant; deserted in Loudon Valley, Va., December 1, 1862.

Peter Boushe, Sergeant; wounded at Aversyboro; discharged with regiment.

Sidney B. Weer, Corporal, transferred to V. R. C. February 16, 1864, on account of wounds received at Chancellorsville; discharged.

William J. Beattie, Corporal; promoted Sergeant February 15, 1864; discharged with regiment.

William J. McMillen, Corporal; promoted Sergeant November 11, 1863; discharged with regiment.

Robert McEachron, Corporal; wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with reg't.

Thomas McCarty, Corporal; discharged October 13, 1863, for disability.

Franklin Woodard, Corporal; wounded at Dallas; discharged.

Joseph Tullier, Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C. April 19, 1864; discharged.

#### PRIVATEs.

Arthur Whitlock, musician; wounded on picket line near Stafford Court House, Va., June 6, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. November 15, 1863; discharged.

Daniel M. Chapman, musician; discharged with regiment.

Albert M. Adams, discharged with regiment.

William H. Armstrong, discharged with regiment.

Frank Archambault, wounded at Culp's Farm, and died on the cars while being carried to Chattanooga, Tenn.

Byron Briggs, killed at Chancellorsville.

William Burke, discharged with regiment.

John Bell, killed at Gettysburg

Darius J. Brown, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.

Elliott Bureh, wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.

Alexander Beveridge, died in hospital at Alexandria, Va., December 18, 1862.

Abel M. Barker, discharged with regiment.

Dennis Baker, discharged with regiment.

William Chamberlain, on detached service; discharged June 16, 1865.



William V. Crosier, discharged for disability May 13, 1863.  
 James A. Crosier, discharged for disability February 19, 1863.  
 Chauncey P. Coy, discharged with regiment. Now resides at Waterloo, Neb.  
 Charles P. Churchill, discharged for disability April 13, 1865.  
 George Donally, killed at Peach Tree Creek.  
 Edward Durling, wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.  
 Patrick Dolan, discharged with regiment.  
 James Dickinson, discharged with regiment.  
 Edward Forsyth, discharged with regiment.  
 William Graham, wounded at Chancellorsville; transferred to V. R. C; discharged.  
 Alvah Gray, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.  
 William J. Gilchrist, died at Fairfax Station, Va., January 6, 1863.  
 Smith Hewett; died at Harper's Ferry, Va., December 18, 1862.  
 Julius H. Higley, appointed 1st Lieutenant 109th regiment, U. S. colored troops, June 30, 1864; promoted Captain in same; in Texas from June 1, 1865, to March, 1866; discharged at Louisville, Ky., March 15, 1866.  
 Adolphus D. Hatch, promoted Corporal March 1, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 James A. Henry, promoted Corporal March 1, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 James Johnson, discharged with regiment.  
 Adolphus Jeffway, died at Atlanta, Sept. 18, 1864.  
 Andrew J. King discharged with regiment.  
 Aaron Loveland, discharged with regiment.  
 George Lattimer, discharged with regiment.  
 William Lackey, discharged with regiment.  
 Walter Lackey, discharged with regiment.  
 Marcus L. Liddle, discharged with regiment.  
 William H. Ladd, promoted Corporal December 1, 1862; discharged with regiment.  
 Marvin W. Liddle, discharged with regiment.  
 Martin Murphy, wounded near Marietta, Ga., June 24, 1864; discharged with reg't  
 John H. Moore, promoted Corporal March 1, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 George T. Morris, on detached service as blacksmith; discharged with regiment.  
 Thomas Mahaffy, discharged with regiment.  
 Ira Munson, died of measles at Harper's Ferry, Va., February 16, 1863.  
 James A. McEachron, died in camp at Loudon, Va., December 5, 1862.  
 Henry McIntyre, discharged with regiment.  
 Mason Megan, discharged with regiment.  
 Patrick McKinna, wounded at Averysboro; discharged with regiment.  
 Francis Mow, discharged with regiment.  
 Harlan P. Martin, discharged with regiment.  
 Andrew G. McMillan, discharged with regiment.  
 Henry C. Miller, discharged August 16, 1864, to accept a commission as 1st Lieutenant U. S. C. T.  
 William Murphy, discharged with regiment.  
 Oscar B. Nelson, discharged for disability July 13, 1863.  
 James A. Norton, promoted Sergeant; killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Luther M. Park, wounded at Kenesaw Mountain; discharged with regiment.  
 James Pollock, brigade blacksmith; discharged with regiment.  
 John Patterson, discharged with regiment.  
 Ransom Qua, promoted Corporal March 1, 1865; discharged with regiment,  
 Wesley Basey, discharged with regiment.  
 John Riley, deserted from hospital at Alexandria, Va., February 16, 1863.  
 Andrew H. Reynolds, discharged with regiment.  
 Amos Rhodes, wounded at Chancellorsville; promoted Corporal July 1, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 Nathan Raymond, died at Stafford Court House February 16, 1863.  
 James M. Reynolds discharged with regiment.  
 Erastus Scoville, discharged with regiment.  
 James Shevlin, discharged with regiment.  
 Philo Smith, died of measles April 24, 1865.  
 Samuel Stiles, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.  
 William M. Smith, driver in Ambulance Corps; discharged with regiment.  
 Hiram L. Thomas, died in hospital at Harper's Ferry, November 30, 1862.  
 Edward L. Tanner, wounded and prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged with reg't.  
 Charles Thompson, discharged with regiment.  
 Edward L. Vance, wagoner; discharged with regiment.  
 John Wright, wounded at Culp's Farm; died in prison hospital at Atlanta, July 3, '64.  
 James Waugh, discharged for disability, January 24, 1863.

William H. Warner, deserted January 22, 1863.  
 Myron Wood, discharged with regiment.  
 Alba Wood, discharged for disability March 19, 1863.  
 Philip Washburn, discharged with regiment.  
 William J. Whitlock, discharged with regiment.  
 Mortimer Wood, discharged for disability March 25, 1863.  
 Philander Whitney, discharged for disability April 9, 1863.  
 Daniel R. Wilds, transferred to V. R. C. March 15, 1864; discharged.

