

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

Gc  
973.74  
N42cu  
1757989

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

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION



ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00823 5225

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



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/threeyearswithad00cunn>







THREE YEARS  
WITH THE  
ADIRONDACK REGIMENT  
118TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS INFANTRY

FROM THE DIARIES AND OTHER MEMORANDA  
OF

JOHN L. CUNNINGHAM

MAJOR-118TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS INFANTRY  
BREVET LIEUTENANT COLONEL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1920





1757989

F  
8349  
.5765

Cunningham, John Lovell, 1840-

Three years with the Adirondack regiment, 118th New York volunteers infantry, from the diaries and other memoranda of John L. Cunningham, major 118th New York volunteers infantry, brevet lieutenant colonel United States volunteers. [Norwood, Mass., The Plimpton press] 1920.

v p., 1 l., 286 p. front., plates, ports. 21<sup>cm</sup>.

For private circulation.

"Individual service roster": p. 213-286.

1. U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories—N. Y. inf.—118th. 2. New York infantry. 118th regt., 1862-1865. I. Title. II. Title: Adirondack regiment.

Library of Congress

E523.5.118th

22-13271

N 773

○  
SHELF CARD

131





# FIELD AND STAFF, 118th REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

(From photograph taken June 23, 1865)

Chaplain Charles Hagar.  
Surgeon M. Q. Maasfield.

Quarter Master H. J. Northup.  
Lieut.-Col. L. S. Dominy.

Adjutant Clifford Hubbard.  
Col. George F. Nichols.

Asst. Surg. J. C. Preston.  
Major J. L. Cunningham.





F 8349.5765

COPYRIGHT, 1920  
BY JOHN L. CUNNINGHAM





## EXCUSATORY .

WHEN I have looked over my diaries and other memoranda of my soldiering-days for some desired data, I have thought it might be worth while to write out some of the matter connectedly. Friends have urged me to do it.

My son was naturally interested in his father's occasional relation of war experiences and almost persuaded me to undertake a story of them for his sake; but his lamented death in 1893 chilled the purpose which he had warmed.

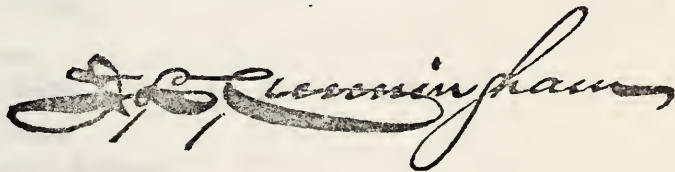
Later promptings and more leisure have "encouraged hesitancy" and promoted thinking that some of these long-ago jottings might have a present interest for some and perhaps become interesting to others later on; for age ripens green things — if it does not make them rotten.

As no history of the Adirondack Regiment has been written, the story of one of that militant organization would, in a general way, somewhat cover the experience of most of its members and, likely, concern its few survivors and some of the posterity of those who served with it.

I have presumed to mention personal incidents of before and after the war, yet somewhat related, and also some of the items — neither sanguinary nor serious — which I had the habit of noting.

I would gladly have illustrated with more portraits if photographs could have been secured.

With no thought of literary merit, or of contributing anything new or valuable to the aggregate voluminous history of the War for the Union, I am trusting to the generous consideration of friends; for only such have I had in mind in writing out the following talk — and only for private circulation.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. S. Cunningham". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK

April 5, 1920

(My 80th Birthday)



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Field and Staff, 118th Regiment, New York Volunteers . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing page</i>
Colonel Samuel T. Richards . . . . .	
Colonel Oliver Keese, Jr. . . . .	14
Colonel George F. Nichols . . . . .	
Major John L. Cunningham . . . . .	20
Major Charles E. Pruyn . . . . .	48
Lieutenant and Adjutant John L. Carter . . . . .	
Chaplain Charles L. Hagar . . . . .	60
Surgeon John H. Moores . . . . .	
Assistant Surgeon James G. Porteous . . . . .	76
Lieutenant and Quartermaster Patrick K. DeLaney . . . . .	
Private Warren Monty (showing field service uniform) . . . . .	90
Captain John Bryden . . . . .	
Jeweled staff badge . . . . .	98
Color Guard, 118th New York Volunteers Infantry . . . . .	110
Captain Robert W. Livingston . . . . .	
Captain Edward Riggs . . . . .	120
Captain Josiah H. Norris . . . . .	
Captain Jacob Parmerter . . . . .	130
Grant under fire at Fort Harrison . . . . .	152
Captain John S. Stone . . . . .	
Captain Charles W. Wells . . . . .	160
Captain Dennis Stone . . . . .	
Captain Henry J. Adams . . . . .	172
Captain David F. Dobie . . . . .	
Lieutenant Rowland C. Kellogg . . . . .	180
Lieutenant William H. Stevenson . . . . .	
Lieutenant Sam Sherman . . . . .	202
Lieutenant James S. Garrett . . . . .	
Lieutenant Edgar M. Wing . . . . .	210





## THREE YEARS WITH THE ADIRONDACK REGIMENT

IN the early months of 1860 the coming presidential election with its disturbing significance was an absorbing topic. Before the national conventions there was heated discussion and speculation as to candidates.

The Republicans of New York, the growth of that party promising a chance of winning out, were happy in their confidence that William H. Seward would be nominated. He was a "favorite son" and prominent in national affairs, so when the almost unknown Abraham Lincoln was nominated it was a painful disappointment.

Hon. R. M. Little of Glens Falls, who was a delegate to the convention, said that "the defeat of Mr. Seward brought tears to my eyes and a real grief to my heart."

Mr. Lincoln was little known in the East, and what little was known indicated such lack of education and experience as seemed unfitness for meeting the serious conditions which were sure to confront our next President. Many Republicans regarded his nomination as a calamity — Democrats were sure of it.

In a boy sort of way I shared in this feeling and kept comparing the little I knew of this "backwoods man" with what I thought I knew of Mr. Seward, about whom I had read much and whom I greatly admired. I was somewhat confirmed in this feeling when I first saw a cheap newspaper portrait of Mr. Lincoln and "sized it up" with the fine intellectual features of Mr. Seward's portrait.

Not until I read the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates and knew more of Mr. Lincoln's life, did I begin to comprehend the ability and worth of this son of poverty and conqueror of adversity.

His manly conduct during the presidential campaign in spite of the contemptibly cruel criticisms and aspersions of the "other side" and his wise conciliatory utterances influenced a growing regard which, with me, reached "high tide" before election — but I was not old enough to vote.

I had been reading law for about a year, when in September, 1860, I entered the Albany Law School; and living in the capitol city of the state during those stirring and exciting days proved





of considerable additional value to the instruction of the school itself, much as I valued the teaching.

Albany was a center of events; and with its courts and legislature, its political and other gatherings, there was such a "continuous performance" of notable men and things during that notable period as to gratify my country-boy curiosity for hearing, seeing and pondering, and it proved a valuable side-education.

The school had an able faculty, and there was more than the influence of teaching in such men as Judge Amasa J. Parker, Judge Ira Harris (afterwards U. S. senator), and that fatherly professor, Amos Dean. It was my good fortune to have more than an average pupil's acquaintance with all these professors. They were good to me in their encouraging personal touch and consideration and often expressed interest.

While there I was employed to search the State Library in behalf of a patent case of some importance, involving going through voluminous patent-office reports, tracing drawings and looking up decisions in any way touching the case. I was finally authorized to secure the opinion of Judge Harris; I spent several evenings with him at his home library and our conversation was not exclusively about the infringing features of the patent case. One evening I had dinner with him and his family.

I was invited to Professor Dean's home several times and became interested in his ambitious undertaking of a "History of Civilization" (I believe that was the subject) for which he already had a trunk full of manuscript, the result of much study, research and labor and, it seemed to me, without much promise of reward beyond the probable pleasure he had in his work.

Professor Dean always pronounced the last syllable of Arkansas as it is spelled and with emphasis. In lectures his reference to court reports of that state with this pronunciation, was sure to be applauded for his "grit." A student once, when Dean mentioned this state, facetiously called out: "Professor, in what country is Arkan-sass?" It produced the expected merriment and Professor Dean replied: "It is one of the United States at present and I hope it will remain so." This, in view of the then secession agitation had such a strong Union flavor as to bring genuine applause.

Dear Professor Dean! He was large of body and large of heart, loving his "boys," as he called them, and those in whom he was specially interested were fortunate. He was genial, sympathetic and sincere — his friendship was worth while. I continued a desultory correspondence with him as long as he lived.



Judge Parker was every way and always a gentleman, and much respected. I gratefully remember his several kindnesses and favors.

One of the big Albany events of that autumn was the arrival of the Prince of Wales and his suite of English dignitaries. They came up the Hudson from New York by a chartered steamer, arriving about four P.M. of a pleasant day. Against his arrival Steamboat Square was kept closed by militia formed on three sides. A multitude was packed outside the military, and as "we students" were usually where there was any excitement, we were numerous present.

My zeal to get as near "next" to Queen Victoria's son, future King of England and Emperor of India, as I could, and to effect a "scoop" over my fellows stimulated me to a rash undertaking.

I had with me quite a bunch of papers which I had used in moot court that morning, and taking these in my hand I said to a militia officer: "Let me pass," showing the documents, and pushed through. He evidently took me for a messenger, or "bearer of dispatches," and I went through unmolested toward the steamer landing where the reception committee had gathered. It seemed a mile across the square, so apprehensive was I of being interfered with by some of the mounted military officers and forced back to the crowd with the sure jeers of my fellow students who were watching me. Fortunately, just as I started, guns thundered, bells rang and whistles blew, for the steamer was near and attracted everybody's attention; so I safely joined the group of "prominent citizens" delegated to receive the Prince. When the distinguished party landed I was of those who received the royal handshake.

A little time elapsed before the waiting carriages were entered and driven off, so I had a good look at the royal party. The noblemen, including Lord Lyons and the Duke of Newcastle, were grave, dignified and stately; but the Prince, who was just about my age, seemed natural and unaffected, and I "voted" him an attractive and likable young gentleman.

Not being invited to a seat in the carriages, I soon became one of the common crowd, but considered my forced opportunity worth the risk I had taken.

The party was entertained at Congress Hall, a hotel then located just north of the old capitol building and on ground now occupied by the new capitol.

Another exciting occasion was that of a Convention of Abolitionists which promised all sorts of trouble and experienced some.





There were open threats that the convention would not be permitted to hold its sessions, and animosity grew to alarming proportions. The Mayor declared that the convention would be protected if he had to call out the militia; not because of sympathy with abolitionism but to protect free speech.

The first night of the convention arrived, and a considerable representation of the Law School squeezed into the crowded Young Men's Association Hall expecting trouble, in fact looking for it.

Among the notable Abolitionists present were Elizabeth Cady Stanton; that dear little Quaker lady, Lucretia Mott; Beriah Green of Rhode Island; Gerrit Smith, and others.

The audience was noisy and threatening, and the first speaker did not proceed far because of the "cat calls," stamping and epithets which made hearing impossible.

The Mayor took the platform and asked for better behavior, insisting that the speakers would be heard and that order must be preserved; that he was prepared to enforce all this by a large number of special police and that the local militia were then drilling at the armory, ready to be used if necessary.

The Mayor was asked if he proposed to suppress applause and he replied that he did not. This reply was greeted with stamping of feet, clapping of hands and loud cheers, indicating that they could use a noisy pretension of applause for their purpose.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton then tried to be heard, but the applause (?) was too deafening and she gave it up.

An ugly condition prevailed for a while, when there were calls for Gerrit Smith repeated from all parts of the hall — "We will hear Gerrit Smith." "Smith!" "Smith!"

That gentleman sitting near the platform finally arose in the dignity of his splendid figure and attractive features and facing the audience, deliberately said: "Gerrit Smith will not be heard from any platform where liberty of speech is denied another," and sat down.

After consultation it was decided to adjourn the convention.

The Mayor instructed the policemen present to prevent the exit of the audience until its members had retired, and one after another they left the hall, amid the epithets and insults of the almost mob.

The next afternoon another large audience gathered, but it was fairly decent in its behavior. Besides others, Gerrit Smith spoke, quite entirely, as was his custom, in answer to questions from the audience.





In one part of the hall a little coterie of well-known Albanians were gathered, including George Dawson and Peter Cagger, and they were evidently suggesting questions for others to put to Mr. Smith.

We observed one of our fellow students, well known to us for his conceit and love of the "limelight," edging his way by degrees to the vicinity of these men and finally taking a vacated seat quite among them. We supposed he made known his willingness to ask questions and, to appearance, a question was suggested to him, for he arose and said: "Mr. Smith, may I trouble you with a question that troubles me?" "Certainly, young man," Mr. Smith benignantly replied. "Mr. Smith, I would like to have your opinion of miscegenation." There was laughter, but Mr. Smith in a fatherly and sympathetic voice and manner replied: "I am indeed sorry that you are having trouble with this question and I do not know that I can help you very much. I will say, however, that I married a white woman; but think it over very seriously, young man, then go ahead and do as you please." 'Mid roars of laughter and applause our discomfited fellow student sat down. While he remained in the school he was called "Miscegenation" and too often for his happiness was asked whether he had decided to marry the "coon," with variations of the question, making him regret the day he "spoke in meetin'."

Fortunately, the convention ended without the riotous results that were feared and which at times were imminent.

Looking backward from afterwards, it hardly seems possible that these sincere and courageous reformers should have incurred such hatred and suffered such manifestation of it as did this band of anti-slavery men and women in the capital of a free state; but it was only one instance in a long similar experience in other places and at other times.

A notable Peace Convention was held in Albany early in 1861. It brought together many able men who sincerely desired to avert the stress of war which even then seemed inevitable. It was a large and solemn but not an influential gathering. It seemed a cry for the impossible. Some ambitious men lost political prestige by their participation and utterances, but many of these pacifist delegates rendered fine patriotic service during the war.

Probably the most distinguished person present was ex-President Van Buren, and although he died about a year afterward, he was still a ruddy-faced, venerable octogenarian worth looking at.

I had seen Mr. Van Buren before. In the late fall of 1844 my father took me with him on a drive from Essex County to Columbia



County. Although less than five years old I remember many incidents of that trip. We stopped over night at Kinderhook, where Mr. Van Buren resided, and as my father was an admirer of "The Fox of Lindenwald," he took me with him for a call. I remember that Mr. Van Buren was very gracious, very friendly. He took me on his knee and said pretty things, which later on in life, observing the manner of politicians, I concluded was mostly to please my father. The then presidential campaign — Polk versus Clay — was talked about and remaining, perhaps an hour, we returned to the hotel. I thought Mr. Van Buren had a fine house.

I remember seeing for the first time a locomotive and passenger train at Schenectady on that trip and the chestnuts we picked from under roadside trees of a frosty morning. We had no chestnuts in Essex County. I also remember the political gatherings and demonstrations we saw — the live foxes of the Democrats, the coons of the Whigs and the banners of Clay and Frelinghuysen and Polk and Dallas. Very likely my memory of these things was helped by hearing the trip talked over at times afterwards.

Law School students spent much time in the State Library, reading cases referred to in our lectures, preparing for moot courts, etc. Alfred B. Street, the poet, was the librarian. He was medium sized, spare of build with locks of hair projecting forward of his ears to near his eyes, rather stooping of shoulder and had a more "ancient" aspect than his years warranted. He was somewhat irritable and easily annoyed, and I am sure he counted the students' presence in the library somewhat of a nuisance.

One cold winter day he noticed a couple of students with their feet raised against the edge of a marble-topped radiator. He approached them with some wrapping paper and said, in sarcastic kindness: "Young men, if you will drop your feet I'll put paper over the hot marble so you won't burn your shoes. You are away from home and I'd like to be a mother to you." Of course the feet came down and remained down. He was really angry and had some reason for it in the careless thoughtlessness of these students.

I always bowed to him when passing, and he not only returned it, but, now and then, would say "Good morning," or make some reference to the weather, so I did not consider him so much the "grouch" that most of the students did.

He asked me one morning to come into his office. He appeared irritated and I expected something unpleasant. He asked me to sit down and showed me proofs of engravings which he said were





intended to illustrate a book he was publishing and which his publishers had submitted for approval. He was unpoetically dissatisfied with them.

Referring to one of the proofs representing a meadow with woods in the background and a rustic snake-fence at one side, he asked: "Young man, what do you call these humps in that field?" I replied that they looked like boulders.

"Right you are," he continued, "but they are intended for hay cocks — a country scene at haying-time," and he flew into many phrases of condemnation. "That picture," he said, "ought to be so delicate and true to nature as to make one scent the new-mown hay and hear the singing of birds."

I suggested that that effect was probably supplied by the text itself.

"The illustration should interpret the text," he said. "It is a miserable failure and I won't stand for it."

He then read me the text, all his anger disappearing, and I tried to be an appreciative listener, in fact, I enjoyed it.

He looked over some of the other proofs; the engravings did seem coarse and his anger returned as he commented upon them. I said to him that I was no critic. "All right," he said, "I just received them and wanted to see how some one else regarded them in an off-hand way." I thanked him for the opportunity of meeting him and he thanked me for "coming in," and we afterwards met as acquaintances.

In a walk one pleasant afternoon I discovered the studio or workshop of E. D. Palmer, the sculptor, and the door being open I asked permission to enter, which was pleasantly granted. Mr. Palmer was busily at work on a block of marble which already revealed part of the head and shoulders of a young girl. I became fascinated with the impression that the figure was imprisoned in the stone and that he was patiently releasing it from its rigid environment.

He asked if I lived in Albany and with other kindly inquiries encouraged prolonging my stay. In leaving I thanked him and he said, "Come again, any time."

I did call again when he was working on a model in clay. In our little conversation I said that I thought painters had quite an advantage over sculptors in the ease with which lines could be changed with a brush on canvas as compared with a chisel on stone.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "can't patch up stone very well, so we must be precise and exact in our work. We can shrink our





figures but can't swell them. In this clay modeling we have plenty of freedom," and he put on a bit of clay to round out a line.

Students had large opportunities for picking up law and practice in the courts held in Albany, and I was a habitual frequenter of these tribunals from Police Court to that of Appeals. The city had some exceptionally able local lawyers, and many interesting cases were tried and others argued on appeal by lawyers from all parts.

An interesting trial occupying some days was founded on the leasing of a giraffe — I think the only one then in captivity in this country — by the Spaulding Circus, a "floater" on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, from P. T. Barnum. Barnum sent the valuable animal's keeper with the beast by steamer from New York to New Orleans. On arrival, Spaulding, largely for advertising purposes, invited the Mayor and a number of prominent New Orleans people to go down the Mississippi on a chartered steamer to meet the "new glory" which was to be added to the Spaulding "aggregation."

The transferring of the animal from the steamer on which it arrived was so carelessly handled that it fell in the Mississippi and was either drowned or died from the effects of the bath.

The question was largely whether the giraffe-keeper was Barnum's agent; in fact, whether the giraffe had been delivered under the contract — whether it was in Barnum's or Spaulding's possession when it died.

I believe the suit was brought by Barnum for the value of the animal, and Spaulding counter-claimed for damages because of its non-delivery. One considerable item of damage claimed by Spaulding was for advertising lithographs of the giraffe; but it was shown that the lithographs were used all the same. Damage was also claimed for lost revenue which a live giraffe would have earned, although the "show" advertised "A living monster giraffe," with only a stuffed specimen.

The trial revealed many "tricks" of showmen and was interesting in the close questions of law and fact involved, as was the story itself, the skill of the lawyers and the considerable humor involved and evolved. Some of us almost begrudged being out of court for our lectures during this trial.

It was a rare privilege to be present at times during the long argument in the Court of Appeals of the notable Parish Will Case with Charles O'Connor and William M. Evarts pitted against each other. It was certainly a forensic battle royal between these giants of the American Bar.



At a General Term of the Supreme Court held in Albany, quite a number of our students decided, largely for the adventure, to apply for admission to the bar, although most of them had not read in a law office and been but a short time with the law school. It was a sort of joke, but the examination proved to be hurried and elemental and quite all the applicants were admitted.

The only question asked of one of the applicants was in the nature of a hypothetical case. A farmer riding on a load of hay along the public highway from a meadow to his barn in crossing a defective culvert it gave way, throwing the farmer to the ground and resulting in serious physical injuries. He commenced an action against the town commissioner of highways for damages. The question was: "Can he recover?" The brilliant candidate for admission promptly replied: "I beg your pardon, but you forget that I am not a medical student."

Many of those who were admitted left the school, perhaps to hang out their "shingles" and commence learning law by practicing it, and learning economy by practicing that also.

It was no small advantage to have the opportunity of hearing the several distinguished clergymen serving Albany churches at that period, and the students, in large part, attended church with fair regularity, if not the same church regularly.

The legislature was not omitted from our self-arranged curriculum. We became somewhat familiar, by sight and "sound," with the more prominent of the lawmakers and we were quite sure to be well represented on occasions of important discussions or proceedings of special interest, getting "doses" of parliamentary law, legislative procedure, political maneuvers, etc. — a really interesting experience.

The law students had the privileges of the lectures of the Medical School, and many of us were habitual attendants at the Saturday clinics with their free surgical operations. Dr. March was then a prominent and skillful surgeon as well as an attractive man. He often ordered the doors locked so that there would be no interruption by the hasty getting away of the students when some serious operation tried their nerves. Sometimes students fainted and they were not always law students, either. We learned something of surgery and of legal jurisprudence at these clinics; but in spite of Dr. March's then up-to-dateness in his profession, surgery was far behind what it has come to be.

During that autumn of 1860 and until election there were numerous political mass meetings with notable orators and "spell binders" in behalf of the four presidential candidates. There





were also great torchlight processions, gathered often from considerable distances about Albany, "Wide Awakes," "Little Giants," "Bell Ringers" and other marching multitudes, prefiguring the "tramp, tramp" of militant hosts that were to gather, march and die in the Civil War.

William L. Yancy spoke in the rotunda of the old capitol, and the threats he made if Mr. Lincoln were elected and the abuse he hurled at him and his followers greatly angered me; but that he had sympathizers was too evident in the applause which greeted his rabid utterances. But as lurid as were this "fire-eater's" threats, they were largely prophetic, after all.

Mr. Lincoln on his way to his inauguration stopped in Albany for a day and night. He was due in the forenoon and to be received by a joint session of the legislature in the Assembly Chamber. As the hour of his arrival was uncertain, a few of us law students hurried to the capitol early to secure front seats in the gallery and fearing his arrival might be delayed until afternoon, we provided ourselves with a luncheon. Before noon, however, the sound of cheers and bands announced his coming. Finally, the members of the legislature came in led by the Lieutenant Governor, and the galleries and rotunda filled to capacity with a multitude unable to even look into the building.

Mr. Lincoln entered 'mid clapping of hands, cheers and shouts. This tall, gaunt figure; this plain-faced, sad-featured man, later on familiar to all the world from portraiture and caricature; this child of poverty and "man of destiny" — to be the one great character of all history, stood before us in the simplicity of his simple nature.

The Lieutenant Governor made the address of welcome. In the excitement no one had taken Mr. Lincoln's hat, but now as he was to respond he put his hat on the speaker's desk behind him, remarking, "I suppose it will be safe here?" This innocent pleasantry was afterward criticized by some as insulting to the legislature — especially as one of its members was then being tried, and later expelled, for bribe taking — but it was a far-fetched and unwarranted cavil.

Having disposed of his hat, Mr. Lincoln spoke solemnly and forcibly; his speech is said to be the best speech of the many he made en route from Springfield to Washington.\* Some time was spent in introductions and handshaking, after which Mr. Lincoln

\* I remember this sentence of his speech which much impressed me: "While I hold myself, without mock modesty, the humblest of all the individuals who have ever been elected Presidents of the United States, I yet have a more difficult task before me than any one of them has encountered."





retired, but we lingered to the very last, gazing at where he stood, although we did not comprehend, could not measure the greatness of the man, even from what he had already achieved, and little did we realize the deserved world glory which was to be his forever.

And, oh, the pity of it! After years of burden-bearing, heart-ache, wearing anxiety and final victory, his martyr body was to be borne westward through a grief-stricken nation and lie for some hours in that same Assembly Chamber!

That night a public reception for Mr. Lincoln was held at the Delevan House, and we got into the street-packed crowd and were forced by the power behind us into Mr. Lincoln's presence. Many were injured in the crush, but we had his hearty handshake and felt abundantly rewarded.

On the street a fine band furnished music and I heard "Dixie" for the first, but by no means for the last time.

The few of us who had been together counted the day as a great one and that estimate has increased with me ever since.

Some of the Law School secured permits to visit the Dudley Observatory, entitling us to attention which was always politely given, and we had some practical illustrations of astronomy furnished by the telescope and the explanations of those in charge.

It can be seen that the students of the Law School at that period had many and valuable opportunities for supplementing the instruction of the school, and some of us made the most of these advantages.

The student body largely consisted of college men with their advantage of intellectual training, and many of them brought with them their experience in prankish, frolicsome mischief and fun and made use of it in varied schemes for puncturing the conceit and egotism of some of their fellow students. Some of their inventions, fakes, and practical jokes were real works of art, details of which would make good stories, some of which I am almost tempted to relate.

A large portion of that Law School class of 1861 entered the army during the Civil War, and I met some of them while in the service, but of the more than one hundred I have met but few through the years and continued the acquaintance of a still less number.

At the Semi-Centennial of the school I met but one of my class, General Thomas Hubbard of New York, who had achieved distinctive prominence as a lawyer, railroad magnate, soldier, capitalist, philanthropist and citizen.





On that occasion General Parker presided and called the classes by their class years, and if any members of these classes were present they were asked to respond.

In calling one of these classes, I forget the year, only one man responded. General Parker said to him, "You were in the same class with President McKinley?" The man answered, "Yes, I thought I was — then," and as the wit of the reply percolated there was decided merriment.

In the spring of 1861 I received my L.L.B. "sheepskin," returned to Essex and reëntered Mr. Havens' law office, awaiting my majority to apply for admission to the bar, and at a General Term of the Supreme Court held at Plattsburgh in May, 1861, I was admitted.

The class admitted at that time was quite a large one and quite all of them became distinguished lawyers. I have always indulged a pride in being one of that class, notwithstanding my non-contribution to its aggregate forensic fame.

In that class were Dennis O'Brien, afterwards Court of Appeals Judge; Leslie W. Russell, afterwards Attorney General of the State and Justice of the Supreme Court; Richard L. Hand, justly distinguished in his profession; French of Saratoga and Rogers of Washington County, both returned from the Civil War with the rank of Colonel and Brevet-Brigadier General; Dobie of Plattsburgh who served in our regiment as Captain and, later, Surrogate of his County and Warden of Clinton Prison; L'Ame-reaux of Ballston Spa, who became Judge of his County; Watson of Clinton, afterwards County Judge, and others whose names I do not now recall.

Forty years after this I chanced to be in Plattsburgh when Judge Russell was holding a term of court, and he referred to the fact of the time being almost exactly the fortieth anniversary of our admission to the bar, R. L. Hand and some others of that class being then present. Judge Alonzo Kellogg hearing of this gave a dinner in honor of the anniversary, inviting Hon. Smith M. Weed and other lawyers, and it was an enjoyable affair.

President Lincoln had been inaugurated and uttered the wonderfully pacific sentiments of his famous inaugural address; but it counted scarcely at all in lessening the war passion of the South, or the unreason of its sympathizers in the North; for there was a large open-mouthed and seemingly dangerous Northern opposition to any measure for forcibly resisting secession.

But Fort Sumter was fired upon; our flag had been defied, and this suddenly and largely unified the North. Men who had





loudly denounced war to preserve the Union seriously joined in the work of preparedness. There were criticisms of the administration and plenty of faultfinding; but real opposition became a negligible quantity — for a time.

I had felt the impulse to enlist at times, and after the battle of Bull Run I applied for and received authority from our Governor to enlist men, but at about the same time W. D. Ross, lawyer, of Essex, wanted to do the same thing and I was persuaded to relinquish my authority in his behalf.

He enlisted a number of men and received a commission as first lieutenant. Shortly after, while in Washington, he was killed by a locomotive as he was crossing a railroad track in that city.

The early summer of 1862 was a particularly gloomy period in the history of our Civil War. More than a year had passed since the shock of Bull Run, bringing but few bright spots in the conflict, while the "altogether" was dispiritingly unfavorable.

The great Peninsula Campaign, from which so much was expected and which had its successes, was as a whole a sad failure. Its awful harvest of disease, mutilation and death was in evidence in every town and hamlet and in most homes. Everywhere were returned soldiers wasted by disease or crippled by wounds, and everywhere mourning for husbands, sons, brothers and lovers who would never return was grievously visible.

The awfulness of the war was manifest and its probable years of duration became depressingly evident.

But while the splendid Army of the Potomac (more nearly victorious than it knew) lay panting and dismembered from its months of continuous conflict against disease and an entrenched and alert defensive enemy, it was easy to believe that the enemy had also suffered the wasting influence of that notable campaign.

In the midst of this depressing gloom came the startling but heartening call of our President for 300,000 men for three years!

It was an awakening call and aroused the patriotism of the people. The pessimists, and they were a plenty, believed that with so much serious demonstration of what enlistment meant the call could not be met by volunteers. They underestimated the patriotic spirit of the people.

Out of these conditions and under these circumstances came the "Adirondack Regiment" — the 118th New York Volunteers Infantry — which served for three years, lacking only a few days.

In apportioning the call in the State of New York, the raising of a full regiment was assigned to each Senatorial district. Ours,





consisting of the counties of Clinton, Essex and Warren, was the sixteenth district, then represented by Senator R. M. Little of Glens Falls.

A Senatorial District Committee was promptly appointed, by the Governor I believe, made up of prominent citizens of the three counties, to have charge of raising the allotted regiment. Four companies of the proposed regiment were assigned to Clinton, three to Essex and three to "little" Warren.

The counties were divided into company districts, naming the towns which should raise a company, each company group of towns to have its own subcommittee.

The Senatorial Committee conceived the novel idea of having the regimental and company officers selected in advance of enlistments of men and having these proposed officers do the work of securing the men. It was thought that by selecting men of character and influence for officers, enlisting men would know who would command them and be favorably influenced.

This Regimental Committee selected for Colonel, Samuel T. Richards of Warren; Lieutenant Colonel, Oliver Keese, Jr., of Essex, and for Major, George F. Nichols of Clinton.

The selection of company officers was left to the company committees of towns.

Mr. Havens, afterwards State Senator, myself and several others were the committee for the towns in which my town of Essex was, and a meeting of this committee was held at Elizabethtown. Robert W. Livingston, a lawyer and editor of Elizabethtown, was unanimously selected for Captain of the proposed company, but there was no agreement as to first lieutenant, and the meeting adjourned for one week.

After adjournment Hon. Orlando Kellogg, a friend whom I highly esteemed then and more so ever after, called me into his office and said, in substance, that he did not favor any of the men suggested for the lieutenantancy, and as a son of his would be in the company, he had a right to be particular about its officers. He finally said: "You have no personal family and your law business is just beginning, so you would make no great sacrifice if you should take this lieutenantancy. I am sure you would have been named to-day if we knew that you would go. Now, will you?"

I replied that whatever reasons I might have for not going, I would not dare to refuse such a call at such a time. "That settles it," he said; "I am sure you will be unanimously 'called.'"

I had had enlistment "spasms," occasional convictions that I





COLONEL  
SAMUEL T. RICHARDS



COLONEL  
OLIVER KEESE, JR.

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





ought to do so, but being slight of body (120 pounds) and having by no means rugged health, it seemed to me and my friends that I had very little service to offer. Here, however, was a distinct call, if it came.

We went to Elizabethtown on the day to which our committee adjourned and arriving late — we had made a sixteen-mile drive on a warm day — met the committee coming out of Kellogg and Hale's law office, where it had met. Their greeting was: "Go home and enlist your men, you have been unanimously selected."

Although I had thought of this probability for a week, this announcement took on a sudden seriousness. I was not congratulated, but kindly and encouraging things were said. Mr. Kellogg with much feeling assured me that I could count upon him for any service or favor which he might be able to render, then or thereafter. As he had been in Congress with President Lincoln, and now was a candidate for Congress, sure to be elected, this promise meant much and he meant what he said.

The next day I commenced enlisting the forty men apportioned to me and in ten days went to Plattsburgh, our regimental rendezvous, with more than my complement of men and at the cost of \$40.75 to the state. This rapidity of enlistment was also true all over the three counties.

We found a large number of men already gathered at the U. S. barracks, mostly boys, but of good soldier quality and volunteers in the full sense of the word. While some enlistments were the result of interviews and persuasion, most came of their own accord. There were no physical examinations at first and no thorough examinations when we arrived at our regimental rendezvous. We took all who looked able-bodied and appeared sound-minded — "kids in their goslinghood," but no "old men in their dotage." The boys would grow older every day.

We held one "war meeting," in the town of Moriah, and a large gathering was addressed by Hon. O. Kellogg, myself and others, and the full quota of men apportioned to that town was filled that night. I was the guest of Mr. John G. Witherbee of Port Henry on this occasion and thus commenced an appreciated friendship which continued while he lived.

Arriving at the barracks we slept on straw spread on the floors, but there was so much hilarity during most of the night that there was little sleep, even for those who desired it. The spirit of youth was abundant and abundantly exercised. Our minimum age limit was eighteen, but many of less age claimed to be eighteen and were not closely questioned about their real age.





Lieutenant Charles E. Pruyn of Albany, who had had field service as an officer in the 96th New York Volunteers, even in the then recent Peninsula Campaign, represented the Military Department of the State. He was commissioned to organize the regiment and, of course, practically in command of the post. He was a fine specimen of young manhood with a liking for and considerable knowledge of military affairs from also serving in the militia before his field service. He rendered valuable aid in organizing our regiment and finally accepted its adjutancy with promise of being made major when vacancy might arrive; so we had the continued helpfulness of his experience and precise military methods, which I consider as having had an important influence in making "ours" the fine organization it came to be.

Although without uniform and wearing an unsoldierly variety of citizen dress for a while, drilling commenced at once, and the citizens so quickly brought together commenced being transformed into a regimental fighting machine. It was called the "Adirondack Regiment" and when organized and accepted by the state became the 118th Regiment of New York Volunteers, Infantry. The men consisted of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, college men, farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks — all classes of professional and industrial callings, and of many creeds.

The companies were lettered from A to K (omitting the letter J) in the order of completed company organization, which also established the companies' respective rank. Companies A, D and G were Warren County companies; B, H, I and K, Clinton County, and Companies C, F and E, Essex County, and so it happened that the three ranking companies, A, B and C, respectively, represented the three counties of the regimental district. In the formation of the regiment in line of battle, A had the right, B the left and C the center as color company.

Our Company, F, was sixth in rank and second from the right in line of regimental formation.

The people of Plattsburg were kindly and we had good reason to remember the favors of Hon. and Mrs. Smith M. Weed whose generous and gracious hospitality many of us enjoyed.

Every day we were visited by the relatives and friends of the "boys" from all parts, so we had many pleasures mixed with our daily routine of garrison life.

We finally received our clothing, and as there was imminent need of men at the front, we expected marching orders every day during the latter part of August. In view of this our guard duty was made more severe, even to the extent of furnishing





guards with a few available muskets, loaded and with instructions to shoot if necessary. Canada being so near, it was feared that some "repentant" volunteer might take a liking for that neutral country.

As officer of the guard on my rounds one night, in repeating the countersign to a sentinel over the muzzle of his loaded musket according to his instructions, my "military career" came near ending then and there. This guard afterward told me that he had his musket cocked against emergency, and in his nervous over-anxiety while receiving the countersign his finger pressed the trigger so hard, unconsciously, that the hammer fell, but his thumb chanced to be upon the percussion cap and the only result was his bruised thumb. He said he was so shocked at what might have been, that he became too ill to remain on guard and was relieved. I knew nothing of my narrow escape until months later.

A few days before we left Plattsburgh we marched to the village square where a large crowd of citizens had gathered and we were addressed by Hon. Orlando Kellogg and others. Kellogg's speech was eloquent, effective and fatherly, and we began to call him the "Father of our Regiment." His thoughtful kindness to us during our three years' service justified this affectionate title.

In this square was a town pump quite conspicuous for size, and it was said that one of our officers returning from a dinner party one night rather late and rather happy, meandered across this square in the dark and ran against this pump. He thought he was being held up by some one and indistinctly noticing the pump handle he stepped back saying, "I don't know who the hell you are, but if yer'll drop yer club I'll fight yer to a finish!"

Marching orders came, and on the night of the first day of September, 1862, we marched through a drizzling rain to the steamer for Whitehall, leaving about nine o'clock P.M. The streets were lined with men, women and children shouting their good-byes with occasional audible sobs as near and dear ones passed by — it was more solemn than hilarious to marchers and lookers-on.

The second Battle of Bull Run had been fought without checking the northward march of Lee's Army, and its purpose to invade Pennsylvania was evident. Even the Federal capital was in danger. Fear, apprehension and anxiety prevailed, and not since the very commencement of the war were men moving towards the conflict so thoroughly appreciated, and never before was the seriousness of their mission so fully understood; and so it was





that our journey south was a continuous ovation, so far as opportunity was given.

Our steamer made no stops, and what sleep we got that night was on the decks of the steamer, except a few officers who had staterooms. Many slept but little, keeping awake to watch the west shore of the lake where the homes of many of the Essex County boys were. It may be considered certain that there was much serious thinking, but until almost morning fun and frolic prevailed.

Roster of the original officers of the regiment — those who went out with it — with memoranda of their age, promotions, etc.

### FIELD AND STAFF

*Colonel.* SAMUEL T. RICHARDS; age 38; discharged for disability, July, 1863.

*Lieutenant Colonel.* OLIVER KEESE; age 33; colonel, August, 1863; discharged for disability, September, 1864.

*Major.* GEORGE F. NICHOLS; age 23; lieutenant colonel, August, 1863; colonel, November, 1864; discharged with regiment.

*Adjutant.* CHARLES E. PRUYN of Albany; age 21; major, August, 1863; killed in action near Petersburg, June, 1864.

*Chaplain.* CHARLES L. HAGAR of Plattsburgh; mustered-out with regiment.

*Quartermaster.* PATRICK K. DELANEY; discharged, August, 1864, to accept promotion as captain and assistant quartermaster U. S. Volunteers.

*Surgeon.* DR. JOHN H. MOOERS; age 34; discharged for disability, April, 1864.

*Assistant Surgeon.* DR. JAMES G. PORTEOUS; age 23; discharged, November, 1864, for promotion to surgeon 46th N. Y. Volunteers.

### LINE OFFICERS

*COMPANY A. Captain.* JOSIAH H. NORRIS; age 30; resigned, January, 1864.

*First Lieutenant.* EDWARD RIGGS; age 25; made captain of Company D, December, 1862; discharged for disability, August, 1863.

*Second Lieutenant.* SIMEON E. CHAMBERLIN; age 28; discharged to accept captaincy in 25th N. Y. Cavalry, May, 1864.



COMPANY B. *Captain.* LEVI S. DOMINY; age 30; made major, August, 1864; lieutenant colonel, September, 1864; discharged with regiment.

*First Lieutenant.* JOHN L. CARTER; age 24; made adjutant, July, 1863; lost arm at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864, and captured; discharged for wound, October, 1864.

*Second Lieutenant.* JOSEPH M. TENNY; age 30; made first lieutenant, July, 1863; resigned, January, 1864.

COMPANY C. *Captain.* JAMES H. PIERCE; age 37; captured at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; discharged for disability, February, 1865.

*First Lieutenant.* NATHAN L. WASHBURN; age 39; resigned, February, 1863.

*Second Lieutenant.* GEORGE M. BUTRICK; age 21; resigned, February, 1863.

COMPANY D. *Captain.* RICHARD P. SMITH; age 39; discharged for disability, December, 1862.

*First Lieutenant.* CYRUS O. BURGE; age 39; discharged for disability, November, 1862.

*Second Lieutenant.* JOHN H. SMITH, JR.; age 35; first lieutenant, November, 1862; discharged for disability, January, 1863.

COMPANY E. *Captain.* JACOB PARMETER; age 41; lost a leg at Cold Harbor, June, 1864; discharged for wounds, December, 1864.

*First Lieutenant.* JOSEPH R. SEAMAN; age 27; captain, Company A, January, 1864; discharged with regiment.

*Second Lieutenant.* JOHN BRYDON; age 26; first lieutenant, January, 1864; captain, Company K, June, 1864; discharged with regiment.

COMPANY F. *Captain.* ROBERT W. LIVINGSTON; age 52; twice severely wounded at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; in hospital for more than a year; discharged with regiment.

*First Lieutenant.* JOHN L. CUNNINGHAM; age 22; captain Company D, August, 1863; major, September, 1864; discharged with regiment.

*Second Lieutenant.* WILLIAM H. STEVENSON; age 21; first lieutenant, November, 1863; killed at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864.





COMPANY G. *Captain.* DENNIS STONE; age 27; captured at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; resigned, May, 1865.

*First Lieutenant.* STEPHEN H. SMITH; age 24; resigned, November, 1862.

*Second Lieutenant.* M. NELSON DICKINSON; age 32; first lieutenant, November, 1862; severely wounded and captured at Fair Oaks, October, 1864; discharged for wounds, May, 1865.

COMPANY H. *Captain.* WILLIAM H. BAILEY; age 27; resigned, April, 1864.

*First Lieutenant.* DAVID F. DOBIE; age 22; captain, April, 1864; discharged with regiment.

*Second Lieutenant.* SYLVESTER MATTOON; age 24; resigned, June, 1863.

COMPANY I. *Captain.* HENRY S. RANSOM; age 38; lost an arm at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; discharged for wounds, November, 1864.

*First Lieutenant.* LYMAN C. HOLBROOK; age 42; resigned, February, 1863.

*Second Lieutenant.* MARTIN V. B. STETSON; age 23; first lieutenant, February, 1863; captain, November, 1864; discharged with regiment.

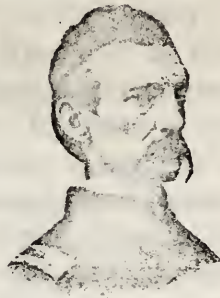
COMPANY K. *Captain.* JOHN S. STONE; age 39; killed at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864.

*First Lieutenant.* JOHN S. BOYNTON; age 36; resigned, February, 1864.

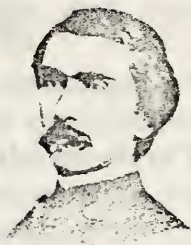
*Second Lieutenant.* HENRY M. MOULD; age 19; resigned, July, 1863.

Early in the morning of September 2, we reached Whitehall, where we found a long train ready for our journey to Albany. There were a few old passenger coaches, but mostly box with a few platform cars. An effort was made to "pack" the box cars, but the men gathered in "bunches" at the doors, pretending that the car was already crowded to suffocation, and all were decidedly indignant that we were going as "freight." Much time was spent in loading the men and in providing more cars. Men "sneaked" sticks of cord-wood into the cars from a handy pile, and when we started they began pounding off the sides of the box cars so they could look out through the framework and "see the country." Large damage was done, and I have wondered whether the Rens-





COLONEL  
GEORGE F. NICHOLS



MAJOR  
JOHN L. CUNNINGHAM





selaer and Saratoga Railroad ever received compensation for this damage. If not, little profit was made on our transportation.

We found with us at Whitehall, Mrs. Fay, the bright, young and fair bride of a sergeant of Company C, who resolved to continue with her husband as long and as much as possible, and we all helped her purpose. She remained through the years, in camps and, often, on our marches. In times of war activity she rendered helpful service in the hospitals, especially to men of our regiment. She had our respect all through, and deserved it.

We reached Saratoga Springs, then in the height of its summer season, and were met at the station, seemingly, by the whole permanent and visiting population with the wildest sort of enthusiastic demonstration. The young women were excitedly "cordial" to the extent of seeing who could kiss the largest number of soldiers, and as they met with little resistance some made proud scores. The while we were there, there was a carnival of unconventional hilarity and all sorts of manifestations of good-will and appreciation. Men, women and children were active and noisy in assuring us of their grateful estimation of the service we represented — for it was an exciting period of the War just then.

One demure little maiden excitedly rushed up to me and said: "Lieutenant, I'm a Philadelphia girl and if you will give me a button from your coat, I'll give you an honest patriotic kiss." I met this same girl two years later in Norfolk, where she and her mother made a few weeks stay, her father being then in command of a battery of light artillery near that city.

Soldiers' buttons were in demand that morning in Saratoga; many were left as souvenirs, and some coats became almost buttonless.

Personal addresses were exchanged and correspondence asked and promised, and there was correspondence in two cases I knew of — one ceasing only with the death of the soldier.

Flowers, fruit and confections were given us, and in some cases bits of jewelry were parted with, while lots of our boys had ladies' handkerchiefs and gloves as keepsakes. We left 'mid cheers and tears, for there were many moist eyes among even the jolliest.

One of our officers referred to this stop at Saratoga as a "Joy Riot."

We reached Albany about noon and found a fine luncheon prepared for us, mainly influenced by Mrs. Mary Pruyn, the mother of our adjutant. We were served by Albany ladies and it was a well-handled and enjoyable affair.

We crossed the Hudson to Greenbush (now Rensselaer) to



entrain for New York. The cars provided were quite all cattle cars with evidence of their late occupancy. "We came to Albany as freight and are leaving as live stock," was the way some voiced our indignation — but later on we often fared worse without a grumble.

We reached New York near midnight, September 2, and marched from the old 30th Street Station to City Hall Park. It was a bright moonlight night and as nearly all of us had never been in New York, our march was quiet and interesting.

City Hall Park had the shape of a flatiron and was surrounded by a high iron fence. The Post-office Building was not then in existence. Cheap, temporary barracks were built across the wide upper end, arranged with bunks, and these were our "hotel." Being tired enough we slept soundly until the morning noise of the streets awakened us which it did early.

I was detailed as Officer of the Guard and had a lively job. Most of our officers had leave, and while every man eagerly desired the same privilege, but few obtained it. The iron fence all around was crowded by the men on the inside and all sorts of hucksters on the outside intent on traffic with the insiders. Cast-iron knives of vicious size, inscribed "Death to Rebels" and a variety of sanguinary epithets, cheap pistols and all sorts of things, including fruit and other eatables, were displayed to tempt purchase. Woe, however, to any huckster so careless as to pass anything through the fence without pay in advance, for in most cases it was not returned nor paid for. This sort of stealing became so general that a police captain came to me with complaints. I said to him that while we occupied the Park it was a United States reservation in which he had no authority and could make no arrests or search for alleged stolen property. "Go outside," I said, "and warn these hucksters, or order them off the sidewalks." He and his men did this and opportunity for this petty pilfering largely ceased.

Thus early did the disregard of small private property rights, which "afflicted" soldiers, manifest itself.

About half past one of that afternoon the band of Barnum's Museum appeared on the balcony of that notable show place, just across the street from us. We country-fellows knew much of Barnum's Museum by reputation and yearned to see its inside for ourselves.

Tom Thumb was one of the then leading features of that show and his diminutive coach and ponies, out for advertising, came down the sidewalk on the east side of our enclosure and our men







massed themselves against the iron fence to get a glimpse of the coach and followed it in pellmell fashion as it proceeded towards the narrow point of the park. The men reached the gates in a mass and overran the guard, those in front being forced through the gate by the pressing crowd behind. Before our reserve guard could be used, a blue streak of men headed for the museum, to the holding up of the large traffic of that vicinity.

Of the more than a thousand men of the regiment, but two or three hundred remained where they belonged. I decided that it would be useless to pursue the "got-aways" and would await results. We were to leave at about four P.M. to take a steamer at the Battery for Perth Amboy and there entrain for Camden. When the Colonel returned he was "hot" at first, but had to laugh when the matter was explained.

Some of the men did not go to the Museum, but went about seeing the sights and returned within a couple of hours.

At five P.M. we sounded the "assembly" with bugles and drum corps and our men began to return. Later we formed up for our march to the Battery and, calling the roll by companies, found some sixty men still absent. The police department was notified and instructed to make arrests and forward to Philadelphia.

We went down Broadway to the steamer 'mid a shouting sidewalk multitude, and before our steamer sailed at seven P.M. quite a number more of our absent men joined us.

We reached Camden in the morning and crossed the Delaware to Philadelphia; the people were happy to see us, for now the invasion of Pennsylvania by the enemy was almost a fact.

We had breakfast at the famous "Cooper Shop" which all through the war was ready to feed every soldier passing through that city, and fed them well. The tables were served by relays of Philadelphia ladies and they showed a kindly interest in their service. It was maintained at large cost, but it was a large and appreciated blessing. No soldier who shared the "Cooper Shop" hospitality ever forgot it.

All of our men "lost" in New York were brought to us at Philadelphia by New York police, except three or four. One of these reached us later, but the others we never saw again.

After our excellent breakfast we marched some distance to a railroad siding and waited for a train to be made up, and as many regiments were en route, cars were scarce and we waited some hours.

While waiting, an enthusiastic man came with a one-horse dray-load of watermelons as a gift to the regiment. He was received



with cheers. The melons were devoured in a short time, some getting more and others less. It was after a hearty breakfast on a hot day, and it was not long before a large "misery" developed inside many of the eaters. If we had not been "green" officers the feast would not have been permitted. Many doubled up with pain; many pale and vomiting. It was a "melon-colic" condition and kept our surgeons busy. In fact we had to send some of our men to a hospital and leave them. We wondered afterwards whether the donor of the melons might not have been a Confederate emissary who put in this vicious work on us!

We left about noon on a train consisting mostly of platform cars which kept us watchful lest careless men should fall off, but we traveled very slowly. There were many halts en route and there was fear of trouble for us in Baltimore, where the northward march of Lee greatly excited the large non-union element of that city. As yet we were unarmed, expecting to get our guns and accouterments at Baltimore. We passed through Wilmington without demonstration, except from the colored people who shouted all sorts of "God bless you 'ns." We reached Baltimore after dark and had quite a long march through the city to the Baltimore and Ohio station.

We were ordered to make no utterances and pay no attention to the utterances of others. We heard distinct hisses from behind many a window-shutter and reaching the business section found crowds of excited people indulging in all sorts of shouts of derision and threats, mingled with occasional friendly salutations.

At one corner the crowd was more dense. A man standing at the entrance of a building, some steps up from the street, called out, "What regiment is this?" "One hundred and eighteenth New York," was the reply. He belched forth in a loud voice, "One hundred and eighteenth New York! think of that, you Confederate rooters! One hundred and eighteen regiments from just one state, and more coming! Bully, boys; I'm glad to see you."

This called for all sorts of angry, vituperative shouts. "The more Northern scum the more fertilizer for Southern cotton fields"; "Better stop here and surrender to Lee, he'll be here in a few days," etc., etc. The excitement was threatening and it seemed as if we might be attacked, but we reached the station unmolested.

We reported to General Wool, in command at Baltimore, and were ordered to entrain for Harper's Ferry speedily. But we had not received our arms and there were only a few cars available, so many had been required for forwarding regiments previously arrived. We hung about the station in the streets, very tired,







and one after another dropped down on the sidewalks, and elsewhere, and slept. I slept on the sidewalk and slept well.

Morning came and still we had not received our arms nor had any train been made up for our transportation. That forenoon we received Enfield rifles and accouterments, our tents and camp equipage, and our orders were, fortunately, changed — very fortunately for us.

Late P.M. we took train for the Relay House, some ten miles from Baltimore, to guard the Thomas Viaduct at that place and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in that vicinity.\* This is the junction of Washington and Harper's Ferry trains and being the only railroad reaching Washington from the North, it was important to protect it against cavalry or other raids of the enemy.

We reached our destination about sundown and camped just beyond the Viaduct, on a grassy hillside and slept that night in the open air, which was no hardship. We named our camp "Camp Wool, near Relay House, Md." in honor of the general commanding.

The next morning we commenced laying out camp and putting up tents, and being our first experience it was a slow process. Drilling was at once commenced by squads and companies and later in regimental maneuvers.

A few nights later, about midnight, the long roll sounded in our camp and we could hear it sounding in the camp of another regiment not far away, and as every one of us seriously believed that we would right away meet the enemy we experienced "emotions" natural to our inexperience. We had two or three citizens in camp, friends of some of our men who had come on with us, and laughable stories were told of the handing over of watches, money and other valuables to these citizens against our possible fate.

The regiment was promptly in line, our field and staff officers mounted and ready for further orders. It was a fine moonlight night and silence prevailed, for we were in solemn mood. After waiting some time, one Flynn, of our company, a jolly young Irishman, said in good voice: "Colonel, I'd loik to spake wid yer." "All right, my man," replied the Colonel, "speak out." "Colonel, if ye don't moind, I'd loik to stay in camp and lose me time to-night!"

\* The Thomas Viaduct over the Patapsco has eight arches, each of 58 feet span. In its day it was the largest in the United States and regarded as a remarkable engineering feat.



This ludicrous proposal provoked laughter and broke the solemnity. Conversation ensued and we forgot what we feared — and that was Flynn's cunning purpose.

A half-hour later a staff officer arrived, announcing "False alarm." We broke ranks and went to our tents too happy to readily resume sleep.

A few of our men loudly professed regret that there was "nothing doing"; but we afterward learned that there were soldiers whose appetite for fight was greatly developed when danger of it had passed.

After a few days we moved camp to the other side of the Viaduct on high ground in an apple orchard in rear of the Relay House Station.

One morning the Colonel sent for me and showed me a communication from General Wool, ordering our Colonel to detail a competent officer to act with a named captain of artillery in locating his battery for best protection of the Viaduct, and also lay out a line of rifle pits and other defensive fortifications. The Colonel said, "We have no officer who knows anything about artillery or engineering, but you must try it." I met the artillery captain with some reluctance until I found that he knew as little as I did about the matter; but together we selected the battery location and laid out the defensive works, all of which were approved later by an officer of General Wool's staff. From after experience I know that so far as the rifle pits and earthworks were concerned, it was a mighty poor sort of an amateur job.

We drilled industriously and did guard duty with decided fidelity and with more particularity than we did later on; the enemy was not far from us and we obeyed every technicality.

Harper's Ferry was taken, our force there surrendering, and had we gone to Harper's Ferry from Baltimore, as first ordered, we would have been unfortunate paroled prisoners of war. It was our good luck to have it otherwise.

Train loads of these paroled prisoners began to arrive en route to Parole Camp Douglas, Chicago. The 115th New York just preceded our arrival in Baltimore and going to Harper's Ferry they had but a brief service before their surrender. I was at the Relay Station when this regiment arrived en route to Chicago. Some were happy that they were going back north; but most of them were sorrowful enough over their short inglorious military experience. They had had very little drill and were "raw material" to be sent to the front so soon.

The body of General Miles came with this regiment. He was







in command at Harper's Ferry and was killed before the enemy's fire ceased after his surrender. The box containing his body was on a baggage truck at the station and Chaplain Clements of the regiment (115th N. Y.), afterwards a resident of Warren County, struck the box with his fist, exclaiming: "Here are the mortal remains of a traitor!" An officer of General Miles' staff who had the body in charge, called the Chaplain to account for his language, and a rough and tumble fight seemed imminent; but the Chaplain stood his ground, saying more and worse, and being much larger than the staff officer was not attacked. Anyhow, the engine whistle blew and the train moved on. I think that the worst that can be charged against General Miles was incompetency.

The two days' bloody battle of Antietam was fought within our hearing of its guns, Lee's invasion was turned back and the danger of a present raid upon the Baltimore and Ohio was improbable. However, the importance of the Viaduct and the road was such that our guarding was continued.

A train load of Confederate prisoners came from Antietam, and as all trains stopped at Relay Station, we were interested in the personality of these men. We rendered them any kindness we could and concluded that they were not to be despised as armed enemies. Our pickets brought in a few straggling prisoners, and they were curiosities. They had the best we could give them, till they were sent on to Baltimore.

*September 24, 1862.* President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was read to our regiment at dress parade this evening, and while most of us recognized its importance and wonderful significance, many objected because it made the war one against slavery and they were "not fighting for the 'niggers,' but for the Union," and there was much discussion and some dissention for a while. One soldier said, "That proclamation completes our Declaration of Independence; puts honesty into our professions of liberty."

When the proclamation was read I was so ill that I could hardly stand and that night our surgeon said I had typhoid fever. There were many cases of it in the regiment, and many were in hospital from this and other troubles, and some had died.

We had been doing guard duty in all kinds of weather, often standing in water which gathered in the grave-like trenches; had drilled in the hot sun, and not being "seasoned" to camp or climate, it was a wonder that there was not more sickness — but there was enough.



My fever developed rapidly and before morning I became delirious and continued so for many days. A kind family at Elk Ridge Landing, about a mile from camp, took me in with my soldier nurses, or rather watchers, and I remained there during my serious illness and slow convalescence. My delusions were more real to me and better remembered than anything real during my illness.

I was obsessed with the belief that I was the victim of a conspiracy of my fellow officers to have me shot for some trumped-up military offense — that, in fact, I was under sentence of death and in prison awaiting execution. That my windows had iron bars was to me a visible fact, for I could see even the rivets where the bars crossed. The officers who called were treated coldly and I accused them of their supposed treachery. Every night I knew that the ceiling of my room was forced down to smother me and piteously pleaded for relief. All contradictions of my delusions had no influence, for I knew what I could see for myself, which taught me the fallacy of arguing with a crazy man.

One night I thought I heard our regimental band approaching and believed preparations for my execution were being made. My cunning purpose was to cheat them of what I considered would be their great satisfaction in seeing me shot to death.

Suicide was the way to do it! My military chest was in the room and in it were two pistols. The key to the chest was in my trousers' pocket, the trousers hanging in the room. But there were my two watchers, whom I considered as guards. I began telling them how much better I felt, that it was unnecessary for them to watch, and I really persuaded them to lie down and get some rest. When I was sure they were asleep, I got out of bed, got the key, unlocked the chest and secured one of my revolvers and into bed again. My plan now was to shoot myself when I was taken from my supposed prison, out before the regiment, and I gloried in the thought of the chagrin and disappointment my act would occasion — thought it would be grandly dramatic!

My effort so tired me that I fell into a brief sleep and when I awakened I could not find my revolver. I was shocked at my failure, and, as never before or since, did the saying "Procrastination is the thief of time" seem so veritable. I quickly determined to get my other revolver and not wait a moment in using it.

I got up again, but I couldn't find the key to my chest, and the mystery is, it never was found. To break open the chest would awaken my "guard" and I felt a deep humiliation and disappointment at being foiled in my purpose.







I then resolved to escape and went down the stairs to the main floor of the dwelling and found the doors locked; down another stairway to a half-basement where I found the door barred, but I could and did remove the bar and going up a few steps was out in the open. It was raining and as I had on only my night dress the rain cooled my fever and sanity returned. I was then so weak that I couldn't stand, much less walk.

The day was breaking and I could hear the reveille sounding in our distant camp. I crawled back to the doorway and fell down the few steps against the door. The daughter of my host occupied a room above this half-basement door and hearing noise looked out of her window and thought she saw me. She went at once and awakened my watchers, inquiring if I were there. They said, "Yes," but quickly discovered otherwise. They found me and carried me to my room and sent for our surgeon, Dr. Moore, who soon arrived. I heard him say, "I don't believe he'll live till noon," which had no disturbing effect upon me, for I felt nearly dead already. My fever returned and my delirium, and for a few days I just hovered between the here and the hereafter, until improvement began and continued. The pistol was found in my bed. In my brief sleep it had slipped beyond my reach. It was also found that while I was outside the house, I had walked around an uncurbed well, into which I might have fallen, so I considered that I was providentially cared for.

My delirium was a succession of horrors of various sorts, and of those things I still have distinct recollection — they seem a part of my actual experience.

One of my watchers was afterwards physician to Auburn Prison, Dr. Sawyer. After this episode Mr. Braman of our company (afterwards Rev. E. A. Braman) was sent to me, and he remained during my convalescence rendering such kindly and helpful ministrations as I shall never forget.

During my illness one of our men while guarding the railroad accidentally shot the engineer of a freight train. Our men were scattered along the road in "bunches" of four or more, the groups being within sight of each other, one man to be on watch all the while, and when a train approached he called out all the group, they to stand at present arms till the train passed. On the coming of this train the guard was called out and in hurrying into position the gun of one man, Eugene Dupuis of our company, was accidentally discharged. The bullet struck the smokestack of the engine, glanced and hit the engineer in his forehead, killing him instantly. The fireman ran the train to the Relay Station. Dupuis was



arrested, turned over to the civil authorities and imprisoned at Baltimore to await trial.

The accident was sincerely lamented by the regiment. A delegation of our officers attended the engineer's funeral in Baltimore, and a considerable purse was contributed by the regiment to his family.

The Baltimore papers so exaggeratedly misrepresented the accident as a deliberate murder and so magnified the possible consequences of a passenger train, which followed the freight, running into the freight, except for the chance ability of the fireman to handle the freight engine, that our regiment was ordered away.

It went to Fort Ethan Allen, just across the Potomac above Washington. I was left recovering from my illness, a mere skeleton of my former and after self. When I fully recovered I had gained ten or more pounds over even my previous well-weight and afterwards had more robust health than before my illness.

When I was able to get around, Mr. Dupuis' brother, bookkeeper for Witherbee, Sherman & Company of Port Henry, N. Y., came down and I went with him to Baltimore. We visited his brother in prison and I assisted in preparing for his trial. One of Baltimore's best lawyers, Mr. Latrobe, afterwards mayor of his city, was engaged for the defense, and the following March I was detailed by the War Department to attend and assist in the trial, our regiment then being in Washington. The trial took place at Ellicott's Mills, county seat of Ellicott County, Maryland, above the Relay House on the road to Harper's Ferry. Lieutenant Stevenson, a townsman and friend of Dupuis', went with me. On motion I was recognized as a member of the bar of another state and assisted in the trial in a small way.

Common law practice obtained in Maryland, and when Dupuis was arraigned his indictment was read in all the extravagant language of the common law article. He was charged with "malice prepense," "being instigated by the devil," "with felonious intent," "with divers weapons," etc. After the reading of the indictment Lieutenant Stevenson came to me with blanched face and whispered, "My God! they are bound to hang Gene, aren't they?"

No wonder that he thought so in the, to him, awful conventional language of the indictment. To say the least, there was no sympathy for a Union soldier in that vicinity; but Judge Brewer of Annapolis was the trial judge and he was well known for his uncompromising Union sentiments. He had at times held court







with his revolver handy, for he had been threatened for his strong Union utterances and conduct. He was quite old and looked feeble, but his eyes, manner and speech indicated force and firmness. Apparently he gave very little attention to the trial, which was an all-day affair.

I found that one of the jury had served as a three-months-man in the Federal Army, a fact known there only to a confidential friend of his who was my informant.

The State's Attorney made the closing plea, and he indulged in florid rhetoric and oratory and decidedly enlisted the attention and interest of the jurors. He closed with a personal appeal to the jury, asking if it was possible that any individual of the panel doubted the prisoner's guilt. "Do you, sir?" he asked, confronting and pointing his finger at the first juror, and so on to each juror until, reaching the ex-Union soldier, this juror arose and said: "Well, sir, I have right smart doubts!" This man had never served on a jury before and supposed the State's Attorney was calling for the verdict. His "prematurity" made a sensation and there was some discussion as to discharging the jury and having a new trial; but the Judge decided to reprimand the "too-soon" juror and proceed. The incident, however, had a "damper" effect on the State Attorney's oratory.

Judge Brewer charged the jury briefly, but strongly in favor of the prisoner, for there was no proof of intent or purpose to kill. The jury was out some time, coming in with a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree.

The Judge was plainly irritated by the verdict. He asked the prisoner to stand up and said to him in substance: "The court is surprised at this verdict and does not think it is justified; but you stand before the court as found guilty of manslaughter in the third degree, and it becomes my duty to pronounce sentence, which will be the minimum permitted by law; that is, to be confined for the period of one year in the penitentiary of this state. Having pronounced your sentence I have this to say: If some one representing you will accompany me to Annapolis to-morrow, I will go with him to our Governor and join in asking him to pardon you."

With the consent of the State's Attorney the jurors signed a petition for Dupuis' pardon and I went with Judge Brewer to Annapolis and saw Governor Bradford. The law required that an appeal for pardon should be advertised for six weeks, and the Governor said that if no protest came he saw no reason why he should not then favorably consider the matter. He did pardon him and Dupuis rejoined his regiment.



To go back; during my slow convalescence at Elk Ridge Landing I received many kindnesses from the people there, especially from the young women who came to see me, bringing flowers, fruit, etc., sometimes remaining for hours — quite entertainingly. They were quite sure, however, to have it more or less mildly understood that their sympathy was with me personally in my "lonely invalidism" and not as a Federal soldier — but they were cordial and friendly.

The Jeffers family, who so kindly "took me in," rendered unforgettable kindness of large quantity and fine quality and almost refused compensation.

When able to get about without help, I several times visited the Post Hospital, about a mile distant, where several of our men were seriously ill. On October 15, 1862, Private Lewis Sprague of Company E was buried at Elk Ridge Landing and I was present.

On October 23, La Rehte L. Thompson of our company and Sylvanus H. Smith of Company G died. These were fine young men and promising soldiers.

On November 1, Corporal Wright of our company died. Others died, but I have no memoranda of their names.

Writing to the families of these boys was a sad duty and gave me my first consciousness of the strain and pain and anxiety in the Northern homes of our soldiers and the home and heart sorrow occasioned by the death of their loved ones — loved the more for the manliness of their sacrifice service. Every death in hospital or on battle field, every soldier's illness, or wound, caused pain and grief to kith and kin and friends at home. The suffering and horrors of war were by no means limited to the experience of the soldiers, but were multiplied in distant hearts and homes; multiplied by the sum of all who loved them.

After five weeks of sickness and convalescence, on November 10, 1862, with a few convalescents from the local field hospital, I started to join my regiment, arriving at Washington in the afternoon. The dome of the capitol building was in process of construction, and its scaffolding and skeleton iron frame I thought sort of symbolized the broken-up condition of the nation.

We walked to Georgetown expecting to take a canal packet for Chain Bridge, but found the last packet for the day had left. We were too tired and weak to undertake the "hike," and having very little money among us we "negotiated" for sleeping privileges on the floor of a cheap dwelling for the night, at a price within our combined scanty means.

In the morning we reached Chain Bridge and from there







"hiked" on to Fort Ethan Allen, a mile or more, where our regiment was encamped. It was a great pleasure to meet comrades, mingle with them and exchange experiences — it was a bit like getting home.

The camp was well located, had good drainage, and was in fine condition, showing that a large amount of work had been done in making it sanitary and comfortable.

An elaborate system of fortifications was being completed in that vicinity, which included forts Ethan Allen and Marcy, with connecting works: redans, redoubts, etc.

Other regiments were encamped about us, including the 127th Pennsylvania, 24th and 28th New Jersey, 27th Connecticut, 152d and 169th New York and 4th New York Artillery. All but the last three left a few days after my return. These three remaining regiments with ours were formed into a Provisional Brigade, commanded by Colonel Buell of the 169th New York.

General Abercrombie, with headquarters at Arlington, General Robert E. Lee's homestead, commanded the forces of the vicinity.

As we had not been paid for three months, our officers were very short of money, many without any. While our men were supplied with rations, officers had to provide their own "feed," and that took cash. We could get some things from the commissary "on tick," and for a time — it seemed a long time — Company F officers — Captain Livingston, 2d Lieutenant Stevenson, and myself — subsisted on bread and molasses. The bread was good, the molasses sweet and our appetites hearty, so we were happy and "waxed fat." Sometimes we toasted or fried the bread or made bread pudding for a change, making a fairly pleasant diversion in our menu.

Our sutler, Lot Chamberlain, was a character. He had been sheriff of Clinton County, a captain of passenger steamers on Lake Champlain (which in that day was an important position), and was sociable, zestful and popular. He brought a man to camp from Washington who, with professed pity for our need, proposed to advance what was due for a certain per cent discount. While some of us felt that he was in league with and a speculating fore-runner of the Paymaster, and that his generous (?) offer indicated that the Paymaster would soon arrive, many accepted his offer. I refused to discount my pay and continued my bread and treacle diet for a few days longer, when the Paymaster arrived. Lot Chamberlain afterwards became a Paymaster in the army, himself, and had a sorry experience.

While camp, fatigue and picket duty was rather persistent



and drill continuous, we really had a pleasant and happy experience at our "Camp near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.," as our camp was named.

An Officers' School was established and did much in fitting us for our duties. I think, too, that our stay here was the longest in any one camp of the regiment's three years' experience.

For an idea of our daily doings I will copy my diary for a period with its more or less frequent entries:

*November 15, 1862.* Detailed in command of fatigue party of 270 men, 3 lieutenants, 10 sergeants and 20 corporals. Worked on Fort Ethan Allen. General Abercrombie and part of his staff visited us, making some inquiries pleasantly and watched our work for a half-hour.

*November 16-18.* Too cold for any but necessary camp work and picket.

*November 20.* On fatigue with company till noon at battery near Fort Marcy. Afternoon, cold rain and returned to camp quite wet and "shivery."

*November 22, Sunday.* Regimental inspection and Divine service by Chaplain Hagar, with vesper prayer service in the evening.

*November 24.* On fatigue at Fort Marcy raising redan and gunbeds.

*November 25.* Am officer of the guard. Captain Livingston is officer of the day.

The following is reported of a certain Colonel, who, for sanitary reasons, ordered his men to change their shirts every week. Being told that many of the men had but one shirt, he said: "My order must be obeyed just the same. Make these men change shirts with each other."

*November 27.* Thanksgiving Day. Fine and warm. Religious service by Chaplain. For dinner had bread, salt beef, fried bread, pickles, coffee, cheese and more bread, with bread and molasses for dessert — happy and thankful.

*November 28.* On fatigue with four companies at outworks near Fort Marcy. Hon. Orlando Kellogg visited us.

*November 29.* Acted as regimental adjutant.

*December 2.* Cold but sunshiny. With four companies went to outworks of Fort Marcy to finish a battery.

*December 5.* In command of a fatigue battalion. Cold and snowing. Was told to-day the incident of a colonel of a short-term regiment serving earlier in the war, who influenced by many of his men leaving camp without leave, by his natural importance







and an overdose of "liquid courage," issued this order: "Any officer or man of this regiment leaving camp without written permission shall be shot at once." Being called upon to explain his severe order, he said the omission of a comma in writing the order made it seem more severe than intended; that the last part should read, "shot at, *once*" — just shot at, not to hit, and but once at that!

*December 6.* Snow two inches deep. Attended officers' school. Freezing temperature. In officers' school it was asked, "What is strategy?" One answer was, "When in action and your ammunition gives out it would be strategy to keep on firing and thus deceive the enemy."

*December 8.* Clear and cold. On picket with four companies, stationed on cross-road leading from Leesburg Pike to Fallsburg Church. "Shivery" and disagreeably uncomfortable. Just beyond our picket line is an old mansion which before the war must have been a stately home; but the war and camps have wrought ruin of grounds, trees, shrubbery, fences and surroundings. In spite of the devastation the owner and his daughter are living there. He is a fine old gentleman. He called at our picket headquarters a few days ago and invited us to return the call. Lieutenant Riggs and myself did call this evening and had a pleasant hour. We found that he had been an intimate young friend of President Jackson and he entertained us with reminiscences of "Old Hickory." His daughter sang for us, accompanying herself on a piano which needed tuning. She has a fairly good voice and is attractive in person and manner. They invited us to call at any time as they had lonesome lives. The father wished to stay in the old home and the daughter considered it her duty to remain with him. Their affection for each other was manifestly delightful.

*December 9-10.* Still on picket, but weather more to our liking.

*December 11.* In from picket this morning and the company is excused from further duty for the day. I was told this evening of a good soldier of Irish accent in one of our regiments who was in the battle of Bull Run and ran with the runners on that inglorious occasion. Being "jollied" about it, he philosophically replied: "Be gorra, thim as didn't run from Bull Run are down there yit!" \*

\* I have seen it stated that General John A. Logan commenced his military career while he was yet in Congress by being in or at the Bull Run battle and participating in the race back to Washington. Reaching there, a friend expressed surprise that he was back so soon and asked how he did it. "Were the trains running?" "No," replied Logan, "but every other d—d thing was."



*December 12.* Out with a fatigue detail working on the entrenchments. Have news of the occupation of Fredericksburgh by the Army of the Potomac.

*December 15.* Went out beyond our picket line to-day with a foraging detail. Went to Lewelensville, Bailey's Cross Roads, Langley's, etc. Hard march, but met no armed enemy and found poor foraging.

*December 16.* After morning drill Lieutenant Riggs, Carter and myself walked to Washington, by way of Arlington House headquarters, to have our passes approved. Went to Ford's Theater and heard the opera of *Satanella* with Miss Ritchings as prima donna. Several distinguished military and civil officers were in the audience.

*December 17.* With fatigue detail working on Fort Marcy.

*December 18.* In camp making up company clothing accounts.

*December 19.* Same as yesterday.

*December 20.* Am officer of the day.

*December 21.* Sunday. Usual inspection, and service in chapel tent. Our first sergeant reported that one of our men, a good-natured Irishman, had the habit of being the last man in line at roll call. I said to the man that a straggling response to roll call did not look like good discipline and I would expect promptness from him in future. I watched the roll call to-night and at the first sound of the bugle this man sprang to the company street. He saw me and perpetrated these remarks: "The last is first to-night; I've always been behoind before. In being behoind-hand I've bin yer ladin' man."

*December 22.* On picket up the Potomac to the right of Langley's with three companies — ours and one each from the 152d and 169th N. Y. We cover a line of about two miles.

*December 24.* Returned to-night from two days' picket duty. The weather has been so fine that there was no hardship in this outpost service. We rather enjoyed it.

'Tis Christmas eve with "taps" deferred for an hour to give the men a longer evening. Many packages of good things have been received from home-folks, and in a stroll through and around camp I find the boys decidedly merry — for all are boys to-night.

In one tent Christmas carols were being "executed," and in another a strong voice was wrestling with Luther's battle hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God."

At the chapel tent a prayer meeting was in progress and I went in. The XCI Psalm, the soldiers' favorite, was read; there were fervent short prayers, hearty singing with "Rock of Ages" for a benediction.







Afterwards I sat for a while on a stump outside our camp and heard singing of hymns in other nearby camps, bringing to mind the "Song of the Angels" to the Bethlehem shepherds, that glorious anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

I wondered when this "peace on earth" would come to stay, and concluded that it could not come until that all-inclusive petition, "Thy will be done on earth," is fulfilled. Till then it must be expected that swords and spears, or their modern equivalents, will be as necessary as plowshares and pruninghooks.

We are fighting for peace now and it will have to be fought for through years to come — war to end war. It may be centuries distant, but this world's acceptance of the Divine Will with "peace on earth" as its fruitage, is eighteen hundred years nearer than when first proclaimed.

"These things have I spoken to you that in me ye may have peace," is the mediational message.

*December 25.* Christmas! Beautiful day and "Merry Christmas" salutations abound. The 169th N. Y. is celebrating with all sorts of sports. The command of the regiment was turned over to the men for a couple of hours. The men elected temporary officers and pandemonium reigned. The real colonel was put under arrest, and some of the other officers were put in the guard house. It was a hilarious time with various funny "stunts." Several of our officers combined to have a Christmas dinner and succeeded beautifully — turkey, chicken, etc. It was an unusual and satisfactory menu, for soldiers.

*December 26.* My company on guard, but I was detailed in command of a fatigue battalion, working on a battery back of the 4th Artillery Camp. Have done so much fatigue work on forts, batteries and rifle pits that I am coming to be a halfway sort of military engineer or boss ditch-digger — am getting my share of this sort.

*December 27.* This morning one of our company failed to appear at reveille "turn out." Going to his tent found him asleep. Awakening and admonishing him, he defended himself by reciting John G. Saxe's humorous satire "On Early Rising." He did it so cleverly that I listened and condoned his delinquency.

It reminded me that I had seen and met this Vermont poet. I once attended the Commencement Exercises of the University of Vermont at Burlington. At the beginning of the program there were on the platform, with the faculty and others, the Governor of the state, two or three ex-Governors and John G.



Saxe, who was then the Democratic candidate for Governor, which only amounted to a compliment in that overwhelmingly Republican State.

The College President in opening the exercises expressed his pleasure in having the Governor and ex-Governors present, and turning to Mr. Saxe said: "We are also pleased to have Mr. Saxe with us; but I fear that our people will consider him too young for governor." Mr. Saxe immediately arose and said that he did not wish to have his political chances discounted by being declared too young. "I assure you," he said, "that I'll be old enough when I'm elected." His quick wit was applauded.

Some time later I heard another of Mr. Saxe's witticisms. On a Lake Champlain steamer going north an attractive and lively young lady passenger was introduced to Mr. Saxe, who was also, like myself, a passenger, and from that on until she reached her landing they continued together in vivacious conversation. Arriving at the young lady's destination Mr. Saxe gallantly accompanied her to the gangplank with profuse expressions of his pleasure in meeting her and that it would lastingly remain a delightful memory. "Oh, Mr. Saxe," said the miss, "you are an accomplished flatterer. You will be forgetting me before you reach Burlington." "Worse than that," he replied; "I assure you that were I not married I'd be for getting you right now."

In camp working on company muster rolls. Last evening the Officer of the Day in passing a tent wherein several soldiers were gathered and were rather noisy called to them from outside to make less noise. "Who are you?" they asked and he replied: "You'll find out if you don't simmer down." The men thought he was some joker and the noise continued. The officer returned and entered the tent, saying, "Don't you know enough to obey your superior officer?" "Beg your pardon, sir," said one of the men, saluting; "would have obeyed instantly if you'd had shoulder straps on your voice."

*December 28.* Sunday. Usual inspection, chapel service, dress parade, etc. Our Chaplain gave us a good talk. He is more than a "Sunday man," is busy in making himself useful every day. Comforting the sick, writing their letters, cheering the discouraged and "home-sickers," caring for our mail and giving much of willing and needed service.

*December 29.* The long roll sounded an alarm at midnight last night. We "turned out" and occupied the rifle pits till morning. A cold night, tedious watching and waiting. Have not learned the cause of the alarm — perhaps it was given for







practice. While in the trenches a Company D man accidentally discharged his gun and killed a comrade, James Hews, the first death from gun-shot in our regiment and a sad case.

*December 30.* Out on picket on the Leesburg Pike. Lieutenant Riggs and myself called again this evening on the "Man and the Maid in the Mansion." It was a pleasant couple of hours for all of us; for they seemed as happy as we. Before the war the mansion had housed gay parties of distinguished people. In spite of their hospitable cheerfulness, trembling voices and dimming eyes were observable as they mentioned incidents of their former social life — and no wonder! We admired and pitied them. We brought with us sugar and coffee, for which they were grateful.

*December 31.* Am to-day ending the year in command of the vidette picket and scout station at Langley's.

Thus varied were the days of our life, weather having most to do with the question of whether the service was pleasant or otherwise. Rain or snow or cold was trying, especially on picket. In camp most of our tents had sheet iron stoves or small open fires. Captain Livingston and I tented together and we had a comfortable tent with an open fire, and during the long evenings had plenty of visitors. Captain Livingston was a college man, a lawyer, an editor, a well read and entertaining gentleman. He could repeat Shakespeare, Byron and other poets and literary men; had a large knowledge of history and an excellent memory. So it was, that sitting by our fire with calling officer-friends, many an evening was delightfully spent in just enough conversation to keep the Captain, who was naturally reticent and modest, entertaining us. He was a dear, lovable man; honest, sincere and patriotic. His white hair and beard and pink complexion added to the attractiveness of his genial manner. We all loved the "Old Captain" and he deserved it. While not a disciplinarian, he took no liberties with military rules and regulations so far as they applied to himself. As to himself, he was a martinet.

One morning when there were a few inches of damp snow on the ground there was much snow-balling, developing into a "fight" between companies and finally a "battle" between the companies of our right and left wings. The men called out their officers to join in the combat. In gathering the snow for balls they reached into the mud beneath until the balls often had in them more clay than snow. Many were seriously hurt, and two or three of my teeth were painfully loosened by a ball of mud reaching my face with decided velocity. The men wore their overcoats, using the



capas for protecting their heads and faces, else the hurts would have been more and worse. As it was, a few went into hospital for repairs. It was only in sport, but it was rough.

One of our "jobs" was felling the fine trees on the somewhat steep slope of the bank of the Potomac to give "sight" and range for artillery. The method was to begin below, cut into the trees on their Potomac sides two-thirds, or more, of their diameter, always leaving enough to keep the trees standing. When the trees at the top of the slope were reached, it was carefully arranged to cut them through simultaneously so that for a wide space they would fall together upon those next below, already partly cut, breaking them down, and these upon those still below and so on down to the river. It was an interesting sight to see these trees for a considerable width progressively falling from the top to the bottom of the slope and hear the noise of the breaking of the uncut parts and the crash of breaking limbs, as if a cyclone was exercising its wrath. This was another feature of the wastefulness of war, the destroying of such quantities of timber. We used some of it for fuel and in "logging" up our tents.

The company officers of the regiment furnished each of their men with two pairs of white cotton gloves for use on dress parade. These the men were to keep clean by washing when soiled. One evening, when inspecting our company for dress parade, one man did not have his gloves. He was the most careless and slovenly man in the company, notably so. He claimed to have lost his gloves. He was sent to the guard house during the parade and promised further humiliation if he did not have gloves for the next evening's parade. The following day he came to me with wet gloves on his hands, evidently having washed them and put them on his hands to dry. "Lieutenant," he said, "will these do?" "Certainly," I replied, "where did you find them?" "Well," he said, "I washed my hands and found they were there all the time!"

On one occasion our Provisional Brigade, consisting of our regiment, the 152d and 169th N. Y., and the 4th Artillery, was reviewed by General Abercrombie on Mary's Hill and he pleased us by complimenting the 118th for soldierly appearance and drill.

*February 9, 1863.* With Lieutenants Riggs and Kellogg, visited Washington again, spending most of the day in the galleries of the Senate and House of Representatives. Had a short visit with Senator Ira Harris who was one of my law school professors, and with our then Congressman, William A. Wheeler, afterwards Vice-President of the U. S. We were interested in seeing Sumner,







Sherman, Wilson, Chandler, King, Wade, Colfax, Valandingham and others notable then and afterwards in the history of the "Sixties."

*February 10.* As our Quartermaster, DeLaney, has been made Brigade Quartermaster, I am detailed as Acting Quartermaster of our regiment, and ordered by the Chief Quartermaster, General Green, to report to him at Washington. It was for instructions and to advise that our regiment was complimented and favored by being selected for provost duty in Washington and that we could have as many wagons for the transportation of our baggage, camp equipage and property as I thought might be needed. I asked for forty four-mule teams.

*February 11.* Last night our brigade was called to the rifle pits by an alarm from picket firing, which turned out to be a case of the pickets "seeing things in the dark," for it was a dark, rainy night.

I might say of our picket duty here that there is little fear of an attack from the enemy in force. The danger is from spies, guerrillas, small scouting or raiding parties stealing upon us by night, and from individual "snipers" incited by the glory of killing a Yankee; so it really is an anxious, trying and nervous business, this standing out in the open of nights as targets.

*February 12.* A drizzling, foggy morning but better in the afternoon. Our wagons arrived, our tents went down and loading began. Our fine camp was soon desolate; the only tent standing was that of the hospital, for there are some too ill to be moved. It really seemed like breaking up housekeeping.

By ten o'clock A.M. we reached the Potomac and crossed Chain Bridge. Here the wagon train took the River road for Georgetown and the regiment took the Highland road, the train reaching Georgetown first.

Our Washington camp was about a mile north of the capitol, near Findley Hospital, in a pretty woods with a brook running through. It was uneven ground, previously occupied by General Sprague's Rhode Island troops.

That night a cold storm of wind, sleet and snow made the camp an unpleasant "first night."

Notwithstanding our many teams we had to leave much in our old camp, especially lumber used for tent floors and other things that would be useful in our new camp; so I went back in the morning with a dozen wagons to get these things. Our Chaplain decided to go with me and look after the sick left in the camp hospital tent. We went to a hotel for the night and started early in



the morning on horseback, and as we came to Chain Bridge the sentinel called out, "Turn out guard, General officer," and at once the whole guard was in line and presented arms, an honor due to the rank of general. While we returned the salute, we were puzzled at the performance until, looking at the Chaplain's hat, it bore a star on its front, the insignia of a brigadier general, instead of the cross of a Chaplain! In coming from breakfast at the hotel he had mistaken a general's slouch hat for his own, being quite alike in appearance. He was deeply chagrined, but turned the hat around so that the star wouldn't show, and we were not troubled with a turned-out guard at the other end of the bridge.

On his return that night our Chaplain went to the hotel and found an irate General. In spite of Chaplain Hagar's apologies, the General swore at him, accusing him of a wish to sport in a general's hat, or of being too ignorant to recognize the insignia, etc. As a parting shot the Chaplain said, "I did discover that it was a general's hat, but I now find that it is not the hat of a gentleman."

This general, who shall be nameless here, for he may have a sensitive posterity, had been around Washington so long that it was being talked about. One of the daily papers had referred to him and his "city warfare," not by name, but so as to be well understood who was meant. He was pompous and enjoyed his uniform and his comfort and safety.

It was said that one morning a newsboy entered a Pennsylvania Avenue street car in which this general was riding, and shouted, "Morning *Chronicle*! Another big battle!" The general bought a paper and hastily glanced at its pages while the boy was selling to others. As the boy was leaving the car, our general shouted at him, "Here, you little rascal! I don't see any battle." "No," replied the boy vociferously, "and you never will while you hang 'round Washington." The passengers more than giggled, to our general's discomfiture.

When we reached our old camp that morning, we found that another regiment had arrived and camped at some distance from our camp-site, and we wondered that it had not used our camp and the considerable material we left. It was explained by Assistant Surgeon Wilson, who was left in charge of the sick, that the Colonel and staff of this regiment came in advance and said to Wilson that the camp looked so good and its streets and grading in such fine condition that he thought they would occupy it.

Wilson, wanting to save our lumber, etc., invented this pre-







variation: "That's all right, Colonel, but we have a couple of mild cases of small-pox, and, while we have kept them well isolated, there may be danger."

This ended the plan of occupying our camp, and the men of that regiment were forbidden to even visit it. We loaded our wagons with about all that was worth while for use in our new camp and returned.

Our Quartermaster returned to regimental duty and I returned to my company; but while acting as Quartermaster I receipted for two mules which were not properly accounted for in our Quartermaster's account, and they stood as a debit against me at the War Department. For years after the war every now and then I received notice that I owed the Department for these mules. Perhaps it has been marked off as a poor debt, for I have heard nothing of the matter for some years.

We went to work to make a fine camp, dug out stumps and did some leveling of the ground; but for the first few days rain and snow interfered. The little stream running through the camp, which we called the "Little Tiber," was swollen to more than a "babbling brook."

Our men were divided up for Provost duty — at the Baltimore and Ohio station, guarding public buildings at different headquarters, supply depots, etc. — a variety of service throughout the city.

I was detailed for special duty at the Old Capitol Prison, being on duty every other two days, a New Jersey officer alternating. This building was at one time the U. S. capitol, but now used as a prison for Confederate officers, political offenders, blockade-runners, etc. I was in charge of the guard supplied by a New Jersey regiment; responsible for roll call of prisoners mornings and in charge of all interviews with prisoners, the latter being the most troublesome of my duties. Friends of prisoners could get permits from the War Department to visit prisoners, permits specifying upon what subject they might converse, as "family matters," "inquiries as to friends," "general conversation," etc.; but political and war subjects were forbidden under a standing prohibition.

My office was also the reception room, and in case of an interview the prisoner was brought to this room and kept apart from the visitor and conversation strictly limited to the subject named in the permit. There was a multitude of more than sympathizers with the South living in Washington, Georgetown, Baltimore and Alexandria, and some of these would have relatives or ac-



quaintances in the prison, and permitted visitors were many. Women visitors largely predominated, most of them prominent in Washington society.

It was quite usual for a matron to bring with her one or more attractive and entertaining young ladies, the purpose being to divert the attention of the officer in charge from the conversation with the prisoner. I often had invitations to call, to afternoon tea, offers of flowers, confections, fruit, etc., all for the plain purpose of cultivating friendly relations or creating obligations that might be presumed upon.

One woman, prominent in Washington, a Southerner by citizenship and in spirit, whose husband held a government position, called often and often to see prisoners she had never known, evidently at request of some of the prisoners' families in the South received by "underground" mail. She always brought with her one or two young women worth looking at.

She often tried to touch on forbidden subjects in her interviews with prisoners. Coming one day with a permit to see a young Confederate officer and learning from him that he was somewhat tired of the war and would like to be released and remain north, she said to him, in a whisper, "Don't disgrace yourself by taking the oath of allegiance." This was so flagrant that I discontinued the interview and asked her to leave.

Colonel Wood, a peculiar character, was superintendent of the prison and I reported the matter to him. He was in a rage and said he would at once go to the War Department and see to it that she would never get another permit, and he went. I was surprised, therefore, some days later, when she returned with another permit to see another prisoner and with all her usual grace and charm of manner, just as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. She made no attempt to violate the privilege of her permit this time. She came a couple of times afterwards, and probably continued to do so after I left Washington. She was a fine looking woman of ability, and I am sure she did good service for the Confederate cause and in more ways than were known. It showed that the War Department was not impervious to the influence of "neutral enemies."

After the war I became acquainted with a Baltimore gentleman who might be called the Confederate postmaster of that city, for during the war, for a period, he had charge of the underground mail to and from the South.

He said it was surprising how regular the service was — not daily, of course, but not many days elapsed between times.







He was arrested once and had he been searched, incriminating evidence would have been found in his pockets, including a communication from an officer of the Confederate government. He was given the privilege of visiting his family on his promise to return to custody, which gave him the happy opportunity for getting rid of the mail he had on his person.

He was imprisoned for a while, but through the influence of a Washington woman friend of his wife's and also a friend of the wife of a War Department authority, he was released and nothing further came of it.

He was a sympathizer with the South to the extent of daring this dangerous service.

This proves, what was otherwise evident enough, that information went through the lines regularly during the war and that there were women in Washington with active Confederate sympathies and large Federal influence.

I remember one Miss who called with a permit to see a handsome young Confederate officer on "personal matters." They proved to be lovers, although she was a Union girl. The prisoner tried to make a marriage engagement, but she insisted on waiting until the war was over — but said very encouraging things considering that a stranger was present. He asked the privilege of a parting kiss, but the rules prohibited any nearness together of visitor and prisoner, probably to prevent the surreptitious passing of any note, or other thing, from one to the other. The prisoner jokingly said, "If this cruel lieutenant was not a Federal officer I would ask him to kiss you for me." She replied, "I would object to that, but not because he is a Union officer."

He went back to his quarters and she broke down in sobs and tears, saying, "This is a cruel war." She calmed after a while and told me something of her "affair." "I do not believe in his cause," she said, "but I surely do believe in him."

I could say very much of my experience while at the prison, for every day had its interesting incidents.

Often we had foreigners as prisoners, blockade-runners and speculating violators of neutrality, etc., and they would appeal to the embassies of their respective countries. This brought foreign ministers or attachés of legations for interviews with such prisoners. These had larger privileges, less limitations, and I met many who were then, or afterwards, distinguished in the diplomatic service. I preserved for awhile scores of these prison-caller's cards and I was sorry to finally lose them.

One day, Lord Lyons, Britain's Plenipotentiary, called to see



an English blockade-runner, and it reminded me of my seeing him in Albany with the suite of the Prince of Wales in 1860. I am now reminded of the story of one of his official calls on President Lincoln. Lord Lyons was a bachelor and with all the dignity of his high office and the importance of his message, he said to the President: "May it please your Excellency, I have in my hand an autograph letter from my Royal Mistress, Queen Victoria, which I am commanded to present to your Excellency. In it she informs you that her son, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

The Ambassador waited for the felicitous response customary in such case; but Mr. Lincoln replied, "Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

It is not known what report the Ambassador made to his Queen of the President's response to her royal autograph letter.

John Hay, one of the President's secretaries, called at the prison one day for some information which the President desired, and I surely did not even guess that this pleasant young gentleman would become the notable diplomat and great Secretary of State so deservedly prominent in the civil service of his country.

We had for some time a noted woman prisoner charged with being a Confederate spy, whom I will not name. She had a separate room, but was very carefully guarded. She was not a pleasant prisoner. When I made my first morning rounds after she arrived, with the prison secretary and an officer of the guard, to verify the prison roll, rapping at her door she insisted that she wasn't dressed. My duty was to positively see each prisoner and not trust to hearing. She was told this and given time to dress; but on my return she made the same excuse. I insisted that I had given her time to dress. She finally threw the door of her room wide open and showed that she was not dressed — much. With anger and unwomanly language she charged me with being a low-down Yankee invader of a defenseless lady's private apartment. After that when I made my morning call she would open her door without remark, and most of the times she was not more dressed than at first and showed less embarrassment than I felt.

She had the privilege of walking the corridor at certain hours for exercise, the space limited by a guard. One day I heard a woman's screams on the second floor and going to find what it meant, found my lady spy sprawling on the floor, kicking and screaming before a very much disconcerted guard. He explained that in her exercise walk she tried to pass him. He told her she







must not go farther when she viciously spat in his face, and in quick anger he slapped her face. She insisted that he had almost killed her and sent out a volley of unquotable language. Her face gave no evidence of injury and I offered to send the prison surgeon to her, but she wouldn't have it so. I insisted that she should apologize to the guard for her insult and indignity which, a few hours later, she did, but in an ungracious way. I was glad when she was removed to another prison. She was far from being a poor sample of Southern women, although quite a "good looker."

One morning, one of my prison guard, an attractive New Jersey lad whom I had favorably noticed before, came to me with a telegram in his hand and tears in his eyes. The telegram was from his home announcing the serious illness of his father and urging him to try and get home. He wanted a furlough. I told him that I would do all I could, but that I had had experience in getting furloughs and three days was as soon as one could be procured; for the application had to go the rounds of several offices. He feared his father might die in the meantime.

He brightened up with his proposition that I give him a note to President Lincoln, certifying to his character as a soldier, etc., and he would do his best to see the President. I said that I would willingly give him a strong note, but that it was almost an impossibility to reach the President and that he could hardly expect the President to be troubled with furloughs. He felt that it was his only chance and he started for the White House with the note and telegram.

In a short time he returned and I knew from his appearance that he had succeeded. He reported that on his arrival at the White House he was told that he could not see or communicate with the President; but just then he saw the President coming towards the door as if to go out. He at once said, loudly, "You can't prevent my seeing the President — I see him now!" The President came to him and inquired what his trouble was. He gave him the telegram and the note and said: "Mr. President, I do so want to see my father again before he dies." "Of course you do," said the President, "come with me, I am on my way to the War Department," and putting his arm about the boy-soldier as they walked, inquired about his family, his father's age, if his mother were living and many other kindly questions.

Reaching the War Department they went into Secretary Stanton's private office and the President said to the Secretary: "I want a ten days' furlough for this young man," explaining the reason. The Secretary called the proper official and in a few



minutes the President handed the lad a War Department furlough for ten days. He took the boy's hand and said he hoped he would not only find his father alive, but out of danger; asked the boy to give the father his respects; trusted the lad would come out of the service of his country unharmed and live long to enjoy the consciousness of having done his duty — or words to this effect.

The boy, while happy with his furlough, could not suppress his tears, saying, "I am all broken up by that great man's kindness to me — me, only a private among thousands."

He left by the next train, arrived at home two days before his father's death and returned one day before his furlough expired. He said that he believed his father died happier for knowing what the President had done for his boy.

It was, indeed, beautiful evidence of the inherent graciousness of the Great Lincoln — just one incident of a multitude of like kind.

Hon. Orlando Kellogg, then our Congressman-elect, visited our camp (which we named "Camp Adirondack") with a delegation from Clinton County on a mission to the Treasury Department. It seems that a clause had somehow been "smuggled" into the Appropriation Act of the previous Congress abolishing Plattsburgh as a port of entry and removing the custom-house to Rouse's Point. The first that Plattsburgh knew of it, as I understood, was the receipt by the Customs Collector at Plattsburgh of an order from the Treasury Department to carry out the act. Our Congressman, Mr. Wheeler, afterwards Vice-President, was absent, in Europe I believe, and Congressman-elect Kellogg with this delegation of Plattsburgh citizens was sent to Washington to see what could be done to save Plattsburgh.

Mr. Kellogg tented with me that night.

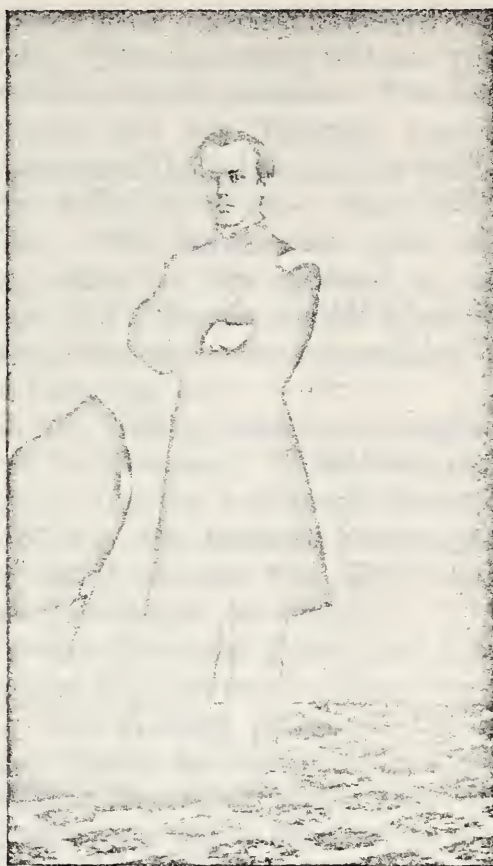
The next morning, as I was off duty that day, he invited me to go with him and the delegation, which we joined at the Willard Hotel. Arriving at the rooms of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who had issued the order, Mr. Kellogg sent in his card requesting an interview. Answer was returned that this officer was engaged and Mr. Kellogg would have to call again the next day. The Assistant Secretary's door was partly open and the talking and laughing in the room indicated that there was more visiting than business going on. Kellogg was a bluff, earnest man, looking much like the portraits of Daniel Webster in his general personal appearance.

He said to the door attendant: "Tell Mr. Assistant Secretary that the Congressman-elect of the 16th District of New York,









MAJOR  
CHARLES E. PRUYN



with a delegation of his constituents, is waiting to see him upon a matter of importance; tell him that we propose to wait right here until an interview is granted, and if we have to wait long would like to be provided with chairs."

Some of the delegation suggested that this sort of message might offend the Assistant Secretary, but Mr. Kellogg said, "Wait and see."

Very soon the door man returned followed by the party that was inside and said, "The Secretary will see you now," and we were ushered into the honorable presence. The Assistant Secretary made some apologies; but Mr. Kellogg, after introducing his party, promptly presented the subject of his visit.

"What is it you want me to do — what can I do?" was the Secretary's inquiry. "We want you," said Mr. Kellogg, "to countermand your order for the removal of the custom-house and I will take care of the matter myself when Congress meets." The officer declared that this was impossible; the Department must obey acts of Congress, etc.

After discussion Mr. Kellogg asked if he might take the matter to the Secretary of the Treasury. The officer replied that he had no objection, but it was useless to take the Secretary's time as the matter belonged to his — the Assistant Secretary's — jurisdiction. Mr. Kellogg then asked whether the officer would go with him to Secretary Chase and he said he would.

We then went before Secretary Chase, and I remember what a strikingly fine looking man Secretary Chase was, although I had seen him before. Mr. Kellogg presented his business and the Assistant Secretary stated his views. Mr. Chase said that he thought the Assistant Secretary was right; but Mr. Kellogg insisted that a great wrong was being done to an important town in his district and that he would not stand for it, and earnestly said much else. Finally Mr. Chase said that he sympathized with Mr. Kellogg's feeling and if he would cite any precedent for a Department officer even delaying any similar duty imposed by Congress, he would have the Plattsburgh order revoked pending the action of the next Congress.

Mr. Kellogg thanked him, saying: "I have no case in mind, but the books ought to be full of them"; that he would go to the Congressional Library and see what he could find, "but even if I find no precedent, you must make one; that order must be revoked!"

He did find something and the order was revoked. A less able, vigorous and persistent man than Mr. Kellogg would have failed. I much enjoyed that morning's experience.





A couple of days later Mr. Kellogg again stayed in my tent over night and in the morning, it being another of my off-duty days, we took a long walk and reached Jackson Park opposite the White House. It was a pleasant, warm spring morning and after sitting there a while Mr. Kellogg proposed that we call on the President. I hesitated, but he had little trouble in persuading me. Mr. Kellogg had served in the same Congress with Mr. Lincoln and, of course, had met him since he became President.

We found several waiting to see the President; but Mr. Kellogg sent in his card and soon Mr. Kellogg's name was called. He followed the usher and I "toddled after."

Mr. Lincoln was sitting, his back towards the door with one leg upon his desk, or table, his trouser-leg halfway down to his knee. I first noticed his foot which seemed very large as it pointed up from the table. He partly turned his head when Mr. Kellogg was announced and reaching his right hand backward over his left shoulder took Mr. Kellogg's hand, saying, "My dear friend, I am glad to see you. Take a chair." He dropped his leg and arose, still holding Mr. Kellogg's hand. I was introduced, when he remarked to Mr. Kellogg: "I am glad to see that you know the kind of company to keep. I hardly feel respectable these days if I haven't a soldier for a companion. Citizen's dress doesn't amount to much nowadays. Is this one of your constituents?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Kellogg, introducing me, "his regiment was wholly raised in my district — they are all my boys."

I expressed my gratification at meeting my Commander-in-Chief and said to him that we called Mr. Kellogg the "Father of our Regiment." He said to Mr. Kellogg, "That is a fine honor."

We remained for at least half an hour, the President and Mr. Kellogg indulging in recollections and reminiscences of the Congress in which they had jointly served. Mr. Kellogg often laughed heartily, and while the President seemed to enjoy the things at which Mr. Kellogg laughed, he scarcely smiled. His expression was pleasant but his countenance changed very little during the conversation.

Cards kept coming in. He glanced at them and dropped them on the table as they came.

Finally Mr. Kellogg arose to go. "Don't hurry," the President said. Mr. Kellogg replied that he had taken considerable of his valuable time and the cards indicated that others were waiting to see him.

The President said, picking up some of the cards: "These gentlemen will wait; they all want something. You want nothing



and I have enjoyed your call and this revival of our experiences in that Congress. We thought then that our responsibilities were considerable; but compare them with what confronts us now! You, me — even this young man,” putting his hand on my shoulder. “I am thankful that you will be in the next Congress. You are a friend I can depend upon, and, Kellogg, I need that sort.”

Turning to me he remarked: “I count you and every soldier a friend. I trust you will survive the war and see a reunited country and be happy in the fact that you did your part to make it so,” and with a hearty handshake he followed us to the door.

He seemed very serious and solemn as he bowed his tall form in a sort of parting gesture. I wish I had made a memorandum of his and Kellogg’s conversation.

A couple of officers of the Army of the Potomac, having friends in our regiment, came to spend a Sunday with us in camp, and never having seen President Lincoln desired very much to get a glimpse of him. We thought if we went to the President’s church that Sunday evening they might get this glimpse. Arriving at the church, we asked an usher if he would show us the President’s pew, meaning would he point out its location. He asked us to wait until he had seated a party in waiting. Coming back he beckoned us and gave us a pew which we fully filled. We soon found on the arm of the pew a silver plate inscribed “President.” The usher had taken our request literally and given us the President’s pew. We were embarrassed and as the usher passed again we explained. He said it would be all right if the President did not come, and if he did he would give us other sittings. The President did not come and sitting in his pew was the nearest “glimpse” of Mr. Lincoln we could afford our visiting friends. We noticed that we were being observed and felt a bit conspicuous in occupying the President’s pew.

Just before we left Washington and when we were under orders to be ready to move, Lieutenants Riggs, Carter and myself went to Brady’s celebrated photograph gallery to leave our negatives from which we might order photographs when wanted. Our officers had started an exchange of photos so that each one might have one of each. The office of the gallery was on the second floor of a three-story building, the operating rooms being on the third floor.

We found no one ahead of us and while registering and getting our numbered cards, Mr. Nicolay, one of the President’s secretaries, came in and said to the man in charge that the President had been







asked by Mr. Brady to pose for a standing, full-length photo and that he was in his carriage outside and would come in if the matter could have immediate attention.

We waited no longer, hurried upstairs, to be in the operating rooms when the President came. Shortly after the office man appeared with President Lincoln and requested that we waive our priority in his behalf. Lieutenant Riggs replied, rather dramatically: "Certainly, our Commander-in-Chief comes first everywhere." Mr. Lincoln thanked us and said, in substance: "Soldiers come first everywhere, these days. Black-coats are at a discount in the presence of the blue and I recognize the merit of the discount."

The operator was a Frenchman, with a decided accent. He said to the President that there was considerable call for a full-length standing photograph of him. The President jokingly inquired whether this could be done with a single negative, saying: "You see, I'm six feet four in my stockings." The operator replied that it could be done all right and left to arrange for the "standing."

The President then said to us that he had lately seen a very long, or rather, a very wide landscape photograph and that he wondered if there was a camera large enough to take in such an area; but on close examination he found that it had been taken in parts and nicely joined together, and he thought, perhaps, this method might be necessary for his "full length 'landscape.'"

The operator announced that he was ready and they went into the camera room, but the President stood where we could see and hear him. He asked whether he should stand as if addressing a jury "with my arm like this," stretching out his right arm. The operator came to him several times, placing the President's arms by his side, turning his head, adjusting his clothing, etc. "Just look natural," said the operator. "That is what I would like to avoid," Mr. Lincoln replied.

In the meantime each of us tried on the President's tall hat and it fitted Lieutenant Riggs finely.

The President came back to us and told us of a custom saw-mill built in the early days out in his part of the country, a very up-to-date single-gate mill, of which the owner was proud. One day a farmer brought from some distance an oak log, by ox team, to be sawed into plank and waited for the product. The log was adjusted and the saw started and all went lovely — for a while. A crash came! It proved that in the early days of this oak tree an iron spike had been driven into it and covered from sight by later growth, but the saw found it. The saw was broken and



other damage done to the mill, to the grief of the owner. He shut off the water and while sorrowfully investigating the cause of the disaster, the farmer anxiously inquired, "Say, yer ain't spiled the plank, hev yer?" "Goll dern yer old log — just look what it has done to the mill!" replied the mill man.

"That camera man," continued the President, "seemed anxious about the picture; but, boys, I didn't know what might happen to the camera."

The operator came from the dark room, holding the negative up to a window, and asked the President to look at it, suggesting that it was very natural. "Yes," said the President, "that is my objection. These cameras are painfully truthful," saying this with an assumed solemnity.

Two other negatives, with little change in pose, were taken, and the President was asked if he had any choice. He replied, "They look about alike as three peas."

The operator mentioned that Secretary Seward had recently visited the gallery for a sitting and the President asked, "Did he tell you any stories?" The operator said he did not, and the President said: "I did not suppose he did, for Mr. Seward is limited to a couple of stories which from repeating he believes are true." He then said he had recently heard a story about Mr. Seward that, whether true or not, was "a good one on him." He related it and, in substance, to the effect that during the then last presidential campaign Mr. Seward engaged to speak at a "pole raising and mass meeting" affair and was asked to make a later date because the pole couldn't be made ready for the raising; the point being that they evidently considered the raising of the pole of more consequence than Mr. Seward's presence and speech. He told the story with some animation and with bits of interspersed humor.

Mr. Lincoln seemed happy and care-free that morning and we thought he really enjoyed his hour or so at the gallery. Mr. Nicolay, who had driven away with the carriage, returned for the President. Mr. Lincoln again thanked us for our courtesy in waiving our first claim to gallery service, trusted that we would live through the war, and giving each of us a hearty handshake departed. We went to a window looking upon the street and saw him seated in quite a common looking barouche, with his secretary, and drive away — nothing appearing to indicate that this man, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of its army and navy, was other than an ordinary citizen.

He did not recognize me as having called on him some days







before with Mr. Kellogg, but that was no wonder, for his old friend Kellogg absorbed his attention on that occasion, and soldiers must have come to look very much alike to him.

Unfortunately I made no memorandum of this, to me, important incident, but afterwards wrote the foregoing account and submitted it to Lieutenants Riggs and Carter, and they regarded it as correct as far as it went, but far from covering the whole story.

I had seen the President often as he drove through or walked the streets of Washington, but esteemed myself largely favored by this chance meeting him face to face on these two occasions. I afterwards secured the full-length photo then taken at Brady's, but lost it. I have seen very few portraits of Lincoln that were satisfactory — he appeared so different when talking than in repose.

As they come to mind just now I will parenthesize a couple of Lincoln-Douglas "mentions."

This first one I have never heard repeated, nor seen in print but once and think it was in the *Life of John A. Logan*.

In the Lincoln-Douglas debates, it was said that at first Douglas did not fully or courteously appreciate the "size" of Lincoln: but at the debate previous to the one in which this incident occurred Lincoln enthused his hearers to exciting demonstrations of approval, which may have made Douglas "take notice."

Anyhow, at this particular debate, Mr. Douglas in closing his "inning" to make way for Mr. Lincoln, made complimentary reference to his opponent. Lincoln rising to speak, turned to Douglas and thanked him for his kind words, adding: "Compliments are to me what gingerbread was to a boy friend of mine. Meeting him at a general training eating gingerbread, I asked him if he liked it. He replied, 'Abe, there is nothing in God's world I like so much and get so little of.'"

There was more of the pathetic than of humor in what Lincoln said, for his manner was decidedly serious.

During the Lincoln-Douglas presidential campaign of 1860, Douglas came east and, I believe, spoke in Glens Falls. Anyhow, Judge Brown of Glens Falls rode in a carriage with him to Lake George and during the drive asked Douglas what sort of a lawyer Lincoln was.

As nearly as I can remember Judge Brown's statements, Douglas replied: "I know lawyers who are more comprehensive of all points involved in the trial of cases, more elaborate in their briefs, but Mr. Lincoln emphasizes the more important points in a case and before a jury has few equals."



So it was, that in the very heat of that exciting campaign, Douglas, to his credit, spoke kindly of his long-time political antagonist.

General N. M. Curtis of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., the "Hero of Fort Fisher," told me this Lincolnism:

The General was six feet six inches tall, and the first time he met President Lincoln, the President, readily seeing that the General "over-topped" him by a couple of inches, said, "General, do you know when your feet are cold?"

General Curtis might have replied that good soldiers ought not to have "cold feet."

I have already said that Colonel Wood, Superintendent of the Old Capitol Prison, was a peculiar character. He certainly was. He was prominent in the U. S. Secret Service, usually dressed as a citizen and was a shrewd, nervous, restless, unpretentious blond. He mingled freely with the prisoners, and when a death occurred among them, he quite always attended the funeral and burial, taking two or three prisoners with him to the cemetery, without guards.

He often picked out a prisoner or more, usually more, to come to his rooms in the prison for a little "spread," with wine, etc. It was to loosen their tongues, hoping to secure information that might be useful to the Government, and he sometimes succeeded. He had a stenographer hidden behind a thin partition on such occasions who took down conversation on signal. He had immediate access to the Secretary of War at any time and to other army headquarters.

He had a favorite scheme, or "fad," which he loved to talk about. If sufficiently encouraged by the Government, he wanted to organize a body of men, with proper equipment, subject only to his orders, and contract with the Government for specific service. If it was desired to destroy a bridge, a railroad, or make a raid into the enemy's country for information or other purpose — in fact any service not requiring a large force, or long campaign — he would make a price for doing the "job." He had great confidence in a small body of daring men secretly and discreetly handled, free from military regulations and red tape, every man engaged to have his share of the price of success; he believed that such a body would be more efficient and cheaper for certain purposes than a larger force hampered by military methods.

He surely had confidence in his scheme, but had failed to influence favorable consideration of those influential in the conduct of the war.







He was always interested in every fresh lot of prisoners brought in, adroitly engaging them in conversation for the purpose of getting information.

While at times the prison was rather crowded, yet it was kept clean and sanitary, the food provided was better than that supplied our own soldiers, and the sick had fine hospital care. Quantities of things were sent in for individual prisoners, often for all, from Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria and other places where sympathizers with the South lived, and there were lots of them. These things had to be examined for "contraband," before delivery.

One evening Cassius M. Clay came to the prison to call on his friend, Colonel Wood. It was not long before Mr. Clay's resignation as Major General and reappointment as U. S. Minister to Russia. Colonel Wood invited Mr. Clay to a steamed-oyster lunch at "Harvey's." This was a popular restaurant where steamed oysters originated and were sold by the bushel. I was also invited and much enjoyed the oysters and the conversation. Mr. Clay was peculiar, but very evidently worthy of his prominence in national affairs. His aggressive influence for the Union in Kentucky required courage and ability. He appeared quite serious on this occasion, but cordial and agreeable.

The street guard of the prison was instructed to arrest any person discovered attracting the attention of the prisoners or signaling them, and many arrests were made, most of them on suspicion. Often a carriage load of women, usually those of indifferent character, was brought in for waving handkerchiefs, singing, or shouting, to express sympathy with the prisoners or just to attract attention or add to the excitement of a "lark."

One evening a sobbing young miss was brought in, explaining that she was taking a walk with handkerchief in hand and unconsciously twirling it; that she did not think of the prison or prisoners and that she and her family were "Union folks." It was clear that she was innocent of any overt intention, and as she seemed so disturbed by her arrest and living but a few blocks away, I sent a corporal of the guard to escort her home and explain to her family. He was pleasantly received at her home and asked to call again. He improved the opportunity and said to me, later on, that if he survived the war his interest in the young miss was likely to be for life. I have wondered how this bit of incipient romance came out.

As the Old Capitol was very near the present Capitol, I often visited the Senate and House of Representatives. Men who



were prominent national characters became quite familiar to sight, and I listened to many important debates which were influential in shaping our country's history. I had also seen all the members of the President's Cabinet so frequently as to have a sight acquaintance. Indeed, our stay in Washington had many advantages and pleasures and I had my share.

Washington itself was far from being the beautiful city it now is. Few of the streets were paved; they had their ups and downs and when not muddy were dusty and all the time dirty. Street car lines (horse car) were few and it was difficult getting about. There was much uncleanness and much that was offensive and unsanitary.

But one resolute and able man, Alexander R. Shepherd, Governor of the District and head of the Board of Public Works — "Boss Shepherd," as he was called — had a vision of a "Washington Beautiful" which he officially made visible to the eyes of others. He leveled streets, leaving residences perched high above that level, and accomplished a great work. He was hated and abused as a despotic "grafter," an autocratic abuser of property rights. Improvements which he could not make lawfully he made just the same. Property afterwards largely increased in value because of these improvements which the owners had thought meant financial ruin. He did great things for Washington against large difficulties and opposition and much vituperation. He was the pioneer in fundamental betterments which made possible the Washington of to-day.

He finally left Washington for Mexico, a poor man, a comparatively small salary having been his only recompense for his large service, and the "graft" of which he was accused was the fable of his many enemies. I believe he made a fortune in Mexico — mining. Hope he did.

It is but a small recognition of his work and worth that his modest statue has a place with the many that adorn the city — the beauty of which he made possible.

While stationed in Washington I attended the theater a few times — the Washington, the Grover and the Ford — the latter becoming historic as the scene of President Lincoln's assassination. I heard Clark the comedian in "Speed the Plow" and in another play; Wallack in "Othello," and the opera "Il Trovatore" with Brignoli, Maccaferro and other noted artists of that day in the cast.

General Martindale was then in command at Washington, and official business made me meet him often enough to make his acquaintance, afterwards renewed in the field.







At this camp we discharged one of my company because of "chronic nostalgia" — just mortal homesickness. It was a common sickness for the first few months of our camp life; but this fellow had been a pampered boy at home and became emaciated and run down, unfit for any service, and it was decided that he never would be, even if he survived.

Another young man, less afflicted with the same trouble, feigned sickness and tried all sorts of ways to prove his good-for-nothingness and get discharged. Some of his comrades secured a blank discharge and filled it up with his name, noting the reason for discharge as *Non Compos Mentis*. It was mailed to him and gave him much joy until he understood the cruel joke; but he insisted that he had the disease mentioned in the fake discharge, until its meaning was explained. He, later on, became a good soldier. Homesickness, more or less severe, was pretty general, and natural enough, too.

Those early days of our military life were to us, so suddenly separated from our homes, painfully depressing and trying, actually producing illness.

Visiting one of our men in hospital he said with sickly facetiousness: "I am experiencing the feeling of being in two wide-apart places right now. I know I'm flat on my back in this hospital and I also know that I'm home-sick, awfully homesick."

We had deaths in camp and hospitals while in Washington; one, Adolphus Perry, who had been a schoolmate of mine, died of a fever in our camp hospital. He was a lively, cheerful boy, who had enlisted from patriotic motives and his death was indeed a personal grief.

My Captain, Livingston, was taken with typhoid fever and we left him in hospital when we were ordered away. He did not rejoin the regiment for some months.

*April 9, 1862.* John G. Witherbee of Port Henry gave a dinner at Willard's for such of our officers as could be spared from camp and other duties, and, later, Hon. Orlando Kellogg gave a dinner at the same place, but being on duty I could not attend either of these "swell" affairs.

*Sunday, April 12.* We received orders to be prepared to move, but marching orders did not come until April 20. In the meantime all sorts of opinions and speculation obtained as to where we would go and a multitude of letters went North announcing that we were under orders to move, probably "into the jaws of conflict." Some of our boys had an alarming way of allaying the fears and anxieties of their home friends.



Our sick were sent to hospitals, surplus stores and equipage "turned in" and officer's personal baggage reduced. Our tents were to be left and "dog," or shelter tents issued, each man to carry a section, which, buttoned with another, would just about cover two recumbent men. It all looked like active field campaigning.

During the few days, between orders to be ready and marching orders, with the regiment all together, company and battalion drills were resumed.

*Sunday, April 19.* We had our last dress parade at this camp. Colonel Richards, who has been in hospital with rheumatism, commanded, to the pleasure of all of us, and it was his last appearance with us, he being compelled to remain in hospital. This dress parade was attended by a large crowd of citizens. Had a well attended church service this P.M.

*Monday, April 20.* Having marching orders and six days rations, we left our pleasant and comfortable camp and boarded the transport *Utica*, starting at about noon down the Potomac. We were interested in Alexandria and very much so in Mount Vernon, which we passed with tolling bell and uncovered heads. Coming on dark, we anchored at near the entrance to Chesapeake Bay.

As our orders were to proceed to Fortress Monroe, we quite easily guessed that we were going to the relief of Suffolk, then besieged by Longstreet. It was somewhat rough on the Chesapeake and many were more or less seasick. Stopping, next day, at Fortress Monroe for a while, we reached Norfolk late P.M. and entrained on platform cars for Suffolk. It was a warm, pleasant night and the boys were noisily jolly, hilariously singing and shouting.

We stopped in going through a part of the Dismal Swamp for our engine to take water, and while waiting we could hear the boom of artillery. We inquired of the soldiers guarding the water station what that booming was and were told that we would find out all about it when we reached Suffolk. There was no more hilarity, for as we went on we could hear the artillery above the noise of the train and I am sure that our sudden silence was not for the purpose of hearing the guns more distinctly.

When nearing Suffolk we began to see the arched paths of the burning fuses of bombs and shells and the flash of their explosion. It was our first experience with hostile artillery and most of us remembered our homes and "bitterly thought of the morrow."

*April 22.* Arrived at Suffolk late last night. We slept as best.







we could around the railroad station. Suffolk is in a state of siege by Longstreet and at some points only the narrow Nansemond is between the advanced lines of skirmishers.

*April 23, 1863.* Rainy, cold and unpleasant. Artillery and picket firing has been a continuous performance to-day. We have a sort of camp in the mud with our "dog" tents, and they are very scant shelter. Camp being on the outskirts of Suffolk, pig pens and shanties proved better shelter than our tents and were used to their capacity.

*April 24.* Rained all night and until noon. The air is damp and chilly with mud "a plenty." About noon had orders to occupy Fort Dix, some distance away. Most of the troops are in motion, taking up different stations, and a force of some 10,000 went out on a reconnoissance. Heavy cannonading, and one of our light batteries is actively engaged in plain sight from the fort.

*April 25.* About 40 killed and wounded in yesterday's reconnoissance. Drilled company in skirmish drill. Raised a flag pole and hoisted "Old Glory" in the sight of the enemy.

*April 26.* Sunday. Inspection, open-air religious service and less artillery fire.

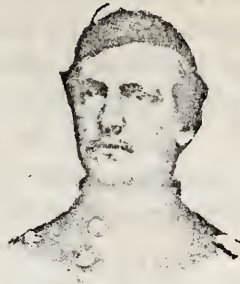
*April 27.* Went down along the Nansemond below Suffolk to build earthworks on the river bank. Under fire all day from sharpshooters in the shrubbery on the other side of the river. Two men slightly wounded. A couple of pieces of our artillery came towards night and drove off the annoying sharpshooters. A small steamer which had been lying at Suffolk landing came down the river, under fire, to make its escape. The steamer was protected with bales of hay and floated a large flag. It was an exciting sight. She made her "get-away" all right, although much fired at by rifles and artillery.

*April 28.* Cold rain. Slept in the "open" last night; clothing soaked this morning. Sharpshooters still persistent and an artilleryman and one artillery horse were killed. Kept at digging intrenchments on the high bank of the river. Bullets from the sharpshooters across the river were frequent visitors, but strangely enough none of our men were hit.

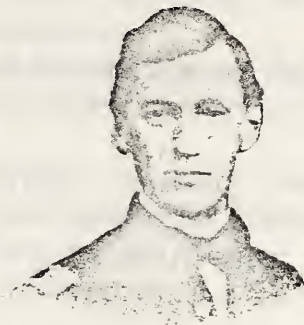
*April 29.* We were relieved last night by another regiment and returned to camp; but in the afternoon were ordered to occupy Fort McClellan, located in a swampy spot. Still raining.

*April 30.* Rainy, and with only shelter tents we are, speaking mildly, uncomfortable. Clothes and blankets soaked. I went outside the fort and occupied a hog pen, spending the day in making out company-muster rolls. Were this P.M. mustered for pay by Colonel Wardrup of the 99th New York.





LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT  
JOHN L. CARTER



CHAPLAIN  
CHARLES L. HAGAR





*May 1.* Pleasant, and we are getting dried out in the friendly sunshine. We were turned out at 3 A.M. and went to Fort Union, also located in a swamp with very muddy mud. The 99th N. Y. went outside our works to drive back an advanced "bunch" of the enemy. Our advance was aided by a sharp artillery fire from Fort Nansemond. Several killed and wounded on both sides.

*May 2.* Am officer of the day. We were turned out about 9 P.M. last night by our pickets being driven in and we stood to arms until midnight; then turned in with our accouterments on, but nothing further occurred.

*May 3.* Sunday. Picket firing about 4 A.M. this morning and we were turned out and under arms for an hour. Several regiments crossed the Nansemond and heavy firing heard. Killed and wounded reported at 100.

*May 4.* Ordered out at 4 A.M. with 60 rounds of ammunition and three days' rations; but this order was changed to sending two of our companies to Fort McClellan and four to Fort Nansemond, four remaining at Fort Union. Our pickets report that the enemy has retired and quite all our force here are leaving in pursuit. Luckily for us our regiment is left in the fortifications. Prisoners were brought in during the day and most of our troops returned about sundown, very tired, but had done little damage to the retreating enemy—he had too long a start. All quiet to-night and no fear of alarms.

*May 5.* No artillery or picket firing, no stir of troops; a quiet and pleasant day. Several regiments have left Suffolk and we expect to leave for somewhere.

*May 6.* Heavy rain kept us in our "dog" tents. We hear that Hooker is advancing the Army of the Potomac and we are anxious for news.

*May 7.* Misty. Drilled company two hours this morning and in skirmish drill two hours this afternoon. Rained late P.M.

*May 8.* Our company on guard duty. Rained quite all day. Heard from Captain Livingston that he is convalescing—good news.

*May 9.* Hot. Drilled company in skirmish drill. Hear that Hooker has recrossed the Rappahannock; another bloody failure. Last night a group of soldiers were discussing the value of superior numbers in battle, when an Irish soldier philosophized like this: "I'm thinkin' that it isn't so important which side has the most min when fightin' begins as which side has the most min when the fightin' inds."

*May 10.* Sunday. General inspection and open-air church



service. Fine day above, muddy below, so will think on things above.

*May 11.* Hot. Battalion drill A.M. and company drill P.M.

*May 12.* Same as yesterday.

This story is going the rounds of our camp. One of our men showed his morning ration to his Captain, complaining of its quality. The Captain took the soldier's tin cup and, tasting its contents, said, "That's a pretty fair sort of soup."

"Soup!" shouted the man; "that's what is being handed out for coffee!"

*May 13.* Same drills, battalion and company. Several regiments marched towards the Blackwater to-day. Reconnoissance, we suppose; perhaps to break the tiresome monotony of camp life, which is sometimes a good thing to do.

*May 14.* Have orders to move and make a brigade camp southeast of Suffolk and quite near the town. Nineteenth Wisconsin on right, 9th Vermont, our regiment, with 99th New York on left and called the "Reserve Brigade," Brigadier General Isaac Wistar in command. Camp well located, level but can be well drained. It looks like staying here a while, but —

*May 15.* Hard at work preparing our new camp.

*May 16.* Warm. Digging a well for camp use and other camp work. Orders this P.M. to be in readiness to march with three days' rations.

*May 17.* Sunday. Weather clear and hot. Inspection and our Chaplain held service in the Methodist Church in Suffolk. Seemed good to get into a regular "meetin' house" once more.

*May 18.* Last night about 10 o'clock had orders to march, but before we had formed up, orders were countermanded. An officer of the day and our company on guard duty. Our men are getting tired of camp life; such tiresome sameness, one day so like the others. The following is the way one soldier has rhymed "The Monotonous Variety of Camp Life":

Singing war-songs, playing cards,  
Eating bean-soup, running guards,  
Hiking, drilling, exercising,  
Lying round philosophizing;  
Digging ditches, learning tactics,  
Standing guard until your back aches;  
Washing clothes, picking trash up,  
Cleaning camp, dishing hash up;  
Chawing hardtack, sick of pork;  
Bits of rest and chunks of work;  
Without papers, without books,  
Growling, grumbling, cussin' cooks,





Writing letters, cleaning tents up,  
In your clothing sewing rents up;  
Scouring buttons, blacking shoes,  
Cleaning gun for ready use,  
Keeping bright our plates and cups,  
Saluting our "higher-ups";  
Wondering what our orders are,  
Telling how to run the war;  
Turning in at sound of taps —  
Dream of peace and home, perhaps;  
Turning out at break of day —  
Same old things in same old way;  
Wishing, through every bit of it,  
That this infernal war would quit —  
*But not until our flag is free  
To float where'er it used to be.*

*May 19.* Hot. Company drill. So hot that most of the men kept to their scanty shelter tents after drill. Visited 9th Vermont headquarters and made pleasant acquaintances.

*May 20.* At noon received marching orders and with the 9th Vermont marched to "Deserted House," so called, reaching there at about 5 P.M. and joining several other regiments there; marched to Windsor and bivouacked.

*May 21.* Company A on picket and rest of our regiment sent out scouting. Last night I heard a mild word conflict between a middle-aged Irish soldier and a young fellow who was apt to boast of his courage without convincing any one that he had much to brag about. The closing "round" of the Irishman was like this: "Ye remoid me, distantly loik, of the great Lord Nelson. The last thing he ever did was to die fur his country, and oim belavin' that that is the last thing ye think of doin', if ye can help it."

*May 22.* Very hot. We turned out at about 3 o'clock this A.M. and under arms till six. A brigade has gone out farther towards the Blackwater. The railroad is being torn up, which is probably one purpose of the expedition and also to clear the region of scouting detachments of the enemy.

*May 23.* Still oppressively hot. We were under arms most of the night with very little sleep. Two days' rations came to us by mule teams to-day. We needed them.

*May 24.* Under arms most of the night again. We understand that we are the very outer line towards the enemy, our pickets, only, being some distance in front of us; so there is need of being alert. To-day we marched down the railroad towards Suffolk and bivouacked for the night — short but hot march.

*May 25.* Cooler with rain. Plenty of fresh meat to-night and it certainly was not furnished by our commissary department.



Beef, mutton and veal have been mysteriously added to our rations, and yet we are under strict orders not to molest private property! Public need has often too little regard for private ownership, even in civil life.

The story is told of an expedition similar to ours, but under more strict orders not to touch private property. An officer visiting a picket station discovered a freshly killed sheep hidden under a covering of brush. The officer called the picket's attention to this and ordered him under arrest. The picket for want of a better defense said: "See here, Captain, do you suppose any goll durned rebel sheep can hop up and bite me, and live?"

Early in the war a general commanding a small expedition into "the enemy's land" issued an order protecting private property, mentioning that "if needed for cooking-fires, the top rail of fences may be used." As every rail became the top rail when the one above it was removed, it proved a poor protection to rail fences.

*May 26.* Moved farther down the railroad and remained near a farm house for several hours and after sunset moved towards Suffolk. In conversation with this farmer we asked him whom he voted for at last presidential election. He said he did not know, voting as Colonel somebody told him to — this so-called Colonel being the "prominent citizen" of that vicinity. We asked him if he might have voted for Lincoln. He said, "There was no polls open for him," indicating that no votes for Lincoln were permitted. He said that after election he was at Suffolk and was told that Lincoln was elected by a big majority and that war was sure to come between the North and the South. He said he got into trouble by saying that probably those who voted for Lincoln would fight for him and as so many more voted for him than for the other side he was "afraid the South would get licked." The old man said that this logic made his hearers "hot mad" — they declaring that "One Southerner could lick a dozen Yankees."

The farmer's wife and two grown-up daughters, all with pipes in their mouths, were carding and spinning cotton, and as they had a couple dozen pairs of coarse cotton socks of their own spinning and knitting, we bought them. Besides we gave them some sugar and coffee, something they had not seen for a long while. They were at first quite disturbed by our presence, but were soon at ease. The house was poorly furnished, but neat and clean. The farm consisted of several acres, but the portion cultivated was but a garden in size. It was evident that the women were more industrious than the man. He had never been farther from







home than Norfolk, and that far but a few times and supposed that the City of New York was "some bigger than Norfolk."

*May 27.* Reached our camp at Suffolk at Midnight and found orders to provide five days' rations and prepare to move—we are wondering where?

These orders were countermanded a couple of days later and we commenced regular company and battalion drills, including skirmish drill and bayonet exercise. The weather was very hot and camp very dusty. There is much sickness and many deaths in our brigade. Almost every morning the "Dead March" is heard escorting the body of some soldier to our camp cemetery.

One of our officers advertised in the *Waverly Magazine* for a lady correspondent, that magazine making a specialty of such "ads." On our return to camp this officer found a large number of letters in response. He went along the line of officer tents and threw into several two or three of these letters, unopened, saying: "Perhaps these will amuse you." I had three for my share. Two of these were from silly young girls, but the other was a well-written and interesting letter well intended to cheer soldier-life. She claimed to be the widow of a brigadier general killed in battle. There were enough data scattered through the letter to "figure out" who her husband was. She admitted that she was giving a fictitious name, giving her address in care of a Washington street number. I wrote her a note explaining how I came by her letter and inclosing it to her, telling her husband's name and how I arrived at it. In due time I received a note in her real name thanking me for my courtesy in "rescuing" her letter. She said that she and a young lady friend read these advertisements and being interested in soldiers and knowing how they valued letters, they agreed to a haphazard selection from the advertisers to whom they would write. She was surprised that she had given data enough to reveal her identity.

She was of an army-known family and so was that of her husband, so prominent were they. She inclosed her card giving her home address and also her Washington address where she was visiting the family of a Congressman friend of hers.

*June 5.* Paid off up to April 30 by Paymaster, Major Sheridan. Our camp has grown into comfortable condition, but we still have shelter tents, and exposed to the sun as we are, we suffer from heat, and the four hours' drill each day is trying to our endurance.

Two of our popular lieutenants went home together on leave of absence and having returned, the following incident of their



happy journey is current in camp. One of them must have told it in strict confidence.

On their homeward way in New York City, they indulged in rations not common to camp life, which not being habitual resulted more mellifluously than expected. Each had a better measure of the other's condition than either had of his own.

We will call them A and B "for short" — and for other reasons.

Lieutenant A seriously considered Lieutenant B in no condition to care for his pocket-book and kindly proposed to take his money for safe keeping.

Lieutenant B insisted that Lieutenant A was more unfit for the responsibility and that he (B) would take A's currency as the safer custodian.

After amusing and more or less incoherent argument each finally took the other's pocket-book for mutual safety, a compromise so abundantly satisfactory that they embraced each other in all the mellow tenderness of a new-found affection.

*June 12-16.* Our regiment and most of our brigade were ordered out on another reconnoissance towards the Blackwater region. Fortunately I was left with about 250 men, most of them more or less ill, in command of the camp and escaped a sweltering march. Extra rations were sent out and several sick were brought in. Our regiment saw nothing of the enemy; but the 99th New York had a small skirmish and the body of Captain Hart of that regiment was brought in on the 16th.

Shortly after our regiment left, our sutler received a lot of fruit — oranges, bananas, etc. — and took a mule-team load of it out to find the regiment, for the fruit would soon spoil. The heat was so great that one of his mules died and the regiment returning towards camp found the sutler and his "stalled" freight. The sutler, realizing his helpless situation, told the men to help themselves without cost, and in short order he was relieved of his goods. When joked about his losing enterprise he said: "Well, I've seen something of the country, anyhow."

The regiment on this march again visited what is called "Deserted House," where in the early part of the war there was a small battle concerning which this story is told: Our force consisted of Corcoran's Legion, Spear's Cavalry and a battery of light artillery. Spear's Cavalry, in advance, became engaged and later Corcoran's Legion also. General Corcoran sent back an aide to hurry up the artillery. Returning, this aide observed, safely to the rear, a soldier with his accouterments off, starting a fire, evidently to cook coffee and bacon. The aide rode to him







and bluntly inquired, "Are you wounded?" The soldier was Irish, as quite all of Corcoran's men were, and coolly replied that he was not. Then said the aide: "Put on your accouterments, take your gun and start for the front. Don't you hear the firing and know that your comrades are fighting?"

"Faith, I know it, all right. But, see here, Lieutenant, it may do for Spear's Cavalry and single men out there, but 'tis no place for a man wid a family. It's the State of New York that's bein' filled wid widders just for Corcoran's glory. I'm no coward, I'd hev ye know, but I hev rispict for me family." His argument did not prevail and he was forced to join his command.

While in camp at Suffolk, Colonel Keese observed lights in some of our shelter tents one night after "taps" had sounded. It was the duty of the officer of the day to see to it that lights were out at taps. The Colonel asked the Adjutant who the officer of the day was, and being told that it was Captain Riggs, he ordered the Adjutant to re-detail him for the same service next day, "for dereliction of duty." Captain Riggs was an excellent officer and a lawyer. His failure to have lights out that night was because of his need to quell a disturbance between some of our men and those of another regiment camped next to ours. He was willing enough to serve the unusual detail of a second day, but was hurt at the charge of "dereliction of duty" and denied the right of the Colonel to punish him without trial. He, therefore, refused to serve the second day and did not, demanding trial by court martial or the cancellation of the order from the regimental record. The matter had a very serious aspect, for the Colonel believed he had the right to make the order and to prefer charges against the Captain for refusing to obey it.

There were four lawyers among our officers and all held that the Colonel had exceeded his authority in ordering Captain Riggs on extra duty as a punishment. The Colonel consulted General Peck in command of the district, a West Pointer, who said the Colonel did not have the right to punish an officer, except by charges and court martial, and so, later on, the obnoxious order was expunged. For a time the matter was much discussed and with feeling; but it was soon forgotten and former friendships were resumed and continued. It took "grit" for the Captain to stand upon his rights and dare a quarrel with his Colonel, but Captain Riggs was equal to the occasion and the incident was helpful in many ways: especially in proving that there is a limit to the authority of even Colonels in command.

Our camp life, with our marches, our "dog tents," lack of





water for bathing or laundry, brought us to a vermin infested condition. In spite of our best efforts none of us escaped this really humiliating affliction. Later on in our experience we considered it a badge of service to be "lousy"; but now it seemed too much to endure, even for our country. Many hesitated to admit the "visitation," but it was a prevalent condition and decidedly depressing for a while. We called them "graybacks," in honor of our enemy's uniform. They were an enemy, all right.

*June 18, 1863.* Yesterday our brigade received marching orders. The 9th Vermont and 19th Wisconsin left at once, but our regiment and the 99th New York returned late last night after a hot and weary march of 22 miles, and did not leave until to-day, by train, for Norfolk at about 11 o'clock A.M. At Norfolk took the transport *Utica* for Fortress Monroe and there ordered to go on to Yorktown. Ran aground in Mob Jack Bay late in afternoon and having no pilot familiar with the river remained there over night, although high tide floated us.

We had a good time, however, bathing in the York River, gathering oysters and eating them, even though June had no "R" in its spelling. Before sundown that afternoon we heard the music of a cow-bell on shore and it gave our farmer boys a "bucolic feelin'" and an appetite for genuine milk, so much so that three or four, including Sergeant Garrett of Company A, proposed lowering a boat and going ashore for milk. This was done and reaching the shore they entered the bushes which hid the animal wearing the bell. We could hear the retreating bell as the boys pursued until it went beyond our hearing. After an hour the "milk raiders" returned and reported that after a long chase they discovered that the wearer of the bell was a bull!—hence no canteen had a drop of the lacteal. We considered it a laughable episode; even those who made the "raid" thought so.

*June 19.* We reached historic Yorktown at about 2 P.M. and found several regiments encamped there with every appearance of a gathering force for some purpose and nothing short of Richmond seemed the "objective," in our minds. Yorktown seemed quite an insignificant town to have figured so prominently in history. We brushed up our history enough to recall that here in 1781 Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, a large and influential event of the Revolution; and here, a little more than a year before, it was evacuated by the Confederates after being besieged by the Army of the Potomac, but that was only an incident in the unfortunate Peninsula Campaign of '62.

Some of us were much interested in finding the notable





"spots" in the historically interesting whole vicinity and supposed we found where Washington's headquarters were, where the surrender took place, etc., and yet we could not be too sure.

We are told that the main street of Yorktown remains about as it was when Cornwallis surrendered — no change of consequence — and the look of the street confirms the statement.

We made our camp comfortable, drilled, had thorough inspections and every day more troops arrived.

I suffered from an unpleasant sore throat while at Yorktown; so bad that I could not command my company on drill — could not use my voice.

The troops enjoyed bathing in the York River and it was a sight to see thousands doing all sorts of water "stunts." General John A. Dix and staff arrived by steamer one day and looked us over — sort of combined inspection and review.

*June 24.* We have orders to be in readiness to move. Took down my tent in the morning, but put it up again at night. Our sutler is undergoing punishment for selling prohibited whiskey. He is riding a "wooden horse" made by a plank held up edgewise by "legs" of other planks, some twelve feet high. His sentence is for some hours of this humiliating and growingly uncomfortable equestrian "stunt."

Our men, remembering his optimistic remark when he went out from Suffolk to meet us with a load of fruit, are comforting (?) him by suggesting that from his elevated position he is "seeing something of the country, anyway."

*June 25.* The 9th Vermont and 19th Wisconsin left yesterday, which divides our brigade. Our regiment and the 99th New York become a "Provisional Brigade," Colonel Wardrup of the 99th commanding.

*June 26.* At 3 A.M. we left our camp standing, and our equipage and baggage. All I took extra was my haversack and raincoat. As there were many transports in the river we felt sure that we would leave by steamer, but which way? — perhaps to Washington via Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, for Lee is again threatening Pennsylvania. By 4 o'clock A.M. we were on board the transport *Keuka* and started up the York River; but perhaps this is a feint to deceive the watchful scouts and spies of the enemy, and perhaps later we may turn about. There were several transports in our fleet and we kept going up the river and reached West Point where the Pamunkey and Mattaponi join to make the York. Here we entered the crooked Pamunkey, at times so narrow that our steamer often touched the bordering tree branches on each



side, and so crooked that steamers ahead of ours seemed going in a contrary direction and that, too, within shouting distance of each other. It has been said of this sinuous river that a steamer going north meets itself going south and exchanges signals to avoid collision! The country is flat, but we had a pleasant afternoon sail and reached White House, the head of navigation, at about 5 P.M. Other troops had preceded us and others followed. We debarked and went into bivouac near the ruins of the fine old mansion where Washington courted and won the fair and wealthy Widow Custis. Near by was a nearly completed fortification, arranged for running in guns mounted on platform cars from the railroad. If it had been completed and occupied our landing could have been seriously disputed.