#### RECRUITS.

Clarence White, enlisted August 9, 1864, for one year; discharged with regiment.  
 James H. Donaldson, enlisted February 20, 1864; discharged from hospital at Philadelphia, May 3, 1865.  
 John Anderson, enlisted March 28, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 Levi Baker, enlisted February 15, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 John Dudley, enlisted April 4, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 William Elliott, enlisted February 23, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 John O. Holland, enlisted February 25, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 Lawrence Law, enlisted March 28, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 Henry B. Stiles, enlisted January 30, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 Joseph Orcutt, enlisted February 15, 1864; transferred to 60th N. Y. regiment.  
 Thomas Clark, enlisted February 8, 1864; died in hospital at Albany, March 22, 1864.  
 John Patrick, enlisted September 1, 1864; died in hospital at Savannah, Jan. 21, 1865.

### CO. F—ARGYLE.

Argyle was not wanting in the support of the Government in the trying hours of the late civil war. The taxes for the encouragement of enlistment during the four years aggregated nearly \$100,000. Alexander Barkley, John Gillis, James Hall, C. G. Harsha, J. McCall, E. Hill, W. D. Robertson, William Lendrum, Henry Shepherd, William Clapp and T. McN. Congdon, were a War Committee, and their action secured the requisite quotas. This town sent out one company of 100 men with the 123d Regiment, and enlisted them between July 24th and August 22d, 1862, all but six enlisting at Argyle, viz: John Scott, James T. Hay and William Sheffield enlisting at Greenwich; Samuel Johnson and W. J. Copeland at Hebron, and Alexander Reid at Hartford. The company was the sixth to reach Salem, and took position in the Regiment as Co. F, receiving \$4,850 bounty from the County, and the same from the State.

#### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Duncan Robertson, Captain. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 22, 1862; discharged with regiment; is now a farmer at Argyle.  
 Donald Reid, 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission, Sept. 10, 1862; date of rank August 22, 1862; discharged with regiment; is now a farmer in Argyle.  
 George Robinson, 2d Lieutenant. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of



rank, August 22, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant Co. C; served on Gen. Williams' staff for about two years; discharged with regiment; now Chaplain at Ft. Beauford. Walter F. Martin, 2d Lieutenant; was Sergeant-Major of the regiment; was promoted to the place of George Robinson. Date of commission October 21, 1863; date of rank, February 11, 1863; was taken prisoner June 22d at Culp's Farm; escaped from prison and joined the regiment at Atlanta the following winter; discharged with regiment; don't know where he is.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Andrew L. Crawford Sergeant; promoted Quartermaster; discharged with regiment; is now a merchant at Fort Edward.  
 Daniel M. White, Sergeant; discharged with regiment; now a hotel keeper in Salem. George Scott, Sergeant; transferred to 16th U. S. I. July 16th, 1864; is now a lawyer at Fort Edward.  
 William J. McCollum, Sergeant; discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Salem. Sylvester McMurray, Sergeant; discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Argyle. John French, Sergeant; discharged with regiment; died at Lake, Washington county, N. Y., January 22d 1878.  
 George L. Robinson, Sergeant; discharged for disability April 21st, 1863; died at Argyle July 11, 1863.  
 Jacob Williams, Sergeant; discharged for disability September 25th, 1864; died at Argyle, December 1st 1864.  
 James M. Rowan, Sergeant; wounded at Culp's Farm; died from effects of wound, June 24th, 1864.  
 John R. McMillen, Sergeant; wounded at Peach Tree Creek July 20 1864; discharged with regiment; is now a farmer in Fort Edward.  
 John Martin, Corporal; was wounded in leg at Culp's Farm, rendering amputation necessary; was discharged from hospital; is now in Custom House at Plattsburgh. Robert Smith, Corporal; discharged with regiment; is now a farmer in Argyle.  
 Daniel M. McClellan, Corporal; was wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; is now living at Leavenworth, Kansas.  
 Andrew H. McWhorter, Corporal; lost an arm at Peach Tree Creek; discharged from hospital; is now living at Lawrence, Kansas.  
 Schuyler Durkee, Corporal; discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Ft. Edward. Duncan R. McDougall, Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; is now a farmer in Hebron.  
 Theodore Stanley, Corporal; discharged for disability March 23, 1863; is now living at Poultney, Vt.  
 Alexander Robinson, Corporal; discharged for disability December 1st, 1862; died at Argyle July 4th, 1863.  
 Russell Fullerton, Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville and at Peach Tree Creek; discharged March 14th, 1865; now resides near Lawrence, Kansas.  
 James Schermerhorn, Corporal; transferred to V. R. C. May 3d 1863; died at South Argyle March 26, 1867.

## PRIVATEs.

William J. Armstrong, discharged for disability Jan. 4, 1864; now a farmer in Argyle. John Bain, discharged with regiment; now working on a farm in Argyle. William Brady, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; died at Buffalo, Neb., in 1870.  
 Garner Baker, at Chancellorsville was known to be wounded, but was never heard from; supposed to have died there.  
 George K. Bain, discharged for disability Nov. 30, 1862; died at Argyle Jan. 7, 1863. Orlando D. Beattie, discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Greenwich. William J. Copeland, discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Argyle.  
 Joseph Cartwright, died April 21, 1865.  
 William R. Campbell, wounded at Dallas; discharged with regiment; was killed by the cars in the western part of the state in 1877.  
 Simon D. Curtis, discharged June 13, 1863.  
 James H. Crawford, discharged with regiment; died at Fort Edward Jan. 3, 1877. Clark Curtis, discharged with regiment; now living in Greenwich.  
 Robert J. Cronk, wounded at Gettysburg; transferred to V. R. C. Feb. 15, 1864; wagon maker at Sandy Hill.  
 Charles Carter, discharged with regiment; now living in Vermont.  
 James Currins, discharged with regiment; now living in Argyle.  
 James S. Dobbin, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; died in Salem, July 27, 1867.