It began to rain at night and as we slept in a corn field, between the rows, without tents, we almost floated before morning. A large portion of us slept so soundly that we did not wake to the fact that we were lying in water. We were thoroughly soaked, but as it continued to rain we would have been soaked anyway.

Here our Provisional Brigade was made a part of the 9th Army Corps and I was appointed Acting Inspector General on the brigade staff and at once proceeded with an inspection of the brigade, but retained command of my company.

We had bought a barrel of flour at Yorktown for our mess. At White House, Hogan, our "mess boss," began baking pancakes for whoever would buy, selling them at mighty profitable prices, and our flour disappeared. However, we sympathized with Hogan's use of a profitable opportunity and forgave him, especially as we could not have taken the flour farther on this expedition.

*June 27.* At night we crossed the Pamunkey and proceeded some distance as an advanced picket or outpost — the regiment being divided up on different roads, our company along the Richmond and York railroad.

Spear's Cavalry was well in advance of us and sent in 108 prisoners, including General Fitzhugh Lee. They were turned over to our care for the night. Also captured a train of wagons, and mules and some \$20,000 of Confederate currency. We "quartered" General Lee in an army wagon which sheltered him from the rain and we gave him of our best. He was a full-bearded, fine, resolute looking officer, but not inclined to conversation. In the morning we sent him back to White House landing, with the other prisoners. The news of his capture spread and was exaggerated to the extent of being reported that General Robert E. Lee had been captured; but that Lee was invading Penn-







sylvania. Some dead and wounded of Spear's Cavalry were also brought in.

Troops kept arriving at White House and also a locomotive and platform cars for use on the railroad. Generals Dix and Keyes also arrived by steamer which they used as headquarters.

*June 30.* We were mustered for pay, and scattered as our regiment was, guarding different roads, it was difficult to complete the muster.

Our company with three others of our regiment in command of Major Nichols was ordered to occupy Lanesville, King William County. We found only women living in this little hamlet and as our orders were to protect private property and non-combatants, these women were soon free from fear or apprehension and they grew quite sociable and talkative. They were hungry for news and curious to look us over and learn why we were there. At night our company was sent out for a mile or so on the Bottom Bridge Road as a picket guard.

*July 1.* Troops of all arms passed us this morning and our brigade fell in behind as rear guard. Made a short march to King William Court House and bivouacked. Left next morning at break of day, halting at noon. In spite of stringent orders for protection of property, depredations were committed and as rear guard we made several arrests of straggling depredators.

We came to the burning remains of a dwelling from the windows of which our advance troops had been fired at, but no one was caught. Some furniture was saved and quite a number of books were scattered about the premises. At night one of our men brought me a book some 7 by 8 inches in size, which proved to be a young man's autograph narrative of a family journey by carriage from Virginia to as far as Lake George, with several pages of crude water-color sketches. There were no dates, but it was evident that the trip was made many years ago, and the writer must now be quite old or "gathered to his fathers." I was interested because of its mention of places I knew something of and I made a few notes of its contents.

In New York City they "put up at the Astor Tavern, a palatial and the most elegant tavern in America." Much was said of the "wonderful Hudson's river."

They made their Northern stay of some weeks at the "San Souci Tavern, Ballston Spa," and "made drives to the medicinal springs at Saratoga, not where the great battle was, but *that* Saratoga we also did visit, because of its historical interest."

Quite much mention was made of a drive from Ballston to



Lake George, where the writer "was made a 'beast of burden' by the whim of the ladies, gathering pretty stones from the beach and cutting canes, all for souvenirs which they will later cast away." He regretted that "attention to our ladies gave chance for only one sketch of the exquisite views the Lake afforded." I wanted to save the book, but could not very well carry it and presume it was not "toted" much farther by any one.

*July 3.* Hot — roads dusty and we made a long and weary march to what is called Taylor's. Many men fell out from exhaustion and it was difficult to force the march. At one time after dark we started singing "John Brown's body," which really helped the marching.\* We reached Taylor's farm at about 11 P.M. and bivouacked in an extensive wheat field. Some of the grain had been cut and we made beds of it. Had never known our regiment to be so utterly "fagged"; but sleep came soon and sound, except to the unfortunate fellows detailed for picket. We have marched 25 miles to-day, suffering from extreme heat and dust.

*July 4.* Independence Day and hotter than yesterday! Our column is now reduced to our little brigade of two small regiments. Leaving our wagon train "tired-outs" and sick at Taylor's we pushed on towards Hanover Junction. The heat was so great that we halted in a woods across the Pamunkey for a couple of hours at midday. Some of our men were overcome by the heat and helped back to Taylor's.

Near where we halted is a small corn-mill and in it a small quantity of corn. The mill was out of order, but some of our mechanics went at it and soon had it ready to grind. We thought that the repairs we made were worth all the corn in the mill, so, in spite of orders to protect property, we ground the corn and added a new item to our rations — corn meal. We boiled it in our tin cups, added a little salt, and it is seldom we have eaten anything with more relish than that hasty pudding. It made a 4th of July feast!

We reached Hanover Junction, north of Richmond, after dark

\* The singing brought very distinctly to my mental vision in the darkness the rugged face of "Old Ossawatimie Brown," whom I one time met at court in Elizabethtown, N. Y. He was a juror from North Elba where he then lived and where his grave is. His stiff, iron-gray hair stood up *à la pompadour* above a strikingly rugged face, kindly in expression but with decided indications of resolute firmness. I was introduced to him, but found him, either from innate modesty or from purpose, retiring and reticent. His neighbors considered him odd, queer, "a little off," as has been said of others with a one-idea obsession — his being hatred of slavery. He fought it while he lived, and "his soul goes marching on."







and, so far, had not been molested by the enemy, although our advance cavalry had several skirmishes along the way; but now we had no cavalry in advance — we were the advance in this direction. Near here along the South Anna River the enemy was found in some force with fortifications and artillery.

Our Adjutant, Pruyn, acting as brigade Adjutant General, sent for Captains Norris, Riggs and myself and said he was going to do us a favor; that four companies were to be sent out as skirmishers, to proceed along the railroad and ascertain the enemy's strength, and, if possible, to burn the railroad bridge, and he had selected our Companies A, D and F and one company of the 99th. I did not readily and enthusiastically appreciate the favor, but we were ready very soon and although tired from our hot march the thrill of what was before us made us forget our weariness.

It was quite dark; the way was through woods and bushes and it was difficult to keep our deployed men in line. As we approached the river, guided by the railroad, my company on the left, and emerging from a woods into a bushy clearing the enemy's batteries across the river opened fire. The shots went screaming over us, but our men dropped to the ground, at first, as if they had all been killed. Advancing a little farther we received musketry fire from opposing skirmishers forming a line in the bushes which reached beyond our flanks, so we extended our line by a wider separation of our few men. We could only fire at the gun flashes, for we could not see the men "behind the guns."

The artillery projectiles went over us, mostly, perhaps with the idea of reaching our reserves. Early in the action a solid shot struck Martin Sherman of Company A (Glens Falls) and he died from the wound. We gradually drove the enemy back towards the river, except in one spot directly in front of our company. This "bunch" of the enemy was evidently protected in some way and continued an annoying fire, although their line had retired from their right and left.

We concluded that we would have to charge this particular spot; but Lieutenant Stevenson suggested that if three or four would volunteer to go with him, he would creep around behind this obstinate "bunch" and take them in rear. There were volunteers in plenty, but with three men he started and we ceased firing in that direction. Soon we heard pistol shots and Stevenson shouting: "Surrender or we'll murder every one of you! Drop your guns!" He mixed in quite large "swear words," which need



not be repeated. He killed one of the "bunch," wounded another and a dozen stalwart Georgians surrendered, not knowing how small the force was that demanded it.

I called out to the Lieutenant and asked, "What's the matter?" and he replied, "I have captured the whole d——d rebel army!" He brought the men in; twelve, one wounded. As they passed through our line a "sneak" came out of the bushes where he had been "skulking" and with clubbed musket struck one of the prisoners across his back. Stevenson knocked the "sneak" down, saying, "These are my prisoners and you can't abuse them. If you want some for your own use, go out there and get them." The assaulted prisoner, having his blanket roll over his shoulder and across his back, was not much hurt by this dastardly blow.

About this time I was struck by a bullet in the hip; but it had evidently hit something before it hit me, for it was considerably spent and produced only a severe contusion of the sciatic nerve vicinity, resulting later on in a slight paralysis of my left side, which continued, more or less, all through my army service and in a dwindling way for some time after.

It was distinctly apparent that we did not have force enough to even reach the railroad bridge. We were ordered to fall back and join our brigade. It was nearing daylight of the 5th of July when we did so and started at once back to Taylor's farm, reaching there before noon. This action is called that of "South Anna Bridge."

*July 5.* We had a hot day's march yesterday, but not a long one; had our little skirmish and rapid march back with no sleep and we are a miserably tired-out lot — but we celebrated the Fourth of July!

We find that in last night's affair Martin Sherman and Henry M. Willis were killed; Corporals C. C. LaPoint and Samuel Van Tassell and private Hiram Yatto, and two others, wounded; Edgar Comstock and Arad Mickle, missing (they were prisoners), making our casualties 10. The 99th lost one man, killed, with six missing.

Do not know the enemy's casualties beyond the one man killed, one wounded and the twelve prisoners.

These prisoners, to whom we have given of our best, both food and treatment, wanted to see the officer to whom they surrendered. They were all large, stalwart men, while Lieutenant Stevenson was below the average size. When Stevenson appeared, one of them said, "Well, Lieutenant, you seemed a mighty sight bigger last







night than you do now." Stevenson replied, "I felt pretty big, myself, then."\*

This was our first "close-up" engagement and although a small affair it had all the features of that sort of thing and we learned the fact that every shot from the enemy does not kill somebody.

I remember finding in rear of our Camp at near Fort Ethan Allen one of our boys throwing stones at bottles which he had set up on a stump. He explained that he was doing it to prove to himself that the chances were in favor of the bottles, consequently assuring him that the chances of escaping unhurt in battle were favorable.

Some apparently reckless statistician has said that in war about a ton of metal is thrown for each man killed; but another more reasonable estimate is that metal equal in weight to the men killed is used to do the killing.

There is quite a bit of fatalism among our soldiers. "You won't die till your time comes"; "The bullet that hits you will have your name on it"; "What's the use of worry? If you are to survive you will and if you are to be killed you can't dodge it," and such like expressions are common.

*July 6.* Expecting pursuit we took an early start across country to King William Court House, a severe march of some twenty miles in a soaking rain, which made the Virginia clay liquid and slippery and raised the streams we had to ford. Many removed their shoes and stockings, which ought not to have been permitted, for the grit in the clay wore through the skin of the feet, in many cases to bleeding.

*July 7.* Another day of hard and "limpy" marching. We reached White House to-night with hope of taking transports from here.

In our march from Taylor's farm we were followed by guerrillas or irregular cavalry. About all they accomplished was to gather up clothing which was thrown away to lighten the load of tired men. The knowledge of this pursuit was quite a spur to quicken our march and prevent straggling.

The story is told of a man so thoroughly exhausted that he fell out insisting that he could not walk another step. His officers could not persuade him to make another effort, so he was left. Shortly after, he saw on a hill, some distance in rear, men on horses moving his way. The danger of capture put new life in him and he actually ran until he reached his company. Running

\* Stevenson was promoted to First Lieutenant "for gallantry in action."



to his company, his Captain said, "I thought you couldn't walk another step." "Say, you don't call this walking, do you?" replied the man.

In spite of the condition of our men and the heat and fatigue of the march, I believe that we left but one man during the march to be taken prisoner.

At White House we heard the cheering news of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg, and it made our sore feet and tired bodies feel better — indeed it greatly revived our drooping spirits. Hearing good news is about as good as creating it.

We had wondered what our expedition meant, what its purpose was. We now learn that General Dix had sent some 40,000 troops by various routes, threatening Richmond from different points to prevent Confederate reinforcements being sent to Lee at Gettysburg and cause the return of some that had started.

We have confident belief that Lee's Army will be prevented from recrossing the Potomac.

*July 8.* In spite of our sore feet and "tired-out-ness," we were not even permitted a day's rest; but some sixty of the most disabled were put on a transport with our quartermaster stores. We started at daylight this morning for Yorktown. The rain continued and going through mud and clay-slush we did not make many miles, although we toiled hard, even helping artillery out of hub-deep mud-holes. We rested for such midday "feed" as we had, at New Kent Court House and finally bivouacked for the night not far below that place.

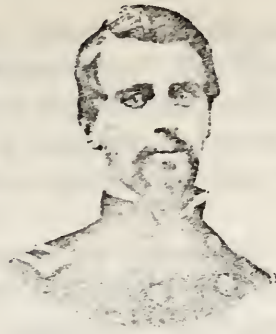
*July 9.* Took an early start, but were obliged to go slow. We have been and are rear guard to our column. The roads were in better condition to-day, but there are plenty of very sore feet. Towards night the 99th New York made a little "spurt" in their marching which challenged us to keep up and with cheers we went into bivouac about three miles from Williamsburgh.

On this march, as we have been before, we were troubled with wood ticks, those insect or vermin "brutes" that bury their heads in your flesh, usually leaving them there when you scratch the itching they produce, resulting in festering sores. A soldier with a decided foreign accent said: "For der fighten 'an' drillin' I don't cares; but dese tam wooden-tick, bedden-bug an' lousen, dey makes me sick — dey am wuss dan der rebels is."

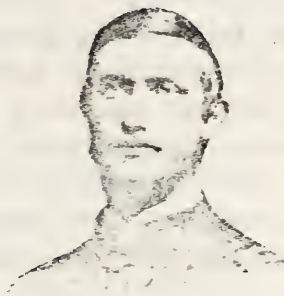
*July 10.* We marched through historic Williamsburg and had glimpses of Baron Berkley's statue; the William and Mary College, in ruins; the House of Burgesses; Insane Asylum and the remains of the earthworks that halted McClellan for a while







SURGEON  
JOHN H. MOORES



ASSISTANT SURGEON  
JAMES G. PORTEOUS



in his Peninsula Campaign. When we remembered that this town was first settled in 1632, we felt that it might be considered ancient.

We reached our former camp at Yorktown about sundown, lame, bedraggled, dirty and weary. We remained at Yorktown for a two days' rest, but it was difficult to get back our normal spring and elasticity — we seemed to grow more seriously exhausted after our strenuous experience and there was much real sickness from the strain.

On our marches we found an abundance of blackberries, or "dew-berries," of which we ate freely and our surgeons say they did good in preventing intestinal troubles usual to such hot weather marches and bad water. The expedition was called "The Blackberry Raid" ever after.

*July 13.* We were ordered across the York River to Gloucester Point to garrison Fort Keyes. The fort was pleasantly situated on a low bluff overlooking the York and equipped with Sibley tents for the men, and with other useful camp property left by the 4th Maryland.

Mine is a wall tent on a gun-bed of the fort and makes a pleasant canvas home with a good outlook on the river.

We remained at Fort Keyes for some time under General Wistar whose headquarters were across the river at Yorktown. The location proved unhealthful and we suffered much from sickness. Typhoid and other fevers prevailed and largely reduced our number of men for duty. This condition was unreasonably criticized by our commanding general and influenced our surgeons to some severity in refusing to excuse sick men from duty; but nevertheless our sick list grew and the death rate was large and increasing. Drilling was insisted upon, even though but few were able, and discipline and regulations were rigidly enforced by General Wistar, who became very unpopular.

Our men provided themselves with unmilitary hats to protect them from the sun, but General Wistar ordered all these hats gathered and burned and our men had to do duty bareheaded until regulation caps could be procured, and these caps were poor sun protection.

Rains were so frequent and heavy that they washed down the earthworks faster than we could repair them, so that extra fatigue duty was added to our other compelled activities.

We had a picket line to care for, some distance out, commencing on the York River below and following for some distance





a winding creek, tide-water, and reaching back to the York above Gloucester, completely encircling the Point. It required about 200 men for this service, but it was a pleasant service and only for a few days for each detail.

There was a small tide-water grist-mill on this stream, or estuary, with a bridge, and here on Sunday mornings trading was permitted between the soldiers and inhabitants over the line. However, those who brought things for sale were almost wholly colored, although they sometimes were agents for white folks. This trading was done under supervision of the officer in command of the picket to prevent exchange of contraband and information. Fowls, eggs, fruit and garden truck, sometimes fresh pork and mutton, were exchanged for sugar, coffee and good Yankee money; and so it was that the pickets and the garrison were able to add variety to their rations. Besides, there were plenty of oysters, clams, crabs and fish. Some of these colored people came many miles with their offerings, and many came without anything to sell, just to enjoy the gathering and a religious service which was usually held after the trading was over.

One Sunday when I was commanding this picket line, the preacher was a very spare-built, small, crippled, wizened black man, but without negro features — a weird specimen of humanity. He was a free negro cobbler who had bought his freedom (which, being a cripple, was cheap) and that of his wife by being permitted to work at his trade through many years. After a long spell of singing their peculiar songs, ejaculatory prayers and a growing excitement, he began preaching. He could not read, but was really learned in the Scriptures and quoted much and pertinently and mainly quite correctly — once reciting nearly a whole chapter.

He claimed to have in his possession an invisible ram's horn which had been used in the breaking down the walls of ancient Jericho, and he held his hand to his mouth as though he was shouting through this imaginary horn. He crouched down, sprang up, whirled about in an uncanny way and more sprightly than it would seem that his crippled legs would permit. He rehearsed the story of Jericho, with variations, and applied it to Richmond. In a really dramatic manner he represented the "Ark of the Lord" as being now carried "'round and 'round Richmond by His blue-coated priests a blowin' of ram's horns," and that the time was coming "when with a mighty blowin' an' a mighty shoutin' der City of Richmond would fall jess so easy as de Lord A'mighty does his wonders to perform." I said to



him that I should think he would be in danger from preaching that sort of thing outside our lines. He said, "I am all the time talking like dat, but da all tink I'm out o' my haid and let me 'lone as bein' crazy."

I was certainly impressed with this peculiar service and the concluding prophesy of the man with an invisible ram's horn of the original Jericho equipment.

My friend Captain Riggs and his Company D were occasionally on picket with our Company F, and we sometimes went over by rowboat to a plantation home across this creek and bought our dinner. It was a pleasant household whose men folks were in the Confederate Army. The family at home consisted of the mother, a married daughter whose husband was a Confederate officer, and a younger daughter who was lively and attractive. We were always cordially treated, but with enough reserve to show that we did not belong to their "church." They were pleased to get our money and the coffee and sugar we gave them.

The last time we had dinner there, the married daughter did not appear, and we noticed that one of the colored servants took a tray of food upstairs. Afterwards as we sat on the piazza for a few minutes we heard conversation from the open windows of an upper room. The thought occurred to us that her husband might be there on a visit. We had heard that he had been home not long before and that before now he had played the spy to our hurt, even taking a shot or more at our pickets. As we went through the garden to our boat we met an old "Mammy" who usually appeared for a "tip," and we asked her where the married daughter was. With an insinuating grin she said, "Oh, she's enjoyin' de company of a rebel chap dat done come few days ago."

This seemed to confirm our anxious suspicion and we hurried over the water and sent men across below, to get in rear of the house, planning to go back and capture the husband. We took two men with us to be in the garden for use if needed. All was quiet in the house when we entered. We went up stairs meeting the young daughter at the top, who, surprised, asked what we wanted. We hastily told her what we suspected, when she broke out in rollicking laughter. "Yes, indeed," she said, "there is a rebel fellow in that room with my sister and I'll introduce you." With our hands on our pistols we followed, wondering at her hilarity. She opened a bedroom door, entered and gravely bowing said with provoking comicality, "Come right in, but don't shoot! My! what big guns." Her sister was in bed and on a pillow beside her was a sleeping infant. "He's a sure enough rebel," she said,







"but we can't spare him," and she resumed her exasperating laughter; and the sister, comprehending the situation, smiled as broadly as a weak woman could. The young Miss continued: "Look under the bed, search this closet," throwing open a door, "go through the house, you may find a really great big rebel here of about your size."

Of course we were chagrined and tried to apologize; but not successfully. She continued her rattling talk which did not add much to our composure; followed us through the garden and finally said: "You better keep an eye on that house over there," pointing to a house in the distance, "for they expect a little rebel there 'most any day."

The provoking little minx stood on the shore as we pulled away with our extra men, bubbling with laughter, and shouted, "Come over to dinner just the same, won't you?" We replied that we would, but neither of us ever picketed there again. We afterwards wondered whether, after all, the Confederate husband might not have been somewhere in the house, and whether we were not "rattled" in our purpose by this resourceful little maid. We did not report our brave "raid" to any one; but that evening we sent over a good supply of coffee and sugar with "Our compliments, in honor of the new recruit for the Confederate *infantry*."

This picket line was instructed to be particularly watchful, especially during low tide at night, lest the enemy's scouting cavalry or guerrillas make a dash across and surprise us. Early one morning, just before daylight, firing was heard on one part of the line. Our reserves were hurried to the spot and a cavalry messenger rode back to the fort, putting the troops there in readiness. The alarm was occasioned by some large fish, said to be porpoises, coming in at high tide and becoming stranded in a shallow part as the tide went out. Their active splashing in the darkness had the sound of horses coming through the water — another instance of "hearing things in the dark."

Our first Colonel, Samuel T. Richards, had not been with us since we left Washington because of rheumatism. His condition had not improved, indeed he never fully recovered. He resigned July 8, and, of course, Lieutenant Colonel Keese will succeed him, and Major Nichols will be Lieutenant Colonel. The field officers and a few of the line officers had in mind one of our Captains for Major, and he would make a good one, but when our regiment was in course of organization at Plattsburgh under Lieutenant Pruyn, representing the Governor, he rendered such satisfactory service and the need of his experience and ability seemed so de-



sirable that he was persuaded to accept the Adjutancy of the regiment with our promise that he would be made Major when a vacancy came. Most of the line officers felt the obligation of this promise. A meeting of our officers was held and a vote taken, Pruyn receiving a majority of several votes. But as the field officers favored the Captain, Colonel Keese, securing a short leave of absence, went to Albany to recommend the Captain's appointment.

Those who favored Pruyn made up a statement of the officers' vote, setting forth the promise made to him. This document, signed by the officers voting for Pruyn, was sent to his mother, an influential Albany lady, and she promptly took it to Governor Seymour, who at once made the appointment of Pruyn. When Colonel Keese reached Albany and presented his recommendation, he was advised that the appointment of Major Pruyn had been made.

Naturally this division of opinion and its result caused some regimental friction; but be it said to the credit of the defeated officers, it was finally pleasantly accepted and all was forgotten in a few weeks. There were many other instances which evidenced the fine respect for harmony and mutual good-will which prevailed in our regiment and which added to the pleasure of serving in it.

Serious sickness continued, many deaths occurred and we felt that our stay at Gloucester Point was a needless waste of lives. Our post hospital was full and many sick "in quarters." General Wistar was, we thought, hard on us in being loath to send even our sick to healthfully located hospitals; yet 76 of the sick were sent to Hampton Hospital, Fortress Monroe, at one time and 75 at another. Five men of the 99th New York died during one twenty-four hours, and other deaths occurred almost daily. We regarded it as a crime to be kept in this malarious location which was not threatened by or much in danger from the enemy.

Captain Riggs had a siege of typhoid fever at Gloucester Point and this, with a serious physical disability which he had suffered from for a long time and which a less resolute man would have considered disabling, made him resign, and a splendid man and officer left us. While he was convalescent his law partner, Judge Brown of Glens Falls, and Riggs' mother visited him. Judge Brown shared my tent during his stay, and thus commenced one of the most appreciated and valuable friendships I ever enjoyed.

We had asked General Wistar to recommend our removal to a more healthful locality, but he refused. We appealed to Fortress







Monroe, our Department Headquarters, but General Wistar prevented favorable action there. We finally put our unhappy condition before Congressman Kellogg. He acted influentially and came to us himself backed by War Department orders, resulting in our removal to a convalescent camp at Norfolk, a colored regiment taking our place.

*October 2.* Orders came to move and every man who could walk with help went to the wharf. Because transportation was not provided till towards night, the regiment waited on the wharf through the heat of the day, and even well men felt the bad effects of the exposure.

While at Gloucester Point we received about 100 convalescents, our men, from Washington hospitals, and they were in fine condition. We also shared in two tedious reviews, one in honor of Major General Foster of North Carolina and the other in behalf of Major General Nagley, the new Department Commander succeeding General Dix. We also participated in three reconnoissances more or less fatiguing. Some of the days showed a 99 degree heat with 83 at midnight. We never forgot our Gloucester Point "purgatory."

Norfolk was reached and a good camp found. Standard tents were given us and shortly improved health was manifest. The camp was named "Camp Barnes" in honor of General Barnes, commanding at Norfolk.

Before the removal to Norfolk my malarial condition grew worse and with the continued peculiar effects of my wound, I was scarcely able for full duty. Colonel Keese urged me to apply for a thirty days' leave of absence and I did, and on Sunday P.M., August 30, I started for the North — for home! I grew worse as I traveled and went to bed when I reached New York for a couple of days, and reaching Essex took to bed again for several days.

Improvement was slow notwithstanding the care and helpfulness of friends, physician and the stimulating pleasure of my surroundings. I gained so little that I had my leave extended to October 30th. I continued under a physician's care and began to feel better about the middle of October; but did not feel well when I started back to the regiment. Some of my friends advised that I resign and remain home, as my health did not promise that I would be of much service in the army. Just before returning I was called on by the mother of a soldier lad, coming some miles to have me take a small package to her son. The boy was in the 119th N. Y. regiment, and as my regiment was the 118th



she reasoned that they were located next each other. When I explained that the 119th was down New Orleans way, she took her package back home.

Returning I had a couple of days in New York and heard Edwin Forrest at Niblos' in "Damon and Pythias" — something to be remembered.

I reached camp at Norfolk, October 23, a week ahead of the expiration of my leave, and was glad to be in camp; really feeling physically better than on any day during my absence. I found that I had been promoted to the Captaincy of Company D, taking the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Captain Riggs.

Part of our regiment was stationed at Portsmouth in command of Major Pruyn.

I was mustered as captain, October 27, and as Captain Livingston (whom we left in hospital at Washington, ill of typhoid fever) came back October 29, I reluctantly left Company F, which during the illness of our captain, from April 20, I had commanded.

Just before I returned from my leave our regiment had the unpleasant duty of executing, by hanging, a Dr. Wright, a prominent Norfolk physician, who shot to death a lieutenant of colored troops, because he refused to discontinue drilling his men on the street where Dr. Wright resided.

*October 30.* Regiment participated in receiving General Foster, Department Commander, and General Schenck of Baltimore.

Some of my Company D men brought me to-night some delicious honey in the comb. I did not ask where or how they got it, although quite satisfied that it was not supplied by our commissary department.

It reminded me of a boyhood incident, which I remember quite distinctly, with its atmosphere and fragrance of a lazy, hazy, golden autumn day-off for a tramp with a quaint elderly, "woods-y-wise," companionable fellow who occasionally appeared in our vicinity. He was a mixture of farmer, tinker, hunter, trapper and other vocational ingredients; but this day we were after wild honey — to locate bee trees.

He had his little box of honey to decoy the bees from the wild flowers and watch them from wide-apart spots as they spiraled up, honey-laden, and darted off in a "bee-line" for their forest hive, located where these lines converged or crossed. His keen, practiced vision and sense of direction were about as accurate as a theodolite.







One "lead" took us some distance to a farmer's hives, which was disappointing; but we finally located a hollow tree wherein bees lived and carried on their business. He marked this tree, knowing that this marking would, under the unwritten honor law of the woods, save it from any subsequent finder's spoliation.

This peculiar man had, as he himself admitted, "quite some" knowledge of the Bible and was particularly interested in the Patriarch Jacob. At our luncheon that day he discoursed of Jacob's "thrifty doin's." Among other things he said: "Jake was about as shrewd as they make 'em — perhaps a bit too tricky for a bee hunter; but he had a head on him, was far-sighted and knowed things. It was a bright think uv hisen when he wus sendin' presents to that high munkey-munk who had a corner on grain down in Egypt, thet he didn't know wus his own dreamer-son Joseph; but the Lord knowed an' inspired Jacob to send things to remind Joseph uv his boyhood home — Land of Canaan things — fruit, balm, nuts and sich. But his bright think wus when he sed: 'Boys, take a little honey,' so 'mong them other things they took honey."

Pointing his right fore-finger at me, the other fingers of the same hand clutching a partly eaten sandwich, he continued: "My boy, take it from me, right now, an' don't yer never forgit it, honey kin make yer more friends nor hard cider kin. Yes sir-ee! Sweetness is a better bait fur peace and good-will 'mong men then sourness. The honey-way 'round home pervents family troubles an' cures 'em when they've come.

"Jacob knowed all about honey when he told his boys to take a little uv it with 'em.

"Say, it wus the thinkin' uv the Promised Land a flowin' with milk and honey thet made them folks in the wilderness — with their stiddy diet — same thing every day — thet made 'em anxious with a longing to git there. It was a cute way uv makin' 'em 'preciate where they wus bound fur and help 'em endure them forty years."

I joined my friend and his helper when he "raided" this bee tree after the honey making season was over. The yield was several pails of honey, taken mostly in the comb. Of course I had all I could eat (an unhappy sufficiency) and a liberal quantity to take home.

It seemed a brutal proceeding, the strangling of this colony with the fumes of burning sulphur and robbing it of the product of a summer's work, just as it had retired for a winter's rest; but it wasn't this thought that made me feel so badly inside and made



the few miles homeward such a trying journey. Jacob sent a little honey — I had eaten too much!

In felling the bee tree we found another cavity, higher up than the one occupied by the bees, with its opening on the side opposite the bee entrance, which a family of squirrels had pre-empted for a home and provisioned with at least a peck of hickory nuts for winter. So it was we despoiled the forest homes of two industrious colonies and carried away their provident supplies — but how innocent compared with the atrocities of war!

*November 1.* Sunday. Regiment attended Christ Church, Norfolk, this morning. Church built in 1719. Regiment made a fine appearance in new uniforms, side arms and white gloves. General Barnes and staff worshiped with us. Chaplain had vesper service in camp in the late afternoon.

*November 4.* All but Companies A, B, F and D joined the companies at Portsmouth, and Major Pruyn was transferred from Portsmouth to command the four companies remaining at Norfolk, regimental headquarters being transferred to Portsmouth.

*November 6.* Paid off by Major King, paymaster, and moved camp to the entrenchments — our four companies — and picket service was added to our duties. Part of Company H is stationed at Cape Henry.

*November 14.* Our detachment went over to Portsmouth so that all of our regiment is together again. We are quartered in railroad shops and car houses — all quite comfortable for winter.

Captain Livingston and myself arranged for quarters and board in a private dwelling, quite to our liking.

We remained in Portsmouth till December 11th and considered ourselves favored. We continued our drills and did picket service some distance outside the city. Sometimes it was cold and rainy, but most days quite pleasant for winter.

The health of the regiment has greatly improved, and with constant drilling and camp discipline the officers and men seem to be at their maximum of military efficiency. While our numbers have decreased, it is plain that the regiment has, as a whole, a larger aggregate efficiency than ever before.

Drill and discipline are army essentials. In a crisis of danger there is no telling whether the higher or lower "instincts" of a man will prevail. He may show splendid courage or yield to an instinct of personal discretion. Habit is more trustworthy in such case than judgment, and drill and discipline form a habit of order and soldierly bearing. If in danger you keep your head, you will do well anyway; but if you lose it, the drill habit will







carry you through. Cavalry horses have been known to keep their places in action after their riders have fallen, the result of having been thoroughly drilled.

*December 11.* Companies A, B, D, E, F and H received orders to take transport at noon; but it was 6 P.M. before the steamer *Express* arrived. Two companies of the 21st Connecticut went on board with us. At Newport News we remained on the steamer over night. We landed in the morning and lay around all day waiting for the rest of the regiment and for tents and baggage, which came near night when camp was hurriedly arranged. A big wind with rain visited us in the night, but we did not get badly drenched. The tents of the Field and Staff blew down and compelled the occupants to find shelter with the line officers.

I clipped to-day from an old Washington paper the following account of an interview with General Sickles which interested me as evidencing the religious faith of President Lincoln:

"It was on the 5th day of July, 1863," said General Sickles, "that I was brought to Washington from Gettysburg, suffering from an amputated leg. President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked about the battle, and when I told him of the terrible slaughter, tears filled his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said, 'No.' Then he continued: 'This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging, I felt as never before my utter helplessness in the great crisis. I went to my room and locked the door. I knelt and prayed as I had never prayed before. I told God that He had called me to this position; that I had done all that I could do, and that the result was in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power, and that I knew that if the country was to be saved, it was because He so willed it. The burden seemed to roll off my shoulders; my intense anxiety was relieved and in its place came a great sense of trustfulness, and that was why I did not doubt the result at Gettysburg. And, what is more, Sickles,' he continued, 'I believe that we may hear at any moment of a great success by Grant, who has been pegging away at Vicksburg for so many months. By to-morrow you will hear that he has won a victory as important to us in the West as Gettysburg is in the East.' Then turning to me, he said: 'Sickles, I am in a prophetic mood to-day, and I know that you will get well.' 'The doctors do not give me that hope, Mr. President,' I said; but he answered cheerfully, 'I know you will get well.'"

General Sickles lived in Glens Falls in his boyhood and after the war occasionally visited us and Lake George. On one such occasion I called his attention to this clipping which he pronounced fairly correct, adding: "The President's prophecy of my recovering very much encouraged me and helped me to recover."

*November 13.* Sunday, but have worked all day to get our camp in shape.

A few days later we began to stockade our tents with "shacks" or long, shingle-like splittings of pine or cypress. We finally had a fine looking and comfortable camp again.

All our officers have wall tents and most of us have built chimneys in their rear for the comfort of an open fire. These chimneys



are mostly built of sticks of wood filled in between and plastered outside and inside with clay, a good enough temporary mortar. Some have good draught while others at times smoke, for there is a knack in building them.

Lieutenant Boynton of Company K finished his chimney one day, boasting a little that he knew how a chimney should be built. As he was about to start a fire a crowd of us gathered about his tent, insisting that his chimney wouldn't "draw," that it would smoke him out, etc., and a small bet was made. As he went in with his kindlings and wood to start a fire and win his bet, we put a prepared board of the right size on top of his chimney, and a larger crowd gathered for the fun. Soon the smoke came pouring out of his tent and he came out with it, choking and rubbing his smarting, tearful eyes and not a bit comforted by the boisterous laughter of the crowd. He had the courage to try it again, but finally said, "I give it up, I lose my bet." He was encouraged to try it once more — the dampness of the newly-built chimney might be the cause. He went in for a third time and the board being removed, behold! it worked beautifully. It was a small incident but, like many other similar, it produced jolly amusement — as "good as a circus."

Of course, some of our quarters are better than others, for there is individuality in their construction. Some have the knack of "doing things" and the ambition to do them.

Here we are attached to General Heckman's Brigade — the 23d and 25th Massachusetts, 21st Connecticut and 9th New Jersey, with cavalry and artillery, quite a complete military unit.

There are only a few small houses hereabouts, but the location is fine, giving a good view of Hampton Roads and recalling the naval battle fought here and that wonderfully opportune arrival of the *Monitor*. The topmasts of one of the wooden war vessels sunk by the Merrimack show above the water near us. We have a fine marine picture to look out upon, this broad view with anchored and moving vessels always in sight.

*December 21.* Am detailed by Major General Butler to serve on a court martial, Colonel Pickett, 25th Massachusetts, as president.

The court convened mornings for many days, the officers of it attending to their regimental duties afternoons. We tried several soldiers on various charges. One case was that of Private Fuller of Company C of our regiment for desertion. He had overstayed his furlough on a visit home, with evidence that he did not intend to return. He was arrested and brought back. He was guilty







and so found. The court only decided the guilt, the punishment was the province of the Department Commander, General Butler. While the army regulations fixed death as the punishment for desertion, the practice had been to punish desertion of this sort by imprisonment; so we were shocked when General Butler approved the finding of the court martial and ordered the man to be shot within forty-eight hours! This brought gloom to our regiment. Colonel Keese, our Chaplain and myself went to Fortress Monroe, saw General Butler and plead for a change in his order, substituting imprisonment for death, urging that similar offenses, the overstaying of furloughs, even when intentional, had not been, so far, punished by death.

General Butler was pleasant, but he showed us the record of those of his command then "absent without leave" and the figures were startling. He said he had decided to punish by death the first case that came from a court martial, and while he was sorry that it involved our regiment, he felt that the full penalty must be inflicted in order to prevent this "leak" in army efficiency by bringing absentees back to their regiments and making others respect their furloughs.

Our Chaplain then asked for an extension of the time for Fuller's execution, saying that the man was not prepared to die. "Every soldier," said General Butler, "should always be prepared to die, for death is a soldier's reasonable expectation."

This was on the day before that set for the execution. Returning to camp we telegraphed Congressman Kellogg of the situation and asked his aid. Mr. Kellogg did not get the telegram till quite late that night, but he proceeded at once to the White House where he was told that President Lincoln was not feeling well and had retired unusually early. Mr. Kellogg insisted that he must see him in a matter of life and death, and succeeded. He met the President, who was only partly dressed, told him his mission and asked that he order the execution of Fuller postponed until the circumstances of his case could be investigated. The President urged that that was asking a good deal — it might be a case of necessary discipline of importance to General Butler's command — and asked what reason Kellogg had to justify interference. Mr. Kellogg said that it might be that the man deserved death, "but this man belongs to what I call my regiment, wholly raised in my congressional district, consisting of my constituents, and I do not propose that any man in it shall die if I can prevent it," adding that the President would feel the same if in his, Mr. Kellogg's, place.



The President admitted the reasonableness of Mr. Kellogg's request and said that he would try to carry out Mr. Kellogg's wish. The next morning the President sent Mr. Kellogg his card, briefly noting thereon that the matter had been attended to. This card — just the President's calling card with a few written words — I have seen it, being then in possession of Mr. Kellogg's son, Hon. R. C. Kellogg of Elizabethtown, N. Y., who had himself served in our regiment.

General Butler was ordered by the War Department by telegraph to suspend the execution of Fuller and forward all papers connected with the case to Washington. General Butler's countermanding order reached us as arrangements were about completed for the execution — and to our joy! The result was that Fuller's sentence was finally commuted to three years' imprisonment; but he was released when the war ended.

This is but another of the multitude of incidents manifesting the sympathy, kindness and gentle spirit which enlarged Lincoln's greatness and another instance of Mr. Kellogg's "fatherly" interest in our regiment.

Our court martial adjourned January 14, 1864.

During our stay at Newport News we were active in drilling — company, battalion, skirmish and picket — and in completing camp, which became excellent winter quarters.

Our Captains have had their "turns" in commanding regimental drills and most of them showed proficiency. In fact we felt that we were approaching the quality of regulars. The harmony and good feeling which have all along been a delightful feature in our regiment, continued to a "happy-family" degree. Officers were considerate and men were respectful, and while good discipline was maintained, there was a degree of camaraderie between men and officers not found in most volunteer regiments, and in regulars scarcely at all.

The Virginia winter was kindly, although there were chilly days and cold nights, chilling rains and occasional snow. We had one snowstorm, a couple of inches, followed by rain and freezing, making slippery walking and good sleighing. An artillery company rigged up an improvised "drag" drawn by four artillery horses. Loaded with men and carrying the flag it attracted much attention as the men drove through the camps with hilarity. It was a poor sort of sleigh-ride, but they had lots of fun and made fun for others. The snow remained for a couple of days.

About the middle of January we received some 80 recruits from Elmira, who were distributed among our several companies.







Our boys were much amused over the complaints of these recruits of their treatment *en route*. They had slept on steamer decks and ridden in freight cars, had not seen any butter or soft bread, etc. They were consoled and sympathized with in mock seriousness and assured they would find a favorable difference in their treatment now. Apologies were made for our poor accommodations, but they were told that our spring beds, mattresses, crockery and much else, that we never had, had not arrived from our previous camp; that butter, eggs and fresh meat were scarce just then, etc.

These recruits, however, soon found that ordinary home or hotel food and comforts did not obtain in the army.

So it was with all of us at first; we complained of lots of things during our first few months' service, accepting worse conditions afterwards as matters of course and with thankfulness that they were not worse.

General Heckman was relieved of command of our brigade and Colonel Dutton of the 21st Connecticut, being the senior officer, took command.

The night of *January 19* was very cold and a fierce wind stirred up Hampton Roads. The flapping of our tent flies made conversation in ordinary tones difficult and sleep fitful. In the morning we received orders to be ready to march. It seemed hard to leave our comfortable quarters, completed with so much labor; but it was soldier life in war time, and we hurriedly made ready. That night there was much jollity in camp, much singing and laughter, for our camp routine was broken and the exciting expectation of something new was in the air. We were serenaded by the glee club and string orchestra of the 21st Connecticut and "high jinks" reigned beyond the hour of taps.

One of the men of another camp had a new tent-mate, a German recruit afflicted with a stertorous snore. The man complained to the German that his awful snoring prevented sleep and got this comforting reply: "Ven youse got ust to dot schnores it dond troubles you some more. Dot vas so mit mine own selef — I dond any more knows it ven I schnores."

Our camp was so pleasant and comfortable that several wives of officers were in camp; but they were sent away on our receiving marching orders. One of these wives, of another regiment, amused the camp and irritated her husband by coming out of their tent when she had prepared a meal and calling in a shrill voice to her mate: "Lovey! lovey, dear! goodies are ready." Very soon the men, all over our camp, were mimicking this affectionate "call" as a supplement to the regular bugle mess calls.





LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER  
PATRICK K. DELANEY



PRIVATE WARREN MONTY  
Co. F. 118th N. Y. Vols.  
Showing field service uniform





*January 21.* This morning tents were struck and before noon we were tramping up the Peninsula again. After marching some 20 miles, one of our hard "hikes," we bivouacked very tired; but coffee, hardtack and salt pork refreshed us. The day had been pleasant, but the night was freezing cold and the ground hard, so sleep did not prove to be "Nature's sweet restorer," to any refreshing extent.

We started again by daylight in the morning somewhat stiff in our joints, and marched to within two miles of Yorktown. Here we remained until dark and made a night march of 14 miles to Williamsburg. We were joined by about 180 men of the 25th Massachusetts and later by 74 men of the 11th Connecticut who had declined to reenlist, their present enlistment near ending.

We arrived at Williamsburg at after midnight. It was a hard march, much of it through woods which made the darkness darker, and there was much stumbling and uncertain footing; yet few dropped out. Only about 20 of the 25th Massachusetts detachment arrived with us, but all came in the next morning.

*January 24.* Many of the First Mounted Rifles, already here, visited us to-day and had with them a captured or surrendered Confederate who had been leading some of our scouting parties. I certainly do not "take" to him and wouldn't put much confidence in him. A detachment of the Rifles had been further up the Peninsula and one of their sergeants was killed at "12 Mile Ordinary." His body was brought back and buried at Williamsburg. Troops keep on coming. Evidently some enterprise is in preparation.

*January 25 to February 4.* Our tents arrived and a temporary camp was made behind a hill near Fort Magruder, out of sight of Confederate scouts. The location overlooked York Creek on which, and the York River, a barge made daily trips to Yorktown for supplies, etc. The weather was fine during our stay at Williamsburg and we were kept at our drilling and enjoyed it.

For three days I was in command of the picket line — two companies of infantry and a detachment of cavalry. The last night on picket we observed signal rockets from inside the town, repeated beyond us, blue, yellow and red lights, which seemed to say, "Yankee infantry, cavalry and artillery are gathering here." Investigation was made, but the party giving the signals or the building from which they were sent could not be located.

When our pickets were relieved I took the men, all having loaded rifles, out for a one-shot target practice and Waters of



Company D made the best shot. While we were at Newport News General Heckman offered a medal for the best results at target practice and Sturges of Company D won it. Company D was not the most military looking company in the regiment, but it had good "shots," fine endurance and splendid fighting material.

*February 5.* Orders came detailing me as Provost Marshal of Williamsburg, relieving Major Wheelan of the Mounted Rifles. I at once reported to Colonel West commanding the district who sent his Adjutant General with me to take possession of the office in the "House of Burgesses." Am confidentially informed that the expedition gathering here is intended to make a sudden dash across the Chickahominy and into Richmond to release Federal prisoners held in that city, and everything depends upon making the dash a surprise. General Wistar will be in immediate command under General Butler.

*February 6.* Early this morning the expedition marched through the city, infantry, cavalry and artillery. General Graham is left in command of the district. The expedition consists of about 5000 cavalry, 4000 infantry and artillery.

About noon General Butler and staff arrived and two of his staff, Colonel Ludlow and Major Davis, took luncheon with me. General Butler gave me some verbal instructions, particularly in the matter of finding out who of the inhabitants, almost wholly women, were the most bitter Confederate sympathizers and likely to risk most to render service to that side. I did not feel like being very active in this regard, for it was evident that all were sympathizers and quite every family was represented in the Confederate army.

Williamsburg is indeed a historic spot, having been the capital of Virginia from 1700 to 1780. Its Lunatic Asylum was quite an institution and the first of its kind in this country. Its William and Mary College is the oldest college in the United States, except Harvard, and was in 1776 the wealthiest college in America, but now in ruins. The buildings were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the notable English architect, and it was for a time the headquarters of Rochambeau. Among its students were Jefferson, Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall and other distinguished Americans, and it was the birthplace of the famed Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. As the capital of Virginia, Williamsburg was a conspicuous social and political center in early times and the rendezvous of Virginians conspicuous and influential in our early history. The town consists of three nearly parallel streets with many pleasant and some pretentious homes — some of historic note.







I had many calls, mostly from women, and was impressed with their gentility and patience with their unhappy condition. One lady gave me interesting glimpses of the early part of the war, when Williamsburg was gay with Confederate soldiers under General Magruder. She told of balls, receptions and social strenuosity with nothing too good for the soldiers. She mentioned a ball given at Fort Magruder when the road from Williamsburg, then lined with fine trees, was illumined on both sides with candles, bayonets stuck in the ground being used as candlesticks — altogether a brilliant and memorable function. She said no one seemed to sense the seriousness of the war and all seemed obsessed with the belief that the martial spirit of the South would whirl the conflict to a quick victory. She said the "Yankees" were so much misrepresented that they came to be seriously regarded as uncivilized brutes with ferocious and repulsive features and natures — that women had better kill themselves rather than fall into their hands. She said, "I ought to have known better, for I was two years in a Philadelphia school," but even she came to have a fixed feeling that the Northern army was made up of barbarians.

When Williamsburg was evacuated during McClellan's Peninsula Campaign, terror and fear prevailed among those who were left to the "cruelties of the invading Yankee host." The women gathered in the Lunatic Asylum and spent a night of terrible apprehension of the fate awaiting them. In the morning some dared to look out of the windows at the Federal army marching through and were happily surprised to find that they looked like men, that they "had no horns." Later, Federal officers came to the asylum and with kindly courtesy urged the women to go to their homes, assuring them of protection. Some went at once and, finally, as courage and confidence grew, all went to their homes and she said, "We have had to do with Northern soldiers ever since, and they have been gentlemen."

*February 9.* The expedition to Bottom's Bridge proved a failure. The enemy evidently knew of its coming and was prepared. Our regiment had marched 102 miles in 75 hours, returning weary, foot-sore and bedraggled — looking very little like the smart and well-dressed men of a few days ago. I am thankful that it was my luck to escape this severe and inglorious march.

*February 10.* Our regimental camp was changed to the left of Fort Magruder near where Union soldiers were buried in May, 1862.



I received orders from General Butler to give notice to the inhabitants to be prepared to be sent beyond our lines, such as would not take the oath of allegiance. It looked as if the belief that information had been sent from Williamsburg to the enemy of the gathering of the late expedition had led to the decision of removing beyond our lines all disloyal persons.

This order produced consternation among the citizens and made busy hours for our office and sad ones, too. For myself I did not believe that the order would be followed by one compelling actual removal; but, all the same, I had to treat the order as serious.

*February 13.* Our regiment is ordered to march back to Newport News and I am relieved as Provost Marshal to join my regiment, as I wished to do. Left Williamsburg about 11 A.M. and bivouacked for the night at Lee's Mills, where Smith's brigade was so badly "cut up" in the Peninsula Campaign.

*February 14.* Left at 5 A.M. this morning and going via Yorktown and Warwick Court House reached Newport News at about 4 P.M. Took transport for Portsmouth, reaching there about 9 P.M. Next day we proceeded to Getty's Station, Companies B, H and K going on to "15 Mile Station" towards Suffolk. We went into a fairly good winter camp left by a cavalry regiment, fortunately, for the weather suddenly became severely cold — ice formed of glass-thickness and we had ice-water for our morning ablutions.

We proceeded to lay out a camp of our own near by and spent much labor upon it, for we want a good camp and all the possible comforts, even if we remain but a few days. We occupied it February 18. We had a few days of stinging cold weather with its reminder of what was the quite everyday conditions "up North." We were paid off by Paymaster Major King.

*February 26.* We received 66 more recruits from Elmira and they were comforted by all the lies and unwarranted hopes usually given to "freshmen." Received orders appointing me on a Board of Inquiry into the conduct of an officer of a Rhode Island regiment.

*February 28. Sunday.* Had service in our new rustic chapel. We have always planned in building our regular camps to promptly provide hospital quarters and for some sort of chapel.\*

\* The story is told of the Colonel of a certain regiment who, after the usual Sunday morning inspection and the regiment being in line, requested the men who did not wish to attend church services to step forward two paces. A considerable number made the advance. Calling the Major he ordered him to take command of those who had stepped forward and see





Our period of enlistment for three years has now quite half expired and while we haven't "done much battle" we have had very much of all the other experiences of soldier life. We probably have much of serious service before us this year.

*March 1.* Regiment received orders to march "in light order," but with 40 rounds of ammunition. Started at 5 P.M. towards North Carolina, reaching Deep Creek at 11 P.M. A very miserable march with drizzling rain and freezing cold. At 3 o'clock next morning marched into the Dismal Swamp on the canal tow-path. It seems that a dash had been made by Confederate cavalry which were driven back, followed by our own cavalry and we were following in support. We saw dead horses in the canal, indicating that there had been a running fight. We finally bivouacked at what is called "Ballyhack," at junction of the Dismal Swamp and Lake Drummond Canals. We remained here some days. It was a wild, weird region. The queer growth of old cypress trees perched up on roots that looked like uncouth legs; the branches hanging with moss-like beards; coffee-colored water and rank undergrowth — all seemed unnatural and mysterious. "Dismal" is an appropriate name. Tom Moore's poem, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," comes to mind:

They made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true;  
But she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
Where all night long by a firefly lamp  
She paddles her white canoe.

*March 6.* Hon. Orlando Kellogg, Hon. William Higby, a California Congressman and a native of Essex County, N. Y., and Mr. Jesse Gay, a Plattsburgh lawyer, visited our camp and came out to us by the field and staff team. They spent the night with us. We built a large camp fire and during the evening we were interested and entertained by the heated discussion of politics between Higby, Republican, and Gay, Democrat. It was a hot "confab," Mr. Kellogg saying only enough to keep the discussion going when it lagged a little.

*March 9.* Went back to camp. Our detached Companies B, H and K were attacked last night in their separate camp by rebel raiders and lost all their camp equipage. The next day

that they attended religious service, saying, "They need it." Those who did not step forward were ordered to "break ranks" and go to their quarters.

Another story, of doubtful "veracity," is current. On the report that a dozen men of a certain regiment had been baptized by its Chaplain, the Colonel of another regiment, in a spirit of rivalry, ordered the forced baptism of twice that number of his men "at once."



we were ordered to Bower's Hill, on the railroad towards Suffolk, so good-bye to another completed camp; but the weather is warmer — spring is coming.

On the 23d had a beautiful fall of snow. It was so damp that it clung to and covered the tree branches and twigs like cotton, making a fairy scene. It reminded me of what an officer of another regiment told me. His regiment was on an expedition by itself and after a tiresome day's march bivouacked in a field and slept the sleep of the weary. During the night some two or three inches of moist, clinging snow fell covering the sleeping men like a blanket. In the morning the field was white and the covered men made white mounds, which, in the dim morning light, gave the appearance of a ghostly graveyard. When reveille sounded the men emerged from their covering with a sort of resurrection-day response to the "last trump." He made an interesting verbal picture of the incident and its suggestiveness.

Our Colonel is made commander of this immediate district including Deep Creek. It now appears that the attack on the camp of our detachment on the 9th inst. was by guerrillas, or citizens out for "loot." The blame for not "putting up" a stiff fight in defense of the camp belongs to a colonel of colored cavalry who was in command.

We again commence the laying out and building up of a camp; but it is so near spring that we have no belief that we shall stay very long. Company H has joined us, so we have eight of our companies at this camp.

Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Dobie of Company H have a colored boy as a sort of servant. One morning Dobie asked the boy to take a note to the nearby camp of another regiment. Bailey protested that the boy should first care for their tent, clean up, etc.; so the boy hesitated. "Captain, don't we own this nigger half and half?" Dobie asked. "That's right," replied the Captain. "Well," said Dobie, reaching for his pistol, "I'll shoot my half if this note is not delivered, right now." The frightened boy grabbed the note and ran to deliver it.\*

\* Later on Lieutenant Dobie became Captain and undertook a "specialized" education of this colored boy and with such satisfaction to the Captain that he used to bring the boy out as an exhibit of successful intellectual training of negroes. The boy had been taught quite a long and humorous "catechism," the concluding parts running something like this:

"How many days in a week?" Ans. "Seven."

"How many weeks in a month?" "Four, 'cept August."

"How many weeks in August?" "Six weeks in August."

"Why six weeks in August?" "'Count of harvestin'."

"How do you know?" "I'm in the habit of makin' a practice of takin' notice of what I observe."







While in this camp we took lessons in sword and saber practice from a former officer of the English army, and some are getting quite proficient in "parry, guard, cut and thrust"; many have received scratches and cuts that might class them with the duel-scarred students of Heidelberg.

*April 13.* About 400 of us left camp this P.M. and marched to the Nansemond River and waited from 8 P.M. until after midnight, when two small gunboats joined us. We crossed the river in small boats, all getting over by sunrise of the 14th. We had no sleep and no coffee for breakfast or during the day, and we missed it. Our coffee is more than a luxury, seems to us more like necessary food — often a meal in itself, and we have it in excellent quality. When we are in camp and our coffee is "brewed" in our company kitchens in quantity, the "grounds" find ready sale at a good price per pound. Probably used to furnish the best part of ground coffee labeled "Pure Java." On the march each cooks his own coffee in his little tin cup by dropping in the required quantity, filling with water and when brought to a boil pouring in a dash of cold water to settle it, and the delightful drink is ready. We usually have sugar and condensed milk to add to it.

Across the river our force was divided and Major Nichol with my company and another went on a "raid" through Chucatuco country to Burnet's Neck to pick up all the horses and bacon we could find and drive off or capture any of the lurking enemy we might encounter. We saw only now and then a few of what appeared to be mounted scouts, who easily evaded us, for we had no horses. We returned by another route, arriving back at the river about sundown. We had gathered a motley lot of unserviceable horses and old carts and about a ton of bacon. We were followed by many women pitifully begging us to give them back

---

"How many Sundays in a month?" "Four, 'cept August."

"How many Sundays in August?" "No Sundays in August."

"Why no Sundays in August?" "'Count of harvestin'."

"How do you know?" "I'm in the habit of makin' a practice of takin' notice of what I observe."

"Who is the greatest man in the world?" "Abraham Lincoln."

"Who is the greatest general?" "General Grant."

"Who is the bravest man in the Union Army?" "I cannot tell a lie — the bravest man is Captain Dobie."

"How do you know?" "I'm in the habit of makin' a practice of takin' notice of what I observe."

The boy when through would salute the Captain and retire, and Dobie would emphasize the intuitive ability of the colored people in reaching correct conclusions by "taking notice of what they observe" — with a little intelligent suggestion.



their horses and carts, pleading their great need of them. There wasn't a horse among the lot which the army could use. They were too old or too crippled, the Confederates having already taken all the useful horses from that region.

Major Nichols conferred with Quartermaster DeLaney and myself, saying he was ashamed to take these good-for-nothing horses, though of some service to these persistent women, and if we would share the responsibility, he would let the women take them. We agreed and he told the women to take their own. He ordered a couple of sides of bacon thrown into each cart, and the happy women, profuse in thanks, made no delay in mounting their carts and getting away — and we were happy, too.

We recrossed the river and reached camp late.

The next day the other detachment that crossed the Nansemond with us returned, having marched as far as Smithfield, exploring the creeks and inlets of that vicinity and destroying the water craft which was being used by the enemy's scouts. A transport met them at Smithfield and brought them back by water to Portsmouth and from there they came by rail.

The newspapers are "buzzing" with head-line reports of army preparations for activity, mentioning all sorts of supposed moves. Camp rumors are also abundant and varied — in fact they are always plenty. We are quite sure that our armies will not be idle this spring and summer and that General Grant will do some "business." It is evident that we are not to remain here, or even hereabouts, much longer.

*April 18.* Orders came to move to-morrow, but we are not permitted to know where. No matter; we shall find out.

*April 19.* Struck tents, gathered our camp equipage and by rail to Portsmouth. There took transport *John Tucker* for Newport News and arriving, marched some three miles above the Point and bivouacked.

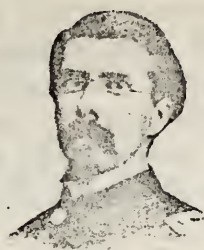
*April 20.* It is up the Peninsula again! At night we bivouacked at Little Bethel, inside the old earthworks of McClellan's Campaign. The 10th New Hampshire and 8th Connecticut joined us here.

*April 21.* Reveille sounded at 4:30 this morning and by six o'clock we were swinging towards Yorktown where we arrived at about 11 A.M., and camped near location of our former camp. Yorktown revives recollections of past experiences there, and as we look across the river to Gloucester Point our remembrance is somewhat "malarial."

*April 21 to May 2.* Troops have been arriving every day,







CAPTAIN  
JOHN BRYDEN



JEWELLED STAFF BADGE

2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 18TH CORPS

The shape, quatrefoil, indicates the Corps; the color, red, indicates the Division and the number, 2, set with jewels in this badge, indicates the Brigade, the ribbons, red, white and blue.



making up the 10th and 18th Corps to constitute the Army of the James. Our regiment is brigaded with the 10th and 13th New Hampshire and 8th Connecticut and designated the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 18th Army Corps. General Burnham is commanding Brigade, General Brooks the Division and General "Baldy" Smith the Corps — three well-known fighting generals from the Army of the Potomac.

Our Corps badge is a quatrefoil — a four-leaf clover. Divisions are indicated by color, red, white and blue, brigade by its number in the center of corps badge; regiments by their number and State abbreviation on collar of coat or on cap. We wear a red quatrefoil badge, with figure "2" in center and "118 N. Y. V." on coat or cap. These badges tell at a glance just where the wearer belongs.

These are busy days. Regimental and brigade drills, reviews and inspections; all the officers at work making out reports and accounts; attending to supplying needed clothing, accouterments and serviceable arms; putting their commands, however small, on an efficient campaign footing. We have reduced our baggage, five loads of our regimental surplus being sent to Norfolk for storage, and 130 sick and sickly men of the 118th went to Hampton Hospital — so we are stripped of all impediments to serious activity.

Our brigade has been reviewed by General Burnham, called "Old Grizzly," probably because of his full iron-gray beard, rugged features and fighting personality. Generals Brooks and Smith reviewed the division and General Butler reviewed our corps. General Butler is not a strikingly graceful equestrian. His short, squat sort of figure looked like a hump on his horse. Generals Smith, Brooks and Burnham are quite martial in their appearance and bearing. Our Captains have taken turns in drilling the regiment; for who knows when the "accidents" of war may bring one of us in command.

Have changed our camp here once, so as to be with our brigade and division; but while carefully laid out, we are not putting any work on it.

The harbor is filling with transports, so it is evident that we will go from here by water; but where or when? There is plenty of speculation as to where we are going. Texas and Mobile are talked; but as few of the transports here are sufficient for an outside voyage, the prevailing opinion is that we are to join the Army of the Potomac. But why worry? We sha'n't be ignorant of where — forever.





About 30,000 men and 80 guns have gathered, about equally divided between the 10th and 18th Corps. The 10th Corps is commanded by Major General Gilmore, with Terry, Turner and Ames as division commanders; the 18th Corps Major General "Baldy" Smith commanding, with Brooks, Weitzel and Hinks in command of divisions. Hinks' division is composed of colored troops. We know the names of but few generals of brigade. If this is to be a separate army its needful cavalry and more artillery must be at some other place. Yorktown and Gloucester Point present a lively military appearance. Camps in all directions; a large acreage white with canvas. Drilling regiments, moving army wagons, galloping generals and staffs; orderlies bearing orders, bands, bugles, drum corps, blowing whistles and escaping steam from the large fleet of river craft — all make up an aggregation of scene and sound "redolent" of gathered martial power, of which Old Yorktown has had experience.

*May 2.* Have orders to keep on hand four days' cooked rations and be prepared to move on notice. Rations are being prepared and in a few hours haversacks will be as bulging as an after-dinner alderman. Knapsacks are packed and much is being done in writing letters home, and as indications are ominous, relatives, friends and sweethearts will hear all sorts of disturbing things and be given fresh apprehension, worry and fear.

This home-suffering is not always counted in the effects of war; this dull, wearing, all-the-while pain made keen with news of expected battles and overwhelming when they come and the names of loved ones are noted among the killed, wounded or missing. There is good reason for believing that many may have to-day written their last letters.

Cavalry and artillery which have been stationed at Williamsburg arrived to-day; evidence that we are not to go up the Peninsula again.

*May 3.* Still waiting, still speculating and guessing as to our destination. The prevailing rumor to-day is Wilmington, as Mobile was yesterday; but transports are still arriving and many are surely not fit for ocean use; so we are likely to go by some inland water route. One hundred rounds of ammunition for each soldier have been distributed, and that much added to his load with its intimation of things expected.

*May 4.* Have marching orders! Shelter tents, which have made the plain as white as a cotton field, have been struck and there has been a streak of blue moving to the wharf all day. As fast as a transport is loaded it moves from the wharf, anchors



in the river, and another comes to the wharf. Our brigade embarked at about 4 P.M. on the transports *City of Bath* and *Vidette* and was "all aboard" as the sundown gun from the Fort belched its war vesper.

As twilight faded into darkness, lights appeared on the transports and these, rocking and changing, seem like so many loose stars playing over the river to cheer our departure. Playing bands, men cheering and singing; busy tugs coughing through the fleet bearing orders; neighing horses and noise of escaping steam; soldiers shouting from steamer to steamer — but not a responsible word as to our destination. The scene is inspiring and the mingled sounds exciting.

Two or three steamers weighed anchor and started up the river. Then it appeared that we would go up the York and there are cheers from the floating thousands and especially from the troops on the moving vessels who think they have the honor of the advance.

But why are the other vessels still at anchor?

NOTE. We knew afterwards that the vessels going up the river were intended to deceive the watching spies and scouts of the enemy as to the destination of the expedition, for undoubtedly we were being watched.

Finally a rocket goes up — two — three! The steam whistles answer, and soon came the creaking and "Heave O" of men and windlasses weighing anchors, and one after another the vessels start *down* the river! There are cheers again and shouts of "How are you Mobile," "Texas" and "Wilmington"; but with so many small river steamers, double-end ferryboats, small tugs, etc., it was plain enough that no ocean or coast voyage was intended. We must be going up the James or Potomac.

A tug steams alongside with, "*Vidette*, ahoy! Follow the *Spaulding* which is your brigade headquarters." We follow the *Spaulding* on and on, till tired out we fall asleep on the open deck.

*May 5.* We awoke this morning to find our fleet in Hampton Roads; all sorts of vessels from harbor tugs and ferryboats to the considerable steamship *Baltic*. There are canal boats and pontoons in tow. From Old Point to Newport News the Roads are full of banner-bearing, artillery-carrying, soldier-laden vessels — so it is up the James!

We are being convoyed by Rear Admiral S. P. Lee's fleet of five armored vessels and General Graham's flotilla of small gunboats, which, passing up the James well ahead of us, we followed, passing Newport News at about 8 A.M.

Passing Jamestown, the site of Virginia's earliest settlement





and the first by English in this country (1608), we saw only a small ruin to mark the spot. From here we had a long view of the river, up and down, and as far as we could see were the hurrying vessels of our fleet.

About noon General Butler's flag steamer, the fast *Greyhound*, bearing our blue and crimson army flag, passed us. The General shouted, "Forward with all possible speed"; but our steamer is doing its best already.

We know that Fort Powhatan is above us and considered strong and strongly situated on a bluff at a bend of the river; so when we stopped within a few miles of it, we guessed what it was for. But our armored ships and gunboats are ahead and we heard no firing. After halting for about an half-hour we move on, and as the fort came into view we saw the Stars and Stripes floating over it and colored troops disembarking. Cheers go up from the passing fleet.

The next fortified spot on the river is Fort Pocahontas, or Wilson's Landing; but our flag was floating there and we again cheered in passing.

We now observed the enemy's signal flags in motion at elevated points, no doubt communicating with City Point where there is telegraphic connection with Richmond, and we are sure that alarming news will soon disturb the capital of the Confederacy. We pass Harrison's Landing, the scene of the last days of McClellan's Peninsula Campaign.

As the sun was sinking behind the trees we reached City Point where we found the flag of truce steamer *City of New York*, which came up the river the day before loaded with Confederate prisoners for exchange. These prisoners charged us with following in the wake of a white flag, else torpedoes and obstructions would have delayed us until the river forts could have been garrisoned.

Some of our troops had already debarked, and our Signal Corps is in possession of the City Point station, just evacuated by the enemy.

Thus have we in one day sailed into the very heart of the Confederacy, with but few shots and, so far as we know, without the loss of a man!

We moved to the other side of the mouth of the Appomattox and anchored off Bermuda Hundred. Our Construction Corps got at work immediately, building wharves by using the old canal-boat hulks which we had in tow, and debarkation commenced.

Gunboats go up the James and Appomattox. Nets are stretched to hinder floating torpedoes coming among us. Pickets and



videttes are sent out and posted. There is music by bands and singing by men. Lights appear on the vessels, giving that starry appearance of the night before, and the torches of our Signal Corps dance and wave, "uttering" their weird, silent language. Steam kept up to full head shouts its victory as it escapes from its boiler-prisons, ironclads sound "eight bells" and we sleep on board our transport — ending a day's easy service for the restoration of the Union.

*May 6.* The early dawn revealed a clear sky and rosy east with every sign of a scorching day. A mist hung over the river, quite hiding City Point from view. The red smokestacks of our ironclads were dimly seen up the James like giant sentinels. The birds were singing among the trees — the rich, clear, varying notes of the mocking bird leading the feathered choir.

The debarkation of troops commenced last night has continued and bivouac fires are seen in a large field. At sunrise our transports moved to the improvised landing, and in an hour afterwards the 118th moved up the low bank, stacked arms and "breakfasted."

Down went the fences for fires; details of men loaded with canteens were searching for better water than that of the river, and soon we were eating hardtack and salt pork and drinking coffee from the tin cup in which it was boiled. Hilarity prevailed, for we were not tired; our voyage up the river was restful. Our breakfast was a picnic.

A juvenile rabbit started from a nearby thicket and running in front of us was charged upon by many hands. Coffee was spilled, hardtack and pork trodden under foot and many of the charging force fared worse. His hareship was caught and panting in his captor's hands was an object of much interest as the first prisoner of the expedition. His gray coat was urged against him, but he was destined to a kind of kindness. The soldier made room in his haversack for a prison and later on when we were at a halt, I saw the soldier trying to feed his captive clover and sugar; but from obstinacy or fright he wouldn't even nibble the offerings of his "mud-sill" captor. He was finally given his liberty. A little insignificant, unusual incident like this often proved of absorbing interest to soldiers.

As the mist cleared, the broad fields of the Carter plantation across the river looked a sea of green as the well-advanced spring verdure waved in the slight breeze. A lady of Jeff Davis' family (said to be a daughter) visiting at this plantation, asked to be sent up the river, and we saw her go on board a tug which will take her, under flag of truce, to an up-river Confederate steamer.







We received report this morning that Grant and the Army of the Potomac were moving "on to Richmond." Our mental almanac says, "Look out for thunder about these days." The flags of our Signal Corps "wig-wagged" nervously all morning from gunboats, City Point, Butler's steamer and Corps headquarters. Graham's flotilla began moving up the Appomattox, bugles sounded the advance and a stream of blue poured into the woods on the Petersburg road. The day proved hot and full knapsacks, haversacks, load of ammunition with rifle became burdensome and there was much scattering of clothing. At every halt there was an examination of "personal baggage" to find what more could be spared. One found it in his extra shirt, or socks perhaps knit by Mother, or "her," and holding them up inquired, "Who wants these?" and if not wanted they were cut up and thrown away. Some with speculative intent improved the chance of substituting a new and clean article for one worn or in need of laundering; others "took on" things too good to throw away, but later on "shedding" them himself.

A young blond reporter for a New York paper was observed taking a bright-hued negligee shirt from his pack and as he unfolded it, apparently to throw it away, several soldiers expressed a willingness to take it. "Give away my only spare shirt? Guess not at just this stage of the war," was his reply, and folding it more compactly replaced it in his pack, the mixed dust and perspiration on his face scarcely hiding his expression of disgust with those who could think him so profligate and reckless.

We were kept informed of the progress of the gunboats by the slow strokes of their paddles or an occasional whistle, and now and then we could see them through the trees, "feeling" their way up the Appomattox. We could also see our troops moving along the south bank. Point of Rocks was reached at about noon. Cheers are heard at the head of the column; they have seen from this elevation the spires of Petersburg. We halt, the gunboats moving on towards Fort Clifton.

A lovelier place than Point of Rocks plantation we have seldom seen. The mansion on a bluff point commands a fair view up and down the river. The fields are covered with growing grain and clover, and all about are blossoming trees and shrubs. A large number of magnolia trees and laurel skirt the river. The mansion, fields, fences and outbuildings have a Northern air of neatness and repair.

Signal flags soon waved from the house-top, communicating with the gunboats and with the troops on the opposite side.



Has Fort Clifton been abandoned? Bang! goes the first shell at the Fort. Soon comes the hissing reply.

Bugles sounded "attention," and our Brigade filed right, into the woods towards the James and took position a little to the right of midway between the rivers. By four o'clock a line was formed reaching from the James to the Appomattox, the 10th Corps forming the left and the 18th Corps the right. This line is across a narrow part of the peninsula formed by incurving of the two rivers, about three miles across from Trent's Reach on the James to near Port Walthall on the Appomattox.

The cannonading has increased since noon, and by 5 P.M. was quite lively. One of our gunboats has been blown up while dragging for torpedoes. We hear firing from the gunboats on the James, also. We commenced cutting the small timber along our front and throwing up a slight breastwork.

Heckman's New Jersey brigade was sent out towards the Petersburg and Richmond railroad some distance in our front. Quite lively rifle firing was heard; but they returned about dark, having encountered some force of the enemy at Port Walthall Junction, accomplishing but little.

We were ordered to "sleep on our arms," and thus with "harness on our backs" we shall rest till morning, if we can.

*May 7.* In line early this morning under light marching orders. Knapsacks left and guarded by the sick. Two days' rations to be carried with one hundred rounds of ammunition. My! what a load of shooting stuff!

Heckman failed last night to gain even the railroad. The enemy, entrenched behind the track, first "discovered himself" by firing a volley into one of Heckman's regiments. His loss was about 60. We are to try it again to-day. Reinforcements have been received by the enemy. Our Division filed out of the woods into a field near the Petersburg road. General Brooks, with his hat a little to one side, seems to be in the best of spirits. He asks General Burnham to take the advance. "Old Grizzly" — that's our pet name for Burnham — is ready, and casts a wink of satisfaction toward his odd, decidedly "dry" Adjutant General, Captain Clark. It is the position of honor, but not of "safety first."

We advanced and were soon fired upon by a vidette or picket post of the enemy, and a squadron of the First Mounted Rifles was ordered to charge. As they passed our regiment (we know them well) they assumed a cavalry air, as much as to say, "We'll lead you." We followed them. They dashed forward. A few







shots were fired and soon a guard returned with two "Johnny Rebs." "Hello, Johnny, any more of you about here?" we inquired. "You 'uns will find a slaughter pen down by the railroad. We give you 'uns hell last night," was their warning answer. The sound of musketry was again heard, so near that the balls zipped over our heads. Soon the "M. R.'s" came back on a trot. General Brooks galloped to the front and in no genial manner inquired what this meant. "We were fired into from an ambush," said the "M. R.'s." "Why didn't you charge the ambush?" Something was said that that was no place for cavalry. Brooks said, "Men on rabbits could do better"; and the letters "M. R." on the caps of the gallant 1st were facetiously made to stand for "Mounted Rabbits." But the Rifles gave no cause for censure — did as well as cavalry could. Several of their horses were killed or wounded. General Brooks ordered Burnham to put in his brigade. The 8th Connecticut was given the skirmish line, and they did gallant work throughout the day. They soon dislodged the enemy and drove him to the crest of a hill where a breast-work of fence rails and earth had been made. Here the 8th were held in check. The Brigade, following close after in line of battle, was ordered to fix bayonets. As the steel rattled the "Johnnies" "got up and got." They fell back to the bank of a ravine near the railroad — a strong position. Our skirmishers advanced close to them in the woods and suffered somewhat from "enemy snipers." A fire broke out in the woods and it became a matter of urgency that the wounded be gotten off at once. This was done under fire by the stretcher corps of the brigade commanded by Assistant Surgeon Porteous of our regiment.

While we were commanding the attention of the enemy in front the 110th New York made a flank dash for the railroad, reached it, tearing up some of the track and doing other damage.

At about 5 P.M. had orders to fall back and take up the position we left in the morning. The loss in our Brigade was principally in the 8th Connecticut, some 70 men killed or wounded, several officers among the number.

The mansion at Point of Rocks has been taken for our Base Hospital. We wonder that a stronger effort was not made to gain Petersburg. Prisoners report Beauregard's army coming to its relief. The enemy we have met with to-day has been mostly militia. We are tired to-night, having marched in line of battle, under fire, through thicket, bramble and brush, while the sun has poured a merciless heat upon us.

May 8. Sabbath — and in view of the last few days' noise,



it seems quite Sabbath-like. An occasional boom from either river sounds like the growling of beasts that have tasted blood. Had a brief church service.

We have no letters and no news. Various rumors are circulating in regard to General Grant's movements. Have received orders to be ready with one day's rations, to march at daylight to-morrow morning.

*May 9.* Left bivouac at daylight this morning and moved in the same direction as on Saturday. We went as far, nearly, as we did then, without opposition. The effluvia of dead horses in the brush compare badly with the odor of the laurel and other flowering shrubs and trees. The enemy's pickets were met at 10 A.M. and easily forced back, so that we soon occupied all the ground we did on Saturday. Here we saw sights that were shameful and maddening. We found several bodies of our dead, left on the field on the 7th, stripped entirely naked, and mutilated in a manner to show beyond doubt the hellish motives of the perpetrators. More than one vow of vengeance was uttered with compressed lip and tightened grip of the musket, which, if life was spared, may have been carried out. Other bodies were found burned by the fire in the woods. These were all buried by us, as the enemy had buried his own dead only. The 118th, or a portion of it, had the skirmish line to-day, and showed good drill. The greatest danger to-day has been from the enemy's artillery, and "rotten" shells, as the boys call them, have proved in many a case that "a miss is as good as a mile." One solid shot, striking immediately in front of a skirmisher who was lying on the ground, passed into the earth beneath him, coming out just in rear of his feet, doing no damage except to throw him over. South Carolina and Georgia troops have been before us to-day, and enemy reinforcements are arriving.

*May 10.* Line of battle was formed by our brigade last night at about sundown in sight of the enemy. After dark the 10th New Hampshire quietly advanced some rods and nearly to a rail fence. There was shelling more or less during the night. Before midnight we were startled by firing from the 10th New Hampshire. It seems the enemy, supposing they knew exactly where we lay, crept up for the purpose of surprising us. They came upon the advanced 10th New Hampshire unexpectedly and were themselves surprised. The 10th poured several volleys into them with effect. Dead were found astride the fence in the morning, killed in the act of getting over. This concluded their further endeavors to drive us back last night. The 25th and 27th North







Carolina regiments attacked the same numbered Massachusetts regiments and were severely repulsed. Quite a coincidence, regiments bearing the same number, yet from wide-apart States and extremely opposite in their views of the questions which we are now "discussing."

Quite a funny incident occurred last night. A first sergeant of our regiment while on the skirmish line after dark and during active skirmish firing, called for a stretcher, saying he was wounded. He was reached and placed on the stretcher, when he expressed a fear that he was bleeding badly. A handkerchief was tied about his leg just above where he located his wound, and twisted with a bayonet in the manner of a tourniquet. In this way he was carried to the flying hospital. The pain from his corded leg had become almost unbearable, and at his urgent solicitation to have his wound attended to, he was accommodated. No blood was found! and no wound! He was dismissed by the Surgeon with remarks far from complimentary. Mortified beyond expression, he returned to the front. The fact was he had fallen into a hole filled with water and at the same time hurt his knee. Naturally enough in the darkness he supposed it was the effect of a bullet and that the water trickling down was blood. I say naturally, for the Sergeant was incapable of "faking."

To-day has been a weary one. Have been under fire all day, "feeling" the enemy, as it is called. We advanced quite as far as Port Walthal, but there is no prospect of immediately entering Petersburg, for its defense is hourly growing stronger. We passed the R. & P. railroad and destroyed it somewhat. We did not cross Walthal Creek. As a detachment of our troops was moving towards the bridge which crosses this creek, this A.M., joking "Johnnies" on the hill beyond ran towards the bridge with the fore wheels of a wagon mounting a short log which looked quite like a howitzer or small field-piece. As soon as seen the said detachment broke for cover, to the amusement of friends and foes. It recalled the Quaker guns of Manassas.

In the afternoon we began to withdraw towards our old position, which we begin to dignify with the name of camp. A lively shelling was kept up until we got out of range. Camp was reached at dusk, and although under almost a continual fire for forty-eight hours, every man of our regiment who went out is with us! The "boys," fatigued as they are, are feeling well, and to-night sit about the camp fires recounting their adventures and escapes. We all feel that delay has lost us Petersburg unless at great sacrifice of life. The bright anticipations and opportunities of a



few days since are clouded. We are all discussing the situation and criticizing the delays and hesitancy, which we think inexcusable; and yet we know nothing beyond the very limited part we have had in this movement of the Army of the James. Being ignorant of the main object and purpose of this expedition, it may be accomplishing its intention; but it looks to us as if the chance for immediate easy glory to the Army of the James has passed. It is easy to criticize and find fault.

*May 11.* Have remained in camp all day. Mercury registers 99 above zero.

Our first mail for some time arrived this afternoon and made every one happy, even those who received no letters. Letters from home are a delight, and the arrival of mail, especially after some delay, brightens up the camp. It is said that the things in particular that delight soldiers are mess calls, the arrival of the paymaster and of letters from home — these three and the greatest of these are letters.

Large numbers of the "boys" are engaged in answering letters. All the shady spots are thus occupied, and those in flowery, mossy nooks are suspected of writing sweeter things than mothers and sisters hear of. The burden of the songs this evening are of the "Dearest-love-do-you-remember?" sort. Guessing from what I couldn't help overhearing to-night, "Dearest love" does not always remember.

Said one of a couple of tent-mates occupying "rooms" next mine, who had been neighbors at home: "Did you hear from Miss —— to-day?" "No," was the reply, "but I heard about her." "So did I," said No. 1; "my sister writes that she's soft on ——." No. 2, "So Mother writes. If there is a draft he'll 'skedaddle.' That cuss would faint from a nosebleed. I'm going to be sorry for her, Jim, for she's a fine girl; but I'm not goin' to lose any sleep."

I guess he did not sleep with normal soundness, notwithstanding his declaration.

Inasmuch as our regiment is so largely made up of quite young men, boys, indeed, it may be supposed that there are hundreds of heart entanglements with their anxieties, happiness and, like the incident related, disappointments. Absence does not always make for fondness.

*May 12.* News from the Army of the Potomac tells of desperate fighting, large losses, but no decisive results.

Last night we had orders to be ready by daylight, with two days' rations and the indispensable but burdensome one hundred



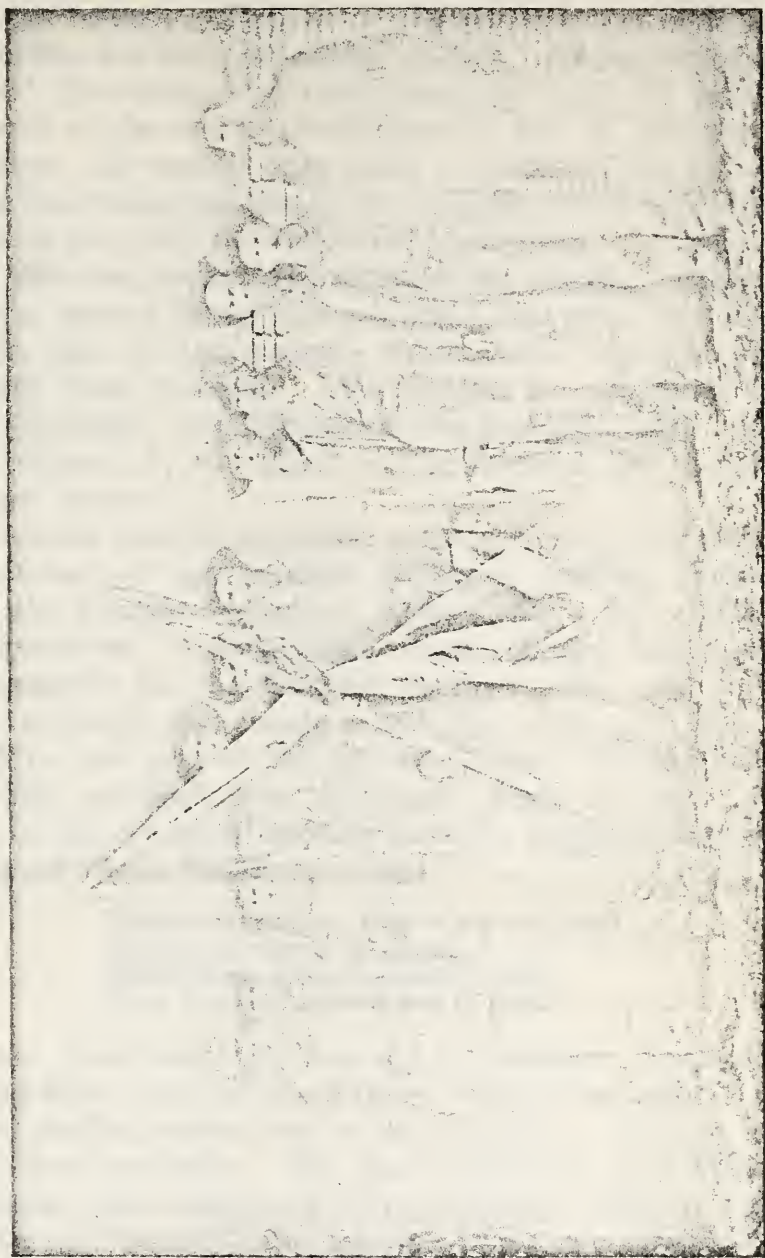


rounds of ammunition. Left camp at daylight. We kept to the right of our route of the 7th and 9th inst., bearing for the Petersburg and Richmond pike. Before reaching this road we learned that Beauregard's army was moving on it towards Drury's Bluff. Our advance was necessarily cautious, our main column only moving after the ground immediately before it had been "searched" by a strong skirmish line. The route, being through woods with profuse undergrowth, and the day hot and rainy, discounted celerity of movement. We struck the turnpike at "11 Mile" post but a short time after Beauregard's rear guard had passed; indeed it then occupied a hill in advance of us, and as we debouched from the woods, greeted us with shell, killing and wounding several men and horses and doing much damage to the trees in our vicinity. A section of Belger's brass Napoleons was soon in position and silenced the offending artillery. Here the Surgeons planted their hospital flag (red) and began the work of amputation — for this seems to be the general treatment of wounds, curing them by cutting them off. The dead were buried by the roadside and we moved on. From this point the skirmish line began to be stubbornly disputed, and, often, support was needed by the skirmishers to overcome the opposition.

A strong stand was made by the enemy's skirmishers in a swamp near which a stone milepost bore record, "10 miles to Manchester." Here our troops were deployed and made to occupy an elevation overlooking the swamp. Although the woods prevented our view, it was evident that there was elevated ground beyond, on which it seemed probable the enemy in some force was posted. The skirmish line was strengthened, and yet we knew from the sound of the firing that it was not advancing. Something must be done. "General Burnham's brigade is ordered to charge the swamp," said an aide of General Brooks. We moved down the slope in line of battle and were soon struggling through the creepers and tangled, prickly vines common to Southern swamps. Fallen trees, mire and bogs combined to break our ranks, making frequent "dressings" necessary. We passed our skirmish line, each man "strategically" posted behind some log or tree. The "Johnnies" saw something earnest in our movement and retired to their reserves. Several volleys were fired at us from the hill beyond, but the bullets passed over our heads.

The 10th New Hampshire, on our extreme left, became detached from the brigade line and in advance of it. Supposing they had swung to the left, they changed direction obliquely to the right and soon took the enemy in flank. They made the best of their





### COLOR GUARD 118th NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS INFANTRY

Each man was at least six feet tall, commanded by Color Sergeant Joseph A. Hastings, 6 feet 6 inches.





position, gave a cheer, and swept across our front, routing the enemy beautifully! The "Rebs" didn't understand this maneuver, neither did the 10th, for they were surprised to find themselves on the right and occupying a line perpendicular, to that of the brigade. They were pleased to know, however, that their blunder was the "big thing" of this "swamp campaign."

General Burnham, who rode along the road till passing the worst part of the swamp, rode into it, but in advance of our skirmishers. He was at once made a target by the enemy, and while making uneasy glances for the brigade, one of our skirmishers hallooed to him that he was beyond our lines. "I believe ye!" was the response, as he came back to the brigade. Other troops now came up and formed on our right and left. We advanced to within sight of the enemy's outer works, but will probably not attack them to-night. The pioneers are searching for and burying the dead. Our regimental loss has been light. Sergeant Kent, Company B, was killed on the skirmish line to-night and buried just in rear.

The day has been disagreeable in the extreme, rainy and chilly, and what rest we get to-night will be in soaking clothes, and without the friendly warmth of a fire—for a fire would reveal our whereabouts. A large force of our cavalry has passed our left, supposedly for the Danville railroad. We miss our coffee to-night, although some made a little fire, shading it with brush, and boiled a few cups of this glorious drink. We like our coffee always, and our pork and "hardtack" when we have nothing better. In this we seem to differ from the knights-errant of song and story, of whom Hudibras writes:

Unless they grazed, there's not one word  
Of their provision on record;  
Which made some confidently write,  
They had no stomachs but to fight.

*May 13.* Rest last night was out of question. Beds were too damp and there was too much noise "round the house," picket firing and shelling being kept up by both sides. The day is more pleasant than yesterday. We have advanced very little. We do not know what makes any delay necessary, unless our mission simply be to "amuse" the enemy, while our cavalry inflicts some damage upon his communications. It is evident that the enemy has succeeded in collecting his loose forces from North and South Carolina and elsewhere, and has put them with Beauregard. We ought to have prevented this. The news from Grant tells of hard fighting and of advances.



*May 14.* We have charged and captured the enemy's strong outer line of works, without severe loss. They consist of rifle-pits, redoubts and batteries. It seems to us that they might have been successfully defended. It is not certain that the 10th Corps has carried the enemy's right. No move has been made since the carrying of the works. Although we have the works, they will be of little defense for us against the enemy, unless made over to face him. Our regiment of its own accord has cut a standing place, or banquette, along the ditch, wide enough for one rank only, reached by logs of wood and fence rails laid as foot-bridges in places. In our front is a much stronger line of works, occupied by the enemy and mounting guns. Shelling has been kept up all day; one shell tore the head of Sergeant George B. Place, Company K, from his body, and caused a shudder on those who witnessed his death.

*May 15.* Sunday — with “nary” a church-going bell. Though we have enjoyed comparative silence, it has lacked the serenity we have felt on Sundays at home. Rained last night and nearly all day, so we are very “moist.” Our regiment has been trying to better the works along our front for our defense; arranging more foot-ways over the ditch and building such traverses as we could without picks or spades. A soldier does these things instinctively, after having experienced the benefit of works and their protecting virtue. We wonder that tools have not been given and orders issued to turn the works completely for our protection. The wonder is the greater, as orders have been issued to the Quartermasters to bring not only camp equipage to the front, but to establish issuing depots on this line. Surely we should prepare to defend. Rumor says that General Smith (“Baldy”) insists on fortifying, and that General Butler declares it unnecessary, because the enemy is acting on the defensive, and is expecting us to attack. General Brooks directed us to string telegraph wire in front of our line to-night, so as to tangle advancing troops. We have done so, but Heckman's brigade on our right has not.

Heckman's brigade forms the extreme right of our line, and his right rests within about a mile of the James, the intermediate space being eked out with a few posts of colored cavalry. Soldiers who have been to the James to-day express surprise that our right should be so exposed, and the matter is much discussed. Some anxiety pervades the regiment to-night, for it is understood that our brigade will be in a charging column against the enemy works in our front — in the morning. The enemy has put in additional guns and reinforcements and strengthened his works. We can







see that they are busy over there. These matters are talked over by the soldiers with an intelligence and judgment which would do credit to a council of war. It is, however, enough for them to know that they charge in the morning.

Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
... though they knew  
Some one had blundered.

There is a jolly crew of officers at the large brick mansion, in rear of our line to-night; but they are all high in rank and we must not intrude. It is the headquarters of Generals Butler, Smith, Brooks, Burnham and others, who with their staffs make quite a party. An accidental discharge of a gun to-day killed Myron A. Arnold, of Company C, and wounded his brother. Some of our baggage has been brought up to-day and commissary stores are arriving. It is evidently not the intention of the commanding General to fall back — certainly not!

*May 16.* This date should be written in indelible ink instead of pencil to give some semblance of its probable deep and lasting record in our memory. The most depressing page so far in our regimental history may be written now.

We stood to arms this morning at 3 o'clock. A heavy fog filled the atmosphere and shut out all view beyond a few paces. The breaking day did not seem to much enlarge our visual area. Before sunrise we noticed troops approaching, but they seemed to be our own. The commander of a section of Belger's Battery, on the right of our Brigade, was told to send canister through a ravine in front. A few shots made the approaching troops lie down, but a staff officer came up and directed the firing to cease, saying they were our pickets. This report communicated itself along the line, until many officers ordered their men to cease firing. We received no orders of any kind outside our regimental officers. Captain Ransom, Company I, impatient at the hesitation, sprang upon the works and fired his revolver at the approaching men, but the last of his five shots had hardly been fired when he fell, shot through the arm and lungs. Other officers became equally confident of the character of the approaching troops, and the hesitation which the fog and the report that they were our pickets coming in, had caused, was now over, and a rain of lead was poured into them. The first rank stumbled over the telegraph wire in our front, and those following after, over them, breaking their ranks and creating confusion. Some threw down their guns, came in and were sent to the rear, prisoners.



Many of our men had been killed and wounded, but the living were cheerful and we felt that we must hold our line. But the line was giving way on our right. Heckman's Brigade seemed to have fallen back, and we were beginning to receive an enfilading and rear fire. The 8th Connecticut on our immediate right was being doubled back, company by company. Still no orders from Brigade or Division headquarters. We used our incomplete and improvised traverses and found them of some service, and at one time the enemy in our front seemed to be checked. But the enemy was surrounding us, and now so near as to be reached with our bayonets, with hand-to-hand encounters. This was destruction, and company commanders directed each man to act for himself in getting to the rear. Some started immediately; others continued to fire. The wounded begged not to be left on the field, and many a man met his death in trying to save a comrade from a worse fate—a rebel prison. One gallant officer, Lieutenant Adams, seized the colors and shouted, "Rally 'round the flag of the 118th!" But no use to rally. There are too many of the enemy on front and flank—too many brave fellows lying in yonder ditch—to make further defense reasonable. With a desultory firing, all who could fell back out of rifle range, although still reached by the enemy's artillery, and our pitiful remnant of a regiment was re-formed.

The enemy, discouraged by the severity of their loss, or content with their success, did not follow us, but gave continuous evidence of their animosity by shelling our new position.

We kept up a show of front till most of our wounded were got to the rear, then gradually fell back, and at night to our camp, there to learn the terrible truth that the 118th casualties totaled 173, including 11 officers—killed, wounded and missing! We also found that we had captured nearly as many prisoners as we had men left in the regiment! It is a reasonable conclusion that the 118th punished the enemy to a greater degree than it itself suffered. No regiment in the battle had a better or longer chance at them. Heckman's Brigade—the right of the line—was surprised, flanked before they were aware. At one time that entire Brigade were prisoners, but in the fog and confusion some escaped. Their commander was not so fortunate. Our Brigade after the hesitation consequent upon the doubt whether friends or foes were approaching and afterwards whether they desired to surrender or not, kept up a steady and effective fire.

Among the prisoners taken to-day was a staff captain, who, riding up to a lieutenant of our regiment confusedly inquired







where Walker's (rebel) Brigade was. A pistol was pointed at his head with the assurance that he must dismount. Seeing his predicament, he coolly replied, "I will not trouble you to shoot," and dismounted.

Long lines of ambulances have been conveying the wounded to the rear all day; many men died in the woods, many more died on the way to the base hospital, and others died there. Our officers killed are the gallant Lieutenant Stevenson, Company F, killed while trying to take his twice wounded Captain Livingston off the field, and Captain John S. Stone, Company K. Captain Stone was a Presbyterian clergyman when he enlisted. Known to be wounded: Lieutenant Wing, Company E and Adjutant Carter, both in the enemy's hands; Lieutenant Colonel Nichols, Captains Livingston and Ransom and Lieutenant Treadway in our hands. The fate of Captains Dennis Stone and Pierce and Lieutenants Pitt and Sherman is unknown.\*

While the severest fighting was early in the morning, it continued more or less during most of the day. We were compelled to retire some distance from our position in the captured outer line of the enemy's fortifications, where the "remains" of our brigade re-formed and made a stand, and while the enemy was badly confused by losses and breaking up of organizations, they kept us aware of their uncomfortable "near-by-ness" all day. It was plain, too, that they were re-forming and preparing for further aggressiveness. We had had no opportunity during the day for anything like a meal, just "nibbling" from our haversacks. Weary with the strenuities, excitement and work of the day, we were indeed a benumbed remnant of what we were in the morning. Many were suffering from wounds too slight to justify going to the rear or hospital. A soaking rain came on in the afternoon and continued for most of the night, adding to our unhappiness.

Ours is a solemn, sad and silent camp. Tears are seen trickling down the faces of those who have to-day proved that they were brave men. They miss comrades of many a march, camp, bivouac and picket post — perhaps a father, son or brother. There is no relation of adventure or of hairbreadth escapes; no brag or

\* Lieutenant Wing was mortally wounded, taken prisoner and died at Richmond May 17 or 18; buried in Oakwood Cemetery, his body afterwards removed to Glens Falls.

Adjutant Carter lost his right arm, was taken prisoner, afterwards paroled and mustered out of service. Lieutenant Sherman wounded in foot, captured and paroled.

Captains Dennis Stone and Pierce and Lieutenant Pitt were taken prisoners and later paroled.



self-glorification. The men who were left as camp guard and others able to do so, are hard at work with spade, pick and shovel, while the occasional rattle of the picket fire tells us that the enemy is after us. But despite this and the hellish scenes of the day, tired nature must yield to sleep, and who knows but dreams of friends and peaceful scenes may make us doubt which is the dream and which the reality.

To-night an officer of our Brigade said: "I do not count myself a coward, but I have felt that I am by no means a brave man and have really doubted my ability to face danger. It, therefore, means much to me that I did my duty to-day, and I am now thinking that duty is a compelling, independent instinct, for to-day I had no thought of danger to myself, only of what I was there for."

My interpretation of his "instinct" theory is that he had discovered that he was duty-proof in spite of his modest otherwise belief, and that is genuine bravery. True courage is mostly that fine quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.

One of our officers, whom I count as a brave man, said to me, "It is about all I can do to keep others from finding out what a d——d coward I am."

This is an exaggeration of the truth that thoughtful soldiers require nerve to meet recognized danger, a quality of courage which reckless dare-devils know nothing of.

To-night when I thought all were asleep except myself I heard a young man say to another lying with him: "Jim, if I ever get home again I don't believe I'm ever going to love any country any more."

*May 17.* Visited the 18th Corps Base Hospital at Point of Rocks. The change which war makes along its march could be plainly seen here. This beautiful spot, which seemed such a paradise a few days ago, now looks a barren, dusty waste. Wagon and ambulance trains are parked upon it, with hospital and other tents in all directions. All the verdant beauty of this place when we first saw it has disappeared — dust covers everything. The horrors of war are now centered here with its mutilated, dead and dying fruitage.

The ever present Christian Commission with many a delicacy for indifferent appetites and many a comfort for the suffering is doing service.

A detail was digging grave trenches in a garden. A long row is already tenanted and now and then a stretcher arrives with its





lifeless burden to add to the uncoffined men who have toiled and suffered, dared and died for their country.

Down by a hedge was quite a pile of amputated arms and legs, torn hands and shattered feet, waiting burial.

There are occasional groans, some cries as pain becomes unbearable in silence and some delirious raving; but on the whole there is a solemn quietness.

A soldier with a badly shattered thumb and finger was told by a surgeon that both would have to be amputated and was directed to lie on the ground to be chloroformed.

He said, "I ain't goin' to take no chloroform. Go ahead, I can stand it."

He was told that the little operation would be very painful, but he still refused chloroform. The members were amputated, and while he showed evidence of much pain, he stoically endured it.

"Well," said the surgeon, "you have such splendid nerve you ought to be a surgeon."

"Oh, I've practiced it some," he replied.

"I thought as much," said the surgeon.

"Yes," drawled the man, "I was in the butcher business several years!"

This was such a "good one" on the surgeon that he couldn't help laughing with others who heard it, in spite of the solemn surroundings.

A fair-faced boy kept asking in his delirium why his mother did not come, and there was that in his wild look that indicated his wonder why one who had always responded to his need should be absent now. He was dying and a few minutes before he died a smile came over his pallid face as he tried to reach out his arms, saying just above a whisper: "There she is! There she is! Mother, Mother, I knew you'd come!" and with the smile remaining, he died.

Take these suffering men as a whole, many knowing that they are mortally hurt, there is a resignation, a patient waiting for treatment and silent endurance that were pitifully heroic; confederate gray and Union blue, side by side, forgetting all in their common fate; for our wounded prisoners are receiving the same treatment as our own men.

Our regiment is more largely represented here than any other, and several who escaped hurt are helping overworked surgeons, service that they would not have the nerve to endure under ordinary circumstances.

The wounded and sick are lying on the ground, perhaps an



army blanket under them and only a canvas cover above them — some lying in the shade of trees.

Two hospital steamers are lying under the river bank, being loaded with those having received the best treatment that can be given here, and will sail to-night for Hampton Hospital, Fortress Monroe, but many will not live to arrive.

It seems as if all the awfulness of yesterday's battle is gathered at this hospital; but there are the dead rudely buried where they fell; the wounded and others in the enemy's hands; the same things in the experience of the enemy, and, by no means least, the broken hearts, bereaved affection and agony of soul as the awful particulars reach soldiers' homes, North and South.

## REGIMENTAL CASUALTIES AT DRURY'S BLUFF

May 16, 1864

- <sup>1</sup> Captured and not heard from up to time of our muster out of service; supposed to have died in prison.
- <sup>2</sup> Wounded, captured and died from wounds soon after at Richmond, Va.
- <sup>3</sup> Captured, perhaps wounded, died in prison.
- <sup>4</sup> Captured and exchanged or paroled.

Supposed to be quite complete and correct, but not wholly so.

### FIELD AND STAFF

*Wounded:* Lieutenant Colonel George F. Nichols, side, slight; Adjutant John L. Carter, lost arm and captured;<sup>4</sup> Sergeant Major Robert W. Turner, foot, slight.

### COMPANY A

*Killed:* John Balfour, Jr., John H. Hall, De Estang Johnson, Joseph Granger, Henry W. Persons.

*Wounded:* Andrew J. Brunigin, died of wound; Charles F. Copeland, severely; Hubbard W. Goodwin, head; William Hartman, finger; Peter Hamel, slight; George R. Thayer, shoulder; John S. Shippy, leg; William H. Groom, died.

*Missing:* Amos Collins;<sup>2</sup> Adelbert Andrews.<sup>1</sup>

### COMPANY B

*Killed:* Sergeant Wesley Kent, Lewis Brothers, Albert Van Buskirk, Lyman Manley, Joseph Casavah, William Cox.

*Wounded:* Lieutenant James S. Garrett, slight; Henry Fifield, leg and head; Frank Casavah, severely and captured;<sup>1</sup> Frank





Hulgate, hand; William S. Burk, thigh and captured;<sup>1</sup> John Emery, hand; Allen Case, foot; Charles W. Harmon, neck; James Nolan, thigh; Lewis Lafayette, arm and thigh; Joseph Lapiere, Jr., arm; Darius McFadden, slight; John Casavah, hip.

*Missing:* Daniel C. Brown,<sup>3</sup> Frank La Joe,<sup>3</sup> James Reay.<sup>2</sup>

#### COMPANY C

*Killed:* Eli F. Arnold, Erastus W. Leavitt.

*Wounded:* Norman H. Arnold, slight; John S. Owens, breast; Sergeant Artemas W. Fay, slight; George H. Kent, severely; Zopher C. Rich, slight; Joseph La Moy, shoulder.

*Missing:* Captain James H. Pierce.<sup>4</sup>

#### COMPANY D

*Killed:* Hiram Brown.

*Wounded:* Sergeant Charles W. Higley, leg and arm; Reuben W. Mead, slight; Warren S. Wickham, hand; Eugene Bell, hip; John Calkins, arm; Oscar O. Duel, leg; Hiram F. Dutton;<sup>2</sup> Henry Flansburgh, head and arm; James McCormick, slight; Joseph Shortsleeves, side; Mallory Tripp, cheek; Martin Russell, arm; Alonzo Terrell, side.

*Missing:* Sergeant William C. Duel,<sup>2</sup> Lewis Bartlett,<sup>3</sup> Anthony Miller,<sup>1</sup> Carmi Brown,<sup>2</sup> Joel Brown.<sup>1</sup>

#### COMPANY E

*Killed:* George W. Avery, Sylvester Sanborn, Orvis E. Walton.

*Wounded:* Lieutenant Edgar M. Wing;<sup>2</sup> James O. Braley, side; Daniel H. Braley, eye; Wesley Barton, slight; Edwin M. Dailey, eye; Julius Neddo, arm; Collis H. Smith, head; Joseph Wickham, died of wound; George Farnett, slight; John McAuley, hand; John Williams, slight.

*Missing:* Daniel L. French,<sup>3</sup> Frank Gonio,<sup>4</sup> Mitchell Fernett,<sup>1</sup> George W. Burns.<sup>4</sup>

#### COMPANY F

*Killed:* Lieutenant William H. Stevenson, Crosby Groff, Hiram Sargent.

*Wounded:* Captain Robert W. Livingston, shoulder, leg and foot, severely; Lewis Morse, slight; Silas S. Flagg, slight; Benjamin D. Shehan, shoulder; Joseph D. Hardy, hip; George W. Miller, died; John Kilborn, died.



*Missing:* Oakley H. Smith,<sup>2</sup> Mitchell Carte,<sup>3</sup> Leverrette Howard,<sup>1</sup> Albert M. Conger,<sup>4</sup> William D. Huff,<sup>2</sup> Robert D. Eastman,<sup>1</sup> Henry C. Westcott,<sup>1</sup> Samuel L. Mayo.<sup>3</sup>

## COMPANY G

*Killed:* Sergeant Roswell Walsh, John A. Grimes, Lewis Aldrich, Charles C. Sexton.

*Wounded:* John Bennett, arm; William H. Gates, foot; Martin Grandy, hand; Benjamin F. W. Monroe, hand; Lewis McRae, face; Jonathan C. Noltan, hand; William H. Parkis, body; Benjamin B. Perry, thigh; William S. Taylor, head; Charles Fenton, head; Martin Gardner, hip.

*Missing:* Captain Dennis Stone,<sup>4</sup> David Bullis,<sup>2</sup> Richard Bills.<sup>2</sup>

## COMPANY H

*Killed:* Phillip Miller, William Mason, Samuel Lavarney.

*Wounded:* Sergeant Thomas Timmons, shoulder; Paul Carter, face; Joseph Gough, died of wound; James June, face; Frank Johnson, hand; William Miner, mouth, severely; Lewis Mattoon, slight; Lucius Yataw, died; Adolphus Serrell, slight; Francis Benway, face; Thomas Fordham, body; John Hays, legs.

*Missing:* Lieutenant James H. Pitt,<sup>4</sup> Melvin Harris,<sup>2</sup> Samuel J. Moore,<sup>1</sup> Enoch Cline.<sup>2</sup>

## COMPANY I

*Killed:* John Kennedy, Richard D. Parks, Michael Prior.

*Wounded:* Captain Henry S. Ransom, arm and lung, arm amputated; Miles E. B. Ransom, head; George H. Nichols, head; Theopolus Welcome, hand; Peter Hammel, hand.

*Missing:* Henry Gonya, Jr.,<sup>1</sup> Silas Ashley.<sup>4</sup>

## COMPANY K

*Killed:* Captain John S. Stone, Franklin W. Moore, John Putnam, Myron A. Arnold.

*Wounded:* Casper M. Baker, arm and leg; Henry Blood, wrist; Mark Devins, hand; William M. Moore, leg; Michael Wells, legs; Albert McDonough, hand; Lewis S. Mattoon, shoulder; Joseph Gooseberry, arm.

*Missing:* Lieutenant Sam Sherman, wounded,<sup>4</sup> Silas Demo,<sup>2</sup> Charles H. White,<sup>2</sup> Edwin S. Snell,<sup>1</sup> Ezra Paro.<sup>1</sup>







CAPTAIN  
ROBERT W. LIVINGSTON



CAPTAIN  
EDWARD RIGGS



We will leave our diary narrative for a few words concerning this battle in the light of afterwards.

Drury's Bluff — also called "Drewry's" — was distinctly one of the sanguinary battles of the Civil War. As it occurred while the greater battles of the Army of the Potomac were being fought and as it was a defeat, not much was said about it at the time.

The battle line was some four miles long, reaching from the James to the Appomattox, with about 20,000 troops on each side. Our line consisted of the 18th Corps under Major General "Baldy" Smith, on our right, and the 10th Corps under Major General Gilmore, on our left. Not all of these Corps were in line, the division of General Ames of about 5,000 being at Walthall Junction, Hinks' division of 5,000 at City Point and about 3,000 being left in the Bermuda Hundred entrenchments.

The battle was fought by the 18th Corps and severest in front of our, Brooks', division. The right of our brigade rested on the Petersburg Pike, connecting with Heckman's Brigade. As that brigade was surprised and practically captured, we were subject to a front, flank and rear fire in a dense fog, occasioning a serious "mix-up" of ourselves and even with the enemy, which was hinderingly embarrassing, and it is a wonder that we fought so long and escaped so well.

The attack was wisely planned by the enemy, Jefferson Davis himself participating in the planning, and had the plan been fully carried out the whole Army of the James would have been put out of business.

There were blunders. Our right was not protected, only a straggling force reaching from Heckman's Brigade to the James, so that that flank was easily turned. There was neglect in making our defensive works what they might have been. The largest failure in the Confederate plan was that of the Beauregard's right wing under General Whiting, who was to move against our 10th Corps when he heard firing on his left at Drury's Bluff. The woods, or the wind, or both, or Providence, prevented his hearing what was tremendously noisy to us, and Whiting did nothing, thus permitting us to get the help of our 10th Corps, which, however, did not become engaged to any extent.

In the attack that morning were the enemy commands of Generals Ransom, Gracie, Lewis, Terry, Fry, Hoke, Colquit and others — the two leading brigades, Gracie and Terry, suffered severe loss.

According to Badeau's Tabular Statement, the best data we know of, the Federal loss in this brief battle was 390 officers and





enlisted men killed, 1,721 wounded and 1,390 missing — total 3,501.

General Beauregard reported his casualties as 354 officers and men killed, 1,610 wounded and 220 missing — total 2,184. Total casualties on both sides 5,684, which is a large aggregate for so short a time of actual battle and a very large percentage of the number engaged.

Because of its position our regiment captured quite all the Confederate prisoners taken, and it was pleasant to observe that the moment a prisoner surrendered, all animosity ceased and he was protected and cared for as a friend and comrade, almost considered a guest of honor!

We also lost one battery of three or four guns, and four or five stands of colors — those of regiments constituting Heckman's Brigade captured first off in the fight.

It was a lost battle and of more significance than that; the Army of the James had lost its splendid opportunity.

It is unfair to criticize a campaign after we know all about the conditions which during its operation were unknown; but it seems an unpleasant fact that the Army of the James was not as promptly aggressive and persistent as it ought to have been. The actions at Port Walthall, Chester Station, Swift Creek, and so forth, if continued and resolutely pushed, would have revealed the then weakness of the defending force and Petersburg might have been an easy capture during the first few days after our landing at Bermuda Hundred.

The Army of the James was given a fine opportunity for "doing things" and large expectations were justified; but following Drury's Bluff the army became, as General Grant so aptly expressed it, "bottled up" — incapable of enterprise in its then location.

The "Up the James" was but one of the coöperating campaigns of the "Battle Years" of 1864-65, — all being in fact one great campaign, planned by General Grant to end the war.

There were unhappy failures in parts of the "Great Plan" and this of the Army of the James was a large one of them. But all these failures proved only costly delays.

#### A DRURY'S BLUFF STORY

As already noted, one of the prisoners captured by the enemy in the battle of Drury's Bluff was Lieutenant Edgar M. Wing. He enlisted in Company A of Glens Falls and was promoted to a lieutenancy in Company E. He was mortally wounded and left on the field. As a prisoner of war he was visited by a Captain Hendrick of a South Carolina regiment. Both belonged to the



Masonic fraternity, which becoming known, the Confederate officer asked Lieutenant Wing, who had but a short time to live, what he could do for him. Wing gave him his watch and sword — both presents from his father and both inscribed with a memorandum of the gift — asking that they be in some way returned to his father. The Confederate fellow-mason said that he could probably care for the watch, but the sword belonged to the “spoils of war”; but he would try and get permission to retain it and try to return it as requested. He made Wing’s last hours as comfortable as he could and secured permission to retain the sword.

The watch he afterwards handed to a Union prisoner about to be exchanged with promise that the prisoner would try and have it reach Lieutenant Wing’s father, but it never reached Judge Wing. The exchanged prisoner may have died; the watch may have been lost or stolen, or it may have been kept by its custodian.

Later on Captain Hendrick visited his family in Charleston, S. C., taking Wing’s sword with him. He told its story to his wife and daughter, the latter but a child, yet much interested. Her father left the sword, particularly charging his little daughter with its care until it could be returned. She received the charge seriously and felt the obligation of the trust.

When General Sherman marched north from Savannah, Charleston people felt sure that because of that city’s prominence in the rebellion, Sherman would delight in its capture; so there was a large migration from Charleston to supposed safer localities.

The Hendrick family gathering their valuables, including Wing’s sword, went to Columbia, S. C.

Sherman, knowing that Charleston would be practically captured by passing its rear, moved along a route which took in Columbia, so that the Hendricks had left Charleston to avoid Sherman and put themselves in his way at Columbia.

As Sherman approached Columbia, some of its people and refugees removed farther into the interior, and others buried their valuables and waited results.

The Hendricks buried their silver, etc., and the sword, under the porch of their dwelling, where it remained undisturbed as Sherman went “marching on.” The Hendricks and the sword went back to Charleston.

The war ended, officer Hendrick had been killed, I believe, and his family went to friends in New Orleans, storing their household goods and the sword in Charleston. After a few years they returned to Charleston and the sword reminded Miss Hendrick, now a young lady, of the trust committed to her by her father.

The sword had the name of Lieutenant Wing and the designation of his regiment engraved upon its hilt. Miss Hendrick began a correspondence. She learned from Albany that the 118th was raised in Essex, Clinton and Warren counties, and she wrote to the postmasters of the principal places in these counties, including Glens Falls, inquiring for relatives of Lieutenant Wing.

I remember very well when Postmaster Van Cott (Glens Falls) brought that letter to me and the pleasure it gave us in advising the Wing family.







Miss Angie Wing, sister of Lieutenant Wing, wrote Miss Hendrick inviting her to visit her and bring the sword. The invitation was accepted, and these ladies became fast friends.

To go a little further with this story. Later on, a gathering of Warren County Veterans encamped for a few days at Lake George, opposite Fernwood Cottage, on the Bolton Road, Postmaster Van Cott of Glens Falls, President of the Warren County Veterans' Association, in command.

One afternoon Hon. F. A. Johnson addressed the encamped veterans and told the story of Lieutenant Wing's sword. The occupants of Fernwood Cottage, from piazza and open windows, could plainly hear Mr. Johnson's address. Shortly after his address he was told that a lady boarding at the cottage wished to see him. He called and met the now Mrs. Sinclair, who with her husband were on their honeymoon trip. She had heard Mr. Johnson's story and being its heroine desired to thank him for his pleasant mention of her part in returning the "Sword of Drury's Bluff."

The fact of her being at the cottage became current among the veterans, and they insisted on some sort of recognition of the lady's fidelity. Commander Van Cott was embarrassed — did not know just how to satisfy the veterans and in no wise offend the lady. He drove down from Lake George the next morning and insisted that I return with him and help him meet the situation. As we returned, the veterans fired a small howitzer a few times and seemed very much excited.

We decided to call on the lady and consult her wishes. We told her how interested the veterans were, how much they wished to honor her, to meet her, etc. She was very agreeable and willing to join in any plan we might propose. It was decided that the veterans come over and form in front of the cottage, that I should rehearse the story, that she make reply and the veterans be permitted to pass by and take her hand. She consented, but said that neither she nor her husband could undertake a reply, but she would ask a friend of hers, a Mr. Fuller of New York, to do so. All this was done with many hearty cheers and evidences of enthusiastic appreciation.

To conclude the "celebration" the veterans were formed in a semi-circle on the lawn, and a photograph was taken with her in the center of the group. The photograph was called "An Angel of Peace," and many copies were sold by the enterprising photographer. The *New York Tribune* of a few days later published nearly a full column, giving the story of the sword and of the Lake George incident, interestingly told, probably written by Mrs. Sinclair's friend, Mr. Fuller, who had so excellently responded for her to the veterans.

*May 18.* Our brigade moved to-day about one hundred rods to a new position in the fortifications. We are slashing the woods along our front and others are strengthening the works, which are becoming the finest we have seen since we left Fort Ethan Allen. The enemy is also doing the same thing. Sharp-shooting, or "sniping," continues and artillery occasionally joins in, but with little effect.



*May 19.* Spades are "trumps"; but rains have made mud of our digging, putting newly made roads in bad condition and keeping our clothing soaked. We are located on ground high enough for good drainage, so are better off than those on lower ground. Soldiering, stripped of its glamour, romance, battle excitement and patriotism; estimated from its mud, dirt, vermin and fatigue; its periods of burning heat, shivering cold and misery of rain; thought of with ranks depleted by disease and conflict deprived of civilian privileges and civic influence; recognizing the much that is brutish in it — well, soldiering and war, considered in an *ex parte* abstract sort of way, is depressingly repulsive. This kind of thinking came to me last night in the darkness and lonesomeness when I ought to have been sleeping and dreaming of military glory.

*May 20.* There was considerable noise last night from artillery and rifles and we were up and ready quite all night.

The advance rifle-pits on our right, on General Ames' front and a part of Terry's, were captured this morning, and a sharp fight ensued to regain them, unsuccessfully on Ames' front. On Terry's front Colonel Howell's Brigade gallantly retook the works, but with severe loss; many killed and wounded. The loss to the enemy must have been at least equally great and included the serious wounding and capture of their commander, General Walker.

We have again moved our camp about half a mile to the right.

*May 21.* Forts, gunboats and entrenchments kept up firing through most of last night and we were "under arms" till morning.

*May 22. Sunday.* The morning service was one of the "roaringest" kind. At about 10 o'clock the more than usual quiet was broken by volleys of musketry and heavy artillery fire. A general attack has been expected, and we thought that this was its beginning. Our batteries opened from right to left and soon the deep bass of the gunboat guns joined in the chorus. The enemy, either satisfied of the uselessness of the attempt, or not intending anything serious made but a feeble charge. We lost some prisoners and many wounded, while quite a number of prisoners were taken by us. A caisson belonging to a nearby battery exploded killing and wounding several artillerymen.

*May 26.* Our works are slowly approaching completeness: two lines of abattis, well laid, bristle along our front; redoubts have been thrown up in advance of the main line, while a chain of interior works has been laid out. The magnitude of the works certifies to the industry of the troops.







Two regiments under Colonel Dutton (21st Connecticut) supported by our Brigade, reconnoitered the enemy's position to-day. Colonel Dutton was mortally wounded. He was of the Regular Engineers and a gallant young officer. Most of the troops of the 18th Corps have orders to prepare for a move in the morning. As we can't get out in front, we shall likely undertake some flank or rear movement.

General Butler has issued an order prohibiting the sale of whiskey by commissaries to officers of a greater amount than one gallon per month, and this only on orders approved by Division commanders. Four quarts per month, however, is a big allowance of raw "commissary." Rations of whiskey are just now issued to the men. They say, "swallowing it suggests the idea of a 'wide awake' torch-light procession going down the throat." Very little intemperance has been noticed during this campaign, though there are unquestionably some officers who differ from Sardanapalus, whom Byron makes say:

The goblet I reserve for hours of love,  
But war on water.

*May 27.* This morning the 118th moved from its place in the entrenchments to a large field in rear, about a mile from Bermuda Hundred landing. Inspections were made and deficiencies in arms and munitions supplied.

The sick and unfit for strenuous duty were left in the entrenchments. Our regiment now numbers scarcely one-half of what it did twenty days ago. It is evident that we are going to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. The force we are with consists of some 16,000 infantry, sixteen guns and a squadron of cavalry, all under command of General "Baldy" Smith and called the 18th Corps, although the command includes portions of Ames' and Devens' divisions of the 10th Corps.

It is supposed that General Butler is left with some 10,000 infantry and 3,000 or 4,000 cavalry, and the artillery in the fortifications, to hold the Bermuda Hundred front and City Point.

*May 29.* Took transports at Bermuda Hundred and started down the James. Generals Devens and Burnham are with our regiment on steamer *Geo. Leary*. Our route was a reversion of that of the 4th and 5th inst., to Yorktown, then on up the York River to West Point, where we entered the tortuous Pamunkey again. It was frequently the case that vessels of our fleet seemed to meet each other and to pass each other within a stone's throw and yet all were going up this crooked river. When we first went up this river with Dix's expedition in 1863, we were fairly puzzled



by this narrow, twisting, sluggish stream. Its banks are so low that the steamers seemed gliding over land. We moved with some caution, fearing enemy mines and torpedoes.

*May 30.* White House was reached at noon. The roar of artillery is heard in the direction of Hanover Court House. Orders are to be ready to march at 8 A.M., but for some reason did not start till 5 P.M. We were pushed forward, but by some mistake in orders received by General Smith we marched several weary unnecessary miles and lost some time in arriving where we were much needed, at Cold Harbor. It was an all-night, hot, forced, dusty and fatiguing march, with fears that the enemy might know of our coming and undertake to cut us off.

*June 1.* This forenoon we began to mingle with the Army of the Potomac. They were just as tired, dirty and ragged as ourselves, and just as cheerful. They welcomed us with cheers, and as soon as it was known that Burnham commanded our Brigade, Brooks our Division, and "Baldy" Smith our Corps, we were again cheered. Burnham, Brooks and Smith were "household words" in the Potomac Army — names which that army still claimed as a part of its fame. We related our past month's experience, while they told us the thrilling stories of Spottsylvania, The Wilderness war-path, Totopotomoy and the bloody North Anna.

The activity of artillery in our front proved the enemy sufficiently near, while the rapid movements of brigades and divisions indicated formation for attack. It was soon known that an attack was to be made by the 6th Corps (Wright's) and ours. Our forced all-night, hot and dusty march from White House rather unfitted us, yet we felt anxious to prove ourselves to the veterans under Grant and Meade.

We had little time to rest, for we were soon ordered into position and advanced to within range of the enemy's guns. Tired as we were, we gained enthusiasm as we advanced, and by the time we began to hear the "zip," "zip" of minnies, the excitement made us forget our "tired feeling."

We found the main line of the enemy's entrenchments some fourteen hundred yards distant, with his entrenched picket line some three hundred yards nearer. There was some open ground between us, well covered by the enemy's artillery.

There were delays; but at six o'clock our Corps with the 6th, charged under a heavy enemy artillery and rifle fire, captured the enemy's advanced entrenchments with about 250 prisoners and reached close to his main line. Here the fire was so furious







that we fell back under cover of woods and began entrenching our position. In this short time our 18th Corps lost over 1000 killed and wounded, but our regiment suffered little. Do not know what the 6th Corps loss was, but it must have been as large. Thus commenced the bloody Battle of Cold Harbor.

It would be vain to give any description of that "hell of scene and sound" upon which the sun of to-day set. The very earth trembled under what did not seem the work of man alone. The whole night was a series of furious attacks on the part of the enemy to regain what he had lost; but the morning found us the more strongly entrenched. Some idea of the storm of bullets can be obtained when it is said that many trees six or eight inches through, were so perforated with bullets as to be easily pushed over; in one case a tree actually fell — cut down by bullets. The work of the shell and solid shot could be traced in every direction by the shattered limbs, trees and torn earth.

Our entrenchments are so shallow that we had to lie down behind them for protection, and men were killed and wounded behind them.

*June 2.* The 2d Corps, Hancock's, is arriving and forming on the left of the 6th, which is on our left, so that our corps forms the right in our sector of the battle line. It is another scorching day and wherever troops or wagons move the dust hangs in clouds and settles upon everything — all uniforms look alike and all foliage dust covered.

The assault to-day, in our section of the field, was by our Corps and the 2d and 6th. We advanced under a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the well-entrenched enemy. We carried the advance rifle-pits, but the fire grew more fierce and a cross-fire of artillery swept through from the right of our corps to the left of Hancock's. Notwithstanding this destructive fire we went close up to the main line of entrenchments, but not being able to carry them, fell back to our morning position.

The loss has been heavy, especially of brigade and regimental commanders. The severest part of the fighting was over in an hour, but the loss in the three corps exceeded 4,000 killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy, fighting behind entrenchments, was, of course, much less.

*June 3.* We are under constant fire, but have some protection from our hastily improvised trenches. Yesterday afternoon it commenced to rain and with little intermission continued through the night, much to our comfort and especially to the comfort of the wounded on the field, for it laid the dust, and wet clothing had



a cooling effect. Many wounded are lying between the lines and to try and reach them is to dare death, yet many were brought in during the night at that risk.

The enemy's entrenchments have become so strong and so fully manned as to seem unassailable; and yet they are to be again tried! Troops were massed in our rear and a charge was made over our position. The first column marched over us to the assault and they fairly melted under the enemy's direct and cross-fire. Many wounded crawled back to our line, some dying as they were pulled into our trenches. We saw here more of the most horrible wounds we have ever seen.

The second column moved over us to the assault with the same result. We felt convinced that the attempt was useless. But orders came to us to participate in a third charge. Major Pruyn, commanding our regiment, who had been slightly wounded, addressed the regiment in pertinent and manly words of courage. I do not believe a heart faltered in this terrible hour; but it would be no discredit if many prayed that it might not be their duty to move out to seeming slaughter. Sheltered as we were and lying flat upon the ground, our corps loss had already been large — so merciless and continuous were the missiles of the enemy. We anxiously waited for the order "Forward" — but it did not come, the attempt evidently being abandoned, for the present.

The dead were about us, yet we could not expose ourselves to bury them. We piled up bodies in front of us and covering them with earth, made them serve as a defense. The dirt would sometimes sift down and expose a hand or foot, or the blackened face of the dead. A chapter of incidents might be related in this connection — heroic deeds of even drummer boys in getting at the wounded under cover of darkness, getting water and food to them. These have been long hours among the "ghastly fruit of the battle," under a scorching sun with sleepless watching, weariness and exhaustion. Among our losses were Lieutenant Reynolds killed and Captain Parmerter losing a leg. Lieutenant Stephen B. Little of the 96th New York was killed. He had been promoted from Sergeant of Company A of our regiment.

*June 4-11.* The eight days following were made up of all that is wearing, wearying and depressing. We were constantly reminded of the enemy's presence and activity by musketry and artillery fire. Work in making approaches and strengthening our trenches is difficult and dangerous and we are worn out and spiritless. Under so long and constant physical and mental strain; with hot weather and only surface water to drink; without vegetables







and with our meat from cattle scantily fed and exhausted from long driving; dead men, horses and mules abounding; the country lying low and marshy; conscious of the loss of life; thinking that nothing had been gained and believing further effort futile — altogether a disheartening and discouraging aggregation of circumstance. Cold Harbor was regarded by the Army of the Potomac as its "Descent into hell."

Am only mentioning what occurred along our small part of the miles-long battle line of our army, all, also, constantly engaged. Many hard things are said of General Grant. He is called a "butcher," "a slaughterhouse boss" and much else, because of his hurling men against what plainly appears to us as impossibilities. An army is supposed to be an autocracy where men obey and keep their opinions to themselves, but it doesn't need a ballot to find out what soldiers think about Cold Harbor.

We did not then know the reasons for keeping the enemy engaged to prevent Lee from sending reinforcements against Hunter who was marching down the Shenandoah Valley against Lynchburg, and also to prevent his early discovery of Grant's flank movement to the James. So it was that our fierce criticisms of our Commander came through ignorance of his "reasons why." General Grant in his *Memoirs* said: "I always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made."

Notwithstanding our night efforts to get our wounded, many were still so close to the enemy's entrenchments as to be completely covered by his fire, and hundreds of the dead of both sides were lying there unburied — mostly ours — and the wounded were dying.

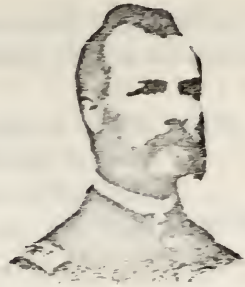
General Meade proposed a truce for bringing in the wounded and burying the dead on the 5th of June; but no cessation of hostilities took place until the afternoon of June 7, from six to eight in the evening.

Comparatively few of the wounded have survived the several days' exposure and lack of needed food, water and attention.

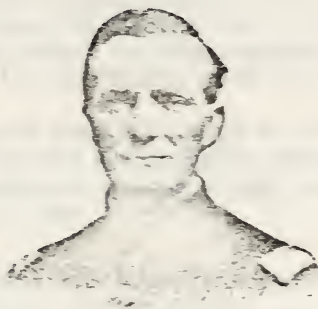
The blue and gray mingled in burying their respective dead where they lay. The armistice permitted us to stand up safely, which was a relief, even for so short a while.

By June 12 that prodigy of military maneuvers, Grant's change of base, was well under way, but not then to our knowledge. While that great army with all its cumbersome appurtenances was passing our rear by its left flank and hastening, in spite of swamps and rivers and other obstacles, to the James, we — the 18th Corps — remained to mask the movement and deceive the enemy; but we did not then know the "why" of it all.





CAPTAIN  
JOSIAH H. NORRIS



CAPTAIN  
JACOB PARMETER





## REGIMENTAL CASUALTIES AT COLD HARBOR

June 1-11, 1864

Our casualties were 1 officer and 8 men killed, 23 men wounded, of whom 5 died — a small loss considering all the circumstances; our position chanced to be favored.

The following list of casualties in the 118th, while not complete, may be considered fairly correct as far as it goes:

MAJOR PRUYN wounded in foot, slight.

COMPANY A — *Killed*: Lieut. Michael Reynolds, Joseph Docket, William Dougherty.

COMPANY B — No report.

COMPANY C — *Wounded*: James H. Estes, James S. Ling.

COMPANY D — *Killed*: Henry R. Putnam. *Wounded*: Amasa Hill, Jeffreys Pritchard, Oscar Tyrel, Laurence Lambert.

COMPANY E — *Wounded*: Captain Jacob Parmerter, leg amputated.

COMPANY F — *Killed*: Robert Bomyea, Leonard Mix. *Wounded*: Daniel S. Binnings, John Tyrel, Samuel S. Wilcox, Horatio Wade.

COMPANY G — *Killed*: Stephen Lapeer. *Wounded*: Benjamin F. W. Monroe, died; Truman H. Pasko, died.

COMPANY H — *Killed*: Orrin Sutherland, Jr. *Wounded*: Paul De Jordan, Bartlett Stone.

COMPANY I — *Killed*: John Holland. *Wounded*: Sergt. Eddie B. Ferris, died; John P. McCune, William H. Monty, Joseph Ploof, Joseph Picket.

COMPANY K — *Killed*: Emory A. Hoff. *Wounded*: Edwin B. Bullis, Stephen K. Grady — Grady died.

---

NOTE. According to General Humphrey's *The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65* the casualties of the Army of the Potomac at Cold Harbor, June 1-3, not including the 18th Corps, were: *wounded* brought to hospitals, 6,642; *killed*, 1,769; *missing*, 1,537. Of the missing most must have been killed, for we lost few prisoners.

He estimates the loss of the 18th Corps at 1,900 *wounded* and 500 *killed* and *missing*. He does not give the casualties after June 3.

Our regiment was, somehow, spared its full share of loss at Cold Harbor, although constantly under fire.

*June 12.* After dark we quietly retired from our "perdition" and hurriedly marched to White House, 18 miles of heat and dust, where transports were awaiting us; but delay occurred from lack of enough transportation.

*June 13.* We finally embarked, steamed down the Pamunkey and the York to Fortress Monroe and on up the James.

Reaching Wilcox's Landing we were surprised to find the 2d Corps crossing the James on a pontoon bridge and learn that the whole Army of the Potomac was coming. We reached Bermuda Hundred by sundown of the 14th. We started out,



crossing the Appomattox, carefully feeling our way, towards Petersburg and by daylight of the 15th encountered the enemy's pickets, driving them into their entrenchments on the higher ground beyond. Coming in sight of their fortifications, with our strong line of skirmishers lying in a ravine pretty close up to the works, we halted and took shelter in a woods where we were shelled by the enemy's artillery. Here our Major, Charles E. Pruyn, commanding the Regiment, was killed. While standing up, viewing the work soon to be charged, a shell struck him in the breast, tearing out his young life. Captain Dominy now came in command of our Regiment as senior officer, our Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel having been left on the Bermuda Hundred front, sick, when we left for Cold Harbor.

Our artillery was brought up, after some delay, the salient of the enemy's works was shelled for a while and at 7 P.M. the order "Forward" was given.

The salient was on high ground with a ravine in front, but easier than expected, and with a comparatively small loss we captured the work with several pieces of artillery and about 300 prisoners. With cheers the captured guns were turned towards Petersburg and fired—just as a "Here-we-are" greeting to that city. Hinks' troops on our left and Martindale's on our right were also successful; so we are largely in possession of the main line of the defenses of Petersburg. This capture indicated that the force defending the city was small.

The advance brigades of Hancock's 2d Corps (which had been delayed because of some mistake in orders) began to arrive, but contrary to our expectations no further forward move was made.

It was a lovely moonlight night. The roofs and spires of Petersburg could be plainly seen a couple of miles away, and to our right and rear the lights of the Bermuda Hundred camps were visible. About midnight we were relieved by the 2d Corps and lay down for rest, believing that the morrow would give us Petersburg.

*June 16.* This hot, cloudless morning witnessed a rare group of General officers. Grant, Meade, Smith, Hancock, Burnside, Brooks, Burnham, and several others, with their staffs, had gathered on the height where our regiment lay, and with their glasses searched the view which the position commanded. Much astonishment was expressed at the comparatively small loss attending the capture of these strong works. On some officers asserting that their capture without loss was wonderful, a colonel, whose command had been kept to the rear, ventured to correct





the statement by saying that he "had one man shot dead!" This naïve correction was received with more than a broad grin by those who heard it. Poor inexperienced man, he had no sense of proportion — had not yet learned that a few hundred, or so, had come to be considered no loss at all.

The enemy is hard at work building new defensive entrenchments.

Our pickets have advanced to the edge of a ravine beyond the captured works, through which runs a small tributary to the Appomattox. Reinforcements were plainly seen coming from Petersburg. We begin to fear that our further advance will be no easy matter. The 9th Corps commenced joining us by noon and it was hours later before these veterans had all reached us. Artillery and musketry could be distinctly heard and the smoke of battle plainly seen along the Bermuda front across the Appomattox. Butler was evidently taking advantage of the withdrawal of a portion of the enemy's forces from that front for the reinforcement of Petersburg. At about six o'clock p.m. the 18th, 9th and 2d Corps advanced. The enemy was soon met and stubbornly disputed our progress. The fighting was continued all night, and from the roar of musketry on our left it was more fierce there than with us.

*June 17.* The 5th Corps has joined us, and the battle continues, more heavily on our left.

*June 18.* There is a lull in the thunder this p.m. We have passed the ravine, and our skirmishers have "dug in" on the ridge beyond. The works to our left of those captured on the 15th have been carried, and the enemy has been driven to his newly constructed inner line of defense. The right of our Corps rests on the Appomattox, and it is said that the left of our army envelopes Petersburg to the south. The enemy is becoming well entrenched and it is evident that further movements in line of battle are impracticable. Siege operations must be commenced. The 118th lies across the track of the City Point & Petersburg railroad. Sharpshooting and picket-firing continues, to the imminent danger of every exposed head. It is evident enough that Grant's second well-planned capture of Petersburg has failed, and, again, because not promptly and resolutely executed.\*

\* In the *Report of General Grant of the Armies of the United States, 1864-65*, dated July 22, 1865, he makes the following mild but distinct criticism of General "Baldy" Smith: "General Smith got off as directed and confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg the next morning, but for some reason, that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then, with a part of his com-



*June 19.* The work of entrenchment is being prosecuted with vigor. The pickets advanced last night as far as possible, and within a stone's throw of the enemy's videttes. Our men of this line were at intervals of from three to five paces. Each man began "digging in" for himself, using the half of a canteen, tin plate or some other crude tool. The yielding earth soon rewarded this industry by giving protection. This was continued by digging trenches from one picket-hole to another. Reinforcements were sent to them with spades and picks, and by morning a very considerable protecting trench had been established. The work of widening, deepening, and of getting covered ways to the rear was continued under engineer officers. The troops of the main line in the rear are building works above ground, under fire. The enemy is similarly employed and similarly annoyed by our fire.\*

Thus were commenced the siege entrenchments about Petersburg, which later were the wonder of all who saw them; and thus commenced our two months' trench life — the most trying months of our service. Weeks of constant anxiety and watching; weeks of exposure to an inhospitable climate in its worst season; long weeks of tedious monotony, except the diversion furnished by the assaults, sorties, experiments and inventions of an alert and energetic foe and our own counter-efforts and maneuvers for advantage. It was one day lying in the dirt under a scorching sun and out of reach of any friendly breeze; the next wading in mud and water up to the knees. I have seen soldiers in the trenches up to their waists in water, with their ammunition about their

---

mand only, he made the assault and carried the lines northeast of Petersburg from the Appomattox for a distance of over two and a half miles, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery and three hundred prisoners. This was about 7 P.M. Between the line thus captured and Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear — the moon shining brightly — and favorable to further operations. General Hancock, with two divisions of the 2d Corps, reached General Smith just after dark and offered Smith the service of these troops as he might wish, waiving rank, naturally supposing that Smith knew best the position and what to do. But instead of taking these troops and pushing on at once to Petersburg, he requested General Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the captured works, which was done before midnight.

"By the time I arrived the next morning the enemy was in force."

\* General Humphrey in his *The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, says: "The Medical Director states that during the attempt to take Petersburg, from the 15th to the 18th of June, the number of wounded brought to hospitals from the 2d, 5th and 9th Corps, was 6,210. Taking the usual proportion of killed, we have 1,240 — a total of killed and wounded, 7,450." He estimates the killed and wounded of our Corps, the 18th, at 700.

He says, "The slightly wounded, not going to hospital, must have been 500 to 600."







necks — not for an hour, but for a day. It was impossible to secure drainage of the entire line, and the heavy rains common to the South would soon flood the trenches. The first month, however, of this life was hardly dampened by a shower. From the 3d of June to July 19th no rain fell, and every day was hot. The earth seemed pulverized and the very air was filled with dust. It penetrated our clothing and mingled with our perspiration. We inhaled the "sacred soil" with our breath, swallowed it with our rations and absorbed it through every pore. We could scarcely get sufficient water to drink, much less for needed ablutory purposes. Movements of wagon trains, artillery or troops were revealed to the other side by the clouds of dust raised by such movements. The very foliage was clothed in the dusty "butternut" uniform of our enemy.

We had planted a strong abattis along our front, built sand-bag lookouts for sharpshooters, and felt pretty well protected in front, when the enemy's Chesterfield batteries across the Appomattox on our right began to trouble us. These batteries were so situated as to enfilade our trenches. When they got the range, they furnished more "amusement" than we desired. To remedy this we erected heavy traverses at frequent intervals all through the trenches, and great as was the labor, we had the satisfaction of seeing many a missive spend its force in these traverses, which, otherwise, would have swept through the trench.

Our next trouble was cohorn mortars. One day the "Johnnies" showed many signs of amity calling out, "Yanks, stop shooting and we will." We did stop, and very soon, from out the earth, as it seemed, rose the line of friend and foe. Jokes were passed, conversation indulged in, and there was little to show our real business relations. Many apprehended that this episode meant something! After an hour, or so, the "Rebs" suddenly sunk into the earth again, and while we were wondering at the suddenness of their disappearance, we heard several subdued explosions, and soon small cohorn shells exploded among us. We had never been "cohorned" before, and were at a loss to know from whence these things came. They kept coming, and we soon knew that they had planted a cohorn mortar battery in our front. We had to "stand and take it," and they did us some damage. We soon guessed the remedy, and bomb-proofs were at once added to our trenches. This gave us those strange and curious underground compartments and "dug-outs" which excited much comment. They were as diverse as the minds of their builders and the opportunities for construction.



There is nothing so trying to a soldier's nerves as cohorn shells, and it takes experience and a practiced eye and ear to tell where they will fall. There is something about a cohorn grenade with its hissing fuse dropping just over you, that will chill in the hottest day; and it is only when in a bomb-proof, with protecting earth over you, that you feel like defying these murderous missives. The boys used to render the dubious language of the fuses into the plain English interrogation, "Where are you? Where are you?" and they would hiss the words through their teeth to imitate the sound.

It would take a volume to describe our trench life, and words cannot picture the experiences of that long siege. At night the exhibition of "fireworks" was grand. One battery would throw a few shot to get some desired range and this would be replied to from the other side. Another battery would join the dispute, and another, till from the Appomattox to the South Side Road, there would be a roar and blaze of artillery. The large mortar shells would mount to above the low-hanging clouds, and descending with increasing velocity, seemed like angry meteors falling from the skies. Their arched path could be distinctly seen at night by their burning fuses, crossing and interlacing each other as they went forth from side to side. Shot and shell were thrown into Petersburg, and their crashing into buildings could at times be heard.