- Charles Dings, taken prisoner March 9, 1865; discharged at close of war; now a farmer in Argyle.
- Thomas Dennison, discharged with regiment; now living in Argyle.
- Stokes Ellsworth, discharged with regiment; now living at Lake George, N. Y.
- William H. Emerson, died Feb. 10, 1863.
- Theodore Haggart, died January 6, 1863.
- Henry G. Hutchens, died January 15, 1863.
- Henry C. Hopkins, discharged August 26, 1863; don't know where he is.
- Henry Irwin, transferred to V. R. C. July 16, 1863; discharged at close of war; now lives in Argyle.
- David Irwin, wounded May 10, 1865, near Goldsboro; discharged with regiment; died in Argyle September 2, 1866.
- Archibald Killmer, discharged with regiment; now lives in Nebraska.
- William T. Knickerbocker, wounded at Dallas; discharged at close of war; is farmer in Argyle.
- Ebenezer Kinney, lost an arm at Perch Tree Creek; discharged at close of war; is now living at Austin, Minn.
- William A. Lant, discharged for disability March 16, 1863; died in Argyle Dec. 9, '68.
- Joseph Laport, discharged for disability March 16, 1863; in 1864 reenlisted, and was transferred to the 60th N. Y. June 3d, 1865; living in Pennsylvania.
- William Lackey, discharged with regiment; now living in Argyle.
- Patrick Malone, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm, and died in prison.
- John Murray, deserted.
- John M. McMurray, wounded at Peach Tree Creek, and discharged February 16, 1865; died in Argyle in February, 1872.
- Joseph Morrish, died October 28, 1864.
- George Mickle, wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment; is now living at Deervanesburgh Centre, is a blacksmith.
- Matthew McCandless, discharged for disability June 9, 1863; is now living at Sandwich, Ill.
- Alexander I. McDougall, discharged for disability June 9, 1863; now living in Salem.
- John McCloskey, discharged with regiment.
- Moses L. McNeil, discharged with regiment; now living at Argyle.
- William H. Morrison, discharged with regiment; don't know where he is.
- George McKibbin, wounded at Chancellorsville and taken prisoner, and died while in prison.
- William J. Nelson, wounded May 10, near Goldsboro; discharged with regiment; now living in Troy.
- Duncan A. Peterson, taken prisoner May 3d, 1863; discharged with regiment; living in Iowa.
- James E. Perry, discharged with regiment; now resides in Argyle.
- Robert A. Pendergrass, discharged with regiment; died in Troy, in 1877.
- John E. Rexstraw, discharged with regiment; now living in New York city.
- Peter Robbins, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged March 24, 1864; driver on Erie canal.
- Thomas Rogers, wounded at New Hope Church, Ga.; discharged at close of the war; now living in Salem.
- Orville C. Robinson, discharged with regiment; now living in Argyle.
- George H. Robinson, lost an arm at Peach Tree Creek, Ga.; discharged at close of war; now living in Argyle.
- Zenas S. Robinson, discharged January 26, 1863; now living in Argyle.
- Alexander Reid, discharged with regiment; now living at Providence, R. I., harness maker.
- Charles E. Reid, discharged with regiment; now living near Crowfordsville, Iowa.
- Harvey M. Reid, died February 26, 1863.
- Clark Rice, promoted to Commissary Sergeant; living at Cambridge, N. Y.
- William C. Skellie, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; now living at Argyle.
- David G. Stewart, killed at Culp's farm, Ga., June 22, 1864.
- Abner Q. Scott, discharged with regiment; now living in Argyle.
- William H. Scott, discharged with regiment; died at Syracuse, N. Y.
- John Scott, wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment; died in the West.
- William H. Smith, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Nebraska.
- John T. Selfridge, discharged with regiment; now living in Newburgh N. Y.; farmer.
- James Stow, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged January 20, 1865; now living in Canada.

Russell C. Smith, discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Argyle.  
 James W. Taylor, discharged with regiment; now a wagon maker in Argyle.  
 George L. Taylor, supposed to have been killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Christopher Willison, discharged with regiment; died at North Argyle Jan. 25, 1868.  
 Robert Williams taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment; now a farmer in Argyle.  
 John D. Williams, discharged with regiment; now living near Crawfordsville, Iowa.  
 William J. Wood, killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Simon Tucker, discharged with regiment; now living in Argyle.  
 Taylor A. Hopkins, killed at Peach Tree Creek.  
 James Y. Hay, wounded at Resaca; discharged with regiment; died in Hebron, February 26, 1879.  
 William Sheffield, discharged at close of war; now living in Greenwich.  
 Samuel Johnson, died while connected with the army.  
 James H. Conklin, discharged April 21, 1863; now living at Fort Edward.  
 Jacob Mickle, discharged with regiment; died at West Fort Ann, October 18, 1874.

## RECRUITS.

John Mickle, a blacksmith at Fort Edward.  
 Charles Bearheau, Henry C. Carter, James Farrel.  
 The following enlisted in the 145th N. Y., from New York city, and were transferred to Co. F, 123d N. Y. S. V. January, 1864:  
 Philip S. Clark, discharged with regiment.  
 Harry C. Damels, discharged with regiment.  
 William H. Dempsey, discharged with regiment.  
 John Delmore, taken prisoner March 9, 1865; discharged at close of war.  
 John Y. Godfery, discharged with Regiment.  
 Barney Fox, discharged with regiment.  
 John Byrne, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharge, reason of wounds, January 19, 1865.