After a while, by common consent, sharpshooting ceased at sundown. Pickets were posted in front of both armies, and consequently "Reb" and "Yank" would be within a short distance watching each other the night long. Men of both armies would crawl out of their "holes," stretch themselves and breathe the better air; sing, blackguard each other, etc. At about sunrise, the pickets having been withdrawn, the trenches policed and the sharpshooters in position, notice would be given by a shot from the first side ready and then woe to any exposed head.

Daily familiarity with these experiences actually bred contempt. We thought less of our dangers than we did of the heat, dirt and confinement in the trenches.

Every day had its incidents — serious, humorous and mixed.

A prisoner said that quite often citizens of Petersburg and Richmond came to the Confederate trenches with sporting rifles to try and "bag" a Yankee or two. One day the buckle plate of my sword belt was hit, a fragment of the bullet making a slight flesh wound, and soon after, our color bearer, Jo. Hastings, was hit on his arm by a much spent ball. Both of these bullets were







small and evidently from a sporting rifle and, as we were in our trenches, they must have come from some one up a tree back of the enemy's line. By watching, a puff of smoke was observed in a distant tree; the attention of our sharpshooters was directed to it and many a shot was fired into that tree. It was reported that a man was seen falling from the tree. Anyhow, these "little lead pills" stopped coming.

One morning we lacked one of Berdan's sharpshooters to "man" the sand-bag lookout in front of one of our regiments. An Irish soldier wanted to take the place and was permitted. He began to imagine that he saw enemy heads and fired with such unusual frequency as to attract the attention of both sides. Every time he fired he made a mark in the sand to indicate a dead Confederate. The enemy sharpshooters "got after" this ferocious lookout, and after a while our soldier fell from his place and, lying silent in the trench, was supposed to be killed and no attention paid him. Finally, he called his Captain by name, adding, "Don't yer know one av yer best min is dying?" He then received attention, and it was found that he had a bad wound in his hand and wrist from a bullet that had come through the "porthole" of the sand-bags. As he was being helped towards the field hospital he said: "Git me score in the sand of thim I killed. 'Tis bin a damn bad mornin' for the Rebs!" — although his foolish shooting had only provoked his own wounding.

One moonlight evening, when both sides were top of the trenches, the other side was particularly noisy. That day, or the day before, the enemy had captured a large herd of our beef cattle which were corralled in our rear near Fort Powhattan, and there was hilarity over it. We were loudly and boastingly invited to roast beef and beefsteak feasts. They were vociferously noisy, when an Irishman shouted with a distinct "old sod" accent: "Say, you Johnnies, stop yer hollerin' so soldiers can slape!" Back came, "Hello Pat! How long you been over? Suppose you are soldiering for the Yankees' — beautiful greenbacks." "Well," said the Irishman, "yees is fightin' for money that has nayther beauty nor value." Laughter followed from both sides with cheers on our side for the Irishman's rejoinder.

Then from the other side: "Come over with us, Pat; we are fighting for honor and you are fighting for money."

"Thin we is both fightin' for what we most nade."

This second witty "hand-out" was followed by more laughter and more cheers. As those on our right and left inquired for the cause of our hilarity and being told, they laughed and cheered



—and so on until this incident probably traveled our line by repetition from the Appomattox to the south and west of Petersburg, for we could hear the laughter passing on to our left.

There was fighting more or less every day especially on our left where our line had been much extended, thus thinning out the enemy's force to meet the extension; but as he had the inner and shorter line, less troops were required. Our line now measured over thirty miles, crossing two rivers, the 2d Corps being north of the James for a while. Our tedious trench life was wearing us out; fatigue, dirt and vermin were depressing our spirits to a decidedly visible extent, so, for a little relief, it was arranged that we occasionally have a few days out of the trenches, by retiring to a pine wood a mile or so to our right and rear close down to the Appomattox. The enemy soon found our hiding place and commenced a nightly shelling of these woods from batteries across the river. This obliged us to make bomb-proofs even here for our protection. The trenches were not as pleasant as the woods, but were so much safer as to leave little choice. These woods were also below our rear batteries, and we suffered from the bursting of poor shells intended for the enemy across the Appomattox, but prematurely exploding.

Our bomb-proofs in the woods were dug some fifteen to twenty feet long and about four feet wide, with earth left for "benches" along the side, like an omnibus, and deep enough for sitting upright. The excavation was covered with logs and these by the excavated earth — entrances at each end.

One night a shell split off the top of a tall pine, diagonally, giving a sharp point to the part which fell so perpendicularly and with such velocity as to pierce our earth and log roof, entering the ground between our feet, without the slightest hurt to any one in the bomb-proof.

Another night, when we were in these woods, Lieutenant George H. Wing of the 14th Artillery visited us. He had served in the Glens Falls Company A of our regiment and been promoted. Shelling that night drove us hastily to our bomb-proofs and kept us there till morning. In the morning Lieutenant Wing, who tented with Lieutenant Adams, could not find his vest which he had left in the tent, in the pocket of which was a valuable watch given him by his father and engraved with his name.

Lieutenant Adams, in a sense Wing's host, was much concerned. Believing that none of our men would take Wing's watch, he wanted some action taken to search the men of our neighboring regiment. This we thought a rather delicate thing to do. Adams







made much stir about the matter. Later he tried to button his vest and found it too small for him, and it was thus revealed that in his haste to reach the bomb-proof, he had grabbed Wing's vest instead of his own, and the watch with it.

After all the reasonable fuss Adams had made to find the thief, it was called a "good joke on Adams."

Colonel Hammond and Captain Barker of the 5th New York Cavalry visited us July 25. Fine Essex County soldiers and gentlemen. (After the war Colonel Hammond was elected Congressman from our district for two terms.)

*July 30, 1864.* Last night a division of the 2d Corps relieved us from the trenches after dark and at about 10 o'clock we marched to the position of the 9th (Burnside's) Corps.

There have been vague rumors of a wonderful mine being prepared under some portion of the enemy's line, and it was now understood that it was ready for explosion.

We were to support the assault of Burnside's Corps following the explosion. All the troops were in position by two o'clock this morning. The mine was to be fired at half-past three. We were instructed to stand on tiptoe, with teeth apart, to prevent anticipated injuries from the concussion. The hour came, passed, and at half-past four there had been no explosion. Some made an awkward appearance in their efforts to carry out instructions and with open jaws, raised heels and an anxious countenance, awaited the great event. This anxious attitude grew less as the delay lengthened.

At near 5 o'clock a dull heavy thud was heard and felt and the enemy fort beyond us was lifted into the air. The concussion was nothing compared with that which followed. Some eighty heavy guns and mortars and as many field guns massed in our rear poured forth their wrath and fairly stunned us with their deafening thunder. For a short time only did this storm of shell pass over our heads. The firing ceased and Ledlie's Division (colored) of the 9th Corps advanced, but reaching the crater made by the explosion, piled into it in a confused mass for protection. These colored troops had had very little training or experience and were unfit for this important service, and they were not accompanied by their commander. Other troops were sent forward and occupied some of the abandoned works, but there was delay.

The enemy soon rallied from the consternation occasioned by the explosion and heavy artillery fire, and having batteries favorably located, commenced a terrific fire upon our advanced force



and across the space between the works. He had suspicion, perhaps some knowledge, of the mine and had constructed works in rear, wisely providing against the possibility. He was also promptly reinforced with men and artillery at this point. The crater became a slaughter pen, and it was soon evident that the large and reasonable expectations from the explosion of our mine had failed for lack of promptness and efficiency in carrying out well-laid plans. Our Corps, being held in reserve, was not engaged. About noon our attacking troops were withdrawn but lost severely in retiring to our lines.

Our loss has been heavy in killed, wounded and prisoners, probably fully 4,000. We took some prisoners, and while the enemy suffered considerable loss, it was probably much less than ours. The colored troops suffered severely; those captured received little mercy.

The mine was on Confederate General Johnson's front at the center of Ellicott's brigade, called "Ellicott's Salient," and only about one hundred and fifty yards from Burnside's line. The main gallery of the mine was over 500 feet long with two laterals, each over 30 feet. There were eight magazines, each charged with one thousand pounds of powder. The crater resulting from the explosion was about 150 feet long, sixty wide and twenty-five deep.

We withdrew at dark some distance to the rear and remained there until morning. This action will be called the "Battle of the Crater." \*

*August 1.* Our Brigade is now in a ravine just in rear of our trenches as a reserve force. Here we are somewhat protected and expect some rest. General Ord now commands our Corps, Stannard our Division. Burnham still commands our Brigade and for some time I have been on his staff as Inspector General, and enjoy my association with him and his military family.

It is plain that we are worn out, disheartened, discouraged, not only our men but officers up to those in high command. We are tired in body and depressed in spirit, and could not be depended upon for endurance of even a small active enterprise. We would be found wanting in physical strength. Sickness is increasing and every day furnishes its hospital delegation. In fact men have died in the trenches of disease. Weather continues extremely hot.

*August 9.* The rest promised in this ravine is a failure, for

\* Some years after the war I visited this crater, then grass-covered with a good-size peach tree at the bottom, a sort of living memorial to the hundreds buried beneath.





every night has its alarms, and we are almost constantly under arms or on quick march from one point of anticipated or real attack to another. The weather continues hot and sultry. Siege casualties and sickness dwindle our ranks and our brigade is almost down to regimental dimensions. But these conditions will compel some remedy, so we'll patiently wait.

The Chaplain of another regiment seemed pleased to-day in showing a Bible which, carried in the breast pocket of a soldier, evidently saved his life. A bullet had pierced the Old Testament part and lodged in the first Chapter of St. Matthew's gospel; otherwise it might have found the heart of the pious soldier.

The exclusive efficiency of this sort of protective armor is somewhat discounted by the fact that a pack of playing cards had rendered the same service in case of a soldier of another regiment, a bullet having perforated two-thirds of the pack while in his breast pocket.

*August 10.* We are again in the front trenches and alternate between the trenches and the ravine. There is but little choice in these places of "residence."

A staff officer who has been stationed at City Point told me this: Several officers were at General Grant's headquarters one evening telling stories, experiences, etc., when one of them said, "As there are no ladies present, I'll tell you a ——." General Grant interrupted by saying, "Don't forget that there are gentlemen present," which confused the story-teller to the extent of his not proceeding. The incident is decidedly complimentary to our commander.

*August 17.* This morning in riding to Corps headquarters I stopped for a while at our big mortar battery called "The Petersburg Express," which every half-hour or so sends its fifteen-inch spheroid shell into Petersburg. Even in the daytime we can, when standing behind the mortar, see it for a while as it arches high and drops out of sight. If there is not too much noise from other artillery the explosion in the city is sometimes heard. The mortar men have facetiously chalk-marked these shells to some "made-up" street and number address for delivery in Petersburg.

*August 18.* Yesterday afternoon a heavy rain storm, or cloudburst, visited us. We needed the rain but not in such sudden quantity. Our Brigade was in the ravine through which a small almost dried-up stream ran. For two hours it rained in torrents, making a rushing river through the ravine, sweeping away some of our tents and carrying away every loose thing it reached. Several of our men barely escaped drowning. The contents of



sutlers' tents floated by and the bodies of two drowned soldiers caught among the bushes. Several lives were lost and much army property.

When I went to inspect our trenches, found them filled with water in many places, men in mud and water to their waists. This Virginia soil "liquidates" easily and our entrenchments were washed down and greatly damaged. Many bomb-proofs were filled. Our men had been a long time without a bath, but this water was too muddy to minister to cleanliness. Our men are certainly in a sad plight; but the enemy is similarly situated. It will be days before our trenches are repaired.

*August 20.* Our brigade has moved to the trenches near "Fort Hell." Here the lines are nearer together than at any other point of the line, and sharpshooting and artillery firing the most constant. An attack from the enemy is expected at this point.

Brigade headquarters are in a barn, through which shell and even bullets pass. We are on a height of land that overlooks the trenches each way for some distance. The scene from here to-night is terribly magnificent. Our right, to the Appomattox, is much of the way a line of fire. We have the welcome news that our corps will be relieved by the 10th Corps, we to go to the Bermuda front!

*August 21.* Colonel Cullen (96th New York) and myself tried to get some sleep last night in the cellar of a destroyed dwelling, but a solid shot scattered the stone of the cellar wall so promiscuously as to prove worse than an alarm clock — but we did get some sleep.

Back this morning to our old position in the trenches.

*August 27.* The rest of our corps having already been relieved, a brigade reported to relieve ours. We moved out of the trenches and our relief moved in. This nearness of the enemy seemed dangerous to those who relieved us; but our boys "consoled" them by telling how many men had been killed in this section and that angle, how good a range the "Rebs" had on such and such a place, etc. — Some truth, some exaggeration, some lies.

We moved to the rear, and when once at a safe distance, where we could stand erect without danger, feel and breathe the pure air, our joy could only be expressed by all the antics of a lot of schoolboys. Getting where we could see each other, we beheld as dirty, unshaven, unshorn and ragged a lot as shamed Falstaff from marching through Coventry. We reached our new camp on the bank of the James at night.





## REGIMENTAL CASUALTIES BEFORE PETERSBURG

June 15-August 27, 1864

This list is not complete and, of course, does not include the large number of men sent to hospitals sick, many of whom died.

*Killed:* Major Charles E. Pruyn, June 15; Sergeant Charles W. Higley, June 30; Alvin T. Burt, June 15; Jeremiah Buckley, June 20; Antonia Felio, July 9; William Wood, July 9; Edward L. Humphrey, July 30.

*Wounded:* John C. Robillard, no date; Isaac Trombley, July 1; Wilber L. Abare, June 30; John D. Cobb, June 15; Ashley Wood, no date; Selah Randall, no date, died of wound, July 25; Elihu B. Wilson, July 8; Edley B. Ferris, no date, died of wound, July 5; Jeremiah Mullin, July 17.

*August 28.* Sunday, but we are busily employed in shaving, hair cutting and bathing. The place seems a paradise. We did not know the world was half so beautiful. The grass seems so green, the air so sweet, and all so comparatively quiet. To be sure, we can hear bombing artillery around Petersburg, but it is not crashing in our very ears. The enemy entrenchments are in sight near by, but inactive. There is a habitual "stoop," however, noticed among the boys, as if still in the trenches; and when some rogue will "zip, zip," through his teeth, in imitation of a minnie, the hearers will often give their accustomed "duck." We ought to have had a thanksgiving service to-day.

Since the 1st of May till now we have not taken off our clothes for rest, and since the 6th of May, except while on transports, have not been out of reach of the enemy's fire! For one hundred and thirteen days we have been in constant danger, apprehension, unrest and uncertainty. Have slept in dirt and mud, in rain and heat; fought, marched, dug, and some of us survived.

Our camp on the bank of the James is pleasantly situated, and with new clothing, we soon returned to that state of cleanliness usual to a well regulated regiment under ordinary circumstances. Our view embraces the James from Aikin's Landing to Drury's Bluff. The famous Howlett House Battery (enemy) looks us in the face, and just below us, across the river, Butler is at his improvement of the James at Dutch Gap, cutting a canal in rear of Farrar's Island, thus shortening a long bend in the James. Our fleet lies a little to the rear of our right and up the river we can see the smokestacks of the Confederate rams. Between these fleets rock-loaded old craft have been sunk so that one cannot go up or the other come down.



On the bank of the river is the lofty "Crow's Nest" signal and observation tower, from which the spires of Richmond can be seen, and at its foot is the hundred-pound battery of the same name.

The defenses along the Bermuda front are so complete that our boys say "they can hold themselves." The forts, batteries and redoubts along the line have been named for the fallen heroes of our army, the central work being named Battery Pruyn, in honor of our late major.

*August 29 to September 26.* These were fairly quiet days. There were occasional duels between the Howlett House and Crow's Nest batteries which interested us as the mammoth shot passed to and fro. The Howlett House battery has fired occasionally at our Crow's Nest observation tower, but never seriously damaged it. Our big battery has replied now and then, and when standing behind our guns we could see the shot as they arched to the other side. The bluff on which this battery is located consists of sand for some feet with clay underneath, and it surprised us to find that the enemy's shots which enter the sand penetrate only a little, while those striking the clay penetrate from ten to a dozen or more feet, proving that loose sand has much greater resistance than compact clay. The enemy tried to destroy our signal tower and we tried to destroy their guns, but nothing much resulted, except a big noise.

The work of reorganization, drill, supplying deficiencies in arms, clothing and equipage, with picket duty and occasional fatigue-work occupied us while we remained here, and we improved much in health and spirit.

Our Brigade commander and his staff (on which the 118th is well represented) labored steadily to make our Brigade all that could be expected in efficiency. Our Brigade dress parades drew spectators from neighboring camps. Guard mounts, church services, etc., were considered the most regular and interesting of any in the corps.

The men of our Brigade who pass the best inspection are detailed for headquarter guard, and Michael Cummings of our Company, D, usually achieves this honor. He is a faithful soldier and always neat in his dress and equipment. This afternoon the Brigade commanders of our Division met at our Brigade headquarters with their staffs, all in full dress, to start out for a round of calls at other headquarters. I remained on duty and Cummings on guard. As the somewhat brilliant cavalcade started off in the sunshine I overheard Mike observe, as he paced





back and forth on his beat, unaware of any one within hearing, "Fine feathers make fine birds."

The 13th N. H. Vols. has been transferred from our Brigade and the 96th New York and 5th Maryland Veteran Volunteers are added, giving us five regiments. The coming of the 96th is a peculiar pleasure to us, raised as it was in the same locality as the 118th, and its ranks filled with our home acquaintances.

General Burnham and his Adjutant General, Captain Clark, received leave of absence early in September, and went to their homes in Maine. Colonel Cullen of the 96th, being ranking colonel, came in command and I was detailed as Adjutant General, continuing, also, as Inspector General on our staff.

One evening at quite a social gathering in my tent at brigade headquarters, all were happy and lively in conversation, except, it was noticed, that our Captain Dobie, usually jolly, was reticent and appeared gloomy. When asked, "Why so lugubrious?" he replied not to mind him, but go on enjoying the fact that if we survived the war there was nothing which a grateful country could give that we might not aspire to. As for himself, he could not help feeling depressed whenever he seriously thought of his personal limitation — his cruelly distinct handicap; he sometimes just naturally lost all spirit and ambition.

"Boys," he said, "it is a hard thing to be boycotted by the constitution of the country you are fighting for."

With mock solemnity, he continued: "I am sure you will understand and appreciate what is gnawing my vitals when I tell you that it is my misfortune to have been born in Canada and thus rendered ineligible to the Presidency of the United States! I am solemnly telling you, it is an awfully discouraging finitude." Having perpetrated his joke, he joined in the hilarity to which he had contributed — all very like Dobie.

*August 31.* Isaac Davis and a Mr. Cushing of Glens Falls visited us with some sort of scheme to reënlist men in advance of their service expirations, to apply on the quota now required from their locality, but it could not be done.

I have become impressed during the last few months with the size of the home burden of worry which many of our men are bearing. I have been shown letters from wives, some of them beautifully patriotic, mentioning privations, hardship and actual suffering, because the bread-earner is serving his country at \$13.00 per month, and the home cost of living so sky-high.

One wife writes: "I'd rather go hungry than ask for the aid that was promised when you enlisted — it is so put off, so grudgingly



given, when given at all, that it makes me think that they think we ought to be in the poorhouse or jail."

Some letters showed conditions which must be disheartening to soldiers. I have written several letters to those who ought to see to it that home relief is provided

One young wife wrote her soldier husband: "I have had to go out to domestic service to care for myself and our boy; but keep well, dear, and don't get crippled, for when you get back I want you to lick a fellow who has insulted me. He is a coward and it will be an easy job."

*September 1.* I have to-day mustered and inspected the 10th New Hampshire, 118th and 96th New York, 8th Connecticut and 5th Maryland. Also the Pioneer Corps, Sharp shooter detachment, Division Provost Guard, Band and all detached men — from sun-up to sundown full day, but am not so tired as to forget that two years ago to-night we left Plattsburgh.

*September 2.* To-day inspected the Quartermaster, Commissary, Ordnance, Medical, and Sutler departments of our Brigade, their stores and supplies. I rather enjoy these regular and sometimes special inspections, especially when they do not involve too much criticism.

We are a bit proud of our present Brigade dress parades and they attract the attention of neighboring commands. We have a fairly good band, a fine parade ground and each regiment has its prescribed maneuvers for reaching the line. Lighted by the glow of the evening sun it makes an impressive moving military picture.

News of Sherman's capture of Atlanta came to us September 3. On the 7th our Division was reviewed by Major General Gibbon. On the 18th, Sunday, an elaborate and impressive Brigade church service was held, attended by several generals and their staffs. On the 24th a salute with shotted guns was fired along the whole line of our entrenchments in celebration of General Sheridan's victory at Winchester.

*September 28.* General Burnham returned from leave of absence yesterday and there was a council of war at Corps headquarters last night which I attended, with General Burnham, as a staff listener. Something is to be done and right now. Orders are that men be supplied with two days' cooked rations and be ready to march.

Edward Riggs of Glens Falls, formerly a captain in our regiment, and much respected, came to camp to-day to verify enlistments for the credit of his town. I confided to him that we





expected immediate activity and he urged me to intercede with General Burnham to let him act as civilian aide on the General's staff. Burnham refused, much to Riggs' disappointment. Burnham said: "It will be bad enough for soldiers who have to go, but it will be no place for a citizen. If he should be wounded or killed it would be said, 'Good enough for him, he had no business to be there.'"

NOTE. Later on Captain Riggs and Sheriff Brown of Glens Falls were sent south to enlist negroes to count on the quota of men required from their town, and both went down with the steamer *Melville* off Cape Hatteras.

Our regular daily camp program was continued on the night of the 28th until tattoo, when staff officers went through the camps with orders to move at once and with quietness, tents to be left standing in charge of the "unfit for duty" and of a force of hundred-days men which have been camping in our rear. Our brigade camp is in full view of the enemy and we did not wish him to even guess at our leaving. We marched to Corps headquarters where our regiment was supplied with the Spencer seven-shooting rifles, turning in our old Enfields. This indicated, as I knew, that our regiment would have the advance or skirmish line in the present movement. The Spencer is the most effective arm known to us, and this supply was the first to infantry that we have known of in our army.

We continued our march to the James near Aikin's Landing. Here we found large detachments of the 18th and 10th Corps, the former commanded by General Ord and the latter by General Birney — our Division in command of General Stannard.

We also found our engineers laying a pontoon bridge of some 60 boats across the James and so quietly that we could scarcely hear them at work.

While waiting in the woods I overheard the conversation of some of our men. One said that if he survived the war he would try and get to Boston and hear the great organ in Tremont Temple, dwelling on his fondness for music. Another who had before enlistment worked in the Warrensburgh Tannery, broke in, saying: "The sweetest music for me, just now, would be the clang of the Burhans' tannery bell! I 'speat it's ringing just about now for the midnight shift. I'd like darned well to hear its peaceful sweetness, right now!"

At about 3 o'clock A.M. of the 29th the pontoon bridge was completed, covered with earth to muffle the sound of men, horses and artillery in crossing, and our brigade crossed.

The 118th and 10th N. H. were deployed as skirmishers and



ordered to advance through a cornfield. The night was dark, and our movement difficult and slow; often our line became separated and broken. General Burnham sent me to be with the right wing of our skirmish line. The enemy's pickets are said to be about a mile away, upon a ridge which overlooks the James, but there was no indication that they had yet discovered us. We reached the foot of the ridge as day began to break, and just as the sun arose over the forest top towards the east, we received the first fire from the enemy's videttes, secreted in the bushes.

Looking back we could see a dark line of troops moving down the opposite bank of the river, crossing the pontoon bridge and winding across the plain towards us. The enemy outposts having delivered their fire, ran to their reserves in the woods under the scattering fire of our skirmishers. Horses were now sent to the rear, except those of General Burnham and staff; we remained mounted. Burnham's lumberman's voice was heard shouting along the line, "Heave after them — double quick!" "Heave" was a favorite command of his.

At the edge of the wood we met the fire of the main picket line; but with a shout we plunged into the woods and drove them from behind a shallow trench line which they had for protection. The crack of our seven-shooters, the cheering of our men as they pursued the surprised "Johnnies" through the woods; the beauty of the morning and its bracing air; the forest clad in autumnal colors — all added spirit and enthusiasm.

The chase through the woods was exciting and continued at a more than "double quick" pace. We passed through an outpost camp where food was still cooking and everything tokened hasty abandonment before breakfast.

Of course, there was more or less firing at us from behind trees as the enemy fell back, and there were killed and wounded. We passed through the mile or so of woods and came to a clearing where on elevated ground, some fourteen or fifteen hundred yards distant, Fort Harrison, the principal work of the enemy's Chapin Bluff entrenchments, loomed up in the sunlight with heavy guns dotting its parapet.

We waited briefly for the coming up of our Division for support when General Ord ordered our Brigade to "take the fort!" Our skirmishers moved on and our little brigade, with two of its regiments on the skirmish line, moved forward into the open. The brigade proceeded with arms at "right shoulder," bayonets fixed — the 96th leading.

The sunshine was reflected from their arms, flags fluttered in







the little breeze there was and all gave the appearance of display rather than serious purpose.

Nearly half of the distance between the woods and the fort was passed with little protest from the fort or its flanking works. But as the notion that the fort had been abandoned began to obtain, flashes of blaze and puffs of smoke were seen along its front, and the screaming contents of fifteen pieces of artillery passing over our heads went crashing into the woods in our rear, doing some damage to our reserves. The range was too high, but after a few shots some reached our advancing brigade.

The skirmishers had crept up so close as to pour a constant fire upon the enemy gunners, making the handling of their pieces dangerous and difficult, for the guns were mounted *en barbette*.

Burnham assembled his staff and we occupied a rise of ground with a good view of the whole field; but the group attracted shots from the fort. The artillery and rifle fire grew decidedly lively.

My horse was standing near a fallen tree which was struck by an exploding shell. I was hit in the side by either a piece of the shell or of the tree, and almost knocked from my saddle. It was quite a blow and made me faint for a while. I feared it had broken a rib or two; but in the excitement I soon forgot it, although I had a "small misery" in my side for many days and a dwindling feeling of the blow for some weeks.

Our brigade reached the foot of the hill on which the fort stood, and halted for rest. By some oversight in the construction of the fort, the guns could not be depressed low enough to reach our brigade.

The enemy, seeing that the fort was the point of attack, began to rush reinforcements from works on his left, so that delay was dangerous.

General Burnham sent an aide (Lieutenant Campbell of the 118th) with orders for the halted troops to make the assault at once. Away went the aide mounted on a white horse, a moving target for many rifles. It was a perilous ride, but he reached the command safely.

The charging troops advance, mount the ridge, pass over the murderous space before the fort, into the ditch, up the parapet, a brief hand-to-hand encounter and the flags of the 96th New York and 8th Connecticut are quite simultaneously planted on the work.

The defending force did not all surrender, but mostly rushed for a "get away."

Shouts go up, our reserves move forward at a double quick. Burnham and staff gallop to the fort, dismount and climb inside.



A party of the 118th skirmishers now charge a redoubt on our left, having three pieces of artillery, and capture it.

We were fired upon from the enemy's works on our right. All was commotion and confusion for a while; but we had the fort with its guns and about 150 prisoners, including the Lieutenant Colonel commanding.

The captured guns were turned upon the retreating enemy, but with more noise than effect.

The gallant Burnham entered the fort promptly and while sighting one of the captured guns was killed. It was a grievous shock to us, but why mourn his loss when the space behind and in the fort itself is strewn with the dead and wounded? Yes, but there was not a more brave and patriotic soldier among us all than Hiram Burnham.

Our prisoners, thoroughly demoralized, and anxious for a safer place, hurried to our rear.

On our left the enemy's works reached the James, terminating in a strong work on the bank of the river, protecting a pontoon bridge connecting with Drury's Bluff on the other side. We had captured some portion of these works including two lunettes, six hundred yards apart, with six guns.

General Ord now endeavored to sweep down the captured entrenchments to the work on the river bank, but this work was covered by the Confederate gunboats and by a battery in the rear and the attempt was unsuccessful; General Ord was severely wounded.

In front of us, at some distance, was a second line of Confederate entrenchments with Fort Gilmer as its strongest point. Possession of this fort would give us command of the Chapin Bluff defenses and General Heckman's division assaulted the fort, but was repulsed with considerable loss. Later on, in the afternoon, General Birney's command of colored troops made a gallant attack on this fort, some of the men being killed in climbing the parapet; but it was repulsed with heavy loss, the fort having been considerably reinforced.

On our right, our troops drove back the advance of the enemy on the New Market Road and captured the first line of entrenchments running from Fort Harrison in a northeast direction.

All the while there was lively artillery firing upon the fort, including the big guns of the enemy's gunboats. The gunboats, after a while, were quite successful in putting their projectiles into the fort; unpleasant visitors but doing no great damage.





About noon General Grant arrived at Fort Harrison and after making a few inquiries squatted himself on the ground and commenced writing, — dispatches we suppose. He seemed altogether indifferent to the fire we were under, which, however, was true of the hundreds of others around him.

General Grant, believing that the enemy would not, if he could help it, leave us in possession of this important position, the nearest Richmond of any of our lines, ordered a continuance of our work in "reversing" the fort for our defense and making it a wholly enclosed work. He also ordered a line of entrenchments constructed, running from the fort to the James just above Dutch Gap to connect the captured line with the river, and to "hold Fort Harrison by all means."

This has been a long and exciting day. Our division, not much larger than a normal brigade, is reported to have lost about 600 killed and wounded — the loss of officers being unusually heavy.

*September 30.* Although we had no sleep night before last and were under fire all day yesterday, we worked all through last night on the captured fort and on our new line of entrenchments to the James and under continual fire.

Captured prisoners say that General Lee with large reinforcements, has arrived, and that ten Confederate brigades are concentrated at and near Fort Gilmer to recapture Fort Harrison.

Work on the fort was hurried and quite completed by noon and assignment of men for its defense made. The 118th with its Spencer rifles was placed at the salient angle of the new part of the fort.

General Weitzel commands the 18th Corps — third change in command, because of casualties, since yesterday morning. General Stannard commands our division and the fort. All of our division is in the fort and Stannard proposes to defend with rifles only, and orders that our fire be reserved until the assaulting lines emerge from the brush and bushes in our front. All our light artillery is removed from the fort.

At about 2 o'clock this afternoon twelve guns opened upon our left and center, the enemy's infantry advancing in solid formation on our right. When our fire began their lines withered, wavered and retired. Quickly re-forming they advanced again, and being again repulsed, fell back, re-formed and, reinforced, advanced the third time, coming this time very near; but our fire was too destructive for their success.

The efficiency of our seven-shooters was fully demonstrated in this battle and their effect was visible as each of the three assaults



came towards our salient. There was a fascination in using these rifles, and it was difficult to stop the firing even upon the outlying wounded when the enemy retired.

We were short of ammunition for our seven-shooters after the second assault and Captain Brydon of our regiment, Staff Ordnance Officer, brought up a four-mule wagon load just in time and under a fire which killed or wounded the mules and wounded some of the men who went out to bring the ammunition in. It was a brave act and loudly cheered.

This was the first time we had fought behind such complete defenses and while there were killed and wounded, our loss was very small compared with the fearful experience of the enemy in his open assaults, which were splendidly brave.

In the third and last assault many nearest the fort surrendered, for to retire meant death. When comparative calm came and our normal feelings returned, we beheld a sickening sight. Our front was littered with dead and wounded. In little gullies and slightly protected places where wounded had crawled, we could see bodies in heaps. Night came on with rain, but our worn-out men must remain where they were posted with guns in hand and ready for what might happen.

When darkness settled down some of our men crawled out among the dead and wounded with canteens of water to minister to the wounded; they brought in some of them, while others crawled to us themselves. Several Confederate flags were also brought in.

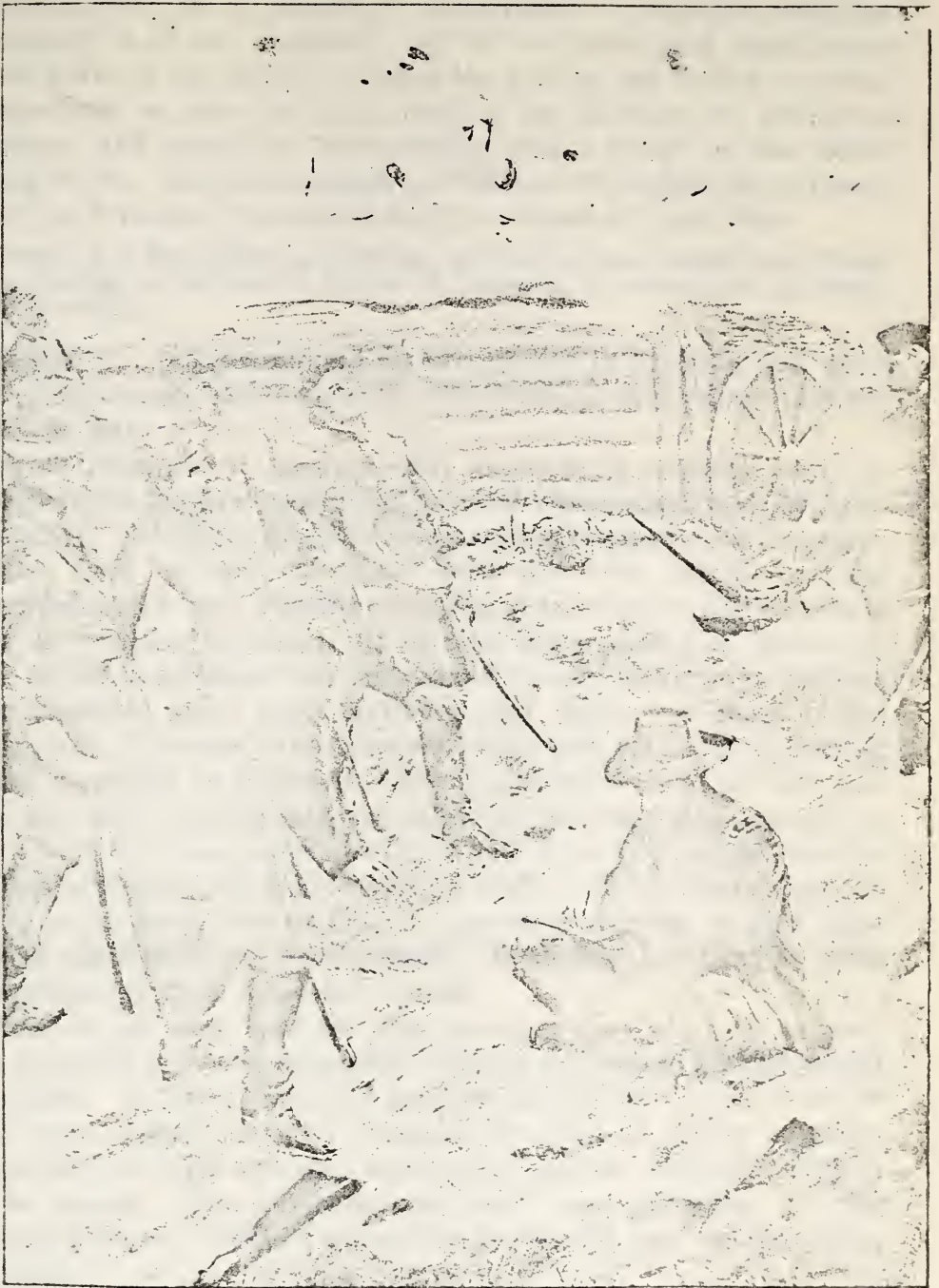
One of our men brought in a diary taken from a dead Confederate officer, which I retained. The last entry was "Friday, September 30, 1864," and showed that his regiment had marched during the night before from the south side of the Appomattox. He mentioned that General Lee had arrived and was sure that Fort Harrison would be retaken. The owner's name did not appear, but from reading I guessed that he was Lieutenant Colonel of the 51st N. C.

NOTE. After the war I did my best to get this diary to some of this soldier's friends but without success; advertised it in Charleston, S. C., papers and wrote many letters.

General Stannard, commanding the fort, lost his right arm in the second assault and four of his staff were wounded. So large has been our loss of officers that Colonel Cullen, 96th New York, who commanded his regiment yesterday morning and our brigade in the afternoon, now commands our division and takes me with him as Adjutant General on his staff.



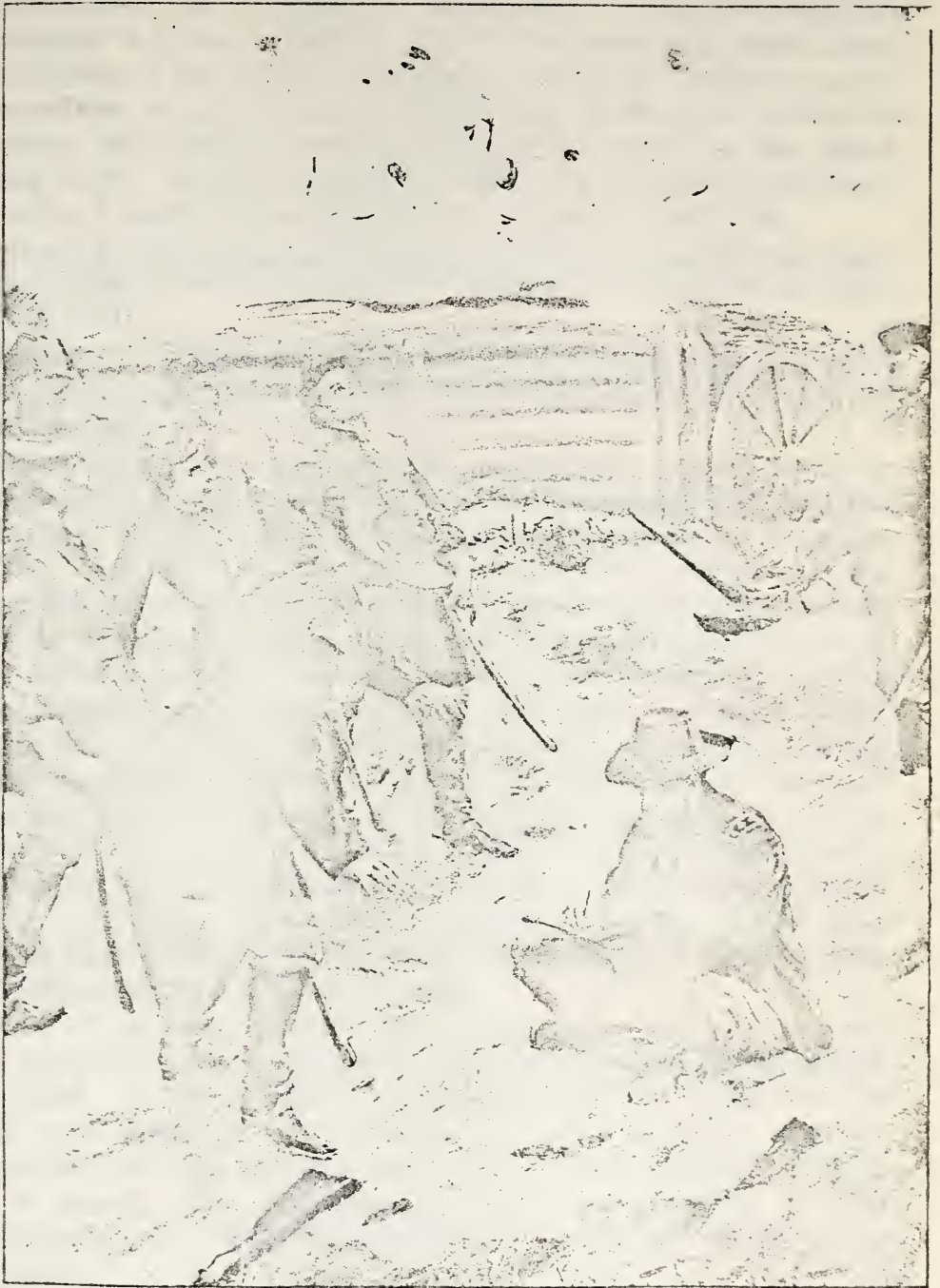




GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON

From "Campaigning with Grant"





GRANT UNDER FIRE AT FORT HARRISON

From "Campaigning with Grant"





After the third assault, in the lull following, we sent out a few sharpshooters as a picket of observation. Franklin Johndro, Company A of our regiment, was in this detail and found some twenty-five of the enemy hiding in the bushes, not daring to reveal themselves so near the fort, waiting for darkness to retire, or perhaps, and probably, to surrender, which would be the safest thing to do. Anyhow, Johndro, with his seven-shooter and near by help, if needed, persuaded them to "come in" with him.

NOTE. For this gallant act Johndro received an honor medal from President Lincoln, as authorized by act of Congress, in recognition of distinguished service.

*October 1.* Still rains, and we are all wet to the skin and worn and weary, especially feeling the loss of sleep; but happy that we held the fort.

From prisoners it appears that yesterday's assaults were by Longstreet's Corps commanded by Anderson, with Law, Bratton, Clingman, Colquit and others commanding divisions and brigades.

The dead between the lines have not been buried nor the wounded cared for. We sent out a flag of truce proposing an armistice for burying the dead, we to take the wounded as prisoners. The latter proposition was not agreed to, and all through the day the wounded have been suffering and dying — a most pitiful condition. It seems to me that we would gain very little in having these wounded as prisoners. We would have them to feed and care for, and if permitted to be taken by the other side it would be a long while before many of them would be able to render service.

This afternoon the enemy opened with a cohorn mortar battery doing small hurt, but making it uncomfortable for us and compelling the building of bomb-proofs. Both sides are hard at work strengthening their respective works.

One of our men told me this morning that after we crossed the James he had been oppressed with the conviction that he would be killed. A letter from his mother told of her dream that he had been killed; he had himself dreamed of being mortally wounded just after crossing some river, and had earnestly prayed to be spared. He expressed his faith and gratitude in this homely phrase: "Gosh! praying has the 'knock out' on dreaming, all right."

I have known of other instances of soldiers' premonitions of death which did not mature. It is easy to imagine and magnify premonitions.

*October 2.* Rained last night and until noon to-day, when it cleared off hot.



A flag of truce from the enemy proposed an armistice for burial of the dead and conceding the wounded as our prisoners, and soon details of men from both sides were between the lines gathering the dead for scant burial and bringing in the wounded. Scores have died from exposure and want of attention. Our ambulances were gathered at the fort and loaded with these mutilated men, many of whom cannot survive, even with the aid our hospitals will give them; they have been too long neglected.

The result of this movement north of the James is important in many respects. It coöperated with a similar move against the enemy's extreme right, south and west of Petersburg; caused an extension of his lines which he could illy afford; lost him an important position and gave us the nearest approach to Richmond yet attained.

#### REGIMENTAL CASUALTIES AT FORT HARRISON

September 29 – October 1, 1864

Not complete, but thought to be correct so far as given.

*Wounded:* Lieutenant Colonel George F. Nichols, commanding regiment.

COMPANY A. *Wounded:* Sergeant Cass C. La Point, Hosea Day.

COMPANY B. *Wounded:* Sergeant Merrill Perry, Simcon Tredo, Oliver H. Moore, Benjamin Surprise, Antoine Parker.

COMPANY C. *Killed:* Martin Lindsey. *Wounded:* Orron E. Beedy, died of wound; Edgar Lewis, Thomas Missue, Harvey Stanton, Leir Wells.

COMPANY D. *Killed:* James D. Flausburgh. *Wounded:* Patrick H. Dugan.

COMPANY E. No report.

COMPANY F. *Killed:* Daniel W. Allen. *Wounded:* Lieutenant Henry J. Adams, Eben Clark, Chauncey Denton, John Ormston; Ormston died of wound.

COMPANY G. *Missing:* James E. Sexton, supposed captured.

COMPANY H. *Wounded:* Captain David F. Dobie. *Missing:* John Mehan, supposed captured.

COMPANY I. *Wounded:* Michael Ahmond, Henry M. Johnson, died of wound; Thomas Kelly, died of wound; James McMullin.

COMPANY K. No report.

NOTE. After the war it appeared that the enemy's loss in the assaults of September 30 was over 2000. Do not know what his loss was on the 29th. The Federal loss in the whole movement north of the James, on the 29th and 30th, killed, wounded and missing, was 2272.





*October 3-20.* The name of Fort Harrison has been changed to Fort Burnham in honor of General Burnham who fell in its capture.

We have been in the trenches, here and there, moved about where most needed; under fire most of the time and responding to several night alarms, so we have had but little rest.

One day we were visited by Generals Grant, Mead and Butler and part of their staffs, quite a cavalcade but very little display in their fatigue clothing — no martial glitter.

Mr. Wood of Clinton County came to get the soldier vote for President. It is reported that of 390 votes all but one were for Lincoln. Mr. L. L. Lee of Port Henry came for the Essex County soldier vote.

Colonel Cullen is relieved from command of our division by General Carr, and consequently I go back to brigade staff, retaining command of company.

Was surprised when Colonel Schley of the 5th Maryland showed me a letter to the Governor of his state, approved by Major General Gibbon and Brigadier General Devens asking my appointment to the vacant Lieutenant Colonelcy of his regiment, but I couldn't think of leaving my regiment and ended the proposition with thanks for the compliment. I was the more surprised because in my staff inspection of this regiment I had considerably criticized its discipline and efficiency.

*October 21.* Our division was to-day reviewed by General Marston, so we conclude some new movement is contemplated.

We understand that General Longstreet is now in command of the Confederates along the Bermuda front and on the north side of the James and we hear of fighting on our right, over towards White Oak Swamp.

Two objectionable habits were somewhat in evidence among our men in the earlier days of the regiment — gambling and profanity. A continued influence against these things and the growing sober and better sense of the men have largely lessened these evils.

Card playing is a constant addiction, but seldom for "stakes," and while vehement words are used for cheap emphasis of excited conversation, strict violation of the second commandment is more and more relegated to the "necessity of mule-drivers." I think that it can be claimed that the service has improved and strengthened the character of our men — including mule-drivers.

*October 26.* Orders issued requiring three days' cooked rations, which means "business."



At a gathering at headquarters last night the conversation focused on the prolific subject of the "Army Mule." It was a symposium of incident and comment upon the mule's patience, endurance and its value as an army auxiliary. Its splendid efficiency was praised and the sufficiency of his "battery" was both seriously and humorously discussed.

It was thought that many pensions would be deservedly granted for disability caused by the "kick of a mule," and it was conceded that to have driven mules all through the war would be a heroic record.

One officer declared that in an unfortunate skirmish he could not have escaped capture had he not mounted a stray mule and "walloped" him back to the main line of his comrades.

Another officer claimed (pretended) that he remembered the incident and said, "I'll tell you what became of that mule. It fell dead from mortification — just fatally humiliated by your cowardly conduct!"

The experience of an expeditionary force was told, which, cut off from supplies for a few days by a threatening cavalry force of the enemy, reached a severe condition of hunger. Finally the mule teams came with rations, and "Believe me," said the narrator, "them mules looked good to us. Their 'brays were bonnie' — real music to the ears of the hungry."

"Music!" interrupted one who has very little sense of humor, "I'll concede they may have a good ear, but think of their raucous voice!"

A Quartermaster surprised us with this statement: "I have had considerable experience with mules and have never known of a mule kicking a man and never heard of an authenticated instance. I know that this is against popular belief; but do any of you really know of such a case?"

To the credit of this much abused useful animal, none of us could dispute the statement.

The Quartermaster called in one of his muleteers who had driven army mules for two years, and asked him if he had ever been kicked. He replied: "No, sir, I never been reached; but have seen 'em kick where I jest recently wus!"

The final mule story was something like this: Out at a western frontier military post, an officer conceived the idea that mountain howitzers might be effectively used in fighting Indians, by dispensing with their earriages and strapping the guns on the backs of mules. The Indians had much fear of artillery. — the very sight and sound of "big guns" demoralized them — so, while these





howitzers were essential, it was difficult to manage their carriages on mountain trails, and the officer was encouraged to experiment. He dismounted a small howitzer and strapped it to the padded back of an ancient and docile mule, the muzzle towards the mule's tail, the gun loaded with ball. The officers and men of the garrison were out in full force to witness the demonstration. The mule was led to the bank of the river in the middle of which a target had been set up on an anchored raft. The loaded animal with the loaded gun was gently backed to the edge of the river bank and the gun was carefully sighted for the target by the officer in charge of the affair. He inserted a time-fuse, lighted it and joined the spectators who were standing around in a semicircle with calm dignity and serious expectancy.

In a moment or so the hitherto sedate mule, hearing the sizzling of the fuse, began working his ears, reached his head around to see what was going on and, discovering it, suddenly gathered his legs in a bunch, laid back his ears and began making several revolutions a minute — the howitzer threatening death to every living thing within a half-mile radius.

The mule's sudden activity was fearfully contagious! The Major in command of the Post tried to climb a tree; some threw themselves on the ground, some ran, some, rushing to the river, jumped in, some were scared to a "standstill," and there were audible groans and fright exclamations.

Then came a puff of smoke and a bang! The mule went over the bluff into the river and, anchored to the bottom by the gun, perished in the service. The shot struck the adobe chimney of the commandant's quarters and the proposed innovation of "Mule Artillery" had no backers.

One of our muleteers says: "Whoever says mules are easy to git along with is a liar, that is, providin' he has an intimate acquaintance with 'em; and as for stoppin' the use of swear words in handlin' 'em, it ain't fair to a mule with an army experience to begin learnin' him polite synonyms."

*October 28.* A tedious march last night to our right brought us to the Williamsburg road at or near Seven Pines. Other troops arrived later. It appears that our Corps is represented here by two divisions, Marston's (ours) and Heckman's, Weitzel commanding both.

*October 29.* Yesterday our Brigade, Colonel Cullen in command, was formed on the right of the Williamsburg Road, in advance, with the 1st and 3d Brigades held in reserve. We advanced to the attack of the enemy's entrenched line over open ground



at about half past three P.M., preceded by a line of skirmishers. We entered a ravine close up to the enemy's works and under fire. We saw that the enemy in our front was in force and being rapidly reinforced, and we sent back for reserves, but none came. It was plain enough that we were outnumbered, and finally the confident enemy came out of his works on our flanks and by an enfilading fire promised our destruction or capture.

Word was given for every man to act for himself and a large number began a sudden and rapid retreat, while many others, deciding not to risk the fire, remained to surrender. In trying to escape, many were killed or wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Moffit of the 96th was badly wounded (leg amputated) and begged to be helped off, or that some friend kill him, for he had been a prisoner once and would rather die than repeat his experience. He was helped to escape, but one or two of his helpers were killed.

When at a safe distance we could see many of our men and officers surrendering; but they could not be blamed, for the risk of getting away, which so many took, looked like death. The 5th Maryland, 10th New Hampshire and 96th New York lost their colors, those of the 118th being saved by our tall color-bearer, Jo. Hastings, who ran with them as fast as his long legs could carry him. His running was a brave act, all the same, for he was the target of many rifles.

NOTE. Hastings was nearly 6 feet 6 in height, carried our colors all through the war and was a modest and brave man. Because he was unusually tall, we claimed that we carried our colors higher than other regiments.

The brigade on our left was also repulsed and three of its regiments lost their colors.

It was a big blunder to send such a small force against strong, well-occupied entrenchments without using our reserves. The explanation is that it was believed that this part of the enemy's line was thinly held.

Lieutenant William Forbes of Company C was killed and four others of our officers are missing, prisoners, we suppose, although we know that Lieutenant Dickinson was seriously wounded by grapeshot, or shrapnel. Our casualties, killed, wounded and missing, are 111, quite serious for one small remnant of a regiment. Officers missing are Lieutenants Dickinson, Bryant, Saunders, Potter and O'Connor.

*October 30.* The whole movement of day before yesterday upon the enemy's left, of which we were but a part, was a disastrous failure, with the loss of a few guns and a large number of men killed, wounded and prisoners.







Soon after dark last night we withdrew to the Charles City Road, rain, darkness and mud making the march very slow and fatiguing. It was an all-night tramp. To-night we are back in the works near Fort Burnham.

As the battle of the 28th was near where the bloody battle of Fair Oaks was fought in 1862, the engagement will be called "Second Fair Oaks."

## REGIMENTAL CASUALTIES AT SECOND FAIR OAKS

October 27-28, 1864

<sup>1</sup> Captured and afterwards exchanged or paroled.

<sup>2</sup> Captured and not heard of or from up to our muster-out of service. Supposed to have died in prison.

This list is only partial; unable to get a complete record.

**KILLED:** William Forbes, Company C, commissioned Second Lieutenant, but not mustered as such.

**WOUNDED:** *Company A*, Captain Joseph R. Seaman, Joseph Terry; *Company B*, John Cassavaugh, Richard Dugan, Oliver H. Moore, Albert Parker; *Company I*, Lieutenant M. V. B. Stetson.

### MISSING — CAPTURED

Some of the captured were probably also wounded.

**COMPANY A:** Lieutenant George A. Potter,<sup>1</sup> Adolphus Gyatt,<sup>1</sup> Henry L. Hall,<sup>2</sup> William E. Hall,<sup>2</sup> John Harper,<sup>2</sup> George W. Perrigo,<sup>2</sup> Januricus Suprenant (died in prison), William Thayer,<sup>1</sup> James Van Wagoner.<sup>2</sup>

**COMPANY B:** Walter J. Dillenbach,<sup>1</sup> Emerson S. Drown,<sup>2</sup> Samuel C. Emery,<sup>1</sup> Henry W. Ford,<sup>2</sup> Elijah P. Manley,<sup>1</sup> Joseph Murray,<sup>2</sup> George W. Muzzy,<sup>1</sup> Anselm V. Parsons,<sup>1</sup> Seth W. Parsons,<sup>1</sup> Stephen C. Bull,<sup>2</sup> Howland R. Davis.<sup>2</sup>

**COMPANY C:** Lieutenant Luther S. Bryant,<sup>1</sup> William M. Gas-kill,<sup>1</sup> Harvey Randall.<sup>2</sup>

**COMPANY D:** Lorenzo J. Barton (died in prison), Edmond Eldridge,<sup>2</sup> Horace P. May,<sup>1</sup> James Murphy,<sup>1</sup> George Sturges.<sup>1</sup>

**COMPANY E:** George H. Bailey (died in prison), Daniel H. Dupuis (died in prison), John W. Lamb,<sup>1</sup> William Montgomery,<sup>2</sup> Sir William Wallace,<sup>1</sup> Charles S. Wright (died in prison).

**COMPANY F:** William W. Ariel,<sup>1</sup> Harvey D. Bronson,<sup>1</sup> Barnett Crowningshield,<sup>1</sup> Eugene Dupuis,<sup>1</sup> John Flynn,<sup>2</sup> Frederick J. Hineckley,<sup>1</sup> Warren Monty,<sup>1</sup> Oscar D. Morehouse,<sup>2</sup> Sergeant



Edward O. Welch,<sup>1</sup> Lafayette Mason,<sup>1</sup> John Tyrell (died in prison, January 28, 1865).

COMPANY G: Lieutenant M. N. Dickinson<sup>1</sup> (severely wounded), George W. Fisher (died in prison), William Freebern,<sup>1</sup> Lafayette Mason,<sup>1</sup> Samuel Maxim (died in prison), Benjamin B. Perry,<sup>2</sup> Deliss Rist,<sup>2</sup> Thomas H. Tripp,<sup>2</sup> James Tucker,<sup>1</sup> Alfred E. Wakefield (died in prison), William B. Chamberlain (died in prison).

COMPANY H: Lieutenant Frank Saunders,<sup>1</sup> Peter Burke,<sup>1</sup> Godfrey Molburn.<sup>1</sup>

COMPANY I: Lieutenant Daniel A. O'Connor,<sup>1</sup> Solomon Ashline,<sup>1</sup> Henry Douglass,<sup>2</sup> Frederick Evans,<sup>2</sup> Charles Fifield,<sup>2</sup> George A. Fifield,<sup>1</sup> Henry Gonyo,<sup>2</sup> John Kelley,<sup>1</sup> Matthew McCrum,<sup>1</sup> Frederick W. Nightingale,<sup>2</sup> John H. Roberts,<sup>2</sup> Myron H. Slosson.<sup>1</sup>

COMPANY K: No record.

*October 31.* Have advices that our Colonel, Keese, who has been absent on sick-leave for some time, has resigned.

To-day our Brigade moved to the woods in rear of our place in the trenches. Hope we will get some rest.

*November 3.* Have been resting in the woods 'till this morning when we are ordered to Aiken's Landing. We suppose we are to take transports for New York for riot service — riots arising from the draft.

*November 4.* Orders countermanded and we were hurried to Deep Bottom to meet an expected attack.

I was amused last night in listening to the conversation or discussion by a group of men. The one who did most of the talking was defending his belief that even men brave of heart might have "discreet" legs; legs that just naturally wouldn't "stand" for danger. "Why," he said, "the best of us have, at times, felt brave above and trembly reluctant below our belts. Now, this with some folks amounts to the legs being 'boss' and running the whole body off the field in spite of the will to stay" — this and much else.

Finally a new voice joined in, saying: "Guess that idee is all right. I knew a darned good soldier who had that trouble. His laigs always disgraced him in battle. At Cold Harbor he managed to control them laigs of his the first day, but on the second day both his laigs got shot off, and, while it's hard to believe, they do say that just as soon as them laigs got loose they ran right off the field!"

The laughter which followed seemed to end the discussion.







CAPTAIN  
JOHN S. STONE



CAPTAIN  
CHARLES W. WELLS



NOTE. It is reported of President Lincoln that he pardoned many soldier-boys found guilty of cowardice in battle, and that he had a file for papers in these instances labeled "Leg Cases," explaining that refractory legs were to blame.

It is said of General Sherman that a corps commander complained that he had trouble in the enforcement of army discipline because of the necessity of sending findings of court martial to President Lincoln for approval in capital cases, for he wouldn't approve death sentences.

General Sherman replied: "I have no such trouble — I shoot them first!"

*November 7.* Still at Deep Bottom, but no attack of consequence has materialized.

*November 8 to 30.* During these days we have been moved about somewhat. Had a couple of small skirmishes and commenced preparing a winter camp just behind our fortifications near Fort Burnham. It is evident that no considerable movement will be undertaken until spring. Our Regiment has very few officers left, but this shortage will soon be supplied by promotions. So far we have had but three officers commissioned to our Regiment from "outside" — all others have been promotions of our own officers and men.

In thinking over the events of the year it seems a fact that our most important and influential victory was that of President Lincoln's reelection — a victorious battle of ballots.

Its splendid evidence of a much united North was a dampening "discourager" of what appears to be about the last hope of the Confederacy — that of help from the peace-crazy anti-war "bleatings" of our worse than pacifists, which the Confederate Commissioners in Canada and their propagandists in the North have tried to organize into overt sedition. With this too abundant "material," there was exaggerated expectation of success.

Mr. Lincoln's triumphant reelection was a sure "knock out" of the enemy's belief that the smoldering disloyalty north of the line could be fanned into a back-firing blaze — but talking and fighting are decidedly different things.

Sometime we are likely to learn how thoroughly the South has organized efforts to influence sympathy in the North and to seduce such sympathy into open insurrection.

*December 2.* Major General Ord has recovered from his wound and is back in command of our Corps.

Last night some of our men were discussing the comparative advantages of the infantry and cavalry branches of the service. Some thought the added care of horses was against cavalymen, and others thought that that was made up by having horses to ride on the march.

One spoke up, rather emphatically, "The infantry for me.





How the devil could I have got away at Fair Oaks the other day if I had had a horse to look after. When retreat comes I don't want to be bothered with no horse," and he walked away, not waiting for obvious comment.

*December 3.* Received my commission as Major with rank from September 16.

*December 5.* Assistant Surgeon Porteous, having been promoted to be Surgeon of the 46th New York, was to-day presented with sword, sash and belt by his fellow officers of our Regiment in token of our regard and appreciation. Have moved camp to near the New Market Road.

*December 10.* The enemy made a reconnoissance in force on our right and front this morning, driving in our pickets; but it was repulsed. It was quite a lively "scrimmage," evidently to ascertain our strength.

*December 12.* It is claimed that "Butler's Canal" at Dutch Gap is nearly finished and that our gunboats can soon go through and thus avoid the sunken obstructions at Trent's Reach. While the canal has been dug under great difficulties and danger, costing many lives, there are doubts of its military value.

*January 1, 1865.* In the reorganization of our Army the designations of the 10th and 18th Corps are discontinued. All the white troops of the Army of the James are now organized as the 24th Corps and the colored troops as the 25th Corps. Our regiment is now in the Second Brigade, Third Division, 24th Corps, Major General John Gibbon commanding. Of the nine brigades in this corps none is commanded by an officer of higher rank than Colonel. Our Division is commanded by Brigadier General Charles Devens and our Brigade by Colonel Donohue, 10th New Hampshire.

This is a bright and cold New Year's Day. "Our Hogan" has had charge of the officers' "mess" of our Regiment for a long time and in the main has been quite a success. We provided him money for a turkey dinner to-night. He procured four fine turkeys at \$7.00 per, and as roasting facilities are scant, he roasted them separately yesterday to be warmed up for our dinner to-night. He made the alarming announcement this morning that the roasted turkeys had been stolen from the mess tent during the night! Under the grill of "third degree" questioning and from circumstantial evidence it appeared, quite conclusively, that he had sold the turkeys to the officers of another regiment at a tempting price. The purchasers, evidently, not only wanted the turkeys but desired to "beat" us out of our turkey dinner, as a good joke.



Hogan was told that if he did not provide turkeys for our dinner, he would lose his place and be put back into the ranks. He at once started for Aiken's Landing, where such supplies might possibly be found, and by noon he returned with the "birds." It was nearly nine o'clock P.M. before our dinner was ready; but we were more than ready and had such a fine feast and Hogan had worked so hard, that we forgave him his fault as we had often done before.

We could get but three who were willing to carve, but seeing how easily and nicely it was being done by these three, one of our Captains volunteered to try the fourth bird himself. He strained so hard with his opposed knife and fork, put so much muscle and little skill into his efforts to dismember his "turk" that it slipped from his hold and went half the length of our improvised table, upsetting things in its way and splashing gravy and other liquids over some of us. The episode occasioned much amusement, especially when the bungling carver claimed that it was "the toughest turkey he ever carved," proving the statement by admitting, what was evident, that it was his first experience.

We had nothing stronger than coffee, but with songs and stories and brief speeches a condition of felicity was reached that might be credited to the use of a more exhilarating beverage — and yet shotted hostile guns, close by, were "looking" at us!

A few nights ago we were discussing at headquarters the "State of the Nation," as any one has the right to do. We were agreed in the opinion that the war was practically decided; that the Confederacy and its militant forces were beaten to a "frazzle" and that further sacrifice of life, while likely to be large, would be wicked wastefulness. We believed that the South was confiding in the belief that "while there is life there is hope" without having either of the essentials — life or hope; that the reflection of Lincoln ended expectation of any helpful division of Northern sentiment, etc.

We had the encouragement of seriously believing that these things are true and hoped we might be spared to see them proved.

*January 3.* Am brigade officer of the day; my first brigade detail as Major. After my promotion I had to buy a horse and equipment. Cavalry officers are apt to have extra horses, so I started for the camp of the First Mounted Rifles and on the way met one of its Majors on a good-looking horse. I told him what I was after and he said he had three horses and I could take my choice for \$150. I thought he would probably be riding his best one and replied that I would take the one he was riding if he







would take my promise to pay till the paymaster arrived, and the purchase was made.

NOTE. The animal proved in every way all right; six years old and never harnessed; easy gaited, strong and without nerves, nothing seemed to frighten or startle him. I brought him home and sold him for \$375 — the only horse deal of my life.

*January 4.* Our new camp is becoming quite comfortable. About 8,000 troops, including some from our division, left to-day under General Terry. We suppose it is a force to coöperate with the Navy in another attempt at Fort Fisher at the entrance to Cape Fear River. If the enemy finds out about this withdrawal he may "try" us, so we are ordered to be vigilant and to "man" the fortifications every morning from 4 o'clock till sunrise.

General Butler has issued a long congratulatory order in which our regiment and some of its officers and men have honorable mention.

*January 10.* Heavy rain with thunder and lightning. Mud everywhere — deep and sticky. Picket firing last night kept us in the fortifications from midnight until daylight. General Butler has been relieved from command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, being succeeded by General Ord.

*January 11-19.* Routine camp life; drilling, dress parades, a few alarms, some picket firing — quite comfortable considering the proximity of the enemy and the mud — much mud, deep mud!

I have been noting for sometime the visible "ripening" of our boys. Of course their youthful spirit continues, for our Regiment yet consists of young men. I suppose that the average age at enlistment was below twenty-two.

What I mean is, the frivolous nonsense and thoughtlessness of "just boys" has dwindled and there is growth in maturity after the manner of older men. The picnic idea of soldiering which characterized our earlier service has changed to considering it a serious business with a serious purpose. This aging process has been more rapid than it would have been in civil life; not so much in a physical sense — for we are stronger, more able to endure because of our training and experience — but in sober-mindedness and judgment. By the same token our men are more efficient, have more *per capita* value as soldiers, than even one year ago.

The impulsiveness of raw, untrained and inexperienced soldiers is good, but the sober steadfastness of matured and trained men is better; and so it is, that while our Regiment is largely reduced in numbers, it is in no wise proportionally lessened in service efficiency.



One of our men, the same who found his missing gloves on his hands when he washed them (at Fort Ethan Allen), has his discharge. At Fort Harrison he was wounded by an exploding shell, losing an eye and receiving a severe cut across the palm of his hand. He returned from hospital for duty, but claimed that two fingers of his wounded hand were doubled down and stiff on the palm so that he couldn't handle his gun or do much of any work around camp. While a good fighter, he was rather slovenly and shiftless, and we urged him to take his discharge and go home. He insisted that he had enlisted for three years, or during the war, and he would "stick."

Later on, however, a couple of his comrades going home on furlough influenced him to take his discharge. He came to say good-by, and holding out his crippled hand, said, "I'm going to hold my fingers stiff on the palm of my hand till I get a pension and then I'm going to straighten them out like that!" and he straightened out his fingers quite naturally. He had been "faking" their uselessness to get rid of drill and camp duty, but his loss of an eye entitled him to a discharge and we condoned his deceit as to his alleged minor disability.

*January 20.* Received this morning "Special Order No. 19, Headquarters Department of Virginia and North Carolina and Army of the James," dated yesterday, appointing me Provost Marshal of the City of Portsmouth, Va., ordering me to report to Major General Ord at Fortress Monroe — a pleasant surprise.

*January 21-22.* Busy making calls and bidding good-by. At Division Headquarters (General Devens) was told that I was being considered for appointment on the Division staff, but was advised that my appointment was more important, especially as there was no prospect of army activity.

*January 23.* Cold and rainy. Left camp, with some regret, for Aiken's Landing, with horse, baggage and servant, taking steamer for City Point; from there by mail steamer for Fortress Monroe, reaching there in the early evening. Reported at once to the Provost Marshal General, Lieutenant Colonel Caughlin. Later called on Major General Ord, Department Commander, his brother Major Ord, of the staff, and Captain Gilchrist, Provost Marshal, for whom I took a "right-away" liking.\*

*January 24.* This morning General Ord asks me to spend a few days on a commission of three officers to inspect the prisons and investigate the prisoners in the Department.

\* This beginning of acquaintance with Captain Gilchrist has been continued, intermittently, ever since. He is a lawyer and, going West after the war, attained judicial honors at Evansville, Indiana.





*January 25.* Left this morning with the Prison Commission by an army tug, the *Francis King*, which is assigned for our use, stopping first at Norfolk. Called on General Shepley, commanding that District, and Colonel Mann, Provost Marshal of the city, and proceeded to business.

We found most of the prisons dirty and crowded, and, worse, found many prisoners, soldiers and civilians against whom there were no charges of record — probably arrested and forgotten. Others were being held on such trivial charges as to have been exiated by their time of imprisonment. We found a few women prisoners, they being well cared for, but arrested mostly on suspicion of furnishing information or aid to the enemy.

Our report recommended reform in the case of the prisons and a wholesale release of prisoners, and our recommendations were approved.

Because of frequent letters received from our Regiment and the use of a diary kept by Quartermaster Northup, I am able to continue a memorandum of the experience of the 118th in the field.

*January 24, 1865.* The enemy opened with a considerable artillery fire this morning. Later the rebel gunboats, *Richmond*, *Fredericksburg* and *Drury*, came down the James past Fort Brady, firing on our works and being fired upon by us. They evidently counted upon higher water from recent rains than was found in the James, for one of them ran aground and the *Drury* blew up. Our *Monitor* and gunboats distantly participated in the action and there was much thunder of guns. The enemy had evidently learned of the withdrawal of some of our troops and planned an attack subject to the success of their gunboats; that being a failure no land attack was seriously undertaken.

*January 25 to March 16.* Only routine of winter camp life and duty, but constantly alert and actively watchful because of the enemy's nearness; also had two or three changes of camp location.

*March 17.* Our Corps reviewed by General Grant and Secretary of War Stanton, which is thought significant of things to come.

*March 18.* Doing something to-day to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, interfered with yesterday by the review.

*March 20.* Hot for time of year, reaching 95 degrees.

*March 24.* Senator "Jim" Nye in camp, visiting General Ord.

*March 26.* President Lincoln and a large party came from City Point to our headquarters and occasioned much interest. Our tall President with his "stove-pipe" hat was conspicuous, especially on horseback.



*March 27-28.* Unusual stir and activity are noticeable about Army and Corps headquarters. Generals, staff officers and orderlies are galloping here and there. General Ord with a large part of the Army of the James is with General Meade south and west of Petersburg, and General Weitzel is commanding what is left of us here. It is much talked in camp that there is something important pending.

*March 30.* Heavy artillery fire, near and distant, all last night.

*April 2.* Sunday. Great news from Grant of successful operations on our left — west of Petersburg.

*April 3.* Heard heavy explosions early this morning and soon knew that the Confederates had blown up their gunboats on the James, which clearly indicated that Richmond is being abandoned. We were promptly on the march, Major General Weitzel commanding, our Division (General Devens) and the First Division of our Corps leading towards Richmond. We found the enemy's works in our front abandoned and all we feared were possible bombs and mines planted along the way. Near Richmond a carriage approached, the occupants waving handkerchiefs as flags of truce. The Mayor of Richmond and a party of citizens were meeting us to surrender the city, but the formal surrender and raising of "Old Glory" on the capitol occurred later in the day. Fortune favored us with being the first organized Federal troops to enter the long desired Confederate capital!