## CO. G—WHITECREEK AND JACKSON.

The towns of Whitecreek and Jackson sent out 89 men in 1862 in the 123d Regiment. At a special town meeting held at the house of Edward Long, Whitecreek, October 30, 1862, L. W. Gunn presided and D. M. Westfall was clerk. Supervisor John Larmon was authorized to borrow money on the credit of the town to pay \$200 bounty to each recruit necessary to fill quota. In 1864 E. W. Crosby, John Larmon, Joseph Merchant and Supervisor George Barker were appointed a committee to procure men for the town under the call of the President. Jackson promptly met all calls for troops. The company from Whitecreek and Jackson took seventh position in the Regiment as Co. G, and received a County bounty of \$4,450, and a State bounty of the same.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Henry C. Gray, Captain. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 22, 1862; promoted Major February 29, 1865; discharged with regiment.  
 James Hill, 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 22, 1862; promoted Captain; date of commission February 7, 1865; date of rank, November 19, 1864, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles Archer, 2d Lieutenant. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 21, 1862; resigned February 17, 1863.  
 William S. Warner, Sergeant; promoted Orderly Sergeant, June 2, 1863, and 1st Lieutenant February 7, 1865; discharged with regiment.  
 Jerome B. Rice, Orderly Sergeant; promoted 2d Lieutenant May 21, 1863; taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; transferred to Signal Corps; discharged.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Robert Alexander, promoted Corporal April, 1865; discharged with regiment.  
 Henry L. Arnold, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Charles W. Arnold, discharged with regiment.  
 John W. Bailey, discharged to accept appointment as Hospital Steward in regular army.  
 Ferner Bennett.  
 Romaine Bennett, discharged with regiment.  
 Hiram W. Brown, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 James H. Bennett, discharged with regiment.  
 Martin Bennett, was in hospital at Jeffersonville, Ind.; no discharge given.  
 Peter Cowan, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.  
 Henry Colter, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.  
 Clarence Colter, died in hospital at Alexandria of wounds received at Chancellorsville.  
 Layton Coon, discharged with regiment.  
 George Clark, discharged December 9, 1864, on account of wounds.  
 Flavius J. Cornell, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Andrew J. Coon, died of disease at Stafford Court House, February 19, 1863.  
 John Cavanah, discharged with regiment.  
 Andrew B. Cone, enlisted December 31, 1863; transferred to 60th N. Y.; discharged July 31, 1865.  
 Joseph Carter, discharged with regiment.  
 Peter Crombie, wounded at Dallas; died June 6, 1864.  
 Ezra Dibble, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles W. Decker.  
 E. S. Edgerton, Sergeant, discharged to receive commission in U. S. C. regiment.  
 DeWitt F. Eldridge, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 Alexander Ellis, discharged November 1, 1863, for wounds received at Chancellorsville; reenlisted February 27, 1865, in same company; discharged with regiment.  
 James S. Esmann, musician; discharged with regiment.  
 John S. Fowler, deserted.  
 George E. Fenton, discharged with regiment.  
 Henry C. Fowler, enlisted August 29, 1864, one year; discharged with regiment.  
 John M. Fuller, discharged with regiment.  
 Hiram T. Gray, discharged with regiment.  
 Joseph Gilbert, promoted to Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Manville Hart, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles Hoffman, deserted.  
 Duncan Howe, discharged for disability, February 23, 1863.  
 Artemas C. Harrington, discharged with regiment.  
 Peter Henry, discharged with regiment.  
 Hiram King, discharged for disability, January 4, 1864.  
 John Luddy, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; at Andersonville; exchanged; discharged with regiment.  
 David C. Lamb, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; at Andersonville, Savannah, etc.; exchanged; discharged with regiment.  
 LeRoy Larrabee, discharged with regiment.  
 Clark H. Lawton, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged June 25, 1865.  
 George W. Lambert, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged for disability, September 25, 1863.  
 Isaiah Mattison, discharged with regiment.  
 John McComber, wounded and died at Chancellorsville.  
 William Martain, reported killed at Chancellorsville.  
 William C. McLean, promoted Sergeant Major, March 27, 1865.

Robert Maxwell, discharged with regiment.  
 James H. Moore, taken prisoner; discharged with regiment.  
 Matthew Monnegan, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; prisoner at Andersonville December, 1864; returned to regiment April, 1865; discharged with regiment.  
 John L. Marshall, discharged with regiment.  
 Robert Miller, discharged with regiment.  
 William Moore, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Sylvester Pratt, discharged with regiment.  
 Thomas Hiland.  
 Dennis Pratt, discharged with regiment.  
 George W. Parker, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Chauncey C. Parker, died at Stafford Court House, Va., February 7, 1863.  
 Samuel Parker, deserted.  
 John Petteys, transferred to V. R. C. April 17, 1863.  
 William C. Qua, discharged for disability, October 2, 1862.  
 Ebenezer Ross, discharged for disability, April 23, 1863.  
 James Scrimger, deserted.  
 Andrew Shaler, Thos. B. Small, Wm. J. Smith, Chas. Welch, discharged with reg't.  
 John A. Stevenson, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 Sylvester R. Warren, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; at Libby; exchanged; discharged with regiment.  
 Henry Welch, killed at Peace Tree Creek.  
 George H. Wells, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Henry C. Wood, Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Robert Wilcox, Sergeant; promoted Orderly Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 Andrew Gurney, enlisted Sept. 19, 1864, for one year; discharged with regiment.  
 Roland M. Gamber, discharged with regiment.  
 Jonathan Hatch, discharged with regiment.  
 James Morrissey, wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.  
 Edward McGrath, enlisted Sept. 5, 1864, one year; discharged with regiment.  
 John Nelson, enlisted Sept. 8, 1864, one year; discharged with regiment.  
 Martin Sullivan, enlisted Sept. 10, 1864, one year; discharged with regiment.  
 Albert Lawton, transferred to 93d N. Y., by reason of previous enlistment in that regiment.  
 George W. Orcutt.  
 John E. Palmer; transferred to V. R. C. August 11, 1863.  
 Philander Graves, transferred to V. R. C. April 17, 1863.  
 Michael Castello, transferred to V. R. C.  
 John S. Scrimger, transferred to V. R. C. June 15, 1865.  
 Dyer Baldwin, died of small pox December 4, 1863.  
 James H. Ferris.  
 William M. Herrington, enlisted August 23, 1864; died at Atlanta, of typhoid, October 3, 1864.  
 Caleb Whittaker, John Foster.  
 James H. Clary, deserted.  
 The following recruits were transferred to the 60th N. Y.  
 Lewis Bell, enlisted February 5, 1865, one year.  
 Francis Bartholomew, enlisted Feb. 6, 1865, one year.  
 George Black, enlisted Jan. 23, 1865, 3 years.  
 Nathan C. Crowley, enlisted Jan. 10, 1865, 2 years.  
 Henry D. Crofut, enlisted March 3, 1865, 1 year.  
 Joseph Fenton, enlisted Feb. 6, 1865, 3 years.  
 Charles Harris, enlisted Jan. 6, 1865, 3 years.  
 David I. Johns, enlisted Jan. 13, 1865, 3 years.  
 William Kline, enlisted Jan. 12, 1865, 3 years.  
 Francis Legnard, enlisted Jan. 12, 1865, 1 year.  
 Thomas Mulligan, enlisted Jan. 6, 1865, 3 years.