The city was burning and disorder, consternation and alarm prevailed. Our troops began fighting the fire, tried to stop the looting and did their best to restore order and to calm the frenzied citizens. All was so pitiful that it dampened the thrill of victory.

*April 4.* President Lincoln came to Richmond to-day followed about the city by crowds. The negroes are frantically pressing around him and shouting all sorts of prayers and blessings.

The city is becoming more orderly and citizens' fear has quite subsided.

*April 5-8.* Our Regiment is camped outside of Manchester and our Colonel Nichols commands the Brigade.

*April 9.* Have news of Lee's surrender, and rejoicing is a distinct feature of our camp. Can hardly realize the glorious fact that the war is practically ended. Our homes loom up in our vision of the immediate future with delightful anticipation.

*April 10-14.* We are doing all sorts of work, mostly provost duty in Manchester and Richmond; guarding property, preserving order, etc.

*April 15.* Have our first news of the assassination of President





Lincoln, and it brings a sense of bereavement to every one of us — to all of us a personal sorrow. Can it be that this great and good man whom we so recently saw in Richmond; this head of a great nation reunited under his administration; this Commander-in-Chief of our victorious Army and Navy — that just as he had glimpsed the dawn of peace for which he had prayed and patiently wrought and all through the years expected — can it be that he has been assassinated? This sad news awfully discounts our rejoicing over other recent events.

*April 17 to June 12.* For nearly two months we have been in Richmond and its vicinity, doing the things heretofore mentioned; but the time has dragged because of our anxiety to get home. General Halleck has taken General Ord's place in command of the Department of Virginia with headquarters in Richmond.

*April 27.* News of General Johnston's surrender was received with vociferous demonstrations of joy that the war was surely ended. May 26th Governor Pierpont, Civil Governor of Virginia, arrived in Richmond and met with a fine reception. Every few days there were rumors of our starting for home with their quota of delight.

*June 13.* Now have actual orders for "homeward bound." The orders covering muster-out, included complimentary mention of our Regiment's service and the giving to each man, when honorably discharged, his Spencer rifle. The rifles will be much appreciated as a token of recognized service and as a souvenir of the war.

Our recruits, enlistment unexpired, are to be turned over to the 96th New York, which will remain in service, the term of its reenlistment not having expired.

*June 14.* Embarked with the 9th Vermont on board transport *Thomas A. Morgan* and arrived at Fortress Monroe the next morning. I joined the regiment here.

*June 15.* Took transport *Prince Albert* at Fortress Monroe for Baltimore.

*June 16.* Arrived in Baltimore at 7.30 A.M. after a rather rough passage. Back again after nearly three years to the city where we first received our arms — and some abuse.

Left Baltimore at 11 A.M. for Philadelphia, where we were provided with an excellent dinner at the "Cooper Shop," just as every soldier passing through that city has been favored all through the war. We gave three hearty cheers for Philadelphia and its hospitality. We marched to the Delaware River, crossed by ferry and, after some delay, took train at Camden for New York.

*June 17.* Arrived in Jersey City at 1.30 A.M. Crossed to New



York by ferry and marched through the sleeping city to the rooms of the Howard Association where we slept on the floors and were provided with indifferent meals.

The morning papers have mentions of our arrival, a brief history of the regiment and of its marching down Broadway in September, 1862, numbering about 1,100; of its receiving recruits and now having only about 300 men. Mention was also made of the order giving each man his Spencer rifle and that we were the first organized Union troops to enter Richmond.

Early in the day we were besieged by men and women, curious to see us and anxious to secure war souvenirs. Some of our men found a place where imitation Confederate currency was sold and they bought it, selling it again to these souvenir-hunters at a big profit as having been captured in Richmond. Our men also took such coins as they might have or could get and, heating them to give the appearance of going through fire, sold them at a "fat" price as having been found in the fire-ruins of Richmond. Worse yet, some sold their rifles; but as they were not to be given until "honorably discharged," they were still government property and, of course, not allowed by the guards to be taken out of the building, and the purchasers were even liable to arrest for having government property in their possession. None of these rifles went out of the building, nor could the purchasers identify the soldiers from whom they bought. This is not mentioned in honor of the few soldiers involved, but as evidence that some soldiers did not let ethics interfere in trying to supply what citizens eagerly wanted and would pay for.

In the late afternoon we marched down Broadway to the Battery and took the transport *Argonaut* for Albany. In our old tattered and faded uniform and shabby accouterments and with such a pitiful remnant of a regiment, we made a forlorn appearance and were gazed at and sympathized with by cheering crowds along our route. Many were in tears, very likely because reminded of some soldier friend or relative who would never return.

Passing City Hall Park recalled our stay there nearly three years before on our way to the front and the show our full regiment then made as we marched over the same ground, and we remembered the wild enthusiasm of the people at that time.

*June 18. Sunday.* Reached Albany about 10 A.M. and all Albany seemed to be packed in Steamboat Square and its vicinity. We were saluted with artillery and with continuous cheers. As a dinner was arranged for our Regiment we landed, and the 9th Vermont, which came up with us on the *Argonaut*, went on to





Troy. This dinner was given largely through the influence of Mrs. Mary Pruyn, mother of our late Major, and was a fine feast. Colonel Nichols and myself called on Mrs. Pruyn. The day, so happy for us, was a sorrowful one for her, and yet her beautiful Christian spirit abounded and she plainly manifested her pleasure in meeting the friends and comrades of her "dear Charley."

In the afternoon we left for Troy and there rejoining the 9th Vermont, entrained for Whitehall. At Saratoga Springs the old United States Hotel was burning and we were besought to let our men help fight the fire. We did not dare let our men "loose," for, in their hilarious coming-home excitement, we could not tell what might happen — so we ordered our train to shorten its stop.

Arriving at the steamboat landing at Whitehall we found the steamer *United States* waiting to take us to Plattsburgh. We much wished to reach Plattsburgh by daylight and made all the delays in embarking that we could, much to the irritation of the steamer's Captain Anderson. The steamer's hands commenced carrying our two or three car-loads of baggage on board and, although it was our duty to do this, we willingly let them continue without our help.

At Whitehall we separated from the 9th Vermont, that regiment going to Rutland, and we parted with these good friends and comrades.

*June 19.* In spite of our trying to hinder departure from Whitehall last night, we left earlier than we wished and reached Plattsburgh before daylight this morning. The town was in darkness, but we found Hon. Smith M. Weed and Hon. G. W. Palmer on the wharf waiting for us. When the last man was off the steamer, Captain Anderson loudly declared his thankfulness, saying he had been in terror of his life all night. Somehow the independent conduct of our men got on his nerves and he must have counted their playful inquiries whether "he could swim," etc., as threats.

Led by our appreciated reception committee of two we silently marched to the Old U. S. Barracks where we had gathered three years before and felt almost home again.

During the day hundreds visited the Barracks, not only Plattsburgh citizens, but our friends from far and near. We kept up the routine of camp duty, guard mounting, dress parade, etc.

*June 22.* A reception was tendered the regiment by citizens of Plattsburgh with a dinner at the Fouquet House. In the early evening we marched to the Village Square and were addressed by Hon. Orlando Kellogg and Hon. George W. Palmer, Hon. Smith



M. Weed presiding, and then to the hotel for dinner, which was an enjoyable affair.

Mr. Kellogg in his Village Square speech set a trap for us. He said, in substance: "Boys, the war is over, the Union is saved and for one I'm in favor of forgiving and pardoning even those most guilty in causing and continuing the war —" Here he was interrupted by distinct manifestations of dissent, for it was too early for all of us to forget the fearful cost of the war and the crime of rebellion. Mr. Kellogg permitted the expressions of disapproval to dwindle, when he continued: "You interrupted me. Yes, I favor forgiveness and pardon of all Confederates high and low — except those who are hung, or otherwise punished!" and this was greeted by applause and laughter.

After dinner and the post-prandial talks our men in command of sergeants returned to the Barracks, the officers remaining to enjoy a pleasant social time, and all went "merry as a marriage bell" until after midnight.

We had with us at dinner some of our badly wounded officers who preceded us home — Captain Parmerter who lost a leg at Cold Harbor; Captain Ransom and Adjutant Carter, each losing an arm at Drury's Bluff, the latter also taken prisoner.

The following is from a Plattsburgh paper giving an account of our Regiment's reception:

HONORS TO THE 118TH. The circumstances under which the Regiment arrived, the time being three o'clock in the morning following the Sabbath, rendered it all but impossible to do justice promptly at the time. Consequently Thursday evening was set apart for that purpose, and a supper was given the officers and men at Fouquet's Hotel. We believe the whole thing was arranged and carried out satisfactorily, citizens and soldiers enjoying it equally well.

At half past six the regiment, escorted by the Veteran Reserves stationed at this place, marched from the Barracks through our streets bearing their arms and the tattered flags that attested the numerous battles in which they had engaged. The men made a fine appearance and maintained that even tread that discipline alone ensures. They were halted on the Square and drawn up in line to listen to addresses.

The Chairman, Hon. S. M. Weed, introduced as the first speaker, Hon. O. Kellogg, Member of Congress from this District, who made an excellent and appropriate speech from Trinity Church steps, welcoming the veterans home to their relatives and friends. His address was listened to by two or three thousand persons, and was received with frequent applause.

The Chairman then introduced ex-Congressman, Hon. G. W. Palmer, who, for about half an hour interested the audience with pertinent remarks.

Three cheers having been given for the 118th, the Veteran Reserves, the "Old Sixteenth," etc., the Regiment took up their march for Fouquet's which





they reached just in time to find the tables in readiness for them. Three parallel tables were set the whole length of the dining-room and a table on the eastern piazza extending the whole length of the house.

The supper having been disposed of, the sentiments of the evening were introduced by the Chairman, Hon. S. M. Weed:

1. *The surviving officers and men of the 118th N. Y. V.*

This was appropriately responded to by Hon. G. M. Beekwith, and Colonel Nichols, commanding the Regiment. Colonel Nichols offered the following:

2. *The Ladies.*

Responded to by Hon. G. W. Palmer.

3. *The memory of the dead of the War of the Great Rebellion.*

In response to this, appropriate remarks were offered by Rev. Mr. Bulkley, and Chaplain Hagar, of the 118th.

4. *The Veteran Reserves of the Army.*

Responded to briefly by Captain Willauer, in command of the U. S. Veterans doing duty at the Barracks, and Captain B. M. Beekwith, late of the army in the West.

5. *The Union, now for a fact, one and indivisible.*

In response to this sentiment Mr. McMasters in the course of his remarks said: "Yes, we are one and indivisible, with our boundaries east by the Atlantic, west by the Pacific, south by the Gulf of Mexico, and north, *at present*, by Canada." This brought down the house, the soldiers especially. Major Cunningham also spoke eloquently in response to this sentiment and offered:

6. *The wounded and disabled officers and men of the 118th N. Y. V.*

7. *The President of the United States.*

Mr. Kellogg responded to both sentiments. He alluded to the great responsibility of dictating a course towards those lately in arms against the government. He hardly knew how to name a course to be pursued towards them, and in the great matter of reconstruction.

8. *The Army and Navy.*

Responded to by Lieutenant Colonel Dominy.

9. *The Veteran Plattsburgh "Boys."*

Colonel Palmer, of the late 16th N. Y. Vols., responded appropriately.

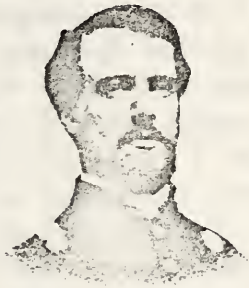
There might be added much by way of incident and otherwise to lengthen out this report. We cannot forbear alluding to the presentation of bouquets to some of the officers. Captain Ransom, having left an arm at Drury's Bluff, had introduced to him Miss Jennie Morgan and Miss Helen Woodward by Captain William Bailey. The ladies modestly made presentation to the gallant Captain, who blushing received it. Captain Parmerter was the next recipient. He lost a leg at Cold Harbor, and we could but notice his uneasiness at the vague suspicion he had of what was coming as the ladies passed around to his side of the table.

Thus far all was very well. Captains Ransom and Parmerter are married. But we watched the course of the ladies, and found their bearing was due east towards the head of the table, where sat Major Cunningham, the pride of his Regiment, and honored by all. The bouquet proffered him was received with modesty characteristic of a young and brave officer. As the Major





CAPTAIN  
DENNIS STONE



CAPTAIN  
HENRY J. ADAMS





had just made a telling speech, nothing at this critical period in his history was to be said except graciously expressed thanks.

The exercises at the table having been concluded, we retired, but we learn that others followed to the sound of gay and festive music, and that the small hours found the officers engaged in practicing a step somewhat different from that in which they charged across the plain in front of Fort Harrison.

*June 23.* Our first Colonel, Samuel T. Richards of Warrensburgh, visited us and we were mighty glad to see him, but sorry that he is still suffering from rheumatism.

*June 26.* Major Lupton, Army Paymaster, is here with our muster-out documents and commenced paying us off and making an end of the "Adirondack Regiment."

Our sutler, who usually "secured" the privilege of sitting with the Paymaster when we were paid off and having this "influence" in collecting the sutler's accounts from the men, failed to get any help from Major Lupton and "Mr. Sutler" had to sit outside. So it was, that many of the sutler's debtors took their pay and simply paid him a provokingly independent smile as they passed him by.

Too many of our "boys" were so profligate in their sutler patronage as to always owe him, often more than their pay.

Now, with their pay in their own hands, perhaps for the first time, they exercised their autonomy. Some did pay; some compromised, but others, believing, we suppose, that the sutler's previous profits on their dealings were sufficient, let it go at that.

One of our men when paid off and discharged and thus becoming the citizen-owner of his rifle, said: "I'll tell you what I'm going to do with that gun. I'm going to take it home, stand it out in our backyard where the rain will rain on it and the snow will snow on it and every little while I'm going out and say to it, 'Rust away goll darn you, I'm no longer obliged to keep you bright and shining.'" All the same, I believe that he kept it well preserved as a token of his service rather than let it rust as evidence of his freedom from compelled care of it.

About as fast as paid and receiving our discharges we began to scatter to our homes, and it seemed like the breaking up of family ties, for the regiment had more of the family spirit than is usual in similar organizations. It was very largely made up of young men, many mere boys, and this gave it life, elasticity and endurance, and all coming from the same geographical vicinity added to its social cohesion.

We were blest with pleasant internal relations, with harmony and unity gratifying to ourselves and the occasion of remark



on the part of others. There were no large or petty jealousies or mean ambitions to antagonize our fellowship or cripple our united usefulness.

Each labored in his own degree  
How best to serve and best agree.

Our relations with other organizations were always pleasant and friendly and we had the respect of our commanders as a well-drilled, well-disciplined and reliable body. Many of our officers have been selected for staff duty and many of our men for special service. There was a regimental pride in the fact that we had the material for these special duties.

In separating we can take each other by the hand with a mutual good-will which has not been impaired by our being a long time together in a trying service; for the powers conferred by rank and authority were seldom autocratically exercised. We were friends as soldiers and now, all on the same level in civil life, are still friends and all better citizens, we trust, in the consciousness of having rendered our country a supreme service which ought to increase our love for it.

Farewell comrades of the "Adirondack Regiment" — the splendid 118th New York Volunteers!

By orders of the War Department we have been permitted to inscribe the following battles on our regimental flag: SUFFOLK, SOUTH ANNA, SWIFT CREEK, KINGSLAND CREEK, DRURY'S BLUFF, COLD HARBOR, PETERSBURG HEIGHTS, PETERSBURG, CHAPIN'S FARM, FORT HARRISON, SECOND FAIR OAKS and RICHMOND.

We brought back our original colors, bullet-torn, worn, ragged and faded, to be sent for preservation to our State Capitol with those of other regiments of the Empire State.

The following is a roster of the regimental and company officers of the 118th Regiment when mustered out:

### FIELD AND STAFF

*Colonel.* GEORGE F. NICHOLS; *Lieutenant Colonel.* LEVI S. DOMINEY; *Major.* J. L. CUNNINGHAM; *Surgeon.* WILLIAM L. MANSFIELD; *Assistant Surgeon.* JOHN C. PRESTON; *Adjutant.* CLIFFORD HUBBARD; *Quartermaster.* H. J. NORTHRUP; *Chaplain.* CHARLES HAGAR.

### LINE OFFICERS

*COMPANY A.* *Captain,* J. R. SEAMAN; *First Lieutenant,* J. W. TREADWAY; *Second Lieutenant,* N. H. ARNOLD.





COMPANY B. *Captain*, GEORGE F. CAMPBELL; *First Lieutenant*, JAMES S. GARRETT (absent on detached service); *Second Lieutenant*, MELVILLE PERRY.

COMPANY C. *Captain*, C. W. WELLS; *First Lieutenant*, L. S. BRYANT.

COMPANY D. *Captain*, J. W. ANGEL; *Second Lieutenant*, P. V. N. McLEAN.

COMPANY E. *Captain*, H. S. GRAVES; *First Lieutenant*, GEORGE A. POTTER; *Second Lieutenant*, W. F. BIDWELL.

COMPANY F. *Captain*, R. W. LIVINGSTON (absent, recovering from wounds); *First Lieutenant*, DANIEL O'CONNOR; *Second Lieutenant*, C. A. GRACE.

COMPANY G. *First Lieutenant*, JAMES H. PITT.

COMPANY H. *Captain*, DAVID F. DOBIE; *First Lieutenant*, FRANK SAUNDERS.

COMPANY I. *Captain*, M. V. B. STETSON; *First Lieutenant*, NELSON J. GIBBS.

COMPANY K. *Captain*, JOHN BRYDON; *First Lieutenant*, JOHN H. CALKINS; *Second Lieutenant*, GEORGE VAUGHN.

Quartermaster Sergeant EGBERT A. BRAMAN had been commissioned Second Lieutenant, but had not been mustered-in as such.

All these officers, except the Chaplain, have been promoted during their service, for our many casualties made many vacancies. Besides, several of our officers and men have been promoted to serve as officers in other regiments. Only ten of the above-named officers held commissions when the regiment went out. \*

The following is a list of our officers and men who received brevet commissions for "meritorious service."

#### FROM THE UNITED STATES

Colonel GEORGE F. NICHOLS, Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers.

Major J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Volunteers.

Captain ROWLAND C. KELLOGG, Brevet Major, U. S. Volunteers.

Captain CHARLES W. WELLS, Brevet Major, U. S. Volunteers.

\* At this writing, March, 1920, of the seventy-five or more commissioned officers, all through our regiment's three years service, so far as I know, I am the only survivor!



## FROM THE STATE OF NEW YORK

*Captains* HENRY J. ADAMS, JOHN BRYDON, GEORGE F. CAMPBELL, DAVID F. DOBIE, PATRICK K. DELANEY, ROBERT W. LIVINGSTON, JACOB PARMETER, JAMES H. PIERCE and HENRY S. RANSOM, Brevet Majors, New York Volunteers.

*First Lieutenants* JOHN L. CARTER, M. NELSON DICKINSON, JAMES S. GARRETT, NELSON J. GIBBS, HENRY J. NORTHRUP, GEORGE A. POTTER and JOHN W. TREADWAY, Brevet Captains, New York Volunteers.

*Color Sergeant* JOSEPH A. HASTINGS, Brevet Second Lieutenant, New York Volunteers.

*Sergeant* CASS C. LA POINT, Brevet Second Lieutenant, New York Volunteers.

The following is a memorandum of the commands in which our regiment served: Middle Department, 8th Corps, from September 4, 1862; Defenses and Department of Washington, Provisional Brigade, Abercrombie's Division, 22d Corps, from October 24, 1862; District of Washington from February, 1863; Suffolk, Va., Reserve Brigade, 7th Corps, Department of Virginia, from April 22, 1863; 1st Brigade, Getty's Division, 7th Corps, from May, 1863; Wistar's Brigade, 4th Corps, from June, 1863; Provisional Brigade, 7th Corps, from July, 1863; District of Yorktown, Va., from August, 1863; District of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Department of Virginia, from October, 1863; Newport News, Va., from December, 1863; Wistar's Division, 18th Corps, from January, 1864; Heckman's Division, 18th Corps, from February, 1864; 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 18th Corps, Army of the James, from April, 1864; 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 24th Corps, from December, 1864.

CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA OF THE SERVICE  
OF THE ADIRONDACK REGIMENT  
(118TH N. Y. VOLS.)

Sept. 1, 1862. Left	Plattsburgh,	Feb. 12-Apr. 20.	Camp Adirondack, near Findley Hospital, north of the Capitol, Washington.
N. Y.			
2-3.	In New York City.		
4.	Reached Baltimore. Md.	Apr. 20-22.	En route to defense of Suffolk, Va.
5-12.	Camp Hall, Baltimore & Ohio R. R., near Elkridge, Md.	22-29.	In Camp Nansemond, Suffolk defenses.
12-Oct. 23.	Camp Wool, near Relay House, Md.	29-May 1.	Camp near Fort McClellan, Suffolk defenses.
Oct. 24-Feb. 12, 1863.	Camp near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.		





- May 1-14. Camp near Fort Union, Suffolk defenses.
- 14-June 18. Camp near Seaboard and Roanoke R. R., Suffolk. While in this camp participated in the Blackwater Raid and destruction of railroad, May 20-26, and in reconnoissance toward Petersburg, June 12-17.
- June 18-19. En route for Yorktown by railroad and transport.
- 19-26. Camp at Yorktown.
26. En route by transport to White House.
- 26-27. Camp at White House.
- 27-July 1. Beyond Pamunkey River in detachments, as advance pickets on different roads.
- July 1-4. On the march with Gen. Dix's expedition to the north of Richmond; sometimes called the "Blackberry Raid."
4. Affair at South Anna at night.
- 5-10. On march returning to Yorktown.
- 10-13. Camp at Yorktown.
- 13-Oct. 2. Garrison at Fort Keyes, Gloucester Point, York River.
- Oct. 2-3. En route for Norfolk by transport.
3. Camp Barnes, near Norfolk.
11. Companies E, G, I, and K detached and sent to Portsmouth.
- Nov. 6. Companies C and H joined the Portsmouth detachment; regimental headquarters moved there, and companies A, B, D, and F went into the "Intrenched Camp" about two miles from Norfolk.
- 14-Dec. 12. Whole regiment at Portsmouth.
- Dec. 12-Jan. 21, 1864. Camp at Newport News.
- Jan. 21-23. On march to Williamsburgh.
- 23-Feb. 6. Camp near Fort Magruder, Williamsburgh.
- Feb. 6-9. On the expedition to Bottom's Bridge on the Chicahominy.
- 9-13. Camp near Union Cemetery, Williamsburgh.
- 13-15. Marched to Newport News and thence by transport and railroad to Getty's Station.
- 15-Mar. 12. In camp near Getty's Station, and while here, March 1-9, on expedition to Deep Creek, pursuing raiders to Ballyhack on the Dismal Swamp Canal. Part of the time while at this camp companies B, H, and K were detached at Magnolia Station.
- Mar. 12-Apr. 19. Camp at Bower's Hill, Va. From this camp several expeditions and raids were made.
- Apr. 20. En route by transport to Newport News and march via Big Bethel to Yorktown.
- 21-May 4. Camp at Yorktown.
- May 4-6. On transport up the James River.
6. Landed at Bermuda Hundred and marched to near Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox.
- 7-8. Engaged enemy near Port Walthal and on Petersburg Pike.
- 9-10. Fighting, skirmishing, and destroying railroad. Battle of Swift Creek on the 9th.
11. Resting in intrenchments near Point of Rocks.
- 12-14. Fighting and skirmishing along the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, principal actions being at Warebottom Church and Proctor's Creek.
15. Holding captured works to the left of the Pike near Fort Darling (Drury's Bluff).
16. Battle of Drury's Bluff.
- 17-29. Slashing timber, intrenching, skirmishing, reconnoitering, etc., at vari-



- ous points along the Bermuda front.
- 29-30. On transports via James, York, and Pamunkey Rivers to White House.
- 30-June 1. On march to Cold Harbor.
- June 1-11. Battle of Cold Harbor and in trenches and advance rifle pits there.
12. Marched to White House.
- 13-14. On transports back to Bermuda Hundred.
15. Crossed the Appomattox, battle of Petersburg Heights.
- 15-Aug. 27. In and about the trenches in siege of Petersburg. Various stations; near corps headquarters, near Beasley House, "Among the Pines," near Mortar Battery (called "Petersburg Express"), in the Ravine, at Battle of the Mine, etc.
- Aug. 27-Sept. 28. On Bermuda front near the James River, south bank.
- Sept. 28. Marched at night across the James; received Spencer repeating rifles.
29. Battle of Chapin's Farm and capture of Fort Harrison.
30. Battle of "Holding the Fort" against three charges of the enemy.
- 30-Oct. 27. In intrenchments in vicinity of the captured fort, now called Fort Burnham.
- Oct. 27. Marched to Seven Pines and Fair Oaks.
28. Second battle of Fair Oaks.
- 29-Nov. 2. In trenches and works in vicinity of Fort Burnham.
- Nov. 3. Marched to Aiken's Landing under orders which were there revoked.
- Nov. 4-7. In reserve near Fort Burnham.
7. Marched to Deep Bottom to meet an expected attack.
- 8-Apr. 3, 1865. In camps in vicinity of the New Market Road, at the nearest point of our works to Richmond.
- Apr. 3. Entered Richmond.
- 4-June 14. In camp near Manchester, opposite Richmond.
- June 14. Down the James en route for home.
17. In New York City.
19. Reached Plattsburgh.
26. Mustered out.

### SUMMARY OF REGIMENTAL STATISTICS

Captain Phisterer, "late of the U. S. Army," in his elaborate work, *New York in the War of the Rebellion* (1890), gives statistics pertaining to New York regiments. While not altogether correct they may be considered official, for he had access to muster rolls, war records and data of the United States and the State of New York.

The following figures concerning the 118th New York Volunteers are given.

He says that the total number of officers and men serving with the regiment, 1862-1865, is 1,250. This is a mistake to begin with, for our Service Roll, including recruits, numbers 1,325.

*Killed in Action:* 6 officers, 55 men.

*Wounded in Action:* 9 officers, 285 men, of whom the officers and 226 men survived their wounds. Many of these were, however, discharged for disability caused by their wounds.





*Captured in Action:* 9 officers, 140 men; of these men 12 died in prison of their wounds and 33 of disease. The number of men never heard from after capture and supposed to have died in prison is not given.

*Total Casualties:* Killed, wounded and missing, 504.

*Died of Disease:* 179 men. The number discharged for disability from disease and wounds is not given; many of these died.

With killed, died from disease and wounds, discharged for disability, continuing in hospitals at muster-out of regiment and those turned over to the 96th New York Volunteers, at Richmond, only 299 officers and men were left of all the 1,325 who served with the regiment, to return home with the organization.

Captain Phisterer gives the following regimental casualty record in the named actions:

SOUTH ANNA BRIDGE, July 4, '63: *Killed*, 2 men; *wounded*, 1 officer, 5 men; *missing*, 2 men — total, 10.

OPERATIONS BEFORE PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND, May 8-31, '64, including actions at Port Walthal, Chester Station, Swift Creek and Drury's Bluff: *Killed*, 3 officers, 39 men; *wounded*, 3 officers, 94 men, of whom 14 men died of their wounds; *missing*, 4 officers, 42 men — total, 185.

COLD HARBOR, June 1-12, '64: *Killed*, 1 officer, 8 men; *wounded*, 1 officer, 22 men, of whom 4 men died of wounds — total, 32.

ASSAULTS ON PETERSBURG, June 15-19, '64: *Killed*, 1 officer, 1 man; *wounded*, 1 officer, 18 men, of whom 5 men died of wounds — total, 21.

CHAPIN'S FARM AND FORT HARRISON, September 29-30, '64: *Killed*, 3 men; *wounded*, 4 officers, 60 men, of whom 4 men died of wounds — total, 67.

SECOND FAIR OAKS, October 27-29, '64: *Killed*, 1 officer, 1 man; *wounded*, 2 officers, 13 men, of whom 4 men died of wounds; *missing*, 5 officers, 89 men — total, 111.

There were other regimental casualties in skirmishes, raids and other minor affairs.

#### WHILE PROVOST MARSHAL OF PORTSMOUTH, VA.

I served as Provost Marshal of the City and District of Portsmouth, Va., from the last part of January to the middle of June, 1865, involving a variety of service and experience. Nearly every day brought some new feature and, on the whole, I enjoyed the service.

I found Brigadier General Israel Vogdes, a Major in the regular army, in command of the District of Portsmouth, which included the territory between the Elizabeth and Nansemond rivers.



For myself, I was appointed by, reporting and responsible to Department Headquarters, although General Vogdes also appointed me as of his staff.

I was to reorganize the military government of the city, which was not so difficult, having officers and soldiers stationed there to draw upon for service. We had a Provost Court, Departments of Police, Fire, Streets and Markets. Our principal revenue came from market licenses and trading privileges. We had some citizen employees, bookkeepers, etc.

The citizens were chiefly women, but there was a large transient population of soldiers, sailors, marines, speculators and traders. The Navy had exclusive jurisdiction of the navy yard and the grounds of the U. S. Naval Hospital, but we had but one conflict of authority, and that trifling.

A sailor provoked a "row" in the city streets one day and escaped to the navy yard; but our provost guard pursued him and actually entered the navy yard, arrested and brought him to the city prison. The Naval Commandant did not find it out until the next day when he sent me a ponderous protesting communication. Of course the prisoner was surrendered, his offense being left to the Navy for punishment; but the Commandant sent another lengthy complaint, serious enough to provoke a national controversy between the Army and Navy. I answered this in person and suggested that there might be contributory fault and criticism of the Navy Yard discipline which made it possible for our patrol to enter the commandants' jurisdiction, arrest and take one of his men from the yard without even a protest at the time.

I returned him his last elaborate communication and we shook hands over calling the whole incident "off."

I soon found that I needed some one who had resided in Portsmouth for some time and knew the people — some level-headed man whom I could safely consult at times — and found such a man in Rev. Father Plunkett of the Catholic Church. We became good friends and I found him discreet and reliable and became indebted to him for his service.

There were many officers of the Navy stationed there and quite a number of Army officers. Some of these had their families with them, so there was quite a pleasant social life with those of my own sentiments. There were many social functions, some quite elaborate.

I also became acquainted with many pleasant families of the city who were fairly courteous and cordial considering our "wide-apartness" on the subject of the war; but as there was no profit in discussing that subject it was usually avoided.







CAPTAIN  
DAVID F. DOBIE



LIEUTENANT  
ROWLAND C. KELLOGG



My acquaintance with one family, that of a widow who had two or three sons in the Confederate service, brought out this story. When Portsmouth was first occupied by Federal troops the homes were searched for anything that might be of service or value to the enemy. This family had some silver plate which was brought by ancestors from France and of much sentimental and considerable intrinsic value. This plate was buried in the cellar of their home, but our soldiers found it and carried it away. She believed it was simply stolen, "soldiers' loot"; but I, faint-heartedly, claimed that it must have been done under orders which would not now be given against such distinctly private property, and believed it could be found. I sent an officer to Fortress Monroe to make inquiries and, somewhat to my surprise, he found that the silver was there in a bag labeled with the family name. I then proceeded to get the silver and had the pleasure of restoring it to its owner — to our mutual delight.

I could mention several interesting incidents and experiences, but they would reach too much into private life to be exploited.

I "messed" with General Vogdes and his staff in a sort of family way. One of his staff was from Troy, N. Y., Lieutenant W. E. Kisselberg of the 169th N. Y. Volunteers, who after the war became editor of the *Troy Daily Times*. Lieutenant Worden, son of Captain Worden, Commander of the celebrated *Monitor*, was an aide on Vogdes' staff.

At the request of a friend of its owner I made a sort of home in one part of a double dwelling. It was thought that such occupancy would better protect the property. For office purposes we used the building of the Bank of Virginia.

General Vogdes was after a while relieved as Commander of the District by General Charles K. Graham, whom I had met several times. General Graham had been Colonel of a regiment of the Excelsior Brigade commanded by General Daniel E. Sickles. Graham had also commanded what was called the "Potomac Flotilla," a mixed fleet of small gunboats which served with the Armies of the Potomac and James. He brought his wife with him and occupied the other part of the double house in which I lodged. General Graham was an attractive gentleman, of the well-known New York City family of Grahams, and I appreciated my association with him. I was especially pleased with his adjutant general, Captain R. Dale Benson of Philadelphia, and our friendship has continued all through the years since. He became Brigadier General in the National Guard of Pennsylvania and for some years President of the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance





Company of Philadelphia. He was everywhere and at all times a gentleman.

A detective was sent to Portsmouth from Department Headquarters to see if he could locate sources of information which was "leaking" through our lines to the enemy. His plan was to pose as a Confederate sympathizer who had procured a pass to Richmond where he pretended he was about to go. He proposed to mingle with local friends of the Confederacy and see if there were not those who would confide letters or verbal contraband information for those outside our lines.

One young woman was tempted to give him a letter to her brother, a Confederate soldier, and for this violation of "regulations" she was arrested and held in prison for trial.

Her friends appealed to me to secure her release. Investigation proved that this girl was plainly enough a victim of the detective, who had urged and over-persuaded her.

The letter itself was a simple girlish affair; its only reference to military matters was the statement that "there are lots of Yankee soldiers here and some of them are mighty good-looking!"

Her technical offense was promoted by the detective to show that he was "doing things." The girl was released and the detective recalled.

It is too much the habit of detectives to "frame up" jobs in order to detect something and get credit for themselves and make trouble for innocent people.

Suffolk was the outpost of our military district and we ran one train daily to that point. Many refugees from the Confederate side came to Suffolk, mostly colored people with now and then a Confederate deserter, and all such were brought to Portsmouth. The colored people were turned over to a bureau organized to care for them and make them useful.

There were many agents from the North seeking enlistments to make up quotas of their respective sections under the last Federal call for soldiers, and enlistments of colored men counted for credit. As large numbers of negro refugees arrived in Portsmouth I was much besieged by these agents and offered from \$300 to \$500 for every negro that I would turn over to them for enlistment. I could have made a good-sized total of dollars in this illegitimate traffic, in which some others profitably indulged.

In looking over a "squad" of refugees as they were being registered in our office one evening on their arrival from Suffolk, I found an attractive young Miss, who on questioning proved



interesting. She was wearing three dresses, the outer one quite common and travel-stained. She had the rest of her "belongings" in a bundle. She was born in the North and lived there until her mother married a Virginian for her second husband, when she and this daughter went to that state, just before the war. Her stepfather became an officer in the Confederate army and had been killed. Her mother had lately died and this young woman had been living with some relatives of the stepfather who were, at least, not congenial. She claimed that the difficulty was largely because of her Union sympathies. She had a brother, an officer in the Federal army, if living, and she had relatives in Baltimore. She determined to run away from her home and get through the lines and she had been some days on the tramp with colored refugees and been much helped and favored by them. Dusty and bedraggled she presented a forlorn appearance, but seemed happy in having reached the Union side of the war line. I did not send her to the refugee rendezvous, but had her taken to a boarding house and asked her to report in the morning and see what could be done for her.

She appeared in the morning; but I hardly knew her, for in another dress and after a painstaking toilet, she was "pleasant to behold." Indeed she was quite charming in manner and conversation, bound to make a good impression, and did.

Transportation was provided for her to Baltimore and she wrote me of her safe arrival with expressions of gratitude. Later on, a young man friend of hers having business in Norfolk called on me to mention his thanks for the help I had rendered "one of the finest girls of my acquaintance."

Just before I left Portsmouth I received another letter from her, rejoicing that the war had ended and noting that she was engaged to the gentleman who had called on me.

I frequently visited the hospitals of the vicinity. We had quite a large hospital in Portsmouth, the "Balfour," using a former hotel building, and there was the large Hampton Hospital near Fortress Monroe. Sick and wounded of our Regiment were in both. For a while my brother was at Hampton in a contest with typhoid fever. Typhoid and other intestinal troubles were the bane of our army, occasioning terrible suffering and mortality with prolonged and even permanent disability. The medical treatment of these diseases, especially typhoid, was so contrary to present therapeutics that it is a wonder so many survived. The then lack of antiseptics resulted in great loss of life and limb from wounds, which could have been saved by modern surgery.







Baffling septic complications were so reasonably expected that the safest treatment of serious wounds in arms and legs was amputation.

While our hospitals had the appreciated helpfulness of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, with supplies of lint, bandages, delicacies, etc., they were not to be compared with the present (1918) efficiently organized comfort and mercy ministrations of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, etc.

We had faithful and willing nurses, but mostly without training or experience. One patient said of his nurse, "She is rather awkward and bungling, but her beautiful sympathy helps."

There was, however, this satisfaction in visiting these rendezvous of mutilated and suffering humanity — the very best that could be done was being done, and life and health and comfort were being conserved.

One day while in Norfolk I was introduced to Vice-President Andrew Johnson who was visiting there. Had some conversation with him, he doing most of it. He impressed me as a resolute, determined sort of man, with confidence in himself. He was decidedly democratic, readily mingling with all sorts, and I felt, somehow, that he was too common. A fellow officer remarked at the time that if Lincoln should die, it would be an additional misfortune to the country if Johnson should become President, which proved a sort of prophecy.

Admiral Farragut was residing in Norfolk when the war began, but hastily and unceremoniously left to continue service in the United States Navy. He returned to Norfolk while I was at Portsmouth, and a reception was given him at the theater in Norfolk. Army and Navy officers on our side of the river were invited to attend. There were speeches, that by the Admiral being brief. He said he "left Norfolk for Norfolk's good and returned for his own pleasure." After the formal reception some of us spent a while with the Admiral in informal conversation which we very much enjoyed.

His fine, resolute features softened as he talked and lost somewhat their heroic aspect. He was by no means fluent, but agreeably natural and friendly. He was asked about the report (which has become history) of his being lashed to the rigging of his flagship in the battle of Mobile Bay. He smiled and said that it was an "exaggeration": that when the smoke of the battle settled down upon the water he did climb the shrouds of his ship to get above the smoke for an observation of the situation; that he took with him a short rope and with that loosely about his



body and the two ends tightly held in his hand as he grasped the shroud, made a sort of support as he leaned in different directions for an all-around view. He denied any "lashing" as something quite ridiculous for the commander of a fleet in action.

In the capitol at Washington there is a painting with Farragut somewhat "roped" to the rigging of his ship, immortalizing a thing that never was.

Much has been said of late in appreciation of the real music quality of our American negro melodies, especially of the "spirituals," or religious songs — of their musical excellence among the folk-songs of the world. Their unique origin has been discussed, for they have been composed, words and music at the same time, under stress of religious excitement at camp-meetings and other devotional gatherings, suggesting inspirational derivation.

These songs have surely grown in popularity and now grace the programs of vocal celebrities here and abroad.

I suppose I was present at the "making" of one of these songs, although I haven't heard the song since.

During an evening stroll in Portsmouth with a naval officer friend, we came to a colored church wherein a prayer meeting was in progress. The doors and windows were open and we listened awhile to the singing and then went in.

Perhaps a hundred or more colored men and women were there, and they had reached an ecstasy of religious, perhaps spiritual, elation produced quite entirely by singing. There were faintings and prostrations from the "power of der 'mighty spirit" and shoutings of "joy in der Lord!"

Words and music seemed to be emotionally extemporized. One would sing a line, which, if "taking," became a refrain. Other words or lines were added by other contributors. Again the lines would be broken up and some of the "fragments," often the terminal word, or words covering the thought, or those most resonant, would be used as a chorus with many repetitions. The words and the music varied somewhat in these repeatings, but were all the time growing in rhythm and into plaintive song, the crude material merging and melting into a settled "finish." We wondered at the right-away, spontaneous harmony of the many voices; it seemed like a process of progressive composition under instructed practice.

Reaching my "quarters" that night I jotted down as well as I could remember the following words of the "creation" we had listened to. Sorry I couldn't notate the music:





Ah thinks Ah hear mah Saviour sayin',  
     A whisperin' in mah soul;  
 Ah thinks Ah hear mah Saviour sayin',  
     A whisperin' in mah soul;  
 Dat in dat day, dat glory day,  
 We hain't got noffin' else ter do —  
     Noffin' else ter do —  
 Jess ter sing Jerusalem!  
 In der New Jerusalem —  
 He's whisperin' in mah soul —  
     Nof-fin-else-ter-do.  
         Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

The longer lines came mostly from a sympathetic soprano voice but not at first just as above written. The chorus dealt for awhile in repeating "Whisperin' in mah soul" and "Dat glory day." The idea of respite from labor seemed delectable and much feeling and emphasis were put into "Noffin' else to do," while "Jerusalem" seemed a satisfactory "mouthful" and served as a hallelujah. There were fine shades of accentuation from the piano of "Whisperin' in mah soul" to the forte of "Jerusalem."

Other lines like "Der glory day am comin'" were offered but failed of being built into the song.

This song sounded in my memory for a long while and even yet somewhat lingers. It seemed a curious production, curiously produced — all during an hour or so.

Seeing us there may have been the provocation for taking a collection, which "'cluded de ex'cises ob de ebenin'."

One afternoon I was advised that a man had been brought in under arrest by verbal order of General Vogdes, and that the man wished to see me. To my happy surprise — for I was very glad to see him — I found that the arrested man was Colonel Edgar M. Cullen of the 96th New York, one of my most intimate and appreciated Army friends. Colonel Cullen's term of service had expired and he had been mustered out. On his way home to Brooklyn he decided to spend a few days with me at Portsmouth.

A few days previous to his arrival General Vogdes had issued an order for the arrest of any citizen wearing soldier clothing, or any officer or soldier wearing any uniform or insignia not corresponding to his rank. This was to discourage what was getting to be a nuisance; i. e., citizens procuring and wearing government clothing, even private soldiers "sporting" in officers' apparel obtained by borrowing or other means.

When Colonel Cullen came by ferry from Norfolk to Portsmouth he wore his old fatigue blouse from which he had removed the shoulder straps; but the color of the blouse had faded in



service while the bright blue distinctly showed where the straps had been, clearly indicating that the coat had been that of an officer. General Vogdes happened to be on the ferry boat and observed Colonel Cullen and particularly his blouse. He at once and in his gruff manner asked the Colonel if he was an army officer. Receiving the reply that he was only a private citizen, the General became abusive and indulged in profanity, resulting in the Colonel replying that the General was "no gentleman." The General ordered Cullen taken to the Provost Marshal's office under arrest.

The Colonel thanked him for the honor of an escort, saying that he was on his way to call on the Provost Marshal.

I had a delightful visit of a few days with Colonel Cullen, but the more he thought of General Vogdes' abuse, the less he felt like tolerating it and finally he decided to prefer charges against him for "language and conduct unbecoming an officer," etc. As the war ended soon after, the charges were never tried.

Little did General Vogdes then think, nor, even with my appreciation of the ability of this young man, did I, of his future eminence. He became and for a long period was the honored and able Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals. He continued delightfully loyal to the friends of his army life, of which I have had happy experience.

After Appomattox and the surrender of Lee, hundreds of Confederate officers and soldiers came to Portsmouth through Suffolk and not having taken the oath of parole, we administered this oath and made the required records.

We now had the unique experience of daily mingling with our late active enemies and some pleasant acquaintances grew out of it. No restraint was put upon them; they went where and did as they pleased, and as a whole they added pleasure to the life of the city.

I never had a little bit of hate for Confederate soldiers. I considered them sincere and conscientious and they were certainly brave. I did execrate their cause; but often wondered if I wouldn't have regarded it differently had I been Southern "born and brought up."

The thing which has "rankled" in my spirit, and still does when I think of it, was the general treatment of their prisoners. The lingering suffering of Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons and camps and the awful mortality were the big horror of the Civil War. Nearly fifty men of our Regiment died in Confederate prisons.





Soon after my arrival in Portsmouth mention was made of a quite young lady resident who, because of her social position, personal attractions and activity, had been a considerable influence in behalf of the Confederacy. She was particularly prominent in the beginning of the war, going so far as to "boycott" or proscribe social recognition of young men who did not enlist, and this interdiction on the part of her "set" was quite compelling.

Although still but little past girlhood, she was reported as being bitterly hostile to all things Federal and undoubtedly willing to hazard much to serve her cause — in fact she was "commended" to me as needing to be watched.

I came to know her by sight and when about to meet me on the street she would cross to the other side to avoid, I suppose, contamination from a too-near Yankee uniform. She was more tolerant of Navy officers, her father having been a Navy officer in his lifetime.

An elderly naval officer, a friend of the family before the war, and whom I much liked, suggested that I call on this young Miss and her widow-mother — just a formal official call. I hesitated to go where I was not wanted, but as he was accustomed to call and would go with me, I "dared," and was received with conventional politeness and more cordiality than expected — even thanked for my call.

The young lady was surely equipped for influencing young men, although then restrained by our well-understood but unmentioned difference in political allegiance. She did not afterwards cross the street to avoid me.

After Lee's surrender an important social affair was given by a popular naval officer and his bride residing near "our" young lady whom the bride had met and whom she invited to the reception — more as a neighborly politeness than believing she would accept.

It was quite a brilliant function. The house abounded in plants, flowers and color. A pretty garden in rear was covered with canvas and illuminated, making a handsome sort of conservatory.

The marine band furnished the music; the attendance was large and Army and Navy full-dress provided a "blue and gold" effect.

She came! — a little late, but our "Fair Confederate Miss" came, occasioning a bit of temporary embarrassment to the hosts.

Her costume was of rich material, somewhat quaint in style, but becoming — decidedly becoming. The dainty little maiden made a pretty picture and I believe she knew it. She was demurely



quiet; she mingled with a reserve that by no means detracted, graciously receiving introductions, but declined to dance.

She left early and our hostess asked me to escort her home.

Reaching her home she said that having the chance she would like a few minutes talk with me and invited me in.

She promptly proceeded to say that she supposed that her presence at "the party" was a surprise; that she had no thought of going until she jokingly said to some of her Confederate soldier friends that perhaps she would, and they replied that if she did it would discount their respect for her, which she regarded as a challenge and it decided her to go.

She went on at some length and with much feeling to say that her very soul had been with her people of the South; that she had wrought and prayed for success and grieved that all had utterly failed; that she had given serious thought to the situation and deliberately concluded that it was God's will; that she must accept the inevitable and act accordingly; that she had decided to take the oath of allegiance and purposed calling at our office on the morrow for that purpose. She felt that she would be ostracized by her best friends, but with her it had become a matter of conscientious duty to do it and to do it now.

She came the next day and solemnly and seriously took the oath, and I felt sure she would be as loyal to the Federal government as she had been to the "Lost Cause," for she was a sincere and resolute character -- older than her years.

This incident is given as an example, perhaps exceptional in some respects, of the natural, self-operating, individual process of reconstruction, even in one so ardently devoted to the South.

This womanly young woman, abundant in the delicacy, sympathy and affection of her sex, had also the unsentimental, practical common-sense outlook for which men are more suspected.

Near midnight of April 14, 1865, General Graham came to my rooms in full uniform and fully accoutered -- most unusual for an ordinary call. He was pale and visibly excited. He handed me a War Department telegram announcing the assassination of President Lincoln with warning to be alert against any uprising, suggesting that the assassination might be the signal for a general insurgency.

This was a benumbing shock. We decided not to give out the news until morning, and it was left for me to do what seemed best to protect the city. I had no fear of the conduct of the hundreds of paroled Confederate soldiers then in the city; but I had a company of cavalry come in from its camp and patrol the city







and placed a few pieces of artillery at central points. Also put commanding officers of the camps outside "on the alert," but without giving the reason.

I rode about the city during most of the night, less because I feared any danger to the city than from the effect of the awful news. The dimly lighted, sleeping city with its silence seemed to fit the fact that the great gentle-hearted Lincoln was dead.

This greatest of Americans — altogether American — this wonderful growth of "a root out of a dry ground"!

Born as lowly as the Saviour of Mankind, of unschooled parents in an unschooled community, himself unschooled; born in an uncommonly common cabin with only poverty as his visible birthright.

A farm laborer, woodsman, flat-boatman, unsuccessful store-keeper, country postmaster, self-instructed land surveyor, lawyer, state legislator, congressman — all with no recognized mark of destiny.

As Moses, shepherding his father-in-law's flocks in Midian was being prepared for the burning-bush message and to become the mighty leader of the Exodus and the law-giver of Israel not only, but of the world; so was Lincoln under the inscrutable tuition of the Almighty to come into saving leadership when the conflagration of civil war menaced his country.

And, Oh, the tragedy of it! the beyond human understanding! Like Moses who had but a God-given glimpse of the Promised Land from the heights of Nebo, "over against Jericho," so Lincoln, having brought his people into the blessed Canaan of a victorious peace, is not permitted to enjoy the blessings of his marvelous achievement — as we mortals think.

Both of these great men fulfilled their destiny.

"LINCOLN IS DEAD" seemed the solemn voice of the silent night.

In the morning we bulletined the sad news and its rapid spread was visible in its effect upon those who heard it. Very soon simple emblems of a real mourning appeared on residences and persons, often only fragments of black pinned to outer garments or fastened over doorways. The colored people seemed dazed, many of them believing that Lincoln's death meant the end of emancipation.

About noon a committee of paroled Confederates called, requesting me to come out on the front steps of our office building. Doing this I found a large gathering of these men whose spokesman feelingly expressed sorrow and sympathy in the national affliction, believing that they had themselves lost a best friend.



I appreciated the significance of the incident and replied as graciously as I could.

In the afternoon I came across a sobbing boy, an excited negro and a dead dog. The boy complained that "This bad nigger killed my little dog." The boy had picked up a piece of black fabric which had fallen from some person or building, and influenced by the prevalence of black in the city, had thoughtlessly tied it to his dog's tail and this had provoked the negro's ire. The frightened negro said, "Puttin' mournin' on a dog's tail for Linkin, dat am too scan'lus, Sah, Ah couldn't no how help killin' dat dawg. Awful scan'lus!" The boy was too young to comprehend the common sorrow, but was surely broken-hearted over the tragedy of his pet.

The day of Lincoln's funeral in Washington was observed by a procession of all the Army and Navy force in and about Portsmouth, with some citizens and a large number of paroled Confederates who asked permission to join the mournful pageant. After marching through the main streets we went over to Norfolk and joined a similar procession there, making a long marching line, and with muffled drums and the solemn dirges of several bands it was an impressive affair. All places of business were closed in both cities and an atmosphere of solemnity and sorrow prevailed.

The war was over and I would be soon mustered out and further military government of Portsmouth unnecessary. An election under the civil charter of the city was ordered for mayor and other municipal officers, and it was held in orderly form. At an early meeting of the newly elected city officers my "administration" was pleasantly mentioned and after many farewell calls and pleasant good-bys, on the 15th of June, 1865, I joined my Regiment at Fortress Monroe on its homeward way.

My service at Portsmouth was, in its altogether, a pleasant experience, with large variety of incident and interest.

I have visited the city several times since the war, but even on my earliest visit I found but few left of those I knew, and later, none. I have had a continued interest in that city's growth and prosperity.

#### REGIMENTAL REUNION

On the fourth anniversary of our Regiment's muster into the United States service, August 29, 1866, a Reunion of our officers was held at Essex, N. Y., the following account of which appeared in the *Plattsburgh Sentinel*, its editor being one of our guests. Its reproduction may add some features of interest to those interested in the regiment.





REUNION OF THE 118TH. We believe in reunions, especially such as occurred at Eggleston's Hotel in Essex, on the evening of Wednesday last, the 29th ult. We pronounce it a model entertainment in its most essential features, among which we mention with pleasure the following:

1. Its Simplicity and Cordiality. There was no vain and empty show — no pomp — just a hearty and cordial reunion of old comrades. Not an officer appeared with uniform or epaulet or badge to designate his rank; but the cordial handshake, the "how are you old boy!" "I am glad to see you once more," etc., fully demonstrated that they had met — not to be seen, but to see each other and renew comradeship.

2. Its Moral Character. "Let us speak of a man as we find him," and be it said to the honor of the occasion, that spirituous liquors were entirely counted out of the program, while we do not recollect hearing a profane or other word that might not be uttered in the presence of ladies. It was a gathering of gentlemen.

3. Its Social and Intellectual Character. A good substantial supper, such as was furnished by Mr. Eggleston, naturally comes under the social head, and right at this point "our story begins." At about half past eight, the following officers of the 118th, and invited guests, a fair proportion of whom were accompanied by ladies, numbering more than fifty in all, gathered around the richly laden tables of "mine host" — tables which resembled parterres, so brilliant were they with numerous bouquets, Flora's tribute to the brave:

*S. T. Richards*, Warrensburgh, 1st Colonel of the regiment.

*Major J. L. Cunningham*, Glens Falls.

Captains *J. Parmeter*, *H. J. Adams*, *H. S. Ransom*, *P. K. DeLaney*, *D. F. Dobie*, *W. H. Bailey*, Plattsburgh; *J. H. Pierce*, Bloomingdale; *R. C. Kellogg*, *R. W. Livingston*, Elizabethtown; *John Brydon*, Crown Point; *C. W. Wells*, Black Brook; *M. V. B. Stetson*, Champlain; *Dennis Stone*, Warrensburgh.

Lieutenants *M. N. Dickinson*, Warrensburgh; *James S. Garrett*, Glens Falls; *P. V. N. McLean* and *Henry Mould*, Keeseville; *J. S. Boynton*, Peru; *William Bidwell*, Plattsburgh; *J. H. Calkins*, Schuylers Falls; *J. W. Treadway*, Port Henry; *J. W. Angell*, Sciota; *E. O. Welch*, Westport; and *N. Arnold*, Franklin Falls.

Adjutant *J. L. Carter*, Ellenburgh.

Chaplain *C. L. Hagar*, Plattsburgh.

#### Guests

Hon. William Higby, M. C., California; Hon. P. E. Havens, Essex; Col. W. E. Calkins, Ticonderoga; Capt. James McGuire, Keeseville; A. C. H. Livingston, Ed. Elizabethtown Post; and A. W. Lansing, Ed. Plattsburgh Sentinel.

Grace by Chaplain Hagar, after which immediate preparations were commenced for the filling-up process so essential and agreeable to the material man. Those who had been "mess"-mates formerly, and who had learned to admire the culinary arts and dodges of their incomparable Hogan, a jewel of a provider, proving himself equal to the unchristian shifts and emergencies



of the camp and march, could also appreciate the more extended appliances of peaceful life. This important matter over, then began "the feast of reason and flow of soul."

Colonel Richards who presided, made a few modest opening remarks expressive of the pleasure he experienced in again meeting with his old comrades. He said there had been no mistakes in the selection of officers for the 118th.

Major Cunningham, officer of the day, read letters from Hon. R. S. Hale, Hon. S. Brown, General John Hammond, General Moffitt, General Nichols, Col. L. S. Dominy, Major Peck of the 9th Vermont, and others, and a telegram from Hon. S. M. Weed, regretting their inability to be present.

1st regular toast — *Our first reunion: While reviving past associations mingling sad and pleasant memories, may it renew the tie of friendship and strengthen our bond of union.*

It was feelingly replied to by Major Cunningham in place of Lt.-Col. L. S. Dominy, absent.

Song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," by Lieutenant Garrett and chorus.

2d toast — *Our absent comrades; whether separated by earthly distances or the boundary stream of time — yet with us in loving memory.*

Responded to by Chaplain Hagar. Among other things he alluded to the battle of Drury's Bluff, to the cloud of darkness that hung over them as they counted their dead, wounded and missing. He read the names of officers who had answered the "roll-call" and gone up from the sacrificial altar of their country — Major Pruyn, Captains Riggs and J. S. Stone; Lieutenants Reynolds, Stevenson, Wing, Little, and others.

3d toast — *Our flag — torn from Sumpter, baptized in the blood of a hundred battles, to float again, as henceforth it ever shall, the flag of the free!*

The response was by the Hon. William Higby, Member of Congress, from California, a native of Essex County, and who once bivouacked with the 118th, in the heart of the Dismal Swamp. He gave a stirring talk.

Song — "Star Spangled Banner" — all rising.

4th toast — *Our Country has weathered the storm, and rides safely at anchor in the harbor of peace.*

The response by Captain Pierce was impressively patriotic.

Song, with chorus — "A Thousand Years," by Lieutenant Dickinson.

5th toast — *Our citizen friends — whose hearts were with us, and whose eyes were upon us during our three years' service.*

Replied to by Hon. P. E. Havens. He dwelt more on details. The war was not a war of races so much as of principles. It sprang from the people, not to add laurels to the brow of a monarch, but to save a country. Enthusiasm ruled the hour then; but now, when the sword is returned to its scabbard, some are in danger of forgetting for what cause it was unsheathed. But God overrules — "He is the power behind the throne, the majesty and strength behind and above nations — in Him is our trust."

6th toast — *The ladies: The thought of their approving smiles cheered our bivouacs and warmed our hearts when camp fires burned low. We are rewarded by their welcome and gracious presence.*





Response by Captain Bailey. The Captain evidently considered "brevity the soul of wit," and put much in a small compass.

Song, by Lieutenant Dickinson.

7th toast — *The Press of our regimental district.*

Response by Editor A. W. Lansing.

8th toast — *All our late local military organizations: Comrades of battles many, comrades of marches many, brothers in storm, brothers in calm — we love them all.*

Responded to by Colonel Calkins of Ticonderoga. In his most genial vein he "brought down the house." He alluded to the 5th Cavalry, 96th, 77th, 153d, 38th, and 22d N. Y. Vols. Infantry; and closed with a glowing tribute to the 118th.

9th toast — *Our old regimental mess — Oh, what a mess!*

Responded to by Major Cunningham, officer of the day, who read an original anonymous rhyme entitled "Hogan's Mess." Cannot the gallant Major give us some information concerning the author of this facetious excellency?

An original contribution sung by Major C—— came next.

The regular toasts being disposed of, the following resolution was offered by Captain Ransom:

*Resolved*, That Major Cunningham, our "committee of one," is deserving our hearty thanks for the responsibility he has taken and the labor he has performed in getting us together and preparing for our enjoyment of this occasion.

The following was also adopted:

*Resolved*. That our thanks be extended to the ladies of Essex for the profusion of flowers which adorn our tables and so fittingly symbolize that charm of beauty and delight which would have been more fully contributed by the presence of their fair donors.

Captain Pierce with remarks eulogistic of Hon. Orlando Kellogg, the "Father of our Regiment," offered the following preamble and resolution written by Captain Livingston:

*Whereas*, The 118th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, was organized during the dark hours of the late rebellion, just as the campaign on the Peninsula had been declared a failure, and while the second battle of Bull Run and Chantilly were being fought to their unsuccessful conclusion, and while the public mind was depressed by the apparent uselessness of the great sacrifices the country was making; whereas we were very materially aided in our efforts to perfect such organization by the influence and effective labors of the late HON. ORLANDO KELLOGG, as well as cheered on in our path of duty by his words of patriotic and paternal encouragement, and during the whole term of our service we felt that he was zealously guarding our interests, while we repeatedly experienced the benefits of his fostering care; and whereas, on this our first reunion since the close of our history as an organization, we deem it eminently proper that we express our sense of his great service to us and to the cause we upheld and the profound grief we, in common with the great body of his constituents, have experienced in his untimely death; therefore,



*Resolved*, That in the death of the HON. ORLANDO KELLOGG, late Representative in Congress from this District, we feel that we have lost a very true, helpful and dear friend, who ever made the interests of the 118th Regiment his own, whose presence always cheered our hearts and whose eloquence roused our patriotism and military ardor; and that the country has lost a true patriot and valuable public servant.

Remarks were made by Major Cunningham, Captains DeLaney, Parmeter, and others, when the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Senator Havens tendered a reception to the gathering at his beautiful home for the next evening, but so many were obliged to leave the next afternoon that the offer had to be declined with thankful appreciation.

Prayer was then offered by the Chaplain, and the company returned to the parlor, where they were amused by "The Gospel according to St. Benjamin," read by Captain Dobie. They did not disperse till the small hours, and then it was with the understanding that the majority of the officers were to remain over to attend the business meeting next day.

At the business meeting on Thursday morning, it was determined to hold the next reunion at Plattsburgh on the 29th of August, 1867. Much other business was transacted. Major Livingston and Colonel Cunningham were appointed a Committee on Regimental History; Captains Dobie, Brydon and Lieutenant Garrett were made a Committee on Permanent Organization of the Surviving Officers and the following were elected officers for the year: Captain Livingston, Commandant; Captain Ransom, Lieutenant Commandant; Major Cunningham, Adjutant, and Captain DeLaney, Quartermaster.

For all of us who attended our first reunion it was full of peculiar enjoyment, but in spite of abundant reasons why these reunions should be continued every year, only one other was held.

As a sequel of this reunion an incident came to me which I greatly esteemed. The following from the *Glens Falls Republican* of November, 1866, tells the story:

Warrensburgh was the scene of a pleasant affair on the evening of the 27th ult. — the presentation of a Silver Pitcher to Colonel J. L. Cunningham, by the surviving officers of his regiment, the late 118th N. Y. Volunteers. The presentation took place at the residence of Duncan Griffin, Esq., and in the presence of a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen.

The military delegation consisted of General Richards, Major Stone and Captains Dickinson and Garrett. Colonel C—— was entirely unconscious that the assemblage had more than a social significance and was thoroughly surprised when confronted by General Richards and Captain Garrett, the former bearing the pitcher and addressing him as follows:

"Colonel: At our pleasant reunion last August, at Essex, we did some business behind your back, for which we now apologize. We adopted a resolution appointing a committee to procure and present to you some testimonial which would, in a degree, evince our estimation of your worth as a gentleman, our esteem and affection for you as a brave and true-hearted comrade; and





also to show our appreciation of your successful efforts in bringing us together at that time and proving by your good management to strengthen the ties which have ever bound us in a more than brotherhood. The inscription, which names the rank you held at the time of muster out and by which you are best known among us and around which cluster our most lasting associations, tells its own story and leaves nothing to be added except the great pleasure it affords us to be the representatives of the good-will which we all bear you, in presenting you, in behalf of your surviving brother officers of the late 118th N. Y. Volunteers, this testimonial, towards which every one of your officer-comrades has been pleased to contribute, and which is intended to token the united expression of our affection and esteem."

Colonel Cunningham replied in substance as follows:

"My dear Comrades: It is hard for me to rally sufficiently after this complete surprise to make fitting reply to your generous words. But as the earnestness of gratitude and thankfulness is not always in words, I beg you give me a lifetime to act out my appreciation of this unexpected and elegant assurance of your good-will. Nothing will ever give me greater pride than to know that I have the friendship of those whom I learned to appreciate through three years of common trial; those with whom I have served in the Adirondack Regiment. I could ask no greater reward than this lasting token of your approval.

"The success of our reunion at Essex was not so much the result of my efforts, as the influence of the mutual respect which was always the happy characteristic of our regiment, and which I trust will ever bless our future relations. I can but express my thanks and gratitude to you, and through you to my late associates, for their often repeated kindness and consideration and especially for this beautiful testimonial, of which, in the exercise of their large generosity, they have deemed me worthy. I shall preserve it as a peculiar treasure associated as it is with the deeds and glory of the 'Adirondack Regiment,' and its evidence of the war-cemented fellowship of the men who gave it power to discharge with splendid fidelity its patriotic mission."

The pitcher is from the house of Ball, Black & Company, New York, of pure silver, eleven inches high, neatly frosted and engraved — not with the emblems of war, but with the more appropriate symbols of peace. The modest inscription *Presented to Major John L. Cunningham by his Brother Officers, 118th N. Y. Vols.* spoke a volume, and the whole design is creditable to the taste of Captain Garrett, who had charge of its preparation.

As already said, there was only one other reunion of the surviving officers of our Regiment held at Plattsburgh, August 29, 1867, a rather complete account of which was given in the *Plattsburgh Sentinel*, and from which the following is a partial quotation:

SECOND REUNION OF THE 118TH. The Association convened at Captain Ransom's office, Plattsburgh, August 29, 1867, at 2:30 o'clock P.M.

In the absence of Captain Livingston, the Association Commander, Captain Ransom, Lieutenant Commander, presided. Major J. L. Cunningham present, as Association Adjutant.



Captain Brydon, from the Committee on Constitution, presented a draft preamble and constitution, which, after some amendments, was, on motion of Captain Bailey, adopted.

On the nomination of different members the following late officers of volunteers were elected honorary members, as provided for in the Constitution, viz.: Major General George J. Stannard, Burlington; Brevet-Major General N. M. Curtis, Ogdensburgh; Brevet-Brigadier General John Hammond, 5th N. Y. Cavalry, Crown Point; Brevet-Brigadier General Stephen Moffitt, 96th N. Y. Volunteers, Plattsburgh; Brevet-Brigadier General Ripley, 9th Vt.; Colonel Frank Palmer, 16th N. Y. Volunteers, Plattsburgh; Colonel Edgar M. Cullen, 96th N. Y. Volunteers, Brooklyn; Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel E. J. Barker, 5th N. Y. Cavalry, Crown Point; Chaplain N. Wardner, 96th N. Y. Volunteers, and Chaplain Francis B. Hall, 16th N. Y. Volunteers, Plattsburgh.

The Association then proceeded to ballot for officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

Captain Parmerter, Commander; Captain Ransom, Lieutenant Commander; Major Cunningham, Adjutant; Captain DeLaney, Quartermaster; Charles Hagar, Chaplain.

On motion of Surgeon Porteous it was *Resolved*, That our thanks be tendered to the Trustees and Citizens of the village of Glens Falls, for their munificent appropriation for the purpose of erecting a monument in honor of our fallen heroes.

Major Cunningham, from the Committee on Regimental History, made a verbal report, and the committee, consisting of himself and Captain Livingston, was continued.

Captain Ransom, acting Commander, announced the appointment of Captain Adams as Officer of the Day.

### THE REUNION PROPER

The members and ladies with their friends assembled in the parlors of Fouquet's Hotel, and after interchange of greetings found their way to the Supper Hall.

Present: Major J. L. Cunningham, Glens Falls; Captains Dobie, Ransom, Parmerter, Bailey, and Adams, Plattsburgh; Stetson, Champlain; Kellogg, Elizabethtown; Brydon, Crown Point; Pierce, Bloomingdale; Wells, Black Brook.

Lieutenants Gibbs, Westport; Angell, Mooers; McLean, Keeseville; Boynton, Peru; Treadway, Port Henry; Mattoon, Plattsburgh; Calkins, Peru; Mould, Keeseville.

Surgeon Porteous, Luzerne.

Quartermaster DeLaney, Plattsburgh, and Chaplain Hagar, Plattsburgh.

Several of the above-named officers hold Brevet Commissions of higher grade than the rank named.

Among the guests present were, Brevet-Brigadier General Edgar M. Cullen, Brooklyn; Brevet-Brigadier General Stephen Moffitt, Plattsburgh and Captain Cook of the U. S. Signal Service. Many ladies were present.





The whole number of seats occupied were sixty. Lieutenant Commander Ransom presided. Grace by Chaplain Hagar.

Supper over, the opening address was delivered by Major Cunningham, of which the following is a part:

"No person rejoiced more than I when the long-looked-for time of peace came and with it the homeward march of our regiment. Yet I felt somewhat sad when the parting came. It seemed like the breaking up of a family with its ties of affection strenuously tested through years of trying experience.

"I resolved to try and keep alive this friendship, continue these fraternal relations, and it was in furtherance of this resolution that I called you together last fall, and it was for this purpose that the 'Association of the Adirondack Regiment' is formed. . . .

"Isn't it a delightful fact that after military obligations and distinctions have been thrown aside, and all returned to the level of civil life, we so love to meet each other, with nothing of the past to mar, and so much to make us grasp the hand of every comrade with such a mutual hearty goodwill as to send the blood rushing back to the heart laden with the vigor and fragrance of an active and sincere comradeship?

"To continue this is the mission of our association. We seek no extrinsic benefits by coming together; ask no favors backed by the united deserts of brave comrades; no glory other than has already been accorded to the 118th. Neither do we desire to perpetuate recollections of the 'pomp and circumstance of war' — the glory scenes of strife and danger which we have been permitted to survive. History will preserve the facts of South Anna, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Swift Creek, Petersburg Heights, Fort Harrison, the final occupation of the enemy's capitol; but it is for us, by reunions such as this, to preserve from forgetfulness comrades who have blest our weary service. . . .

"We have taken the anniversary of our muster into the U. S. service as reunion day, and we meet to-night 'mid the scenes of our first acquaintance, near the very spot hallowed by earlier historical events, where five years ago a long line with uncovered heads and right arms raised towards Heaven swore fealty to our then endangered government; and if to-night we feel the happy consciousness of having discharged that obligation, we may with all modesty pride ourselves upon it.

"Here, too, where, three years later, with a smaller number, but older and more experienced, we returned, bearing our record in the dearly bought inscriptions upon our tattered banners. Here we separated, and here we are gathered again, and may we be spared to meet in future years and

Sing our pleasures, hopes and joys  
In some mild sphere,  
Still closer knit in friendship's ties  
Each passing year.

"Yes, like the grand old mountains whose name we bore, though each individual peak be ever so distinct and lofty, yet all blend at their base in one common foundation; so may we, though ever so separated by distance, be linked together by the enduring ties of a peculiar brotherhood."

Feeling letters of regret were read by Major Cunningham, from Brigadier



General S. T. Richards, Brevet-Brigadier General G. F. Nichols, Colonel O. Keese, Captain Livingston, Lieutenant Garrett, Lieutenant Vaughan, Major General G. J. Stannard, Brevet-Brigadier General Ripley, Hon. R. S. Hale, Hon. O. Ferris and Hon. S. M. Weed.

The following toasts were then offered and responded to:

1. *Our Absent Comrades: Sacred is the memory of the noble dead and dear the recollection of their service. May no absence be mourned at the final reunion on high.*

Responded to by Chaplain Hagar, who, in part, said:

"Perhaps I am called upon in this relation, because I was accustomed during the years of our service to speak for them in leading their devotions in the hour of worship, and because it was my sad duty to repeat for some of them to loving ones the words breathed into my ear in their last moments.