## CO. H—SALEM.

Salem sent out 78 men, taking the 8th position in the Regiment as Co. H, the men receiving in bounty \$4,100. At a special meeting held August 29, 1862, W. B. Bool, chairman, and Wm. McFarland, clerk, resolutions were offered by Hon. James Gibson, and seconded by Hon. C. L. Allen, and after discussion were adopted. The Supervisor, Andrew Law, was authorized to borrow on the credit of the town \$3,500, the money to be expended in raising volunteers to supply the deficiency of 25 men in the filling of the quota of the town, paying bounties and expenses necessary to fill Co. H to the minimum. Meetings were also held in 1863, '64 and '65, and all successive calls were promptly filled. The town was in advance of all demands of the Government, and more than met them, having men standing to its credit in excess of quotas at the close of the war.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Captain, John S. Crary, mustered into service September 4, 1862; commission bears date August 22, 1862; resigned July 28, 1863.

1st Lieutenant, Benjamin Elliott, mustered into service September 4, 1862; commission bears date August 22, 1862; resigned February 5, 1863.

2d Lieutenant Josiah W. Culver, mustered into service September 4, 1862; commission bears date August 22, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant February 20, 1863; promoted Captain October 21, 1863; on detached service at Hart's Island, N. Y., from July 25th to August 18th, 1864; discharged with regiment.

1st Sergeant Robert Cruikshank, mustered into service September 4, 1862; promoted 2d Lieutenant February 20, 1863; promoted 1st Lieutenant October 21, 1863; discharged with regiment; sick in Harper's Ferry hospital from December 15, 1862, to February 1, 1863; leave of absence granted February 1, 1863, to March 22, 1863; furlough extended to April 2, 1863; reported to company at Acquia Creek April 1, 1863; sick at Warrington Junction July 23, 1863; taken to Washington by brigade surgeon; leave of absence granted for 30 days, August 14 to September 13, 1863; reported to hospital surgeon, Washington, September 12, 1863; sent to Georgetown hospital September 12, 1863; returned to duty September 28, 1863, at Bridgeport, Ala.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Sergeant, R. B. Beattie, promoted 2d Lieutenant October 21, 1863; on detached service at Hart's Island, N. Y., from July 25, 1863, to May 15, 1864; mustered out with regiment.

Sergeant William H. Dennison, wounded at Chancellorsville; in hospital; returned to duty; discharged with regiment.

Sergeant Daniel R. Ross, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; returned to duty; discharged with regiment.

Sergeant Larned S. Amidon, transferred from Co. E August 22, 1862; wounded at Dallas; discharged May 19, 1865, U. S. hospital, near Troy.

Corporal Frank McFarland, wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.

Corporal James H. Cowan, died at Harper's Ferry December 2, 1862, of disease.

Corporal James C. Gray, died March 21, 1865, of disease.

Corporal William H. Stewart, wounded at Chancellorsville; died of wounds received as above, May 12, 1863.  
 Corporal Garrett W. Briggs, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Corporal William A. Creighton, sick and sent to hospital August 19, 1864; discharged from Keokuk hospital, Iowa, at close of war.  
 Corporal Frederick J. Williamson, promoted Sergeant; sick Jan. 17, 1865; died of disease March 6, 1865, hospital, Savannah.  
 Corporal Charles R. Sherman, discharged with regiment.

## PRIVATES.

Wagoner, John Hopkins, discharged with regiment.  
 Musician, George H. Edie, discharged with regiment.  
 John Allen, transferred from Co. E, August 22, 1862; discharged with regiment;  
 William Andrews, left sick at Salem; did not report.  
 Samuel Atwood, discharged at 1st division hospital, at close of war.  
 James L. Beattie, killed on picket line in front of Atlanta, August 18, 1864.  
 David Blower, transferred from Co. E, August 22, 1862.  
 Milo H. Brown, died at Loudon Valley, Va., November 27, 1862, of disease.  
 Charles Billings, died at Loudon Valley December 13, 1862, from disease.  
 Patrick Barnes, transferred to invalid corps  
 George Beebe, discharged with regiment  
 John Barry, transferred from Co. A, August 22, 1862; discharged with regiment.  
 Elijah Baker, discharged for disability May 24, 1864.  
 Evander Burtis, died at Philadelphia, Pa., September 8, 1862.  
 Lewis D. Chase, discharged with regiment.  
 William J. Cruikshank promoted Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville, discharged March 11, 1864 on account of wounds.  
 Henry J. Cleveland, wounded at Dallas and Pine Mountain; discharged with regiment.  
 George M. Creighton, discharged at hospital, Chattanooga, Tenn., at close of war.  
 Thomas Dickenson, died in field hospital at Atlanta, Sept. 10, 1864, from disease.  
 Philip H. Danforth, discharged with regiment.  
 Martin F. Dunlap, died in camp at Stafford Court House, Feb. 25, 1863, of disease.  
 Henry Dunforth, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; died in hospital at Kingston, Ga., July 31, 1864.  
 Austin Duell, taken prisoner at Culp's Farm; never heard from.  
 Peter Donahue, discharged with regiment.  
 John S. Doig, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Michael Devine, transferred from Co. A, August 22, 1862; deserted at Frederick, Md., October 1, 1862.  
 Daniel A. Foster, discharged with regiment.  
 Edward Gleason, discharged with regiment.  
 Levi H. Gray, discharged with regiment.  
 Edward Graves, discharged April 21, 1863.  
 Jeremiah Holbrook, transferred from Co. E, August 22, 1862; deserted at Loudon Valley, Va., Nov. 24, 1862; returned May 20, 1864.  
 Albert Hopkins, discharged with regiment.  
 Silas Hopkins, discharged from Harper's Ferry hospital, Va., November 16th, 1863; discharged at Albany August 25, 1864.  
 Michael Hendrahan, deserted at Salem August 23, 1862.  
 Jacob Hover, missing while on march, June 27, 1863.  
 Newell L. Harwood, discharged at hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.  
 Archibald Johnson, wounded at Chancellorsville; died of wounds May 6, 1863.  
 Joseph Kearsley, wounded at Culp's Farm; died in Confederate hospital.  
 Horace P. Mathews, discharged with regiment.  
 James McMurray, transferred from Co. E, August 22, 1862; taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; never heard from.  
 Samuel Mahaffy, 2d, promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 John A. Mairs, killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Mitchell McFarland, wounded at Chancellorsville.  
 Peter McNassar, killed at Culp's Farm.  
 David E. Nelson, transferred from Co. E, August 22, 1862; discharged April 21, 1863.  
 Chester Orcutt, transferred from Co. E; discharged with regiment.  
 William J. Orcutt, died at Elk River Bridge, Tenn., of disease.  
 Calvin J. Parker, discharged with regiment.  
 John A. Perkins, wounded at Chancellorsville and prisoner; discharged with reg't.  
 William Priner, wounded at Resaca; discharged with regiment.  
 William C. Pattridge, left sick at Salem.



William L. Rich, killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Lawrence M. Roy, drum major; promoted 2d Lieutenant; not mustered; discharged with regiment.  
 Theodore Stover, transferred from Co. A, August 22, 1862; discharged with regt.  
 John Schneider, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles A. Sheppard, straggled May 2, 1863.  
 Albert Streeter, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged for disability, Camp Butler hospital, Ill., June 8, 1864.  
 George Sweet, died in camp at Stafford Court House, February 4, 1863, of disease.  
 Henry G. Sweet, died at Harper's Ferry hospital, Dec. 26, 1862, of disease.  
 John Sweeny, deserted at Salem, August 20, 1862.  
 Orrin Torrence, discharged from hospital at Louisville, Ky., at close of war.  
 Charles E. Wood, transferred from Co. E, Aug. 22 '63; wounded at Chancellorsville.  
 Edgar L. Wheelock, discharged from hospital at Jeffersonville, Ind., at close of war.  
 Alexander H. Wells, transferred to invalid corps.  
 James H. Wright, discharged at hospital, Baltimore, Md.  
 Edward D. Whitney, discharged with regiment.  
 William Warner, discharged with regiment.  
 David H. Warner, died April 26, 1865, of disease.  
 Richard West, missing from camp at Loudon Valley, Dec. 6, 1862; found with throat cut Dec. 13, 1862; committed suicide.  
 Robert D. Nelson, enlisted August 31, 1864, 1 year; discharged with regiment.  
 John D. Ross, enlisted Sept. 1, 1864, 1 year.

## CO. I—CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.

This company was raised in Cambridge and south half of Easton. These two towns sent many of her patriotic sons to the defence of the Government—84 men going in the 123d Regiment, about 27 from Easton, and the balance from Cambridge.

At a special meeting held March 26th, 1864, a bounty of \$350 was authorized to be paid each volunteer by the Supervisor. At a special meeting held June 25th, 1864, John L. Hunt, John H. Balch and Thomas Shiland were appointed a committee to fill the quota and pay bounties not exceeding \$450 each volunteer. This was increased to \$500 in August. A suitable monument has been erected in Woodland Cemetery, Cambridge, in memory of those of her sons who fell in defence of their country.

### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Orrin S. Hall, Captain; date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 22, 1862; discharged with regiment; elected sheriff of Washington county in 1871.  
 Marcus Beadle, 1st Lieutenant; date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank August 22, 1862; discharged with regiment.  
 Albert Shiland, 2d Lieutenant; date of commission September 10, 1862; date of rank August 22, 1862; discharged September 16, 1863.  
 David Rogers, 2d Lieutenant; date of commission April 14, 1865; date of rank, January 12, 1864; discharged with regiment.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Elias H. Aldrich, promoted 2d Lieutenant in 100th regiment, U. S. C. I., July 1, 1864; discharged with regiment.
- Frank L. Ames, wounded near Pine Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864; discharged with regiment.
- Artiur W. Beatty, discharged with regiment.
- James A. Bassett, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Joseph R. Beadle, died in hospital at Acquia Creek Landing, May 23, 1863.
- Horace Bartlett, discharged with regiment.
- David H. Bratt, discharged with regiment.
- John W. Bennett, transferred to Invalid Corps.
- Roswell K. Bishop, killed at Chancellorsville.
- Charles H. Baker, discharged with regiment.
- Hiram F. Bentley, wounded near Allatoona, Ga. June 2, 1864.
- John H. Bentley, discharged with regiment.
- George Clapp
- John Cobb, wounded at Chancellorsville; wounded near Pine Mountain.
- John Conner, discharged with regiment.
- Clark Darrow, Sergeant; died in Savannah, Ga., January 13, 1865.
- George L. Dennis, Corporal, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
- Gardner I. Dyer, Corporal, discharged with regiment.
- Charles H. Dennis, received promotion in U. S. C. I.; May 10, 1864.
- Theodore A. Derby, Leroy W. Eldridge, Geo. Fairchild, discharged with regiment.
- Nelson Ferris, deserted January 20, 1863, near Fairfax Station, Va.
- William G. Fisher, Alonzo Goodwin, Chas. C. Goodman, discharged with regiment.
- Augustus O. Gorham, transferred to 83d N. Y. V., December 3, 1862.
- Rufus Galway, wounded at Chancellorsville, transferred to Invalid Corps.
- Alanson Gifford, John Hines, jr., Corporal, discharged with regiment.
- John Hover, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville.
- Thomas Hennelly, wounded and taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; also at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.
- Hugh Hill, discharged for disability at Camp Convalescent, near Fort Bernard, Va.
- George Higby, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.
- Richard Hennelly, died in hospital at Washington, October 15, 1863.
- Robert O. W. Haynor, discharged for disability at Camp Convalescent, Jan. 15, 1863.
- William Hagerty, wounded at Chancellorsville; deserted while home on leave of absence from hospital.
- Anderson D. Hover, discharged with regiment.
- Jacob Hermon, wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.
- Harvey A. Hodge, discharged for disability, at Camp Convalescent, Jan. 13, 1863.
- John Jenkins, Charles Jenkins, John Kelly, discharged with regiment.
- Edward Knopf, George Ketcham, Ira King, discharged with regiment.
- John Ketcham, wounded at Chancellorsville.
- Albert King, deserted at Salem, Sept. 5, '62; died in hospital at Louisville, Sept. '64.
- William McConnell, discharged for disability.
- John A. Larmon, discharged with regiment.
- Joseph B. Latimer, William H. Liuk, James Lundy, discharged with regiment.
- William B. Miller, discharged for disability, at Camp Convalescent, Jan. 7, 1863.
- John Miner, discharged for disability July 24, 1863, at U. S. A. General Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
- Oliver Miner, discharged with regiment.
- Alonzo Morehouse, died at Loudon Valley, Dec. 5, 1862.
- Patrick Marley, deserted Sept. 8, 1863.
- William E. Neil, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- John Obern, wounded near Dallas.
- James Oliver, discharged for disability; wounded March 23, 1863, at Harper's Ferry; also wounded on Loudon Heights.
- Lewis H. Phelps, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.
- Joseph Pecott, discharged with regiment.
- William H. Phelps, died in Savannah, April 1, 1865.
- Geo. H. Russell, John Skellie, Corp., Chas. A. Starbuck, Corp., discharged with reg't
- Frederic A. Slocum, Corp., wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.
- Lemuel S. Skinner, Corporal, discharged with regiment.
- Robert W. Skellie, wounded at Chancellorsville; killed near Dallas May 25, 1864.
- John L. Skellie, discharged for disability at Stafford Court House, April 23, 1863.
- William Skellie, died at Pleasant Valley, October 31, 1862.
- Harmon Shaw, discharged for disability at Camp Convalescent, April 14, 1863.