"One evening when our regiment had been relieved in the trenches in front of Petersburg, and had returned to camp in that ravine which we all remember, a number of you were seated in front of your tents. Perhaps you were thinking of home, perhaps watching the shells from the mortar batteries crossing each other to and from the enemy, or especially regarding some rifle-gun whose shot was more directly towards ourselves. One of our number sung a few verses which never before seemed so impressive. This is one of the verses:

'Tis sweet to be remembered  
In the turmoils of this life,  
While toiling up its pathway,  
While mingling in its strife,  
While wandering o'er earth's border,  
Or sailing on the sea,  
'Tis sweet to be remembered  
Wherever we may be.

"The singer of that evening is thousands of miles away from us to-night, but he is not forgotten. Comrades of our camp fires, of long marches, exposures to pelting storms and burning heat, of many a fiercely contested field, though many are absent from our festive gathering to-night, they are not forgotten — never can be forgotten.

"Oh, the sacrifice of noble lives to save our land, the richness of the offering! Honored be the names of the patriot dead; green be the memory of the departed. One went down to an ocean bed, others were laid in soldiers' graves at Suffolk, Drury's Bluff, Fort Harrison, Cold Harbor, Fair Oaks and other fields, in quiet cemeteries in the South, or gathered to their fathers at home. We cannot forget them, and above all let us not forget the Captain of our Salvation, and in the great final reunion may we all rejoice in His love and mercy."

Music — Dirge by the orchestra.

2. *Our Country —*

*Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee.*

Music — Hail Columbia.





*Our Regimental District — Hallowed from the Canadian frontier to the Hudson by historical reminiscences, marked with the still visible footprints of our patriot fathers; her late record is worthy its classic past; the sons perpetuate what the fathers founded.*

Responded to by Hon. Monroe Hall:

"Our toast is 'Our Regimental District' composed of the Counties of Clinton, Essex and Warren; worthy district, worthily represented by patriotic soldiers. Its limits coextensive with the Adirondack range, its character fully indicated by her rocky ramparts — your name — 'Adirondack,' was fitly chosen and honored in the choosing.

"Truly this district is historically hallowed. We have Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Plattsburgh, Crown Point, Ticonderoga and Lake George, and all through it are the still visible footprints of historic and heroic valor. We see them in our very midst; within a stone's throw are the entrenchments marks of the bullet and the imbedded cannon ball; Ticonderoga where Ethan Allen proclaimed his authority to be 'the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,' words which shadowed forth the principles upon which our Republic is founded, viz.: 'God's law as interpreted by Congress.' Hereabout raged the war between French and Indians, the French and English, and later still in the contest of the Revolution, and that of 1812, when as feeble colonies and a youthful nation, we contended successfully right here in Plattsburgh.

"As our fathers were successful, so have been their sons. You have met the enemy on his own ground and conquered gloriously. You left the field, the shop, the office and the various vocations of life, and showed that the citizen soldiers, enlightened American soldiers, are equal to any emergency. Thus have you already proved and thus may you hereafter show a record truly worthy of the classic past, and thus will the noble sons of noble sires perpetuate what their fathers founded."

Music — America, all rising and joined in singing.

3. *Plattsburgh — A national watchword of victory on land and sea; the Alpha and Omega of our soldier life; may the ashes of her present adversity stimulate her future prosperity.*

Responded to by A. W. Lansing, editor of the *Sentinel*.

His first impression was that the toast was rather a dry one, having in mind the empty condition of the mill-pond and cisterns on the night of our late fire. But on reflection, the subject enlarged. The historic ground of Plattsburgh was a fitting place for a meeting of this kind, and without reviewing at length her history, he would point to the old Academy, riddled with bullets, as a still remaining evidence that Plattsburgh had seen war at her very doors.

4. *Our Corps Associates — Comrades of marches many; comrades of battles many; friends in storm, friends in calm — we love them all.*

Feelingly responded to by General Cullen, late Colonel 96th N. Y. Volunteers, in a brief but forceful speech, of which we have no memorandum.

5. *The 118th New York Volunteers — Though not without its record in the annals of the war, its noblest record is in the hearts of its members, graven by mutual respect and esteem. Its officers were men, all gentlemen, soldiers and patriots.*



This sentiment was received from Captain Livingston, and responded to by Captain James H. Pierce, who, in part, said:

"I believe that this occasion is one of pleasure to you all, and especially so to the surviving officers of our regiment; pleasing, in having participated in and survived the terrible conflagration that swept over our fair land; pleasing, because the Son of Righteousness directed our purposes, led us through the troubled waters and fixed our hopes upon the solid rock of justice and liberty to all men; pleasing, that we are living to greet each other as brothers in peace, brothers in our faith in the institutions of our country.

"When we come together from all parts of this Congressional District to celebrate our Reunion, we would baptize ourselves anew in the spirit of patriotism and loyalty; renew our loyalty to principle, loyalty to government, loyalty to God. We would dig from the ashes of our old camp fires the coals that have retained their heat and life, and fan them into blaze and brightness. In a word, we would say to our country and to the enemies of Republican government everywhere, that with the members of this association, fealty to our country is fealty to God.

"We have reason to rejoice; but there are things to make us sad. Rejoice that the government lives; rejoice that our institutions survive; rejoice that the great principles of democratic government remain; rejoice that Providence kept us and permitted us to witness the successful restoration of the authority of the government, North and South.

"Why should we be sad? It is because so many of our comrades are sleeping in the dust, a sacrifice for their country. It is that Major Pruyn, Captain Stone, Lieutenants Riggs, Reynolds, Wing, Stevenson, and others cannot be with us, under the flag they died to defend.

"With the active duties of war passed, the important duty of citizens comes — to educate ourselves, our associates and our children to the sublime fact that governments should be administered for the happiness, equal privileges and justice to all, that obedience to government and law is our sacred duty. May we prove thoughtful, worthy, loyal citizens, preserving and glorifying what has been saved."

6. *Our Absent Association Comrades, and especially, may we never again have to regret the absence of our genial, scar-seared, Grand Old Captain Livingston.*

Singing — Auld Lang Syne.

7. *The Ladies: They cheered our departure, inspired our service and welcomed us home. Any service is a pleasure when their approving smiles reward.*

Responded to by Captain Brydon and Chaplain Hagar. Captain Brydon said in part:

"In looking around this pleasant gathering I notice kind, familiar faces of women who have shared the experiences of our 'old camp ground'; and, alas! who have also experienced in hospitals the after-horrors of battle; whose gentle hands and words have soothed the sufferings of many of our sick and wounded; and, gentlemen, it is my conviction, and I believe yours, that one kindly touch from a good and true woman was worth more than all the quinine and 'blue mass' administered by our highly esteemed Doctors."

8. *Our Old Regimental Mess — A feast of fellowship and flow of soul — that's all!*







Responded to by Lieutenant Mattoon — something like this:

"We called our mess 'Hogan's mess,' and to give you an idea of it, we shall have to take out all these dishes, these eatables, the tables, the napery; take away the chairs and put down rails covered with soldiers' blankets. Around such a sort of table imagine our being cooked for and waited on by the untidiest Hogan in the world, with unwashed face and a piece of an old gunny bag for an apron. Such was our mess. What a mess! It was about such a mess as I got into the other day when my wife was away from home. I had to get dinner for myself. I had chicken, corn, potatoes, etc., and I boiled them all in one pot and Hogan-like I spoiled them all.

"Well, we had to put up with Hogan and his greasy self and apron. Now if you can so stretch your imaginations as to imagine all these things and a hungry group of officers sitting around on old boxes, fence rails or pieces of boards on end, then you will have some idea of our mess.

"If any of you should ever get into any such a mess, please remember that, who loudest yells and curses worst, gets most to eat and gets it first!"

Major Cunningham read a humorous travesty on "Hogan's Mess" which provoked much merriment, giving laughable inside views of that unique regimental feature.

Captain Dobie read humorous "Chronicals" of the 118th.

The Association adjourned to the parlors where a buzz of conversation indicated that the reunion continued with enjoyable interest.

---

When the time for the next reunion came, business and other things, showing that we were all busily engaged in civil affairs, prevented expectation of the attendance of enough to make an interesting meeting and it was abandoned and never afterwards undertaken. The physical condition of Captain Livingston and his death, together with the constant business demands upon my own time, prevented any serious undertaking of a history of the regiment, for which we were made a committee.

After our regiment was disbanded it was a bit difficult to adjust myself to civil life and I did not hurry about it.

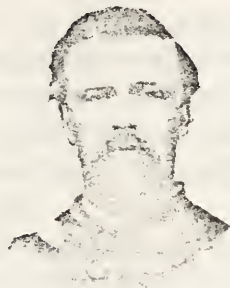
In November I decided to go to my uncle's law office, Warrensburgh, where I could use his law library to read up and prepare to again take up the practice of law — my three years out-of-practice gave a sense of the need of study. I not only read, but entered upon such practice as offered and enjoyed my stay in Warrensburgh and its people very much, and an "unexpectedness" made my stay longer than intended.

In midsummer of 1866, I was asked by our Captain Parmerter, then U. S. Customs Collector at Plattsburgh, to go to Washington and find out what was going on in behalf of a rumored effort





LIEUTENANT  
WILLIAM H. STEVENSON



LIEUTENANT  
SAM SHERMAN





for his removal from office. At Washington I found several army friends including Generals Charles K. Graham of New York and Gordon Granger, then hailing from New Orleans. Graham was seeking the appointment of Surveyor of the Port of New York and Granger the appointment of Collector for the Port of New Orleans. Graham was successful and I believe Granger also succeeded.

I called on Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch (appointed by President Lincoln and continued by President Johnson), and frankly told him what I was there for; that I would like such information as he was willing to give as to what, if anything, was being done towards the removal of Captain Parmerter. He said he was willing to tell all there was of it, and sent for the papers. It appeared that prominent Democrats of Northern New York had written Democratic Congressmen, in substance, that they understood that some Republicans were trying to remove Captain Parmerter to make place for some other Republican; that these Democrats wanted Parmerter continued in office because the Democrats could "use" him, etc. The Democratic Congressmen receiving these letters, confidentially (?) showed them to New York Republican Congressmen and this stirred the latter to the purpose of removing a Republican office-holder whom the Democrats could "use." It was all a transparent political trick to oust Captain Parmerter and have it done by his own party.

Secretary McCulloch was frank and friendly and said I might assure Captain Parmerter that until there was good reason for removing him, he was safe. As I was leaving he followed me to the door, saying that he not only wouldn't remove a reputable and competent Civil War veteran without the best of reasons, but that such war service would influence him in making appointments. With a hearty good-by handshake I left with a big liking for Secretary McCulloch.

At the hotel I told Generals Graham and Granger what the Secretary said, which cheered them very much. They considered what the Secretary said as an invitation to ask for some appointment and that I was foolish if I did not do so. I said that I knew of no appointment that I wanted. They had all sorts of information concerning government offices and office-holders and came to me that evening with information concerning the Internal Revenue Collectorship of my then 16th Congressional District, comprising Clinton, Essex and Warren Counties, which was also our regimental district. It was a remunerative office with large



collections and in my need of income it was an alluring proposition. I asked these Generals if they would go with me to the Secretary of the Treasury and "back me." They said they would; but the next day they gave some excuse for not going then, and I decided I would go "all by my own self." I did so and frankly stated to Secretary McCulloch why I was back; that because of what he said to me about the appointment of those who had served in the war, and encouraged by my friends at the hotel, I would like the appointment of Collector of Internal Revenue for my congressional district; but desired him to be frank with me and if he could give no encouragement to say so and that would be the end of it.

He received me kindly and said he would look up the situation as to the office and sent for the papers. After looking the package over he asked me if I knew Mr. Walter A. Faxon, the then collector. I replied that I did not and did not know that there was such an office until two days before. He proceeded to say that Mr. Faxon was a member of the New York Assembly when Ira Harris was made U. S. Senator; that Mr. Faxon voted for Mr. Harris and that Mr. Faxon's appointment might be considered a sort of reward. The Secretary then laid aside the papers, settled back in his chair and sort of looked me over and finally said that Mr. Faxon had been collector for some time and being somewhat impressed with my unique application, he would say, that having only a first-sight knowledge of me if I would send him just a few letters from prominent citizens of my congressional district, "no matter what their politics or creed," assuring him that I was competent, of good reputation at home and that my appointment would not be objectionable to my Congressman or people of the district, he would recommend my appointment to the President.

"Now, young man," said he, "don't spend any money or time by coming here or in securing political or other approval or influence; do not put yourself under any special obligation to any one." I was with him perhaps for an hour and when I left he said he was pleased to have met me, and that he had no doubt of my appointment or that I would administer the office all right.

The letters were sent and in due time my appointment came.

My appointment needed the confirmation of the United States Senate to continue me in office beyond the next session of Congress. Ex-Governor, Senator Morgan was Chairman of the Senate Committee before whom my appointment would go, and he wrote me in January, 1867, that he would do all he could for my confirmation. However, the political feeling against President







Johnson grew in intensity during that congressional session so as to threaten wholesale opposition to the confirmation of any of his appointments made during the congressional recess. Towards the last of February Senator Morgan wrote me that he was confident that such would be the case, and while he would be glad to have me confirmed, there were reasons why he would like to be released from his distinct promise; so I returned his letter containing that promise, with thanks.

I then went to Washington and saw Senator Morgan, who repeated that the feeling had become so strong against the President that none of his *ad interim* appointments would be confirmed, no matter how worthy any might be. It then seemed to me best to try and secure the appointment of some friend and I decided to try for the appointment of Col. Samuel T. Richards of Warrensburgh. I tried to see our Congressman, Robert S. Hale, but he was not in Washington at the time. I was sure, however, that he would favor Colonel Richards.

I went to Secretary McCulloch and told the whole story and what I wanted him to do. He said that with the approval of Congressman Hale he would be pleased to appoint Colonel Richards. He asked me whether Colonel Richards was seeking the appointment and I told him that Richards knew nothing whatever about it; that he was the first colonel of my regiment, was prominent, reputable, etc. He said, "All right, I will be glad to help you out."

In the meantime a quiet but influential effort was made to secure the appointment of a prominent politician of our district, which was thought successful by those interested. However, during the very last moment of that Congress a multitude of new appointments were confirmed *en masse*, including that of Colonel Richards.

There were other interesting incidents and circumstances involved in this appointment and confirmation which I will not now speak of.

I was made Colonel Richards' first deputy and had full charge of the office until the reduction of internal revenue taxes rendered the office less remunerative.

I have mentioned this episode because of its peculiar and unique circumstances, the frank and kindly favor of Secretary Hugh McCulloch, and because I consider it a "consequence" of my war service. When McCulloch came back to the Treasury Department in the Cabinet of President Arthur, I wrote him my congratulations, mentioning that he might not remember me as



the subject of his official and personal favor during his previous incumbency. He replied that he did remember "the pleasant absence of red tape pertaining to our acquaintance."

So it was that a trip to Washington in behalf of my comrade and friend, Captain Parmerter, occasioned the "handing out" to me of an honorable, pleasant and fairly compensated employment for a period when I needed it.

I had done all the work of the Collector's office, clerical and other, and found that my health had become somewhat impaired, and while I was thinking of taking a little recuperative travel-trip, a thing occurred which unexpectedly changed and determined the work of my after-life.

Judge Brown, one of my best friends and an important factor in the Glens Falls Insurance Company from its organization until his death in 1897, sent for me. He said the Company was considering the employment of additional help for field work and he believed I could be useful to the Company; that the Company had considered the question of liquidation and that the board of directors was about equally divided on the subject, and some who opposed it did so more from pride than judgment. The Company's net surplus had reached more than \$100,000, but had dwindled to about one-half that sum. He wished, for himself, that I would favorably consider the matter; that in taking this outside work I could gather information pertinent to the Company's outlook and prospects for the future and help settle the matter of whether the Company should go on, and that I would, for myself, get valuable experience. Without discussing the things which influenced my decision, I consented to try it for the few remaining months of the year. To my surprise I liked the work; it proved more interesting and important than I thought. I found that the Company, wherever at all known, had an excellent reputation and enjoyed the decided confidence of its agents and patrons — in fact its founder and active president, Russell M. Little, had imparted to the Company his own enthusiastic, honorable and manly character. The Company was financially small, but all companies were small then; the gross assets of the 108 joint-stock New York State fire insurance companies then footed about \$33,000,000, an average of some \$300,000 each. The Company's business was also small and confined to a small territory.

I grew quite enthusiastic concerning the business and the Company and believed that a prudent extension of territory, an increase of agencies in territory already occupied and accepting an enlarged class of hazards promised profitable growth, and







my reasons for this belief were given to the Company's board of directors.

President Little was especially gratified and insisted that I abandon all other plans and continue in the Company's service. Without really deciding to do so, that is what I did, serving in its office and "on the road" for nearly three years, as Secretary for twenty-three years and as President twenty-two years.

A small volume might be written of and concerning the varied and interesting experiences of this nearly a full half century, but I will not undertake it — not now. I will say that it brought me into touch and association with men of the finest personality, character and ability not only those connected with the GLENS FALLS, but those in the great business of fire insurance throughout the country; it also brought me some esteemed friends in foreign parts. I have surely been favored with an extensive and delightful acquaintance with underwriters — agents, field men, officers and managers, through the years; men worth knowing; honorable, high-minded, broad-minded gentlemen, almost altogether the kind they should be to care for such a diversity of vast aggregate interests and capital.

I couldn't have asked for a more satisfactory life-work than has come to me, even though larger results might be wished.

So it was that these incidental happenings pleasantly "detoured" my plans and were distinctly influenced by my service with the Adirondack Regiment.

Early in General Grant's second campaign for the presidency, he, Mrs. Grant, Generals Sheridan and Babcock, Fred Grant and others made a trip to the St. Lawrence for an outing.

One morning I received a telegram from General Moffitt of Plattsburgh, saying that the distinguished party were there the night before and would be at the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, that night and that he thought some of the Glens Falls people might like to call on them. I showed the telegram to our President Little; he said he would like to go and we began to arrange for a party to go to Lake George that evening.

A little later Mr. Little came to me saying that he believed we could get President Grant and party to stop over in Glens Falls for the next day and suggested that I drive to Lake George right away — then no railroad or trolley cars to the Lake — take the afternoon boat and meet the steamer with Grant on board and secure the presence of the party in Glens Falls for the next day.

I reminded him that the newspapers had announced that the President and his party would spend next day in Saratoga Springs,



then in the height of its season, and I had no belief that that arrangement could be successfully interfered with; that probably quite every state in the Union was represented there then and Glens Falls would have poor comparative attractions for the presidential party.

Mr. Little said I lacked faith and if I wouldn't undertake the matter he would, and he did. He found the President in the pilot house of the steamer and immediately communicated his invitation in behalf of Glens Falls for the morrow. The President replied that he would have to consult General Babcock who knew what the program for the party was. Babcock was sent for and said that beyond staying at the Fort William Henry that night and reaching the night steamer for New York the next evening at Albany, there were no engagements. It seems Saratoga Springs took the visit there as a matter of course. Grant then said that he did not know where Glens Falls was, but if they could spend the next day there and reach the Albany steamer in time, he would be pleased to do so. Just before landing at the Fort William Henry, Mr. Little said to President Grant: "I understand that you and your party will be the guests of Glens Falls to-morrow?" He replied, "That is what I said." Mr. Little told him that carriages would be sent for the party in the morning.

Mr. Little telegraphed of his success, advising to send the news out in all directions, which was done by wire and by messengers.

That night we had a meeting of citizens to make some arrangements for the reception of our expected guests.

At noon of that day a Saratoga Springs Committee dined at Glens Falls and later in the day took a carriage for Lake George to meet the Grant party and escort them to Saratoga. After the presidential party had had dinner at Lake George the Saratoga Committee called on the President and were astonished to learn of the Glens Falls arrangement. In spite of their pressing good reasons why the presidential candidate for reelection should go to Saratoga, they utterly failed to effect any change in the program.

In the morning Mr. Little went to Lake George with two four-horse carriages — four white horses and four bays.

A cannon was placed just outside the village on the Lake George road and when the party was signaled from Miller Hill, the cannon boomed and the bells and whistles of the village made all the noise possible. The town was crowded with people whose cheers greeted the party as they passed through to the Rockwell House.

Here I made a small welcome "talk" to which General Grant







responded as follows: "Colonel, I thank you and your people for this welcome. I was told that Glens Falls was a small town, but from the people I have seen it must be quite a city. I thank you."

A reception was held in the hotel parlors for Grant and Sheridan, and in the ladies' parlor for Mrs. Grant.

All the party were red-faced from sunburn, the skin on Grant's nose really ragged from peeling. They had been very much out of doors in the sun.

After the reception I went with the President to his room and suggested that likely he would prefer to be left alone until dinner. He promptly said, "No, sit down and have a smoke." I tried one of his cigars, which proved too strong for me to finish.

To go back a little. I was Chairman of our Republican County Committee at that time and as W. W. Rockwell, a prominent Republican, afterwards State Senator, was "out" for Greeley, and as a few other Republicans seemed so inclined, we were concerned as to how much Greeley sentiment there might be or become among Republicans.

NOTE. Mr. Rockwell who opposed Grant in this campaign, by his support of Greeley, was a delegate to the next Republican National Convention and was of the "immortal 304" who, led by Senator Conkling, voted to the last for Grant's nomination for a third term.

It was decided that a mass meeting should be held as early as possible to check any growth in the Greeley direction. It was also thought important to have the most influential speaker for the occasion that we could get, and Senator Conkling was the man we wanted.

I had written the Chairman of the State Committee, Alonzo Cornell, asking for Mr. Conkling. He replied that it couldn't be, that the Senator would make but few speeches in the state and must go to the large cities, but we could have any other speaker on the list.

I wrote again, urging our peculiar situation and the importance of making no mistake in our speaker, and that we wanted Conkling. I received a rather curt reply, in substance that we were unreasonable and must be told that we could not have Senator Conkling. This letter was received a couple of days before Grant's coming.

I mentioned this matter briefly to President Grant and said that I wanted his permission to telegraph Chairman Cornell that he believed it would be well to have the Senator come. He replied: "I think it would be well to have the Senator speak anywhere." I continued to press my request and submitted this written-out



form of telegram to State Chairman Cornell, afterwards governor of the state.

"President Grant and party are our guests to-day and he permits me to say that he thinks it would be well to have Senator Conkling speak in Glens Falls."

Grant said he had no objections to that form and hoped it would bring the Senator.

The telegram was sent and this reply came quite promptly: "My compliments to the President. You can have Senator Conkling if you will give him such a reception as he deserves. Will wire date in the morning."

I immediately answered: "Thank you. Conditions satisfactory."

I showed Cornell's telegram to the President and it drew out this eloquent response — "Good!"

General Sheridan was quite lively and sociable, mixing readily with the crowd, which constantly surrounded him, as if he thoroughly enjoyed it.

General Babcock said he felt somewhat at home, having in his young manhood been principal of Warrensburgh Academy.

Fred Grant was little more than a boy, on the edge of manhood, and was modestly retiring and quiet.

Our ladies were pleased with Mrs. Grant's amiability. She certainly was a pleasant lady to meet.

The Saratoga Committee arranged for a special train to Saratoga for a little earlier than the regular train and thus secured the party at Saratoga for an hour.

I rode from the Rockwell House to the station with Grant, Sheridan and Fred Grant. As we went slowly down Warren Street, crowds of people on each side, a lady threw a bouquet from a passing carriage into ours. I picked it up and offered it to Grant, but he said: "That's meant for Sheridan, he is our ladies' man," and Sheridan took it.

An old-fashioned buckboard, with three intoxicated men in its single seat, the swaying, sagging board bending almost to the ground, drove alongside and the driver shouted: "Hello Old Grant! we ain't going to vote for yer." I started to say something to smooth the rough, drunken remark, when Sheridan hit my feet with his and made a gesture for me to say nothing.

After a little, Grant said: "Sheridan, did you ever ride in one of these buckboards?" Sheridan replied that he never had. "I did last summer in Pennsylvania," continued Grant, "and found them a very easy-riding conveyance — they so readily accommodate themselves to a rough road and to their load." "Yes," said







LIEUTENANT  
JAMES S. GARRETT



LIEUTENANT  
EDGAR M. WING



Sheridan, "I see — that buckboard seems just as drunk as its load is."

It was a great day for Glens Falls and an altogether pleasant ovation to its guests, and to the credit of Mr. Little who brought it about.

One dark, rainy evening about a year later Judge Ferris and I were conversing on the Rockwell House piazza when a very much closed carriage drove up. The bell-boy went to the carriage and coming back reported that a man in the carriage said he was Mr. Grant and wished to speak to some Glens Falls citizen. The boy said he told them who was on the piazza and "the man said to ask them to please come to the carriage." We thought it some joke, but raised our umbrellas and went. It was indeed the President of the United States driving from Lake George to Saratoga Springs. He said: "I did not wish to pass through Glens Falls without trying to mention my remembrance of my visit last year and repeat my thanks for the pleasure of that day." There was some further commonplace conversation and the carriage went on.

There were two other men in the carriage with the President. We remarked upon the "unroyal" and democratic way in which our Chief Magistrate was traveling.

On his ride to Saratoga that night he would pass close up to the foot of Mount McGregor on whose top he was to make his brave but losing fight for life.

I called on General Grant soon after he came to Mount McGregor — a brief call, for even then he was very feeble. As Glens Falls, eight miles away, was distinctly visible from Mount McGregor, it may be that, in looking towards our city, he may have been reminded of his day with us, then in the happiness of robust health.

The last time I saw General Grant was a few days before his death. I went to call on him, but only had a sight of him in an invalid's chair on his cottage porch, wrapped in a blanket and nearing his "Unconditional Surrender."





# THE ADIRONDACK REGIMENT

## 118TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

### INDIVIDUAL SERVICE-ROSTER. 1862-1865

The following brief service record of each of the 1325 officers and men who served with the regiment, is mostly compiled from *The Report of the Adjutant General of the State of New York* (1900) after the large labor of going through the voluminous data of that office and of the U. S. War Department. Corrections have been made and, no doubt, errors remain; but the record is as complete as can be expected.

A few names are likely incorrectly given, for there was carelessness in keeping company and regimental records. It will be observed that some were borne under two or more names, mostly from misspelling.

The following dates and mentions should be in mind in considering other individual memoranda:

1. All not otherwise noted, enlisted for three years.
2. The regiment was officially mustered out at Richmond, Va., June 13, 1865; so those mentioned as "mustered out with company," were out at that date, although final discharge was at Plattsburgh, June 26, 1865.
3. Those whose term of enlistment had not expired — recruits received in the field — were transferred to the 96th N. Y. Vols. Infantry and continued in service with that regiment.
4. The Battle of Drury's Bluff was fought May 16, 1864.
5. The Battle of Cold Harbor, June 1-3, 1864.
6. The Battle of Fort Harrison — also called the Battle of Chapin's Farm — September 29-30, 1864.
7. The Second Fair Oaks affair occurred October 27, 1864.

The experience of our regiment was, in a general way, the average experience of other regiments, and a careful reading of these brief personal records will give an idea of what "happened" to the hundreds of thousands who served in the "War for the Union," with its awful aggregate of killed, wounded, dead from wounds and disease, missing and perishing in prison-pens and the few survivors — many of them crippled from wounds and war-contracted disease. We recommend such reading to the children and grandchildren of those who served, indeed to all — for all should have some realization of the fearful cost of a preserved United States of America.

---

**ABARE, CHARLES T.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; appointed drummer, Aug. 30, '62; returned to company as private, no date; mustered out with company.

**ABARE, PETER.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; died of typhoid fever, Jan. 10, '63, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.

**ABARE, WILBER L.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, June 30, '64, near Petersburg; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.

**ADAMS, HENRY J.** Age, 22. Enrolled, July 21, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant,



- Co. G, Sept. 30, '63; first lieutenant, Co. A, May 19, '64; captain, Co. D, Sept. 16, '64; wounded, at Fort Harrison; discharged, to date, April 6, '65, to accept appointment as captain and commissary of subsistence of U. S. Volunteers.
- ALDRICH, LEWIS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; killed, at Drury's Bluff.
- ALEXANDER, WILLIAM.** Age, 36. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Co. H, Third Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 1, '65; mustered out, July 8, '65, at Hartford, Conn.
- ALLEN, DANIEL W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Moriah; private Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; killed, at Fort Harrison.
- ALLEN, WILLIAM H.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick, at Fort Monroe, at muster-out of company.
- ALLEN, JR., WILSON.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 4, '65.
- ALLORE, BOZZIEL.** Age, 44. Enlisted, Dec. 26, '63, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Dec. 28, '63; discharged, April 8, '64; fraudulent enlistment.
- ALMOND, MICHAEL.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, at Fort Harrison; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 8, '65; also borne as Mitchell Almond.
- AMEL, CHARLES.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died in hospital, no date; also borne as Ammel.
- AMORE, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Westport, to serve one year; private, unassigned, Jan. 31, '65; no further record.
- ANDERSON, GEORGE H.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 12, '63, for promotion to first lieutenant, Sprague's Cavalry.
- ANDREWS, ADELBERT.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff, and supposed died in prison.
- ANDREWS, ALONZO.** Age 23. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; appointed wagoner, and returned to company as private, no dates; mustered out with company.
- ANDREWS, HENRY.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- ANGELL, JOHN W.** Age, 24. Enrolled, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; mustered in as second lieutenant, Feb. 15, '63; as first lieutenant, Co. D, June 21, '64; as captain, April 14, '65; mustered out with company.
- ANNIS, HENRY G.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company, as Henry J.
- ANNIS, JOSEPH.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 25, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- ANSON, NELSON F.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Willsboro; private, Co. G, Dec. 21, '63; died of disease, Aug. 20, '64, at hospital; also borne as Nelson H.





- ARIEL, WILLIAM W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, Feb. 22, '65, at Richmond; discharged, June 17, '65, at hospital, Annapolis.
- ARMSTRONG, EDWARD H.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks; corporal, no dates; again returned to ranks and again corporal, no dates; discharged, July 7, '65, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- ARMSTRONG, JOHN C.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Nov. 5, '63, at Newcomb; private, Co. I, Jan. 5, '64; transferred to Co. C, Feb. 24, '64; to 96th Infantry.
- ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM E.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- ARNOLD, CLARK.** Age, 32. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Co. I, First Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, at hospital, June 22, '64; discharged, July 3, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.
- ARNOLD, ELI F.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Ausable; private, Co. C, Dec. 16, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- ARNOLD, FLAVIUS J.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 23, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks and sergeant, no dates; discharged, June 3, '65, at Richmond.
- ARNOLD, MYRON A.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 15, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- ARNOLD, NORMAN H.** Age, 28. Enrolled, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant and first sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, May 22, '65; mustered out with company.
- ARNOLD, NORMAN J.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; sick in hospital at Hampton, at muster-out of company.
- ARNOLD, STUTELEY B.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 15, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; died, May 8, '64, at Keeseville, N. Y.; also borne as Studley B.
- ARNOW, ANDREW.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 12, '63, at hospital, New York City; also borne as Annow and Armow.
- ASHLEY, SILAS.** Age 18. Enlisted, Nov. 16, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Jan. 16, '64; captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, no date; discharged for disability, March 29, '65, in the field.
- ASHLINE, SOLOMON.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged with detachment, June 13, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis.
- ATHERTON, EDWIN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, March 7, '63, at hospital, Fort Ethan Allen.
- ATHERTON, WILLIAM E.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 28, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- ATKINSON, JOHN.** Age, 28. Enlisted at camp near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '62; transferred to 96th Infantry.



- ATKINSON, WILLARD.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 20, '62, at camp near Fort Ethan Allen.
- ATWELL, LAWRENCE O.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 16, '63; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, at Manchester, Va.
- AUSTIN, DAVID.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Sept. 30, '63, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Austen.
- AVERILL, WILLIAM P.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, May 14, '63, at Washington.
- AVERY, GEORGE W.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Beekmantown, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. E, Dec. 28, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- AVERY, THOMAS.** Age, 45. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. E, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- AYERS, CHARLES.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of pernicious chills, Aug. 5, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- BAILEY, GEORGE H.** Age, 31. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; reported to have died in prison at Salisbury, N. C.
- BAILEY, WILLIAM H.** Age, 27. Enrolled, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. H, Aug. 21, '62; discharged for disability, April, '64.
- BAKER, BENJAMIN.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; mustered out with company as Benjamin L.; also borne as Benjamin S., and Boker.
- BAKER, CASPER W.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; corporal, no date; discharged for disability, March 22, '65, at Philadelphia.
- BAKER, HEMAN E.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, April 30, '65; mustered out with company.
- BAKER, JOHN D.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal and returned to ranks, no dates; corporal, Nov. 9, '63; sergeant, May 16, '64; mustered out with company.
- BAKER, WASHINGTON.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 12, '65; also borne as Boker.
- BALCOM, GEORGE W.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- BALDWIN, WALLACE W.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 26, '65, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- BALFOUR, JR., JOHN.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed in action at Drury's Bluff.
- BANKER, BENJAMIN F.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, Sept., '64; sergeant, June 4, '65; mustered out with company.
- BANKER, GEORGE H.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died of disease, Nov. 13, '63, at hospital, David's Island, New York Harbor.







- BANKER, GEORGE L.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 24, '64; also borne as George S.
- BANKER, JEFFERSON M.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Nov. 27, '63; captured, no date; died, Aug. 13, '64, at Andersonville, Ga.
- BARBER, HENRY R.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Beekmantown; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, March 26, '63, for promotion.
- BARBER, THOMAS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, Jan. 10, '65; discharged, June 17, '65, at Albany, N. Y., from hospital, Troy, N. Y.
- BARBER, WILLIAM J.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 7, '65, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- BARKER, AARON.** Age, 38. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 20, '64.
- BARNEY, JOSEPH.** Age, 44. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; also borne as Bainy and Barny; no further record.
- BARRY, JOHN.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, no date; also borne as Barrey.
- BARTLETT, DANIELS S.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Oct. 17, '63, at Mower Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., as Bartlette.
- BARTLETT, DAVID W.** Age, 35. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 16, '62.
- BARTLETT, LEWIS.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; died of disease, Aug. 5, '64, at Andersonville, Ga.
- BARTON, LORENZO J.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; died, Feb. 8, '65, at Salisbury, N. C.
- BARTON, WESLEY.** Age, 20. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. E, Dec. 17, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 96th Infantry, while in hospital, sick.
- BASHAW, MOSES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- BATES, HIRAM B.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 22, '62; no further record.
- BATES, ROYAL.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Caldwell; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- BATTLES, HENRY.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; died of measles, Feb. 15, '63, at Fort Ethan Allen; also borne as Battels.
- BATTLES, JAMES W.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, April 14, '63, at Washington.
- BAXTER, ELISHA M.** Age, 34. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 21, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, April 2, '63; mustered out with company.



- BAXTER, JOHN.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 27, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- BECKWITH, WILLIAM H.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 23, '62; discharged, June 4, '65; also borne as Beckworth.
- BEECH, LEWIS.** Age, 44. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Dec. 15, '63; discharged, June 23, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Louis.
- BEEDE, ALMON O.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 21, '62, near Fort Ethan Allen, as Almond O. Beide.
- BEDDY, OREN E.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; died of wounds, Oct. 1, '64, on hospital steamer *Hero of Jersey*, at Bermuda Hundred; also borne as Orrin E. Beede.
- BEDDY, ORSON A.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, April 1, '63, at hospital, Camp Adirondack, Washington; also borne as Orrison A. Beede and Beeds.
- BELDEN, ESAU.** Age, 31. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- BELL, EUGENE.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. D, Dec. 16, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to Second Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, May 22, '65; discharged, Aug. 11, '65, at Washington, as of Co. A, 8th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps.
- BELL, WILLIAM.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York City.
- BELONGA, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Dec. 22, '63; discharged, June 7, '65, at Portsmouth, Va., from Balfour Hospital; also borne as Blungy.
- BENNET, JOSEPH.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Sept. 21, '62, near Relay House, Md.
- BENNETT, CHARLES C.** Age, 28. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Nov. '62, at hospital near Relay House, Md.
- BENNETT, EDGAR.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Nov. 24, '64, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Burnett.
- BENNETT, ELAH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid fever, June 2, '64, at Hampton Hospital.
- BENNETT, JEREMIAH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Nov. 22, '63, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- BENNETT, JOHN.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, Dec. 26, '64, at hospital, Rochester, N. Y.; also borne as Burnett.
- BENNETT, JOHN H.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, June 17, '64, while on furlough.
- BENNETT, JR., LEONARD.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 22, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; first sergeant,







- April 25, '64; wounded in June, '64; returned to ranks, no date; died, Oct. 23, '64, at hospital.
- BENNETT, ROYAL Z.** Age, 36. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 1, '64; also borne as Rogers Z.
- BENTLEY, LEMUEL.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 29, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- BENTLY, JOSEPH C.** Age, 26. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company; also borne as Bentley.
- BENWAY, FRANCIS.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- BESWICK, JOHN.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 27, '65.
- BESWICK, NATHAN.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. C, Aug. 20, '62; transferred to Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Nov. 11, '63, at Bolton, N. Y., while on furlough.
- BETTS, HENRY.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- BIDWELL, WILLIAM T.** Age, 22. Enrolled, Aug. 22, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 26, '62; hospital steward, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Co. E, May 22, '65; mustered out with company.
- BILLS, RICHARD.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Jan. 5, '64; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died, May 27, '64, at Richmond.
- BINNINGS, DANIEL S.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 18, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; discharged, May 27, '65, at Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia; also borne as Daniel F. and N. Bennings.
- BLAIR, HORACE E.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 28, '63.
- BLAKE, FRANKLIN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Peru; private, Co. H, Nov. 12, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- BLANCHARD, ALFRED J.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Alfred, Jr.
- BLANCHARD, NORMAN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Saranac; private, Co. A, Dec. 9, '63; discharged, June 6, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- BLOOD, HENRY.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; absent, sick, in hospital, Albany, N. Y., at muster-out of company.
- BLOOD, ———.** Age, date, place of enlistment and muster-in as private, Co. I, not stated; on daily duty as company cook, April 30, '65; no further record.
- BOARDMAN, BELDEN N.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 19, '65, at Emory Hospital, Washington; also borne as Bordinan.



- BOKAH, DAVID.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Albany, to serve one year; private, Co. E, April 6, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Botah.
- BOLIA, LEWIS.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Jan. 4, '64; discharged for disability, May 22, '65, at Brattleboro, Vt.; also borne as Bolid.
- BOLTON, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of disease, Dec. 28, '63.
- BOMYEA, GEORGE.** Age, 28. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. F, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Bomy and Bomya.
- BOMYEA, ROBERT.** Age, 32. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. F, Dec. 17, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; died of his wounds, at Carver Hospital, Washington, no date.
- BOWEN, JEREMIAH N.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; died, Dec. 9, '62, at camp near Fort Ethan Allen; also borne as Jeremiah M. Bown.
- BOWEN, TRUMAN D.** Age, 29. Enlisted Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; commissary sergeant, Dec. 24, '64; mustered out with regiment; also borne as Bourn and Bown.
- BOYD, ROBERT.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Bolton; private Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, Sept. 2, '62; sergeant, Jan. 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- BOYNTON, JOHN S.** Age, 36. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. K, Aug. 21, '62; discharged, Feb. 29, '64.
- BRADY, JAMES.** Age, 33. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- BRADY, SAMUEL H.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, unassigned, Dec. 16, '63; no further record.
- BRAINERD, CARLOS M.** Age, 24. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; appointed wagoner, Aug. 29, '62; promoted corporal, no date; captured in action at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged, June 13, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis; also borne as Charles Brainard and Branard.
- BRALEY, DANIEL H.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; corporal, Jan. 31, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Brailey.
- BRALEY, JAMES O.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company; also borne as Brady.
- BRALEY, SEWELL P.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Serrill P. Brady.
- BRAMAN, EGBERT A.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; commissary sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; quarter-master-sergeant, Dec. 24, '64; mustered out with regiment.  
Commissioned, not mustered, second lieutenant, June 16, '65, with rank from May 1, '65.
- BREAH, DAVID.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died, July 21, '64, at 18th Army Corps Hospital; also borne as Break.





- BRESETT, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company as Bresette.
- BRESSET, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 5, '63, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Dec. 22, '63; no record subsequent to April 30, '65; also borne as Bresette.
- BRISTOL, ISAAC S.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 7, '64, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth.
- BRITTELL, WILLIAM A.** Age, 28. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, June 11, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Suffolk, Va.; also borne as William E. Bartlett, Britelle and Butelle.
- BRONSON, HARVEY D.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal and sergeant, no dates; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged, June 22, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Brownson and Brunson.
- BROOKS, GASKER.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out, June 13, '65, at Campbell Hospital, Washington.
- BROTHERS, LEWIS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- BROUNSE, EDWARD.** Age, 33. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, April 15, '63, at Washington.
- BROWN, CALVIN.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Sept. 27, '64, at Harriestown, to serve one year; mustered in as private, Co. F, Oct. 7, '64; mustered out with company.
- BROWN, CARMEL.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, April 2, '63; captured in action at Drury's Bluff; died of disease, May 29, '64, at Richmond, Va.; also borne as Caramy and Carmine Brown.
- BROWN, DANIEL C.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; died, Sept. 1, '64, at Andersonville, Ga.
- BROWN, ELIJAH J.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, Aug. 23, '63, at Post Hospital, Gloucester Point, Va.; also borne as Elisha J.
- BROWN, ENOS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 30, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- BROWN, HENRY C.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Jan. 1, '64, at Bolton; private, Co. D, Jan. 5, '64; corporal, no date; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- BROWN, HIRAM.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- BROWN, JOEL.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; absent, supposed to be a prisoner of war; captured at Drury's Bluff and supposed died in prison.
- BROWN, ORLANDO J.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 22, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, May 16, '64; discharged, June 6, '65, at Albany, N. Y.



- BRUMAGIN, ANDREW J.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal and sergeant, no dates; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died of wounds, no date; also borne as Andrew Brumighim.
- BRUNELL, AMBROSE.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; appointed wagoner, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, April 28, '63, at Post Hospital, Relay House, Md.; also borne as Brunnelle.
- BRYANT, GEORGE.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 2, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- BRYANT, GEORGE F.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Kingsbury; private, Co. G, Dec. 21, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- BRYANT, LUTHER S.** Age, 42. Enrolled, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Feb. 14, '63; first lieutenant, Oct. 15, '64; captured at Fair Oaks and paroled; mustered out with company.
- BRYDON, JOHN.** Age, 26. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; second lieutenant, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; first lieutenant, Jan. 29, '64; as captain, Co. K, June 8, '64; mustered out with company.
- BUCKLEY, JEREMIAH.** Age, 33. Enlisted at Peru; private, Co. G, Dec. 15, '63; killed, June 20, '64, at Petersburg.
- BULL, HIRAM M.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Hiram N.
- BULL, JEROME H.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid fever, Jan. 19, '63, at camp near Fort Ethan Allen; also borne as Jerome M.
- BULL, JONATHAN A.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- BULL, STEPHEN C.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date; absent, supposed prisoner of war, since Fair Oaks; probably died in prison.
- BULLION, ROYAL.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged with detachment, May 27, '65, at Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia.
- BULLIS, DAVID.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Beekmantown; private, Co. G, Dec. 21, '63; captured at Drury's Bluff; died, June 5, '64, at Richmond; also borne as Bolice, Boolice and Buillice.
- BULLIS, EDWIN B.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 21, '62; sergeant, May 16, '64, wounded at Cold Harbor; promoted first sergeant, April 30, '65; mustered out with company.
- BULLIS, JOSEPHUS.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Joseph Bulles.
- BULLIS, KINNES C.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 19, '65, at hospital, Baltimore.
- BULLOCK, WILLIAM.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; absent, in hospital, Fort Monroe, June 30, '65; no further record.
- BUNDY, LEWIS.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; discharged for disability, May 11, '63, at hospital, Washington; also borne as Brundy.







- BUNKER, SEWELL F.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Dec. 28, '63, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Dec. 29, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- BURDO, FRANCIS.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 9, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- BURGE, CYRUS O.** Age, 39. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 20, '62; also borne as Berge.
- BURK, THOMAS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, June 4, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Burke.
- BURK, WILLIAM S.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; absent, missing at Drury's Bluff, and at muster-out of company; also borne as Burke; wounded, captured and supposed died in prison.
- BURKE, PETER.** Age, 33. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 10, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; first sergeant, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 1, '65; discharged, June 17, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis; also borne as Burk.
- BURKHART, ADOLPHUS G.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of rheumatism, Nov. 8, '62, near Relay House, Md.
- BURNHAM, SIDNEY E.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of dysentery, Aug. 15, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- BURNS, GEORGE W.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Lewis; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, no date; died of typhoid fever, April 18, '65, at hospital, Camp Parole, Annapolis.
- BURT, ALVIN T.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, March 15, '63; wounded, June 15, '64, at Petersburg; died of his wounds, no date; also borne as Arlin Burt.
- BURT, DANIEL A.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died, Oct. 3, '63, at hospital, Yorktown, Va.
- BURT, HIRAM.** Age, 33. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 22, '65, at Norfolk.
- BURT, ORLANDO.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; discharged with detachment, June 3, '65, at Washington.
- BURZEE, CHARLES A.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, near Manchester, Va.; also borne as Bunce and Buzzee.
- BUTRICK, GEORGE M.** Age, 21. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; second lieutenant, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; discharged, Feb. 13, '63; also borne as Burtrick.
- CAFFRY, PATRICK.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick in hospital, since March, '64, and at muster-out of company.
- CALKINS, JOHN.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Hague; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.



- CALKINS, JOHN H.** Age, 25. Enrolled, July 30, '62, at Schuyler Falls; private, Co. H, Aug. 12, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; second lieutenant, Co. F, June 21, '64; transferred to Co. I, Oct. 24, '64; first lieutenant, Co. K, May 22, '65; mustered out with company.
- CAMPBELL, GEORGE F.** Age, 24. Enrolled, July 26, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first lieutenant, March 17, '63; captain, Co. B, Oct. 15, '64; mustered out with company.
- CANFIELD, ISRAEL.** Age, 40. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, to date Jan. 3, '64; also borne as Caufield.
- CAREY, GEORGE.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 20, '65.
- CAREY, JAMES.** Age, 29. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; discharged for disability, July 22, '65, at hospital, David's Island, New York Harbor.
- CAROLE, LEWIS.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Sept. 5, '64, at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. A, Sept. 15, '64; discharged with detachment, June 16, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, as Carroll; also borne as Carreau.
- CARPENTER, EARL P.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal in Sept., '64; mustered out with company.
- CARTE, MITCHELL.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; died, Sept. 6, '64, at Andersonville, Ga.
- CARTER, JOHN.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; no record subsequent to Aug. 31, '65, as present sick in hospital, Fort Monroe, Va.
- CARTER, JOHN L.** Age, 24. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; as adjutant, July 9, '63; wounded (lost right arm) and captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, no date; discharged for disability from wounds, Oct. 11, '64.
- CARTER, JOSEPH.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 21, '63, at Simpson Hospital, near Relay House, Md.
- CARTER, PAUL.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; absent on furlough in June, '64, and at muster-out of company.
- CASE, ALLEN.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for disability, Feb. 4, '65.
- CASE, WALTER.** Age 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- CASEVAH, JOSEPH.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Cassavah, Cassavaut and Cassevant.
- CASHMAN, WILLIAM.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date; mustered out with company.
- CASSAVAH, JOHN.** Age, 44. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Jan. 4, '64; wounded at Drury's Bluff and Fair Oaks; discharged, June 8, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Cassavan.







- CASSAVAH, STEPHEN. Age 18. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. B, Dec. 7, '63; captured in action at Drury's Bluff; died, June 15, '64, at Richmond.
- CASSEVAH, FRANK. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; absent, missing in action since Drury's Bluff, and at muster-out of company; also borne as Cassavaugt. Probably died in prison.
- CHAMBERLAIN, WILLIAM B. Age, date, place of enlistment and muster-in as private, Co. G, not stated; captured at Fair Oaks; died, Jan. 5, '65, at Salisbury, N. C.
- CHAMBERLIN, MARTIN. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, near Manchester, Va.
- CHAMBERLIN, SIMON E. Age, 28. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; second lieutenant, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; first lieutenant, Jan. 1, '63; discharged, May 15, '64, to accept commission as captain in 25th Cavalry.
- CHAMPAGNE, FRED. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, March 31, '63, at hospital, West Philadelphia, Pa.
- CHAMPAINE, FRANCIS. Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, April 4, '65, at hospital, as Champaigne.
- CHASE, GEORGE. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Co. E, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 29, '63; discharged, July 13, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.
- CHASE, LUTHER B. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, May 4, '64; mustered out with company.
- CHASE, WILLIAM A. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '64, at Franklin, to serve one year; mustered in as private, Co. E, Aug. 25, '64; discharged, July 8, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.; also borne as William H.
- CHATTERTON, HENRY P. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, May 29, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Cotterton.
- CHEESEMAM, JOHN. Age 33. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of dysentery, Oct. 8, '64, at Altona, N. Y.
- CHERCO, HENRY. Age, 23. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; no further record.
- CHUBB, GEORGE L. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, Dec. 13, '62, at camp near Fort Ethan Allen.
- CHUBB, GEORGE W. Age, 42. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; appointed wagoner and returned to company as private, no dates; discharged, June 8, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- CLAPPER, JOHN. Age, date, place of enlistment and muster in as private, Co. I, not stated; transferred to 16th Artillery, March 6, '65.
- CLARK, EBEN. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Essex, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; discharged for disability, Feb. 1, '65, at Fort Harrison.



- CLARK, GEORGE H.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 10, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- CLARK, GEORGE W.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- CLEMENTS, CURTIS.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. B, Dec. 16, '63; transferred to Co. B, 96th Infantry.
- CLINE, ENOCH.** Age, 29. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Dec. 10, '63; captured at Drury's Bluff; died, Aug. 7, '64, at Richmond.
- CLINE, HERMAN H.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 22, '63; also borne as Heman H.
- CLINE, LESTER.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; deserted on expiration of furlough, June 6, '65.
- CLUTE, EDWARD E.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in June, '64; sergeant, no date; first sergeant, June 9, '65; mustered out with company.
- CLUTE, JOHN.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- COBB, JR., EBENEZER.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 16, '63, at camp near Fort Ethan Allen.
- COBB, JOHN D.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, Nov. 23, '63; wounded, June 15, '64, at Petersburg; absent, sick, at muster-out of company.
- COFFEE, WILLIAM A.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- COLLEY, HENRY D.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Chesterfield, to serve one year; private, Co. A, Feb. 28, '65; discharged, Nov. 6, '65, at New York City; also borne as Cooley.
- COLLINS, AMOS.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Nov. 11, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Nov. 30, '63; wounded and captured in action, at Drury's Bluff; died of vail selopet caused by wounds, June 9, '64, at Richmond.
- COLLINS, DAVID.** Age, 36. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Dannemora; private, Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Daniel.
- COLLINS, HENRY.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; died of consumption, April 19, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington.
- COLONEY, JAMES M.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; died of remittent fever, Aug. 31, '63, at hospital, Hampton, Va.
- COLWELL, JOHN.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, April 15, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington; also borne as Caldwell and Cauldwell.
- COMBS, ISAAC M.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out, June 30, '65, at Albany, N. Y., as McCoombs.







- COMES, GEORGE W. Age, 22. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 25, '62; discharged, June 30, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Combs and Cornes.
- COMES, JOSHUA. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, July 6, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y., as Combs; also borne as Cornes.
- COMSTOCK, EDGAR. Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; discharged, June 3, '65, at Emory Hospital, Washington.
- CONCHIO, ZEMETT. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 26, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. F, Dec. 31, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Zormette Cochy, Conchey and Couchy.
- CONGER, ALBERT M. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Willsboro; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, no date; discharged, June 14, '65, at Annapolis; also borne as Albert N.
- CONGER, WILLIAM H. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Willsboro; private, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 14, '63, at Post Hospital, Relay House, Md.
- CONLEY, JAMES. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; appointed wagoner and returned to company as private, no dates; mustered out with company.
- CONVERSE, GEORGE. Age, 44. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Jay; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to Co. B, 24th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged for disability, April 4, '65, at Wisewell Barracks, Washington.
- COOLIDGE, WILLIAM. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, July 12, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- COON, MARTIN V. B. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, April 25, '64; mustered out with company.
- COPELAND, CHARLES F. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; absent, sick in hospital at muster-out of company; also borne as Charles E.
- CORRIER, JEROME. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company, as Currier.
- COTIE, JR., JOHN E. Age, 22. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 25, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- COTTRILL, CHARLES H. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 18, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 23, '62; no further record; also borne as Cottrell.
- COVEL, HENRY D. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Feb. 27, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Henry C. Coval and Covill.
- COWLES, ORANGE A. Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, Dec. 9, '64; absent, sick at hospital at muster-out of company.
- COX, WILLIAM. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to First Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 16, '65.



- COX, WILLIAM. Age, 38. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. B, Dec. 22, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- COYLE, JOHN. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York city.
- CRAIG, JOHN. Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Nov. 27, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- CRANNELL, ABNER B. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 20, '62, near Relay House, Md.
- CRANNELL, JR., JOHN M. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, June 9, '65; mustered out with company.
- CRARY, CHAUNCEY. Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- CROFF, ABNER. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to 169th Infantry in Oct., '62.
- CROMIE, WILLIAM. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- CRONK, SAMUEL B. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, April 13, '63, at Washington.
- CROSS, LAMBERT. Age, 41. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Lewis; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged with detachment in June, '65, at Fort Monroe.
- CROSSMAN, SENECA A. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps before June, '64.
- CROWNSHIELD, BARNETT. Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; absent, sick at Annapolis, Md., at muster-out of company.
- CUMMINGS, MICHAEL. Age, 28. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- CUNNINGHAM, JAMES D. Age, 19. Enlisted, Feb. 15, '65, at North Elba, to serve one year; private, Co. F, Feb. 18, '65; discharged, June 15, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- CUNNINGHAM, JOHN L. Age, 22. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; captain, Co. D, Aug. 14, '63; major, Sept. 16, '64; mustered out with regiment. Wounded in actions at South Anna Bridge and Fort Harrison. Served at times, as regimental adjutant and quartermaster, in various positions on brigade and division staffs and in special service, including provost marshal of Portsmouth and Williamsburgh, Va.
- CURTIS, BENJAMIN. Age, 23. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 17, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- CURTIS, NATHAN. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Aug. 12, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- CUSHING, PETER. Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; appointed wagoner, Aug. 30, '62; returned to company as private, no date; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 3, '63.







- CUTLER, AVRIEL.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company, as Averill.
- CUTTA, ANTONA.** Age, 25. Enlisted at New York City; private, Co. B, March 18, '65; transferred to Co. B, 96th Infantry, while absent without leave.
- DAILEY, EDWIN M.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. E, Dec. 17, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, June 14, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Dayley.
- DANFORTH, GEORGE.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; discharged, July 15, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Danfort.
- DANIELS, AUSTIN.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, June 7, '63, at General Hospital.
- DANIELS, LEWIS P.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged in June, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- DAPHINA, FRANCIS.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 1, '65; also borne as Daphina and Duphine.
- DAVIS, ABRAM A.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- DAVIS, GEORGE.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, at Manchester, Va.
- DAVIS, HOWLAND R.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 13, '62; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- DAVIS, JAMES P.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 21, '63.
- DAVIS, LUCIUS B. M.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Dec. 15, '63; wounded, no date; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, near Manchester, Va.
- DAVIS, MARQUIS.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of pyaemia from contusion of back, Oct. 20, '64, at Hospital, Fort Monroe.
- DAVIS, REUBEN.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, July 21, '63, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- DAVIS, REUBEN J.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 9, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- DAWSON, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick in hospital at muster-out of company.
- DAY, HOSEA.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in action at Fort Harrison; transferred to 105th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 20, '65; discharged, Aug. 28, '65, at Mower Hospital, Philadelphia.
- DEAN, BETHUEL P.** Age, 35. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, March 30, '63; discharged, Aug. 10, '63, at hospital; also borne as Bethewell P. Deene.



- DECORO, JOSEPH.** Age, 16. Enlisted, May —, '64, at Monroe; private, Co. G, Oct. 22, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- DECORY, GERVIS G.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va., at muster-out of company; also borne as Jarvis G. Decorria.
- DEFO, JONATHAN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Dec. 12, '63; discharged for disability, March 11, '65, at Hampton, Va.; also borne as Defoe.
- DEFO, NELSON.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- DEFOE, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, unassigned, Dec. 15, '63; wounded in June, '64; no further record.
- DE JORDAN, PAUL.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; mustered out with company; also borne as Dejordan, De Jordon and De Jourdan.
- DE JORDON, LOUIS.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Plattsburgh, private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- DELANY, PATRICK K.** Age, —. Enrolled at Albany; first lieutenant and quartermaster, Aug. 14, '62; discharged, Aug. 19, '64, to accept promotion as captain and assistant quartermaster, U. S. Volunteers.
- DELONA, EDWARD.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died, Aug. 16, '64, at 18th Army Corps Hospital; also borne as Deloney.
- DELOVEAR, GEORGE.** Age, 38. Enlisted at Albany, to serve one year; private, Co. E, Sept. 8, '64; mustered out with company; also borne as Delorier and Delover.
- DEMARGE, NELSON.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; absent, sick at Base Hospital, Point of Rocks, Va., at muster-out of company.
- DEMARS, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, July 6, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- DEMO, ADIAR.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Adiah.
- DEMO, JOSEPH.** Age, 44. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Dec. 15, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- DEMO, SILAS.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K; Aug. 30, '62; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died, May 26, '64, at Richmond, Va.
- DENNIS, JOSEPH.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Dec. 7, '63, at Willsboro; private, Co. D, Dec. 21, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- DENTON, CHAUNCEY.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Elizabethtown, private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; discharged for disability, May 25, '65, at Hampton Hospital, Va.
- DERUSHA, ALEXANDER.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Derucha, Deurocheu, Durocha and Duroshew.
- DESROCHE, PIERRE.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Moriah; private, unassigned, Dec. 16, '63; no further record.





- DEVINS, JOSEPH. Age, 22. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, unassigned, Sept. 2, '64; no further record.
- DEVINS, MARK. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; promoted corporal, April 30, '65; mustered out with company.
- DEVINS, PATRICK. Age, 30. Enlisted, Sept. 2, '64, at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. K, Sept. 12, '64; mustered out with company.
- DEVINS, PETER. Age, 18. Enlisted, Sept. 2, '64, at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. K, Sept. 12, '64; mustered out with company.
- DEVOE, JOSEPH. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Dec. 15, '63; discharged for disability, Oct. 11, '64; also borne as Defore.
- DEZOTHE, BENJAMIN. Age, 23. Enlisted, Dec. 2, '63, at Chazy; private, Co. G, Dec. 4, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65, while absent; supposed to be a prisoner since June, '64; also borne as Desotte and Desoth; probably died in prison.
- DICKINSON, MYRON N. Age, 32. Enrolled, Aug. 1, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; second lieutenant, Aug. 21, '62; first lieutenant, Nov. 20, '62; severely wounded and captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged for wounds, May 3, '65.
- DIETTE, FRANCIS. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Deyette, Deynette and Digynette.
- DILLENBACK, WALTER JOHN. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 8, '65; discharged, Aug. 11, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- DILTS, JOHN H. Age, 24. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Dec 11, '63, at hospital, Fort Schuyler, N. Y.
- DINGMAN, JAMES H. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Co. D, Aug. 30, '62; promoted corporal, Feb. 27, '65; mustered out with company.
- DINGMAN, WILLIAM N. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 15, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed to have died in prison.
- DINSMORE, AMBROSE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, May 27, '65, at Norfolk.
- DIVINE, JOSEPH T. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. A, Sept. 2, '64; mustered out with company.
- DOBBS, JOHN. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 1, '63, as Dobbs.
- DOBBS, GEORGE R. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, April 2, '65, at hospital, as Dobs.
- DOBBS, IRA. Age, 34. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison; mustered out with company.
- DOBIE, DAVID F. Age, 22. Enrolled, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. H, Aug. 21, '62; captain, April 30, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison; mustered out with regiment.



**DOCKET, JOSEPH.** Age, 26. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed, June 11, '64, at Cold Harbor; borne as Docket.

**DOCKUM, SWETLAND.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged with detachment for disability, May 27, '65, at Fort Monroe; also borne as Dockem and Dockum.

**DOLPH, LEONARD.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 16, '63, at Hospital, Hampton, Va.; also borne as Leander Dolph.

**DOMING, JOHN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 12, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington.

**DOMINY, LEVI S.** Age, 30. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; major, Aug. 29, '64; lieutenant colonel, Sept. 16, '64; mustered out with regiment.

**DOOLING, JAMES.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.

**DOTY, ALEXANDER.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.

**DOTY, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Nov. 27, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.

**DOTY, JOSEPH.** Age, 44. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Dec. 15, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.

**DOUDELAN, JESSE.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Schenectady, to serve one year; private, Co. G, March 16, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Doodlow and Doudelaw.

**DOUDELAN, PETER.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Schenectady, to serve one year; private, Co. G, March 16, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry as Doudelaw and Doodlow.

**DOUDLOW, FREDERICK.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. G, Dec. 15, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Doudelan, Doudelaw, Doudlean and Deudlin.

**DOUGHERTY, WILLIAM.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed, June 8, '64, at Cold Harbor as William H.

**DOUGLASS, HENRY.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Black Brook, to serve one year; private, Co. I, Sept. 13, '64; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.

**DOWNEY, THOMAS.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; mustered out with company.

**DRAKE, HIRAM.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; first sergeant, March 27, '63; mustered out with company; also borne as Draker.

Commissioned, not mustered, second lieutenant, June 16, '65, with rank from May 22, '65.

**DROWN, EMERSON S.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Saranac; private, Co. B, November —, '63; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.

**DUBA, FRANCIS.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 15, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Aug. 26, '63, at Camp Convalescent, Alexandria, Va.







- DUBRAY, CHARLES. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, unassigned, Sept. 6, '64; no further record.
- DUCHER, RICHARD. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Dutcher.
- DUEL, OSCAR O. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Horicon, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- DUEL, WILLIAM C. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, Dec. 25, '63; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died, June 30, '64, at Richmond; also borne as Duell.
- DUELL, WARREN H. Age, 43. Enlisted at Queensbury, to serve one year; private, Co. D, March 15, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- DUFFY, JAMES. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, April 6, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Washington.
- DUGAN, PATRICK H. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; mustered out with company.
- DUGAN, RICHARD. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Dannemora; private, Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fair Oaks; discharged for disability, May 9, '65, at Manchester, Va.
- DUGLES, ANTHONY. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged June 3, '65, at Washington; also borne as Dagles.
- DUNCKLEE, CHARLES F. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 4, '65, at Petersburg; also borne as Dunclee.
- DUNLAP, NORRIS W. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of congestive chills, Sept. 8, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.; also borne as Dunloff.
- DUNN, GEORGE. Age, 34. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- DUNNING, AUGUSTUS. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 25, '62.
- DUPUIS, DANIEL H. Age, 26. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. E, Dec. 23, '63; wounded in June, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; reported died in prison, at Salisbury, N. C.
- DUPUIS, EUGENE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; absent, sick, at Annapolis, Md., at muster-out of company; also borne as Dupois and Dupree.
- DURETT, GEORGE E. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Dec. 15, '63; died, Nov. 12, '64, at Base Hospital, Va., as Derrot.
- DURKING, MORRIS. Age, 23. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- DUTRAW, NICHOLAS. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, no date, at Newark, N. J.



- DUTRAW, PEMBROKE.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died of diphtheria, March 16, '64, at Magnolia Springs, Va.; also borne as Datraw and Dewtraw.
- DUTTON, HIRAM F.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. D, Dec. 16, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died of his wounds, May 28, '64; also borne as Hiram H. Duttan.
- DWYRE, ELIJAH.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62 at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 21, '62; mustered out with company as Dwyer.
- DYER, JAMES W.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Dec. 22, '63, at Beekmantown; private, Co. A, Dec. 30, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- EASTMAN, ROBERT D.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; supposed died in prison.
- EDWARDS, GEORGE.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- ELDRIDGE, EDMOND.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; captured in action at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- ELLMORE, MITCHEL.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Co. C, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged with detachment, July 13, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.
- EMERY, ANDREW.** Age, 44. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to 50th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged, May 25, '65, at Harrisburg, Pa.; also borne as Emory.
- EMERY, JOHN.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for wounds and disability, May 15, '65, at De Camp Hospital, New York Harbor, as Emory.
- EMERY, SAMUEL C.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Saranac; corporal, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; sergeant, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged, June 13, '65, at Annapolis, Md.; also borne as Emory.
- EMERY, WILLIAM.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; appointed drummer and returned to company as private, no dates; mustered out with company as William H. Emory.
- ERAW, MOSES.** Age, 21. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. G, Dec. 22, '63; discharged, July 15, '65, at Albany, N. Y., from hospital near Troy, N. Y.; also borne as Erar, Erau, Erne, Eron and Erue.
- ESTES, JAMES H.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; mustered out with company.
- EVANS, FREDERICK.** Age, 30. Enlisted in Ninth Congressional District; private, Co. I, May 30, '64; captured at Fair Oaks, supposed died in prison.
- EVANS, JOHN P.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Feb. 25, '63, at Washington.
- EVANS, ROBERT K.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal and sergeant, no dates; discharged, May 9, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Evens.







- FARRELL, WALTER.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, Oct. 20, '64; mustered out with company; also borne as Farrall.
- FAVROW, WILLIAM H.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; appointed musician, Aug. 29, '62; returned to company as private, no date; died of disease, Aug. 8, '64, at New York City.
- FAY, ARTEMAS W.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; sergeant, April 15, '63; mustered out with company.
- FELIO, ANTONIA.** Age, 24. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Jan. 5, '64; wounded, July 9, '64, near Petersburg and died of his wounds in camp, no date; also borne as Antoine Felia.
- FELTT, AARON C.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, Sept. 14, '63, at Hampton Hospital, Hampton, Va.; also borne as Felt.
- FENTON, CHARLES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- FERNETT, GEORGE.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company; also borne as Furnett and Ternett.
- FERNETT, MITCHELL.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; absent, wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; supposed to be dead; also borne as Michael Furnett.
- FERRIS, CASSIUS S.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Dec. 15, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- FERRIS, EDLEY B.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal and sergeant, no dates; wounded at Cold Harbor and died of his wounds, July 5, '64, at 18th Corps Hospital.
- FERRISS, EMMERSON W.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Peru; private, Co. C, March 13, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- FIFIELD, CHARLES.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; missing since Fair Oaks; also borne as Charles A. Fefield; supposed captured and died in prison.
- FIFIELD, GEORGE A.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged, June 21, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.; also borne as George S.
- FIFIELD, HENRY.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for wounds at hospital near Troy, N. Y.; also borne as Fyfield.
- FIFIELD, WILLIAM S.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 9, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, Va.
- FINIGAN, JR., MICHAEL.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, and corporal, no dates; discharged, May 25, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, as Michael Finegan; also borne as Finnigan.
- FINN, FERDINAND.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 19, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 20, '62, at Relay House, Md.
- FISH, EDWARD B.** Age, 24. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 6, '65, at David's Island, New York Harbor.



- FISHER, FORRESS B.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, June 3, '65, at hospital, Point of Rocks, Va.
- FISHER, GEORGE W.** Age, 18. Enlisted at North Elba, to serve one year; private, Co. G, Sept. 10, '64; captured at Fair Oaks, Va.; died, Dec. 1, '64, at Salisbury, N. C.; also borne as E. W.
- FISHER, RUSSELL E.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- FISK, ADONIRAM J.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, June 27, '63, at Yorktown, Va.
- FISK, JOSEPH.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, and wounded, no dates; mustered out with company.
- FITCH, WILLIAM S.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; corporal, Nov. 16, '63; sergeant, March 1, '64; mustered out with company.
- FITZSIMMONS, PATRICK.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh to serve one year; private, Co. A, Jan. 31, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- FLAGG, SILAS S.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Flay.
- FLANDERS, JOHN J.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, Jan. 14, '63, at Post Hospital, Relay House, Md.
- FLANSBURGH, HENRY.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 59th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged, April 20, '65, at Barracks, Easton, Pa.
- FLANSBURGH, JAMES D.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 2, '63; sergeant, no date; killed at Fort Harrison.
- FLETCHER, JOHN W.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 16, '65, at Balfour hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- FLYNN, JOHN.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks, and absent at muster-out of company; also borne as Flinn; supposed died in prison.
- FORBES, WILLIAM.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62 at Jay; private; Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, no date; killed at Fair Oaks; also borne as Forbs.  
Commissioned second lieutenant, Nov. 28, '64; killed before being mustered in.
- FORD, CHARLES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 9, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Dec. 15, '63; transferred to Co. B, 96th Infantry, June 13, '65.
- FORD, HENRY W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; missing at Fair Oaks; supposed captured and died in prison.
- FORDHAM, CHARLES H.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, no date.
- FORDHAM, DANIEL.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Dec. 13, '63, at Peru; private, Co. H, Dec. 15, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.







- FORDHAM, THOMAS.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for disability, Oct. 27, '64, at hospital, Fort Schuyler, N. Y.
- FOSTER, FRANKLIN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- FRAZIER, GEORGE.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 23, '63, at Finley Hospital, at Washington.
- FRAZIER, WILLIAM.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; died of wounds and disease, Feb. 5, '65, at hospital, Philadelphia; also borne as Frasier.
- FREEBERN, WILLIAM.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged, June 17, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis, as Freeburn.
- FREEMAN, GODFREY.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 21, '62; transferred to Co. B, no date; to Co. E, Aug. 26, '62; wounded, no date; discharged for disability, April 1, '65, at hospital, Willett's Point, New York Harbor.
- FRENCH, ANSON.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; promoted corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, Jan. 31, '65, mustered out with company.
- FRENCH, DANIEL L.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff and died of val sclopete, at Richmond, no dates; also borne as Daniel S.
- FRENYEA, WILLIAM.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; appointed wagoner, no date; mustered out with company; also borne as Franyea and Frinyea.
- FRISBJE, WILLIAM L.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Feb. 15, '63, at hospital, near Relay House, Md.
- FROSSIA, ANTOINE.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, July 27, '63, at hospital, near New York city.
- FULLER, DANIEL.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 30, '63, at Peru; private, Co. A, Dec. 31, '63; transferred to Co. A, 96th Infantry, June 13, '65.
- FULLER, DARIUS.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 28, '62; also borne as Delius.
- FULLER, GEORGE W.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 22, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Aug. 3, '63, at hospital.
- FULLER, HENRY C.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, February 8, '63, at camp, near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.; sentenced by general court-martial to be shot; sentence commuted to 3 years' imprisonment.
- FULLER, LEVI.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of disease, June 1, '64, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- FULLER, SILAS B.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Jan. 5, '64; died of disease, April 1, '64, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- FULTON, SAMUEL.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, same date; returned to ranks, no date; deserted, Oct. 8, '62, at Camp Wool, near Relay House, Md.