William J. Scott, died at Stafford Court House, Va., February 22, 1863.  
 James D. Sherman, discharged for disability at U. S. Hospital, Albany, Nov. 25, 1863.  
 James S. Springer, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Isaac Stiles, Benjamin F. Searls, Charles H. Starks, discharged with regiment.  
 Lewis S. Tripp, wounded near Dallas; discharged with regiment.  
 Inman W. Thomas, Dan. M. Thompson, Wm. C. Weatherwax, discharged with reg't.  
 Jesse P. Wood, died at Stafford Court House, February 15, 1863.  
 Thomas A. Weir, discharged with regiment.  
 Elihu G. Wicks, discharged for disability at Washington, D. C., June 18, 1863.  
 John F. White, discharged with regiment.  
 Josiah Fletcher, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Peter H. Darrow, discharged for disability at Camp Convalescent, January 10, 1863.  
 James P. Wicks, wounded at Chancellorsville.

#### RECRUITS.

John Jenkins, Sr., enlisted January 19, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 George Burdick, enlisted December 29, 1863, for 3 years; discharged.  
 Gardner C. Bentley, enlisted December 29, 1863, for three years; discharged.  
 Charles W. Hodge, enlisted Dec. 24, 1863, for 3 years; discharged.  
 Almon Robinson, enlisted March 22, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 William Robinson, enlisted March 22, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 John Cozzens, enlisted Feb. 22, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 William Stevenson, enlisted February 12, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 Henry Chapman, enlisted April 5, 1864, for 3 years; killed at Peach Tree Creek.  
 Charles Corey, enlisted Feb. 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 James W. Platt, enlisted March 25, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 Dennis Hall, enlisted Feb. 29, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.  
 William Spanable, enlisted July 15, 1864, for three years; deserted between Parkersburg and Martinsburg, Va., Sept. 8, 1864, while on his way to join his command.  
 Michael Hillis, enlisted September 5, 1864, for one year; discharged.  
 Frederick Bruns, enlisted September 14, 1864, for 1 year; discharged.  
 Halet Burdick, enlisted December 24, 1863, for 3 years; discharged.  
 Isaac Barrett, enlisted February 29, 1864, for 3 years; discharged.

### CO. K—GRANVILLE AND HAMPTON.

Granville was thoroughly awake, and put forth every effort to furnish her quota, under the call for troops. August 8th, 1862, a meeting of the citizens was held at the house of R. D. Wing. Rev. S. Haynes was made chairman and A. S. Burdick, secretary. Resolutions were adopted, authorizing the Supervisor to borrow \$5,200, to be used for the procuring of men; \$100 to be paid to each soldier enlisted to the credit of the town. This was before the state had passed any law legalizing such appropriation. To secure the matter beyond all question, the money was raised by the Supervisor executing a note for the amount, and then 116 citizens signed an agreement indemnifying and protecting the Supervisor against loss.

December 12, 1863, another meeting was held, at which Rev. Mr. Haynes again acted as chairman. The meeting approved the action of the Supervisor in raising money to provide for a

bounty of \$200 to each soldier. At other meetings, held in 1864, prompt action was taken to fill the quota of the town. The bounty was raised to \$350, and finally to \$1,000. In January, 1865, the town was found to have a surplus of men, and the people of Granville did nobly in caring for the families of soldiers who were away fighting the battles. Granville and Hampton sent 94 men out with the 123d Regiment, and took position on the left as Co. K.

## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Henry O. Wiley, Captain. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank, August 22, 1862; killed at Peach Tree Creek.  
 Hiram O. Warren, 1st Lieutenant. Date of commission, Sept. 10, 1862; date of rank August 22, 1862; promoted Captain Co. C March 15, 1865; discharged with regiment.  
 George W. Baker, 2d Lieutenant. Date of commission, September 10, 1862; date of rank August 22, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant March 15, 1863; promoted Captain September 23, 1864; discharged with regiment.  
 Judson H. Austin, Sergeant; promoted 2d Lieutenant; date of commission, January 27, 1865; date of rank January 12, 1865; discharged with regiment.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Henry E. Allen, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 William C. Allard, died of disease at Washington, D. C., February 28, 1863.  
 Joseph S. Blossom, discharged with regiment.  
 David H. Barker, minor; not mustered in.  
 Nathaniel Bedell, discharged with regiment.  
 Visti Bondevin, died in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 Martin V. B. Butler, discharged with regiment.  
 Leroy L. Barnard, Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 Martin Bowker, discharged with regiment.  
 Charles D. Cowan, wounded at Resaca; promoted Corporal, Sergeant and Orderly Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 George H. Cowan, taken prisoner at Chancellorsville; paroled; detailed Clerk at brigade headquarters; discharged with regiment.  
 Richard Costillo, Franklin Cook, discharged with regiment.  
 Daniel S. Carmody, died at Stafford Court House, March, 1863.  
 Altadore Cook, discharged for disability.  
 Lorenzo R. Coy, promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 Horace Dowd, wounded at Culp's Farm; died of disease at Nashville, Tenn.  
 Michael Donohoe, Corporal; promoted Sergeant; discharged with regiment.  
 Albert W. Doane, died of wounds at Chancellorsville; one leg shot off. When struck he exclaimed, "Boys the devils have hit me; but give them fits!" When last seen he was winding a gun strop around the stump of the limb, and twisting it with a bayonet to stop the blood.  
 Thomas Donohoe, wounded; lost use of arm at Peach Tree Creek; discharged with regiment.  
 Edward Dushon, discharged for disability; re-enlisted December 1863, in 16th Artillery; discharged in 1865.  
 James K. Ford, discharged for disability.  
 Titus E. Gillman, discharged with regiment.  
 James Gordon, died at Harper's Ferry in 1863.  
 Chauncey S. Guilford, promoted Corporal; one of the color guard at Peach Tree Creek and wounded there; discharged with regiment.  
 David J. Humphrey, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Noah S. Hill, discharged with regiment.  
 Andrew Harris, promoted Corporal; discharged with regiment.  
 William K. Hills, discharged with regiment.  
 Horace E. Howard, promoted Orderly Sergeant; wounded at Chancellorsville, and died from effects of wounds at Acquia Creek Hospital.  
 Ralph E. Hayes, died of diphtheria at Harper's Ferry, Va.  
 Morris Harris, detailed to Ambulance Corps; discharged with regiment.  
 Fayette Hale, Orderly Sergeant; wounded at Culp's Farm; discharged with regiment.  
 George Heath, wounded; discharged with regiment.

James Harris, discharged with regiment.  
 Thomas B. Huntington, discharged for disability, February, 1863.  
 Michael Hayes, musician; deserted at Stafford Court House.  
 Merrick H. Knapp, promoted Corporal; a shell struck his knapsack at Chancellorsville, knocking him down; discharged with regiment.  
 John Lahue, two years with regiment; transferred to Navy, on board U. S. Steamer "Winnebago"; discharged.  
 Thomas J. License, James Murphy, John Murphy, discharged with regiment.  
 John McCoy, wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged.  
 Henry Mosher, wounded on picket at Stafford Court House; transferred to V. R. C.; discharged at Baltimore.  
 Francis Mow, discharged with regiment.  
 Abel F. Mounts, disabled; discharged.  
 William Mitchell, discharged with regiment.  
 William Norton, lost an arm at Gettysburg; discharged at Baltimore.  
 George Osborne, wounded at Resaca; died of disease in North Carolina.  
 Lawrence Ostrander, promoted Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville; discharged with regiment.  
 Adolphus C. Ormsby, killed on picket at Atlanta, August 8, 1864.  
 Amos C. Potter, wounded at Resaca; discharged with regiment.  
 Stacy R. Potter, detailed clerk at Brigade headquarters; discharged with regiment.  
 Philip Potter, discharged with regiment.  
 Benjamin F. Pitts, wounded; discharged with regiment.  
 Samuel A. Potter, discharged with regiment.  
 John Pitts, killed at Resaca, Ga.  
 Russell B. Pitts, discharged.  
 Uzille Pilenir, detailed to Ambulance Corps; discharged with regiment.  
 Edward B. Rasey, discharged with regiment.  
 Barzilla Roquay, wounded; discharged.  
 Edward Rich, injured by falling from the cars; discharged.  
 William Reardon, died at Hilton Head, in October, 1864.  
 Walter Smith, wounded at Gettysburg.  
 Samuel Stiles, discharged with regiment.  
 John Sherman, wounded; discharged.  
 Milo Shaw, supposed killed at Chancellorsville.  
 Edward Tanner, wounded at Chancellorsville, and died on the field.  
 N. G. Thayer, killed at Gettysburg.  
 Warren Thompson, musician; discharged with regiment.  
 Frederick Van Gulder, served nine months; omitted from muster rolls; not paid; left regiment and enlisted in a Vermont regiment.  
 John R. Williams, discharged with regiment.  
 Philander Whitney, discharged with regiment.  
 Clarke H. Wait, died of disease at Jeffersonville, Indiana.  
 Benjamin F. Wright, supposed died in hospital at Nashville, Tenn.  
 Isaiah Wright, transferred to Invalid Corps.  
 Henry Welch, promoted Corporal; wounded at Peach Tree Creek; discharged April 21, 1865.  
 Fayette Wilbur, wounded and prisoner at Chancellorsville; paroled; discharged at Washington, D. C.  
 Ellis Williams, discharged with regiment.  
 Samuel Wright, wounded; discharged.  
 James A. Wright, wounded at Culp's Farm.  
 William R. Williams, home on sick leave; did not return.  
 Thomas Walker, discharged with regiment.  
 Edmund Warner, deserted near Dumfries.  
 Henry Wilkins, wounded at Resaca; discharged with regiment; resides at Calumet, Michigan.  
 Cassius J. Waite, accidentally wounded; discharged.  
 James H. Wright, in hospital fourteen months; discharged June, 1865.  
 Benjamin F. Waite, discharged with regiment.  
 Peter M. Willis, discharged for disability, May 20, 1863.  
 Edwin Willis, discharged for disability, April 24, 1863.  
 Charles C. Wescott, discharged for disability March, 1863.  
 William Waters, enlisted March 25, 1864; killed at Resaca.  
 Eugene Wilson, enlisted March 25, 1864; discharged July 17, 1865.  
 Benjamin F. Wyman, Philip Washburne, William S. Hendley, Andrew Haley, Joseph Dickenson, U. Balermo, Jonathan W. Potter, John Ryan, J. W. Rasey, Daniel Flood.









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