- GAMBOL, JR., WILLIAM.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- GARDNER, JOSEPH.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to 37th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; mustered out with detachment, June 28, '65, at Washington, as Gardener.
- GARDNER, MARTIN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- GARRANT, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Nov. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- GARRETT, JAMES S.** Age, 27. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Dec. 9, '62; first lieutenant, Co. B, Jan. 14, '64; absent, on detached service at Annapolis, Md., at muster-out of company; also borne as Garritt.
- GASKILL, WILLIAM M.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 30, '64; captured at Fair Oaks and paroled; discharged, June 28, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.; also borne as James M. and William H. Gaskal.
- GATES, HIRAM B.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 6, '63.
- GATES, JOHN.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- GATES, OSCAR J.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- GATES, WILLIAM H.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburch. private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 47th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; mustered out, July 1, '65, at Washington.
- GEARY, FELIX.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 26, '65, at Plattsburgh, N. Y.; also borne as Phelix Gary.
- GEBO, EDMOND.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York City; also borne as Gbeo, Gibo and Jbeo.
- GEEBO, WILLIAM.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 28, '63, at hospital, Relay House, Md., as Gebo.
- GERO, FREDERICK.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Bekmantown; private, Co. H, Dec. 21, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- GERO, JAMES.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- GEROW, PLANEY.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, April 8, '63, as Plincy; also borne as Grow.
- GIBBS, NELSON J.** Age, 22. Enrolled, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 21, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Co. G, Sept. 23, '64; first lieutenant, Co. I, Dec. 23, '64; mustered out with company.
- GILBERT, EUGENE S.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged with detachment, June 9, '65, at Fort Monroe.







- GILMAN, ISAAC. Age, 43. Enlisted, July 16, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company as Gillman.
- GILMORE, JOHN. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; died of typhoid fever, Jan. 20, '63, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- GOLD, JOHN. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died, Sept. 13, '63, at Hampton Hospital, Va.; also borne as Gould.
- GONIO, FRANK. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62, captured at Drury's Bluff, paroled, no dates; absent, at muster-out of company; reported, died at Crown Point, N. Y.
- GONYEA, JOSEPH F. Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to First Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged for disability May 25, '65, at Harrisburg, Pa., as of Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, as Gonyau; also borne as Gonia and Gonia.
- GONYO, HENRY. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in June, '64; missing at Fair Oaks; also borne as Henry Gonio, 1st, and Gonya; supposed died in prison.
- GONYO, 2d, HENRY. Age, 20. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Nov. 27, '63; missing in action at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Gonyea; supposed captured and died in prison.
- GOODNOW, WILLIAM. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- GOODRICH, HUBBARD W. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Dec. 9, '64; sergeant, May 1, '65; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- GOODRICH, RATHBURN V. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- GOODROW, PETER. Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks; appointed wagoner and returned to company as private, no dates; mustered out, June '2, '65.
- GOODSPEED, 2d, ELIAS. Age, 30. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- GOODSPEED, ERASTUS E. Age, 22. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- GOODWIN, JAMES. Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, June 18, '65, at Hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as James B.
- GOOSEBERRY, JOSEPH. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- GORHAM, WALLACE. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died, July 12, '64, at hospital, Point of Rocks, Va.; also borne as Goraham.
- GOUGH, FRANCIS. Age, 18. Enlisted at Germantown; private, Co. H, Jan. 25, '64; died, Oct. 29, '64, at Hampton Hospital, Va.; also borne as Goff.
- GOUGH, JAMES. Age, 44. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Dec. 11, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died, June 25, '64, at Hampton Hospital, Va.



- GOULD, NAPOLEON.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. H, Dec. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Gold.
- GOURLAY, NORMAN.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- GOVE, JAMES P.** Age, 45. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. G, Dec. 15, '62; transferred to 96th Infantry; veteran.
- GOYETTE, LEWIS.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, March 7, '63, at Campbell Hospital, Washington; also borne as Gueyette, Guyette and Gwyette.
- GRACE, CHARLES A.** Age, 19. Enrolled, July 28, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Co. F, May 22, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Groce.
- GRANDY, MARTIN.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 19, '65.
- GRANDY, STEPHEN K.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; died of hospital gangrene, Aug. 20, '64, at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, R. I.
- GRANGER, JOSEPH.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- GRANT, JOHN M.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, and returned to ranks, no dates; discharged, June 16, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- GRATTON, CHARLES.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 19, '63, at hospital.
- GRAVES, HENRY S.** Age, 23. Enrolled, July 28, '62, at Chazy; sergeant, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; first sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, July 9, '63; first lieutenant, Co. E, May 17, '64; captain, Jan. 24, '65; mustered out with company.
- GRAY, JR., PARLEY.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Grey.
- GREEN, GEORGE B.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, April 2, '63; discharged for disability, Oct. 16, '63, at hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.; also borne as Greene.
- GREENE, JAMES G.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; appointed fifer, Aug. 29, '62; returned to company as private, no date; mustered out with company; also borne as Green.
- GREGORY, EMERY.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, as Emory Gregory.
- GREGORY, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 18, '64.
- GREGORY, PATRICK.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- GRIFFIN, LEMUEL.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, March 29, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington.







- GRIMES, JOHN A.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- GROFF, CROSBY.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Crosbie Craff and Goff.
- GROOM, WILLIAM H.** Age, 34. Enlisted, July 16, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died of typhoid fever and wounds, June 18, '64, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- GUYETTE, ISRAEL.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 13, '63, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Jan. 2, '64; no record subsequent to April 30, '65.
- GWINUP, HENRY P.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, to date April 4, '64, for promotion to second lieutenant in 38th Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops; also borne as Grump, Guinup and Gurnup.
- GYATT, ADOLPHUS.** Age, 28. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; mustered out with company.
- HAGAR, CHARLES L.** Age, —. Enrolled at New York City as chaplain, Aug. 21, '62; mustered out with regiment.
- HALE, FREDERICK C.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 3, '65, at Richmond.
- HALL, GILBERT H.** Age, 36. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 30, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- HALL, HARRISON.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- HALL, HENRY L.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; absent at muster-out of company, supposed died in prison.
- HALL, JOHN H.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- HALL, WILLIAM E.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; appointed drummer, Aug. 10, '62; returned to company as private, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; absent at muster-out of company, supposed died in prison.
- HAMBLIN, ICHABOD.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability with detachment, May 27, '65, at hospital, Hampton, Va., as Hamlin.
- HAMMEL, PETER.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 21, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; absent sick since and at muster-out of company; also borne as Hamel.
- HAMMOND, JAMES.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Sept. 2, '62, at Albany, N. Y.
- HANCHETT, JEROME.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company, as Handchett.
- HARDY, JOSEPH D.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company; also borne as James B. Handy.



HARE, JOSEPH. Age, 26. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. H, Dec. 23, '63; deserted on expiration of furlough in Feb. '65; also borne as Hair.

HARE, NELSON. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, April 30, '65; mustered out with company.

HARMON, CHARLES W. Age, 26. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, May 29, '64, at Hospital, Washington, D. C., as Harman.

HARPER, JOHN. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. A, Dec. 23, '63; captured at Fair Oaks; transferred to 96th Infantry, while absent; supposed died in prison.

HARPER, RICHARD. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. H, Dec. 23, '63; died, no date, while absent, on furlough.

HARRINGTON, GEORGE H. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 29, '65, at hospital, Camp Lee, Va.

HARRINGTON, JOHN H. Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Sept. 25, '63, at Hospital, Philadelphia.

HARRIS, ALFRED E. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, July 19, '65, at Albany, N. Y., from hospital, Troy, N. Y.

HARRIS, MELVIN. Age, 18. Enlisted at Beekmantown; private, Co. H, Dec. 22, '63; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died, May 20, '64, at Richmond, as M. J. Harris.

HARRIS, NEWTON B. Age, 19. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.

HART, FREDERICK. Age, 28. Enlisted, Nov. 5, '63, at Mooers; private, Co. K, Jan. 5, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry.

HARTMAN, WILLIAM. Age, 38. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, near Manchester, Va.

HARVEY, JASPER. Age, 43. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, June 17, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.

HASKIN, HIRAM C. Age, 20. Enlisted at Saranac; private, Co. B, Nov. 20, '63; discharged, June 7, '65, at Albany, N. Y., as Haskins.

HASKINS, CHARLES H. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.

HASTIE, ROBERT B. Age, 16. Enlisted, Aug. 15, '62, at Plattsburgh; fifer, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.

HASTINGS, JAMES. Age, 32. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 28, '63; also borne as James M.

HASTINGS, JOSEPH A. Age, 35. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Joseph E.

Color sergeant all through his services. Wounded in trenches before Petersburg.







- HATHEWAY, ABIAL.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 15, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, as Hathaway.
- HAVILAND, AMOS B.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 4, '63, at Washington.
- HAWKITT, THOMAS.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Dec. 11, '63, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Dec. 16, '63; discharged, Nov. 7, '64, at hospital, David's Island, N. Y. Harbor, as Hawkett.
- HAYES, JOEL P.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 29, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; mustered out with company.
- HAYES, JOHN.** Age, 26. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company; also borne as John F. and Hays.
- HAYNES, SAMUEL W.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; died, Oct. 23, '62, at Relay House Hospital, Md.; also borne as Samuel W. Hains.
- HAYS, THOMAS J.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company, as Hayes.
- HAYS, WILLIAM H.** Age, 36. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company; also borne as Hayes.
- HAZELTINE, FREDERICK.** Age, 38. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Beekmantown; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 16, '63; mustered out, July 1, '65, at Washington; also borne as Hegeltine and Hesiltine.
- HAZZARD, THOMAS.** Age, 37. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, April 19, '63, at Camp Adirondack, near Washington, as Haggard.
- HEBERT, JOSEPH.** Age, 33. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 17, '63; discharged for disability, Nov. 28, '63, at Washington.
- HEDDING, JONATHAN S.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 8, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, as Heading.
- HELKIER, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; no further record; also borne as Helkie.
- HENRY, IRA M.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 26, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 13, '65, from Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- HENRY, PETER.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Oct. 6, '62, at Camp Relay House, Md.
- HEWITT, PETER V.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, March 15, '63; mustered out with company.
- HEWITT, URIAH.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Jay; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- HEWS, JAMES.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 21, '62; killed by accidental discharge of a comrade's gun, Dec. 30, '62, as James Hughes.



- HIGGINS, JOSEPH H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Johnsbuigh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- HIGHLAND, WILLIAM.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Sept. 29, '63, at Hospital, Hampton, Va.; also borne as Hyland.
- HIGLEY, CHARLES W.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, March 17, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff and killed, June 30, '64, before Petersburg.
- HILL, AMASA.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; mustered out with company.
- HILL, IRA.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 3, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- HILL, LYMAN.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died, Jan. 7, '63, at hospital, Relay House, Md.; also borne as Limen.
- HILL, TIMOTHY.** Age, 32. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 18, '65.
- HINCKLEY, FREDERICK J.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 2, '65; discharged, June 17, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- HINCKLY, RODOLPHUS.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; corporal, May 25, '65; mustered out with company, as Hinkley.
- HOAG, NATHANIEL P.** Age, 41. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick at Fort Monroe, Va., at muster-out of company.
- HOAG, THOMAS.** Age, 23. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. G, Sept. 6, '64; mustered out with company.
- HOBBS, JOSEPH M.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 15, '64.
- HOFF, EMORY A.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; killed at Cold Harbor; also borne as Haff.
- HOGAN, EDWARD.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- HOLBROOK, LYMAN C.** Age, 42. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; discharged, Feb. 7, '63; also borne as Lyman G. Hoolbrok.
- HOLLEY, ALFRED H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; appointed drummer, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Holly and Hawley.
- HOLLOND, JOHN.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Dannemora; private, Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Cold Harbor; also borne as Holland.
- HOOEY, THOMAS.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, May 28, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Hoovey, Hovey and Howey.
- HOPKINS, ALONZO S.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, July 19, '63, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.







- HOTCHKISS, ALFRED.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company; also borne as Alfred H. Hodgkis and Holdkins.
- HOTCHKISS, ARTHUR.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- HOUBON, PATRICK.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Moriah; private; Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital at muster-out of company, also borne as Haubon, Hubin and Hubon.
- HOWARD, LEVERETT.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 16, '63; missing in action at Drury's Bluff; supposed died in prison.
- HOWARD, STANDISH.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. E, Dec. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- HOWE, NORTON M.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as How.
- HOWES, EDGAR C.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; mustered out with company.
- HOWES, LEWIS E.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 12, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, no date, at hospital.
- HOYLE, VALENTINE.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, March 29, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington; also borne as Hogel and Hogle.
- HUBBARD, CLIFFORD.** Age, 18. Enrolled, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; quartermaster-sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Co. C, Dec. 24, '64; first lieutenant and adjutant, May 22, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- HUBBELL, ALLEN D.** Age, 24. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Feb. 28, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- HUFF, WILLIAM D.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died of his wounds, May 23, '64, at Richmond, Va.
- HULGATE, FRANK.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Altona; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, May 18, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- HULL, WILLIAM E.** Age, 29. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; drummer, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; no further record.
- HUMPHREY, EDWARD L.** Age, 27. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Nov. 27, '63; killed July 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- HYDE, JOHN E.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; appointed fifer and returned to company as private, no dates; discharged, June 3, '65, at Petersburg, from hospital, Point of Rocks.
- INGLESTON, WILLIAM.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 21, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- INGRAM, TARQUIN.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Feb. 27, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Larquin Ingraham.



- IRISH, EBER F.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of congestion, Oct. 26, '62, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- JACQUES, IRVING.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 7, '63, at hospital, Washington; also borne as Jaquis and Jaquish.
- JAMES, ADOLPHUS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- JANDROW, PETER.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A; Nov. 30, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Jangrow and Jangro.
- JARVIS, FREDERICK.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; no further record.
- JARVIS, JOSEPH.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 17, '64, at Newark, N. J., private, Co. G, Oct. 20, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- JAUNDRO, LEVI.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Oct. 15, '64, at Fort Monroe.
- JELLY, FILMORE.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 7, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Fillmon Jelley.
- JELLY, PETER.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; died of typhoid fever, April 2, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington; also borne as Jelley.
- JENKINS, ORANGE F.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; absent on sick furlough at muster-out of company.
- JENKS, EBENEZER N.** Age, 38. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; deserted, May 2, '63.
- JENNE, NEHEMIAH.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company, as Jennie.
- JOHNDRO, FRANKLIN.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Franklin J. Jandro, Jandrow and Jahandro; awarded medal of honor for meritorious service at Fort Harrison.
- JOHNSON, DE ESTAING.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- JOHNSON, FRANK.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Willsboro; private, Co. H, Dec. 20, '63; wounded, at Drury's Bluff; mustered out by order of War Department, dated May 3, '65.
- JOHNSON, HENRY M.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. I, Dec. 22, '63; wounded, at Fort Harrison; died of wounds, Oct. 22, '64, at Fort Monroe.
- JOHNSON, HOLLIS.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 2, '63; died of fever, July 16, '63, at hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- JOHNSON, IRWIN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Irvin.
- JOHNSON, LYMAN.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, to date June 4, '65, at Petersburg, Va.





- JONES, ALBERT E.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; as private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, May 16, '64; mustered out with company.
- JONES, EPHRAIM A.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 19, '64, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 16, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Ephraim R.
- JONES, JOHN.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 5, '65, at Washington.
- JOOTRAW, NICHOLAS.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; no record subsequent to Dec. 31, '63.
- JORDAN, JOHN.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, May 3, '64, to enter the Navy.
- JOYNER, FLETCHER.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 15, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; sergeant, Nov. 9, '63; discharged for disability, no date, as Joiner.
- JUNE, JAMES.** Age, 40. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Dec. 10, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- KAIN, NELSON.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 2, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, as Kaier; also borne as Keir, Keis and Kiey.
- KEESE, JR., OLIVER.** Age, 33. Enrolled at New York City; lieutenant-colonel, Aug. 21, '62; colonel, Aug. 12, '63; discharged for disability, Sept. 16, '64; also borne as Kesse and Keys.
- KEITH, ALFRED.** Age, 37. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; corporal, April 15, '63; discharged, June 5, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- KEITH, SULLIVAN.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Feb. 15, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- KELLOGG, ROWLAND C.** Age, 18. Enrolled, July 28, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; commissary sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Co. D, Nov. 24, '62; first lieutenant, Jan. 17, '63; wounded, June 15, '64; discharged, June 20, '64, for appointment as captain and commissary of subsistence of U. S. Volunteers.
- KELLY, JOHN.** Age, 24. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. I, Aug. 23, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, n date; discharged, June 13, '65, at Annapolis.
- KELLY, THOMAS.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. I, Dec. 23, '63; wounded at Fort Harrison; died of wounds, Oct. 23, '64, at Fort Monroe.
- KENDALL, JAMES.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, April 1, '63; discharged with detachment, June 3, '65, at Washington.
- KENEDY, ANDREW.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died, Oct. 3, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Norfolk.
- KENNEDY, JOHN.** Age, 35. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Dannemora; corporal, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- KENNEDY, MACOMB.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Aug. 24, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington, as McComb.



- KENT, GEORGE H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to Co. G, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged for disability caused from wounds, April 1, '65, at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y.
- KENT, WESLEY.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; promoted sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; killed in skirmish, May 12, '64, on Richmond and Petersburg Pike.
- KETCH, JAMES L.** Age, 32. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant and returned to ranks, no date; discharged for disability, June 18, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- KETTENBAH, HENRY C.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Kelenbak and Kittenbah.
- KIERNAN, WILLIAM.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, April 1, '63.
- KILBORN, JOHN.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Willsboro; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died of his wounds, no date.
- KING, DANIEL.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Dec. 25, '63; discharged, May 18, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- KING, FRANCIS.** Age, 38. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- KING, JAMES A.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 15, '63.
- KING, JOHN E.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged May 18, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- KING, LOUIS.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 30, '62, at hospital, as Lewis King.
- KING, NORMAN J.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 27, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- KING, NORMAN W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; died of congestion of lungs, March 26, '63, at hospital, Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- KING, SAMUEL L.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of heart disease, Sept. 13, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- KENYON, POTTER W.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, Jan. 19, '63; discharged, July 14, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Kinyon.
- KNOX, HENRY T.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, Jan. 12, '64, for promotion to first lieutenant, Second Cavalry, Colored Troops.
- KNOX, MARTIN V. B.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 21, '62; corporal, Jan. 10, '63; discharged, Feb. 27, '64, for promotion in 33d Regiment, Colored Troops.
- KNOX, TIMOTHY C.** Age, 40. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; musician, Aug. 30, '62; returned to company as private, no date; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps before May 1, '64; reported discharged, Sept. 26, '64.







- LABARGE, AUGUSTUS.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Labargo and Laberge.
- LABELLE, JOSEPH.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 21, '62; transferred to Co. B, no date; to Co. E, Aug. 26, '62; wounded, no date; mustered out with company.
- LABOUNTY, SIMEON.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Labounty, Jr.
- LADD, EDWIN L.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 8, '63, at Washington.
- LADDY, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. E, Dec. 24, '63; wounded, no date; died of wounds, July 2, '64, at Field Hospital, 18th Army Corps.
- LADOO, LEVI.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- LADUE, ABRAM.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Willsboro; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged in June, '65, at Hospital, Fort Monroe, as Abraham Ladieu; also borne as Ladoo and Ludieu.
- LADUE, JOHN H.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Nov. 22, '62, at Simpson Hospital, near Relay House, Md.
- LAFAYETTE, HENRY.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- LAFAYETTE, LEWIS.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 3, '65, at Washington, D. C.; also borne as Louis Lafayette.
- LAFLAM, FRANCIS.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Dannemora; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 25, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- LAGARE, LOUIS.** Age, 22. Enlisted in July, '64, at New Jersey; private, Co. B, Aug. 24, '64; transferred to Co. B, 96th Infantry, June 13, '65.
- LAGWAY, JOHN.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Jay; private, Co. D, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Lazaway and Lazway.
- LAJOR, FRANCIS.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; died, Aug. 29, '64, at Andersonville, Ga.; also borne as Lagoy and Lajoy.
- LAMB, JAMES.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- LAMB, JOHN W.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, June 28, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 9, '65, at Aiken's Landing, Va.; discharged, June 29, '65, at Hospital, West Philadelphia, Pa.; also borne as George W.
- LAMB, LEVI S.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; sergeant, January 17, '65; mustered out with company.
- LAMBERT, LAWRENCE.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Willsboro; private, Co. D, Dec. 26, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; transferred to 96th Infantry.



- LAMBERTON, JOHN E.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, April 27, '63, at Eekington Hospital, Washington.
- LAMOREAUX, MOSES.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Lamrie.
- LAMORIE, JULIUS.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died of disease, April 14, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Lamoni and Lamoy.
- LAMORY**, see Lamoy.
- LAMOY, GEORGE B.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died at Hampton Hospital, Va., no date.
- LAMOY, HENRY.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, May 16, '64; sergeant, April 30, '65; mustered out with company.
- LAMOY, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- LAMOY, MARSHALL.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Essex; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- LAMOY, WILLIAM.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Lamory.
- LAMOY, WILLIAM.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Essex private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- LAMPMAN, HIRAM.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Westport, private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, April 18, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington, D. C.; apprehended, no date; at hospital, Fort Monroe, Aug. 31, '65, prisoner.
- LAPAN, ABRAM.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died, July 7, '64, at Hampton Hospital, Va.; also borne as Abraham.
- LAPAU, STEPHEN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Harpersfield; private, Co. A, Feb. 28, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Laparl.
- LAPEER, STEPHEN.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Dec. 31, '63, at Chazy; private, Co. G, Jan. 4, '64; killed at Cold Harbor; also borne as Lapere and Lassene.
- LAPERARIE, NAPOLEON.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 17, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Napoleon B. Lafferarie and Loprorie.
- LAPIERRE, JR., JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 31, '63, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Jan. 4, '64; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for wounds, Oct. 15, '64, at David's Island, N. Y., as Lapiere.
- LAPOINT, CASS C.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 18, '62, at Queensbury; corporal, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date; wounded, at Fort Harrison; discharged for disability, Feb. 28, '65, at Hospital, Willett's Point, N. Y.; also borne as Lopoint; commissioned as brevet 2d lieutenant.
- LAROSE, LEWIS.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 18, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; appointed fifer, and returned to company, as private, no dates; mustered out with company.
- LASHAWAY, ANDREW.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Seneca Falls, to serve one year; private, unassigned, March 16, '65; discharged, May 9, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.





- LASKEY, MALICHI.** Age, 34. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 2, '65, Hospital, Fort Monroe.
- LATHAM, WILLARD.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Nov. 24, '62.
- LATURE, JEREMIAH.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. D, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- LATZ, HENRY.** Age, 37. Enlisted at Avon, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Aug. 27, '64; discharged with detachment, May 28, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- LAVARNWAY, SAMUEL.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff, died of wounds same day, at Field Hospital, as Lavaunway; also borne as Levanway and Levarnway.
- LAVARNWAY, THOMAS.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Levanway and Levarnway.
- LAVONTURE, DAVID.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, March 8, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Washington.
- LAWRENCE, FRANKLIN.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of disease, May 6, '64, at hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- LAZWAY, WILLIAM H.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, April 13, '63, at Government Warehouse, near railroad depot, Washington; also borne as Layway.
- LEARY, TIMOTHY.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Dannemora; private, Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 29, '65, in the field, Va.
- LEAVITT, ERASTUS W.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Jan. 1, '64, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Jan. 4, '64; killed at Drury's Bluff, Va.; also borne as Levitt.
- LEGGETT, JEROME B.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, to date May 23, '63.
- LEVINE, ALEXANDER.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Nov. 11, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Lavene and Lavine.
- LEWIS, EDGAR.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; discharged, May 31, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- LINCOLN, CHARLES A.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; discharged, June 23, '65, from Balfour U. S. Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- LINCOLN, EDGAR E.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, March 30, '63; discharged, June 3, '65, from Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.; also borne as Charles E.
- LINDSAY, FREEMAN D.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; promoted sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; first sergeant, June 28, '64; mustered out with company; also borne as Lindsley.
- LINDSAY, MARTIN.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Chesterfield; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Fort Harrison, Va.; also borne as Lyndsey.



- LINDSAY, THOMAS.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Chesterfield; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 26, '65, from Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.; also borne as Lyndsey.
- LING, JAMES S.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Jay; private, Co. C, Dec. 17, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; transferred to Forty-sixth Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, May 8, '65; mustered out, July 12, '65, hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- LISCOMB, ADAM C.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, March 24, '64, for promotion to captain, 23d Infantry, Colored Troops.
- LITTLE, STEPHEN B.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, and discharged for promotion to second lieutenant in 96th Infantry, April 13, '64; killed at Cold Harbor.
- LITTLEJOHN, JAMES W.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as James H. and William W.
- LIVINGSTON, ROBERT WILSON.** Age, 52. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; wounded severely, twice, at Drury's Bluff. His lieutenant, Stevenson, was killed while aiding Captain L. from the field. Was in hospital at Fortress Monroe for more than a year. Mustered out as of date of muster out of company.
- LOCKERBY, WILLIAM.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, to date May 1, '63.
- LONERGAN, OLIVER.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 21, '62; transferred to Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 2, '63; sergeant, Jan. 15, '65; mustered out with company.
- LORD, MAHLON.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, May 30, '65, at Norfolk, Va.
- LOZWAY, H. ANTHONY.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Dec. 18, '63, at Jay; private, Co. G, Dec. 22, '63; discharged, June 2, '65, at Hospital, Fort Monroe, as St. Anthony Lazway; also borne as Lashway.
- LUCK, EDSON S.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- LYNCH, JOHN.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 5, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
- LYON, SEYMOUR.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Feb. 17, '64, at Yorktown, Va.
- McALLEY, RUSSELL.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 27, '65, at Hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as McCaulley and McColley.
- McARTER, GEORGE.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal and returned to ranks, no dates; mustered out with company, as McCarter.
- McAULEY, JOHN.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company; also borne as John S.
- McBAIN, JOHN.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 31, '63, at Hampton Hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as McLane and McLean.







- McCALLEN, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Sept. 22, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington; also borne as McCullen.
- McCANNA, JOHN.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, April 17, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as McAnna and McCawne.
- McCARTHY, JAMES.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Dec. 18, '64, at hospital, Point of Rocks, Va.; also borne as McCarty.
- McCORMICK, JAMES.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- McCORMICK, WILLIAM.** Age, 20. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. H, Feb. 28, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- McCREADY, EUGENE.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- McCRUM, MATTHEW.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Dec. 23, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Dec. 27, '63; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, Feb. 25, '65, at Richmond, Va.; mustered out, Aug. 29, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- McCUNE, JOHN P.** Age, 41. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Dec. 22, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; absent, sick, since Oct. 27, '64, and at muster-out of company; also borne as John McCane.
- McDAVITT, JAMES.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company; also borne as McDavid and McDevitt.
- McDONALD, JOSEPH.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 16, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- McDONALD, SYLVESTER.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Co. D, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 23, '63; discharged, July 13, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.; also borne as McDonnel.
- McDONOUGH, ALBERT.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company; also borne as McDonald.
- McDOUGALL, HENRY.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; drummer, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; returned to company as private, no date; mustered out with company; also borne as McDugal.
- McDOWELL, SAMUEL.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; deserted Sept. 22, '64, from hospital, Willett's Point, N. Y. Harbor; also borne as McDonell.
- McFADDEN, DARIUS.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; promoted corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- McFADDEN, EDWIN.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 15, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Edward.
- McFADDEN, GEORGE.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Sept. 15, '64, at Base Hospital, Va.
- McGOWAN, PETER.** Age, 24. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Sept. 5, '64; mustered out with company, as McGown.



- McGOWN, JAMES.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as McGowan.
- McGOWN, MICHAEL.** Age, 36. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as McGowan and McGowen.
- McKAY, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Nov. 30, '63; wounded, no date; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- McKINNEY, DANIEL.** Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as McKenny.
- McKINNEY, HARVEY.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as McKenny.
- McLAUGHLIN, JOHN W.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Laughlin.
- McLEAN, PHILIP V. N.** Age, 36. Enrolled, Aug. 12, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; first sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Co. A, Jan. 14, '64; transferred to Co. D, May 1, '64; mustered out with company; also borne as Philip V. H.
- McLENATHEN, WILLIAM H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded and promoted corporal, no dates; discharged for disability, May 27, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as McClenathan, McClennethan, McLanathan and McLennithan.
- MACLURKIN, DANIEL W.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as McClerkin and McClurkin.
- McMANNIS, PHILIP.** Age, 23. Enlisted at Harriestown: to serve one year; private, Co. F, Oct. 8, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry, as McManus.
- McMULLIN, JAMES.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; corporal, June 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- MACOMBER, JOHN.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out, May 17, '65, at David's Island, New York Harbor; also borne as McComber and McOmber.
- McREA, LEWIS.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Dec. 18, '63, at Jay, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. G, Dec. 22, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for wounds, Oct. 19, '64, as McRey; also borne as McCrea.
- MADDISON, JAMES.** Age, 32. Enlisted at Lewis, to serve three years; private, unassigned, Dec. 9, '63; no further record.
- MALLERY, WILLIAM.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in action, no date; transferred to Co. G, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged for disability from wounds, April 1, '65, at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y.; also borne as Mallory.
- MANLEY, ELIJAH P.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; mustered out June 29, '65, at Annapolis, Md., as Manlay; also borne as Manly.
- MANLEY, LYMAN.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Saranac; private, Co. B, Dec. 18, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.





- MANN, SAMUEL.** Age, 29. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. E, Sept. 2, '64; mustered out with company.
- MANOR, JOSEPH.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; died, no date, at Hampton Hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Meroe and Monor.
- MANSFIELD, WILLIAM Q.** Assistant surgeon, from the 92d Infantry; surgeon of the 118th regiment, April 26, '64; mustered out with regiment; also borne as William O.
- MARK, JAMES.** Age, 43. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 28, '63, at hospital, Hampton, Va.
- MARSHALL, GEORGE W.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 21, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 14, '63, at Post Hospital, Relay House, Md.
- MARTIN, EBENEZER.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- MARTIN, GEORGE M.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Dec. 29, '63, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Dec. 29, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- MARTIN, IRA.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 20, '63, at Essex; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; died of disease, Feb. 21, '65, at hospital, Point of Rocks, Va.
- MARTIN, NELSON.** Age, 26. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; to serve one year; private, Co. E, Jan. 31, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- MARTIN, PETER.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died, April 19, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington.
- MARTINOW, ANTONIE.** Age, 43. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, private, Co. A, Nov. 30, '63; discharged for disability, May 11, '65, at Manchester, Va., as Antoine Martino.
- MARTINOW, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Nov. 30, '63; transferred to Co. A, 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Martino and Martno.
- MASON, ABRAHAM.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. H, Dec. 23, '63; died in July, '64, at Hampton Hospital, Va.; also borne as Abram.
- MASON, LAFAYETTE.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. G, Dec. 23, '63; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 9, '65, at Aiken's Landing, Va.; mustered out, to date June 14, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- MASON, WILLIAM.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. H, Dec. 23, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- MATEVEY, JOHN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; no further record.
- MATOON, LEWIS S.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to Co. A, Seventh Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged about June 21, '65, at Washington; also borne as Louis Mattoon.
- MATOTT, JOSEPH.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Essex; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Matott and Mattot.
- MATTEAU, JOSEPH.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 20, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington, D. C.; also borne as Mattaw.



- MATTOON, SYLVESTER.** Age, 24. Enrolled, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; second lieutenant, Co. H, Aug. 21, '62; discharged, June 4, '63; also borne as Matoon.
- MAXIM, SAMUEL.** Age, 40. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, March 30, '63; captured at Fair Oaks; died, Feb. 16, '65, at Salisbury, N. C.; also borne as Mack and Maxime.
- MAY, HORACE P.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- MAYO, SAMUEL L.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded and captured in action at Drury's Bluff; died of wounds, May 19, '64, at Richmond, Va.
- MEAD, REUBEN W.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; corporal, March 31, '63; transferred to 55th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; mustered out, Aug. 28, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.
- MEHAN, JOHN.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; missing since Fort Harrison; also borne as Mahan and Menan; supposed captured and died in prison.
- MENN, ELIC.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company as Alexander Manor; also borne as Manoe and Maror.
- MERRIAM, WILLIAM H.** Private from 169th Infantry; commissioned, not mustered, second lieutenant; promoted to 1st lieutenant 169th New York Infantry.
- MERRILL, JAMES M.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 28, '63, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Jan. 2, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- MERRILL, MARLON C.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 19, '63, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Jan. 5, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry, while supposed to be a prisoner of war.
- MERRILL, NEWTON CHARLES.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, March 13, '63; died of typhoid fever, Aug. 27, '63, at Gloucester Point Hospital, Va.; prior service, 1st Vermont.
- MERRILL, SHUBAEL P.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- MICKLE, ARAD B.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; captured July 4, '63, at South Anna Bridge; paroled; mustered out with company.
- MILES, SETH.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, no date.
- MILLER, ANTHONY.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Dec. 9, '63, at Jay; private, Co. D, Dec. 22, '63; captured at Drury's Bluff and supposed died in prison.
- MILLER, FRANCIS.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- MILLER, GEORGE W.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Dec. 13, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 15, '63; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died of wounds, July 1, '64, at Richmond, Va.







- MILLER, JAMES B. Age, 26. Enlisted, Sept. 27, '64, at Malone, to serve one year; private, Co. F, Oct. 1, '64; mustered out with company.
- MILLER, JAMES S. Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Co. I, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 14, '65; discharged with detachment, July 24, '65, at Buffalo, N. Y.
- MILLER, PHILIP. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, no date; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- MILLIS, HENRY M. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in action, July 4, '63, at South Anna Bridge, Va.; died of his wounds, July 7, '63, in ambulance, near White House, Va.
- MINER, CHARLES W. Age, 20. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 1, '63, at hospital, Fort Schuyler, N. Y.
- MINER, JR., CLEMENT S. Age, 30. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, Fort Monroe, at muster-out of company.
- MINER, LOUIS. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 18, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. H, Dec. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Minor.
- MINER, THOMAS E. Age, 30. Enlisted, Nov. 17, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Nov. 30, '63; mustered out, July 3, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Thomas C. and Minor.
- MINER, WILLIAM. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Nov. 28, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for disability from wounds, March 23, '65, in the field; also borne as Minor.
- MINNIE, ELMORE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Aug. 23, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va., as Miner.
- MISSUE, THOMAS. Age, 34. Enlisted, July 9, '62, at St. Arnand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; mustered out with company; also borne as Meshue, Messhue, Mishew and Missac.
- MITCHEL, PETER. Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. D, Aug. 14, '62; no further record.
- MITCHELL, CARTER. Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. D, Dec. 23, '63; died of disease, Sept. 2, '64, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- MITCHELL, JOHN. Age, 24. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; no further record.
- MIX, LEONARD. Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; killed, at Cold Harbor; also borne as Minx.
- MOLBURN, GODFREY. Age, 22. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; absent, sick, at muster-out of company; also borne as Malbern, Melbourne and Molbourne.
- MONCRIEF, WARREN. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of congestive chills, Sept. 15, '63, at Crown Point, N. Y.; also borne as Moneriff and Monterief.
- MONROE, BENJAMIN F. W. Age, 24. Enlisted Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff and Cold Harbor; died of wounds, July 1, '64, at hospital, as Munroe.



- MONTGOMERY, WILLIAM.** Age, 28. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; supposed died in prison at Salisbury, N. C.
- MONTY, ALLEN A.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; deserted, Nov. 25, '62, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- MONTY, LEROY.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 5, '63, at hospital, place not stated.
- MONTY, LOUIS.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, no date, at hospital, place not stated, as Lewis Montey.
- MONTY, SEYMOUR.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out, June 9, '65, at Manchester, Va.; also borne as Montey.
- MONTY, WARREN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Nov. 23, '63; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; absent, sick at Annapolis, Md., at muster-out of company.
- MONTY, WILLIAM H.** Age, 30. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Nov. 27, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; no record subsequent to April 30, '65; supposed captured and died in prison.
- MOODY, RUSSELL.** Age, 24. Enlisted at Chesterfield; private, Co. G, Dec. 8, '63; discharged, Nov. 26, '64, at hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- MOOERS, JOHN H.** Age, 34. Enrolled at Albany; surgeon, Aug. 15, '62; discharged for disability, April 4, '64.
- MOONEY, HENRY.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. H, Dec. 24, '63; wounded, no date; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65.
- MOORE, FRANKLIN W.** Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Franklin M.
- MOORE, JAMES H.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 15, '62; mustered out with company.
- MOORE, OLIVER H.** Age, 32. Enlisted at Lewis, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Aug. 31, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison; mustered out with company.
- MOORE, SAMUEL J.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; supposed died in prison.
- MOORE, WILLIAM M.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Dec. 17, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for disability, March 2, '65, at Newark, N. J., as More.
- MORE, ROBERT.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 12, '63, at Yorktown, Va.; also borne as Moore.
- MOREHOUS, OSCAR D.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, April 1, '63; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- MOREHOUSE, WILLIAM.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, March 2, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.





- MORGAN, WILLIAM.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ellenburgh: private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Thirty-first Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 26, '63; mustered out, Aug. 20, '65, at Fort Monroe.
- MORRISON, JOHN.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; wounded, no date; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- MORRISON, JOSEPH.** Age, 26. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 26, '63, at hospital, Yorktown, Va.
- MORSE, DAVID A.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Lewis; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 1, '63; discharged, June 2, '65, at Richmond; also borne as Morris.
- MORSE, LEWIS.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out, May 20, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- MOULD, HENRY M.** Age, 19. Enrolled at Plattsburgh: second lieutenant, Co. K, Aug. 21, '62; discharged, July 29, '63; also borne as Mold.
- MULLIN, JEREMIAH.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 19, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, July 17, '64; discharged for disability, Oct. 26, '64.
- MURPHY, JAMES.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Moriah; private. Co. D, Dec. 16, '63; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 7, '65; mustered out, Aug. 15, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- MURRAY, DANIEL.** Age, 33. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; no further record.
- MURRAY, GEORGE.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, March 20, '63; first sergeant, Dec. 2, '64; mustered out, May 15, '65, at Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, Mass.
- MURRAY, JOSEPH.** Age, 25. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Aug. 31, '64; absent, missing at Fair Oaks; also borne as Murry; supposed died in prison.
- MURY, WILLIAM.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Moriah; private. Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Murray and Murry.
- MUSSEN, HENRY.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Jan. 17, '65; mustered out with company.
- MUZZY, GEORGE W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in June, 1864; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 2, '65; mustered out, June 28, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.; also borne as J. W.
- MYERS, ANDREW J.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company, as Myres, Jr.
- MYRES, MADISON.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Nov. 27, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Myars and Myers.
- NEAL, RALSEY M.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, July 8, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Neil.



- NEDDO, JOHN B.** Age, 32. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. H, March 2, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- NEDDO, JULIUS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; absent in hospital at muster-out of company.
- NELSON, JOHN.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, Aug. 10, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- NELSON, JOHN.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 23, '64, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. F, Aug. 31, '64; mustered out with company.
- NEWELL, ELIAS H.** Age, 44. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 20, '63.
- NEWTON, CHARLES M.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, and returned to ranks, no dates; discharged, June 14, '65, at Richmond, Va.
- NEWTON, WILLIAM H. H.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of intermittent fever, Sept. 16, '63, at Hospital, Hampton, Va.
- NEYHART, ALPHEUS F.** Age, date, place of enlistment and muster in as private, Co. F, not stated; mustered out, June 27, '65, at hospital, Alexandria, Va.
- NICHOLS, FAYETTE.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 3, '65, at Richmond, Va.
- NICHOLS, GEORGE F.** Age, 23. Enrolled at New York city; major, Aug. 21, '62; lieutenant-colonel, Aug. 12, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff, and at Fort Harrison; colonel, Nov. 13, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- NICHOLS, GEORGE H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; wounded at Drury's Bluff; sergeant, June 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- NICHOLSON, HENRY L.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; principal musician, Aug. 29, '62; no further record.
- NIGHTINGALE, FREDERICK W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- NOLAN, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 20, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. B, Dec. 24, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- NOLTON, BENJAMIN F.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- NOLTON, JONATHAN C.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- NORMAN, JOSHUA.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 9, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- NORMAN, ROBERT.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; discharged, May 9, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- NORMAN, THOMAS.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.





- NORMAND, CLODEMAR.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 24, '65, from Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va., as Codman Norman.
- NORRIS, JOSIAH H.** Age, 30. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; discharged, Jan. 1, '64.
- NORTHROP, CLARK N.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 2, '65, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.; also borne as Northrup N. Clark.
- NORTHROP, HENRY J.** Age, 25. Enrolled, Aug. 12, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; quartermaster-sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Co. F, Feb. 25, '64; first lieutenant and quartermaster, Aug. 19, '64; mustered out with regiment.
- NORTON, DANIEL.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 28, '63; mustered out, June 23, '65, at Washington.
- NORTON, IRA.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; deserted Nov. 21, '62, from camp near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- NORTON, JOSEPH L.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid fever, June 1, '63, at Hampton Hospital, Va.
- NOXON, HEMAN.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; wounded in June, '64; mustered out with company.
- NOYES, RICHARD.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- OBRIEN, WILLIAM.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- O'CONNOR, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Harpersfield; private, Co. A, Feb. 28, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65.
- O'CONNOR, DANIEL A.** Age, 21. Enrolled, Aug. 13, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; second lieutenant, Oct. 24, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, Feb. '65; first lieutenant, Co. F, May 22, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Daniel O'Conner.
- ODELL, JOSEPH W.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; appointed fifer, Aug. 30, '62; discharged Jan. '64.
- ORMSBEE, CHARLES W.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 29, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington, as Ormsby.
- ORMSTON, JOHN.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison, Va.; died of wounds, Oct. 3, '64; also borne as Ormsbee.
- OSBORN, CHARLES H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, Jan. 15, '65; mustered out with company.
- OSTEYEE, LEWIS A.** Age, 25. Enlisted at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 18, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Ostegee and Ostyee.
- OTIS, SYLVESTER.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.



- OVARNEY, FRANCIS. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 18, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York city; also borne as Orvaney and Overney.
- OUIMETTE, JAMES. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- OWEN, JOHN S. Age, 24. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company as Owens.
- PAIGE, FRANKLIN T. Age, 22. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Oct. 3, '63, at Hampton Hospital, Va.; also borne as Franklin L. Page.
- PALMER, JAMES W. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, to date March 25, '64.
- PALMER, WILLIAM D. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 2, '65, from Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- PALMER, WILLIAM H. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 15, '62, at Plattsburgh; drummer, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- PANGBORN, JOHN T. Age, 18. Enlisted at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 12, '63; died of chronic diarrhea, no date, at Annapolis, Md.
- PARDY, JAMES C. Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Beekmantown; private, Co. H, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- PARK, SILAS. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- PARKER, ALBERT. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fair Oaks; discharged, June 7, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- PARKER, ANTOINE. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. B, Dec. 2, '63; wounded at Fort Harrison; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- PARKER, GEORGE H. Age, 27. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; no further record.
- PARKER, JEROME. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Jay; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- PARKER, JOHN. Age, 20. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Jay; private, Co. E, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- PARKIS, WILLIAM H. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to unassigned detachment of Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 22, '64; mustered out, July 21, '65, at Rochester, N. Y.
- PARKS, RICHARD D. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Mooers, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- PARMERTER, JACOB. Age, 41. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; wounded (lost a leg), June 3, '64, at Cold Harbor; discharged for disability, Dec. 15, '64.
- PARO, CARESE. Age, 37. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- PARO, EZRA. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; supposed died in prison.





- PARRISH, FLETCHER.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; mustered out with company, as Fletcher C.
- PARRISH, HIRAM.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 23, '63, at hospital, Georgetown, D. C.
- PARSONS, ANSELM V.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Dec. 26, '63, at Altona; private, Co. B, Jan. 4, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; mustered out June 29, '65, at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.
- PARSONS, SETH W.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; mustered out June 29, '65, at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.
- PASKO, TRUMAN H.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; wounded at Cold Harbor; died of wounds, July 11, '64, at hospital, place not stated; also borne as Park.
- PAY, SYLVANUS.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Beekmantown; private, Co. H, Dec. 23, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Sylvanus L. Paye.
- PAYE, GEORGE W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; sergeant, May 2, '65; mustered out with company.
- PEABODY, DUDLEY R.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- PEACOCK, WILLIAM.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged May 25, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- PEARL, ALVERNA W.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 18, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, March 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- PELOTT, LEWIS.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 16, '63; also borne as Louis Pilotts and Pillotts.
- PEPIN, JOSEPH.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company, as Peppen.
- PERKINS, HENRY S.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; mustered out with company; also borne as Henry F.
- PERKINS, WILLIAM R.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 23, '63, at Post Hospital, Relay House, Md.
- PERO, CONSTANT.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company, as Paro.
- PERRIGO, GEORGE W.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Beekmantown; private, Co. A, Dec. —, '63; missing since Fair Oaks; supposed died in prison.
- PERRY, ADOLPHUS.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, March 10, '63, at hospital, Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- PERRY, BENJAMIN B.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Caldwell; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; absent, missing since Fair Oaks; supposed died in prison.



- PERRY, DAVID G. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Chester; private. Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- PERRY, MERRILL. Age, 23. Enrolled, July 25, '62, at Chazy; private. Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, May 4, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison; second lieutenant, Co. B, Dec. 24, '64; mustered out with company; also borne as Morrill and Murrill.
- PERRY, SAMUEL G. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private. Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of disease, March 28, '65, at hospital, Baltimore.
- PERRY, SYLVESTER B. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, Aug. 1, '65, at New York City.
- PERSONS, HENRY W. Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Pearsons.
- PETTYS, ELI. Age, 38. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Chester; wagoner, Co. D, Aug. 21, '62; returned to company as private, no date; discharged for disability, Dec., 1862, as Pettis.
- PHELAN, JOHN. Age, 42. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps in July, '63; also borne as Phalon.
- PHELAN, MICHAEL. Age, 17. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; fifer, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Phalin and Phalon.
- PHILLIPS, CHARLES. Age, 29. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Sept. 20, '64; absent, missing at Fair Oaks; supposed died in prison.
- PHILLIPS, JOHN M. Age, 40. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- PHILLIPS, RASSELUS W. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, June 1, '65, near Manchester, Va.
- PHILO, JR., ISAAC. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, May 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- PICKETT, JOHN. Age, 28. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Feb. 5, '64; wounded at Cold Harbor; no record subsequent to April 30, '65.
- PICKLE, SAMUEL. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 29, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- PIERCE, EARL. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, Aug. 6, '64, for promotion to second lieutenant, 96th Infantry.
- PIERCE, JAMES H. Age, 37. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, no date; discharged for disability, Feb. 9, '65.
- PITT, JAMES H. Age, 23. Enrolled, Aug. 2, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 15, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; second lieutenant, Co. H, Aug. 1, '63; captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, Feb., '65; first lieutenant, Co. G, June 10, '65; mustered out with company.
- PITTS, THOMAS. Age, 41. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, April 12, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington; also borne as Pitt.







- PLACE, GEORGE B.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 14, 1862; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant and first sergeant, no dates; killed in action, May 14, '64, at Proctor's Creek, Va.
- PLOOF, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; mustered out with company.
- PLUMLY, JEREMIAH D.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 18, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- PORTEOUS, JAMES G.** Age, 23. Enrolled, Aug. 23, '62, at Albany; assistant surgeon, Aug. 27, '62; mustered out, Nov. 11, '64, for promotion to surgeon, 46th Infantry.
- PORTER, ALBERT F.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- POST, ALMON.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Past.
- POTTER, FRANKLIN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; deserted, Feb. 28, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- POTTER, GEORGE A.** Age, 19. Enrolled, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; sergeant, no date; commissary sergeant, Feb. 13, '63; quartermaster-sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Co. A, Oct. 18, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, Feb., '65; first lieutenant, Co. E, April 5, '65; mustered out with company.
- POTTER, JOHN C.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- POTTER, LAWRENCE.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, April 12, '64, at Hampton Hospital, Va.
- POTTER, MANDEVILLE.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out, June 16, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- POTTER, WILLIAM H.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Signal Corps, Nov. 24, '63; discharged, June 24, '65.
- POWER, JOHN.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick at Base Hospital, Va., at muster-out of company; also borne as Powers.
- PRESTON, JOHN C.** Age, 42. Enrolled, Dec. 23, '64, in the field, Virginia; assistant surgeon, Jan. 12, '65; mustered out with regiment.
- PRIESTLEY, DALHOUSIE.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- PRIME, ASHLEY S.** Age, 23. Enrolled, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, May 21, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Brine.
- PRIOR, MICHAEL.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Pryor.
- PRITCHARD, JEFFREYS.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged July 13, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.; also borne as J. B. and Richards.



- PROCTOR, HANNIBAL.** Age, 35. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Sept. 5, '64; discharged, June 28, '65, at Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- PRUYN, CHARLES E.** Age, 21. Enrolled at Albany; first lieutenant and adjutant, July 17, '62; major, Aug. 28, '63; killed June 15, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; prior service as first lieutenant, 96th Infantry.
- PURVEE, ALFRED S.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 4, '64.
- PUTMAN, LYMAN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company; also borne as Putnam.
- PUTNAM, ADAM.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- PUTNAM, HENRY R.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, March 27, '63; returned to ranks, no date; killed at Cold Harbor.
- PUTNAM, ISRAEL.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; no further record.
- PUTNAM, JOHN.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Putman.
- PUTNAM, JOHN S.** Age, 28. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; discharged May 29, '65, at Camp Lee, Va.; also borne as John L.
- QUELCH, GEORGE E.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Beekmantown; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 18, '63.
- RANDALL, AARON G.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; sergeant, March 3, '63; mustered out with company; also borne as Aaron J. and T.
- RANDALL, CHARLES M.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 8, '63; mustered out July 26, '65, at Washington.
- RANDALL, HARVEY.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; also borne as Harvey T.; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- RANDALL, RUFUS J.** Age, 20 years. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, July 15, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y., as Rufus Randall, Jr.
- RANDALL, SELAH.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; died of wounds, July 25, '64, at hospital.
- RANDALL, SILAS.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 15, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- RANDALL, SYLVENUS.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, Oct. 16, '62, at Camp Wool, Relay house, Md.
- RANSOM, HENRY S.** Age, 38. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; severely wounded, lost arm at Drury's Bluff; discharged for disability caused from wounds, Nov. 2, '64.







- RANSOM, MILES E. B.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, June 26, '65, at Plattsburgh, N. Y.; also borne as Ramsen.
- RATTIGAN, MICHAEL.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, at Manchester, Va.
- RAWSON, SIDNEY F.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, June 3, '65, at Washington, D. C.; served mostly on detached service at corps headquarters.
- RAY, NATHANIEL F.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, April 13, '63, at Washington.
- REAY, JAMES.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died, May 29, '64, at Richmond; also borne as Ray.
- REDDINGTON, HENRY V.** Commissioned, declined, second lieutenant, Aug. 7, '63. Did not serve.
- REDMOND, JAMES.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 25, '65.
- REED, JOSEPH.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, Jan. 23, '65, at David's Island, N. Y.
- REINVILLE, THEOPHILUS.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company as Renoville.
- REMINGTON, ORINGE.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- REYNOLDS, MICHAEL.** Age, 20. Enrolled, July 31, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, April 1, '63; second lieutenant, May 1, '64; killed at Cold Harbor.
- REYNOLDS, MORRIS E.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Essex; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; discharged for disability, May 17, '65, at hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
- REYNOLDS, WILLIAM.** Age, 29. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 21, '63, at Post Hospital, near Relay House, Md.
- RICE, MOSES W.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 21, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; died, April 17, '64, while on furlough at Middlebury, Vt.
- RICH, HENRY W.** Age, 18. Enlisted at North Elba, to serve one year; private, Co. C, Sept. 1, '64; mustered out with company, as Rick.
- RICH, ZOPHER C.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at North Elba; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- RICHARDS, SAMUEL T.** Age, 38. Enrolled at New York city; colonel, Aug. 21, '62; discharged for disability, July 8, '63.
- RICHARDSON, WATSON.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died, March 4, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Camp Adirondack, Washington.



- RICHARDSON, WILLIAM H.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wagoner and returned to company as private, no dates; mustered out with company.
- RICHES, JAMES.** Age, 42. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 10, '63; also borne as Ritchie.
- RICKARD, IRA.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 26, '63; mustered out, July 6, '65, at Harrisburg, Pa., as Record.
- RICKETSON, HOWLAND.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Oct. 27, '64, at Base Hospital, Point of Rocks, Va.
- RIGGS, EDWARD.** Age, 25. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; captain, Co. D, Dec. 9, '62; resigned and discharged for disability, Aug. 13, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- RINGER, WILLIAM.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; discharged for disability, Sept. 1, '64.
- RIST, DELISS.** Age, 39. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; missing at Fair Oaks; supposed captured and died in prison.
- RIVERS, LEVI.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, June 9, '63, at hospital.
- ROBAR, MOSES.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Ephratah, to serve one year; private, Co. G, March 16, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- ROBBINS, ANSON.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, April 1, '63; wounded, no date; discharged for disability from wounds, March 29, '65, at Fort Harrison, Va.
- ROBBINS, BENAGER.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Benajah Robbins.
- ROBBINS, SOLOMON.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in Finley Hospital, Washington, at muster-out of company; also borne as Robbins.
- ROBERTS, DAVID H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; discharged, June 30, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Daniel H.
- ROBERTS, ETHAN A.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 28, '63, at hospital, Relay House, Md.
- ROBERTS, HEMAN.** Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; no record subsequent to June 30, '65, as present, sick in hospital, Fort Monroe.
- ROBERTS, JAMES V.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; drummer, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; died of disease, Oct. 7, '63, at Hampton Hospital, Fort Monroe.
- ROBERTS, JOHN H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 18, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. I, Dec. 24, '63; absent, missing in action at Fair Oaks; reported prisoner and supposed died in prison.
- ROBERTS, RALZA R.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 21, '62, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.







- ROBERTS, RICHARD. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 16, '63, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- ROBERTS, SAMUEL B. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; mustered out with company.
- ROBILLARD, JOHN C. Age, 32. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in June, '64; discharged, to date July 17, '64.
- ROBINS, PATRICK. Age, 42. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Dannemora; private, Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Oct. 28, '64, as Robbins.
- ROBINSON, NELSON W. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Beekmantown; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 15, '63.
- ROCK, JR., JOSEPH. Age, 18. Enlisted at Beekmantown; private, Co. G, Dec. 21, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- ROCK, JOSEPH. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Dec. 7, '63; discharged, to date July 1, '64.
- RODEE, ALBERT C. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company, as Rody; also borne as Rhodee.
- ROGERS, BENJAMIN V. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, June 1, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Benjamin F.
- ROGERS, HENRY. Age, 41. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Sept. 5, '63, at Convalescent Camp, Va.
- ROGERS, JOHN. Age, 35. Enlisted, Dec. 29, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. G, Dec. 31, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Rodgers.
- ROSENCRANS, FREDERICK. Commissioned, declined, first lieutenant, May 18, '64; did not serve.
- ROSS, ROBERT R. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Nov. 29, '62, at camp near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- ROSS, RODNEY. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- ROUGEIA, DELFICE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 5, '62, at Baltimore, Md., as Rougia.
- ROURKE, JOHN W. Age, —. Enlisted in Ninth Congressional District; private, Co. I, Feb. 10, '64; hospital steward, May 21, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry, as John N.
- RUBADOE, THEODORE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '61, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 19, '65, at Albany, N. Y., as Rabadoe; also borne as Rabadge, Rabadue, Rabaelie and Robadoe.
- RULE, JOSEPH. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; mustered out with company.
- RUNDLETT, GILES. Age, 18. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Dec. 15, '63; no record subsequent to April 30, '65; also borne as Rondelet.



- RUNDLETT, WESLEY.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; died of fever, Dec. 19, '62, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.; also borne as Randall.
- RUSSELL, CHARLES W.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, June 3, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- RUSSELL, MARCUS.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- RUSSELL, MARTIN.** Age, 41. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died, June 5, '64, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- RYAN, PATRICK R.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; died, Aug. 13, '64, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- SANBORN, SYLVESTER.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Lantoon.
- SANDERS, DARWIN.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Saunders.
- SANDERS, GEORGE.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Feb. 22, '63, at hospital; also borne as Saunders.
- SARGENT, ELIAS K.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 15, '63.
- SARGENT, HIRAM.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- SARTWELL, EDWIN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Mooers; private Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 13, '63.
- SAUNDERS, FRANK.** Age, 20. Enrolled, Sept. 22, '64, in the field in Virginia, to serve unexpired term of regiment; first lieutenant, Co. H, Oct. 10, '64; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, Feb., '65; mustered out with company; also borne as Sanders.
- SAVAGE, GEORGE.** Age, 41. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, July 20, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington.
- SAWYER, ALEXANDER.** Age, 36. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. D, Dec. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SAWYER, WILLIAM H.** Age, 38. Enlisted at Moriah; private, Co. G., Dec. 18, '63; discharged, to date June 13, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Sayers.
- SCHOOLCRAFT, WILLIAM.** Age, 26. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- SCOTT, GEORGE G.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 21, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks, no date; discharged for disability, May 27, '65, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- SEAMAN, HORACE.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks; appointed wagoner and returned to company as private, no dates; mustered out with company.





- SEAMAN, JOSEPH R. Age, 27. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; captain, Co. A, Jan. 29, '64; wounded at Fair Oaks; mustered out with company; prior service, first lieutenant, Co. I, 22d Infantry.
- SEELEY, LEANDER. Age, 25. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. E, Sept. 2, '64; discharged, July 15, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- SEGOIN, LAWRENCE. Age, 44. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, May 16, '64; mustered out with company as Seguin.
- SERRELL, ADOLPHUS. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Nov. 9, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Sorrell and Surrell.
- SEXTON, CHARLES C. Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- SEXTON, EBENEZER M. Age, 42. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal and returned to ranks, no dates, discharged for disability, Jan. 17, '63; also borne as Senton.
- SEXTON, JAMES E. Age, 19. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, July 5, '64; supposed captured at Fort Harrison and died in prison.
- SEYMOUR, CHARLES. Age, 45. Enlisted, Nov. 23, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Nov. 28, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SEYMOUR, LEVI. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Sept. 10, '63, at General Hospital.
- SHANNON, JOSEPH. Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- SHAW, FREDERICK W. Age, 20. Enlisted, July 18, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 16, '65, at David's Island, New York Harbor.
- SHAW, HENRY. Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Luzerne; private; Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, Jan. 1, '65; mustered out with company.
- SHEDD, HARRISON O. Age, 31. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; died, Dec. 27, '63, while on furlough; also borne as Harris O. Shedel.
- SHEEHAN, BENJAMIN D. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Dec. 23, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SHEEHAN, WILLIAM H. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 18, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Shean and Sheen.
- SHEENE, HORATIO N. Age, 27. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. C, Dec. 18, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry, as Shean; veteran.
- SHELDON, WILLARD. Age, 36. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. G, Sept. 2, '64; mustered out with company.
- SHERMAN, GEORGE W. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of disease, Oct. 3, '64, at hospital.
- SHERMAN, GUSTUS C. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, April



- 1, '63; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 28, '64; mustered out, June 22, '65, at Washington, D. C.
- SHERMAN, JAMES W. Age, 35. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. D, Dec. 16, '63; discharged for disability, May 18, '65, at Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., as James B.
- SHERMAN, MARTIN. Age, 44. Enlisted, July 3, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; killed in action, July 4, '63, at South Anna Bridge, Va.
- SHERMAN, SAMUEL. Age, 27. Enrolled, Aug. 11, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; corporal, same date; sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Jan. 17, '63; first lieutenant, Co. K, March 12, '64; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff, Va.; paroled; discharged for wounds, Oct. 19, '64.
- SHIPPY, JOHN S. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; sergeant, Jan. 9, '65; mustered out with company.
- SHORTSLEEVES, JOSEPH. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Willsboro; private, Co. D, Dec. 21, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SHUMWAY, DAVID. Age, 23. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. C, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SIMMONS, THOMAS. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 13, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- SIMONS, MONTZULIA. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick in hospital, Portsmouth, Va., at muster-out of company, as Simmons.
- SIMPSON, ALANSON D. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 16, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, June 9, '65; mustered out with company.
- SLATER, WARREN J. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. E, Feb. 6, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SLOSSON, MYRON H. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant and first sergeant, no dates; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, at Manchester, Va.
- SMEAD, WILSON. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, March 30, '63; wounded in June, '64; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, at Manchester, Va.
- SMITH, BARNEY. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; no further record.
- SMITH, CHARLES C. Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Sept. 1, '63, at hospital, Hampton, Va.
- SMITH, CHARLES M. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Feb. 8, '63, at camp near Fort Ethan, Allen, Va.
- SMITH, COLLIS H. Age, 29. Enlisted, Jan. 4, '64, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. E, Jan. 5, '64; wounded at Drury's Bluff; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged, Sept. 4, '65, at Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.





- SMITH, FONES. Age, 27. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 18, '63.
- SMITH, GARRET. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, June 9, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- SMITH, GEORGE. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, May 22, '65, at Norfolk, Va.
- SMITH, JR., JOHN H. Age, 35. Enrolled, Aug. 5, '62, at Chester; second lieutenant, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; first lieutenant, Nov. 24, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 16, '63; also borne as J. F.
- SMITH, NATHAN J. Age, 31. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 12, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington.
- SMITH, OAKLEY, H. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Willsboro; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died of his wounds, July 8, '64, at Richmond, Va.
- SMITH, RICHARD P. Age, 39. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; discharged for disability, Dec. 10, '62.
- SMITH, SAMUEL. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- SMITH, SIDNEY. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- SMITH, STEPHEN H. Age, 24. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. G, Aug. 21, '62; resigned, Nov. 20, '62.
- SMITH, SYLVENUS H. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Oct. 23, '62, at Post Hospital, Relay House, Md.
- SMITH, WILBER F. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Willsboro; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- SMITH, WILLIAM. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York City.
- SNELL, EDWIN S. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal and returned to ranks, no date; absent, captured at Drury's Bluff and supposed died in prison.
- SNIPE, SHEPARD. Age, date, place of enlistment, and muster in as private. Co. D, not stated; no record subsequent to June 26, '65, as present April 5, '65, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- SNOW, ELIHU. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Dec. 17, '63; principal musician, Jan. 1, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- SOUTHARD, HENRY A. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; discharged, July 8, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Suthard.
- SPAULDING, NATHAN R. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. I, Dec. 23, '63; discharged for disability, May 18, '65, at Norfolk, Va.
- SPINKS, WILLIAM. Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- SPRAGUE, LEWIS. Age, 40. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 13, '62, at Regimental Hospital, Relay House, Md.



- SPRAGUE, SAMUEL R.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 18, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- SQUIRE, MILA S.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Schroom; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, April 15, '63, at Eckington Hospital, Washington, as Milo S. Squires.
- STACKHOUSE, CHARLES.** Age, 43. Enlisted at Johnsburch; private, Co. D, Feb. 13, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65; also borne as Stockholm.
- STAFFORD, JABEZ F.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 6, '63, at Fort Ethan Allen, Va.; subsequent service in Co. M, 6th Artillery.
- STANARD, WILLIAM W.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of remittent fever, March 24, '65, at Camp Jackson, Wilmington, N. C.
- STANLEY, JAMES H.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York City.
- STANTON, HARVEY.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; discharged, June 15, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe, Va.
- STANTON, RANSOM H.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Warrensburch; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Stanley.
- ST. DENNIS, JAMES.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 25, '63, at hospital, Washington.
- ST. DENNIS, JOSEPH.** Age, 35. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- STEPHENS, EDWARD.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Sept. 15, 1863, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- STEPHENS, OLIVER.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, no date; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 26, '63.
- STETSON, MARTIN V. B.** Age, 23. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; second lieutenant, Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; first lieutenant, Feb. 14, '63; wounded at Fair Oaks; captain, Nov. 28; mustered out with company.
- STEVENS, ELIHU.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died of congestion of the lungs, April 1, '63, at Regimental hospital, Washington.
- STEVENS, WILLIAM C.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; discharged, Sept. 9, '63, as Stephens.
- STEVENSON, WILLIAM.** Age, 36. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. F, Dec. 17, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Stephenson.
- STEVENSON, WILLIAM H.** Age, 21. Enlisted at Fort Henry, second lieutenant, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; as first lieutenant, Nov. 2, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- STICKLE, EDWARD K.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Jan. 24, '65, at Kingston, to serve one year; private, Co. H, Jan. 27, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Sickle.
- STICKNEY, WAYNE.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, May 21, '65; mustered out with company.







- STOCKWELL, SAMUEL S.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 12, '64.
- STODDARD, ADDISON.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 16, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; promoted corporal, no date; discharged, June 3, '65, at Richmond.
- STONE, ALFRED.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- STONE, BARTLETT.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; mustered out with company.
- STONE, DENNIS.** Age, 27. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. G, Aug. 21, '62; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; paroled, Feb., '65; discharged, May 15, '65.
- STONE, JOHN S.** Age, 39. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; captain, Co. K, Aug. 21, '62; killed in action at Drury's Bluff; a Presbyterian clergyman when enrolled.
- STONE, WELLS E.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, April 20, '63, at Washington, D. C.
- STOVER, WILLIAM H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- STRATTON, DEWITT C.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Jan. 4, '64; died of typhoid fever, July 2, '64, at Eighteenth Army Corps Hospital.
- STRATTON, WALTER.** Age, 44. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. G, Dec. 19, '63; died of disease, Sept. 27, '64, at hospital, David's Island, N. Y.
- STREETER, JOEL.** Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- STURGES, GEORGE.** Age, 25. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; died of disease, April 6, '65, at Annapolis, Md.; also borne as Stearges.
- SURPRENANT, JANURIEUS.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 19, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; died of diarrhea, March 25, '65, at Wilmington, N. C.
- SURPRISE, BENJAMIN.** Age, 28. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. B, Aug. 31, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison, Va.; mustered out with company.
- SURRELL, JOSEPH.** Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Feb. 10, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Sorrell.
- SURRELL, THOMAS.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 22, '63; discharged, July 13, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.; also borne as Serrell and Sirrell.
- SUTHERLAND, JR., ORRIN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Schuyler Falls; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; absent at muster-out of company; reported died of his wounds.
- SWEET, ARAM.** Age, 31. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- SWEET, GEORGE I.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, March 1, '65; mustered out with company; also borne as George J.



- SWEET, WILLIAM W. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick, since Oct. 27, '64, and at muster-out of company.
- SWINYER, DAVID C. Age, 35. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 3, '63; mustered out, July 13, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.; also borne as Swenyer and Swynier.
- TACY, PETER. Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. A, Dec. 2, '63; transferred to Co. A, 96th Infantry; also borne as Tacey.
- TAEGERHUBER, LEWIS. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, Sept. 20, '62, at Relay House, Md., as Yaegerhuber; also borne as Tayerhuber.
- TAFFT, JOSIAH. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Sept. 13, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.
- TAFT, LUCIOUS L. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Lucius N. Taft.
- TANNER, ENOS. Age, 34. Enlisted, July 26, '62 at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; no further record.
- TART, JAMES. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TART, JOHN. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; died of his wounds, Aug. 27, '64, at Field Hospital.
- TART, JR., MOSES. Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 12, '63, at Draft Rendezvous, New Haven, Conn.
- TAYLOR, ALVAH B. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TAYLOR, DANIEL. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; deserted, April 13, '63, at Washington.
- TAYLOR, DANIEL R. Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; died of remittent fever, Sept. 16, '63, at hospital, Hampton, Va.
- TAYLOR, ELIAS S. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Kingsbury; private, Co. G, Dec. 21, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Elias L.
- TAYLOR, THOMAS H. Age, 18. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Kingsbury; private, Co. G, Dec. 21, '63; wounded, no date; died of his wounds, Sept. 17, '64, at hospital.
- TAYLOR, WILLIAM S. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- TENANT, ERI. Age, 36. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, June 9, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Suffolk, Va.; also borne as Erie A. Tennant.
- TENANT, WILLIAM H. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.





- TENDER, WALLACE W.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TENNEY, JOSEPH M.** Age, 30. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; second lieutenant, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; first lieutenant, July 8, '63; discharged, Jan. 13, '64; also borne as Tinney.
- TEROUX, JOSEPH.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, July 31, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, no date; mustered out with company as Theroux.
- TERRIER, ALEXANDER.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Oct. 30, '64, at hospital, Buffalo, N. Y.
- TERRIER, MOSES.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- TERRELL, ALONZO.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.
- TERRILL, GEORGE W.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; discharged for disability, March 23, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington, as Tyrell.
- TERRY, GEORGE W.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 8, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- TERRY, JOHN.** Age, 44. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. A, Aug. 25, '64; discharged for disability, May 11, '65, near Manchester, Va.
- TERRY, JR., JOHN.** Age, 28. Enlisted at Schuyler Falls, to serve two years; private, Co. A, Aug. 26, '64; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- TERRY, JOSEPH.** Age, 22. Enlisted at Saranac; private, Co. A, Dec. 15, '63; wounded at Fair Oaks; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- TERRY, MICHAEL.** Age, 24. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve two years; private, Co. A, Aug. 24, '64; discharged for disability, May 24, '65, at hospital, as Mitchel Terry.
- THAYER, GEORGE R.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 20, '62, at Fort Edward; private, Co. A, Sept. 25, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged for disability, May 25, '65, at David's Island, New York Harbor.
- THAYER, WILLIAM W.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, March 4, '65; discharged, June 17, '65, at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.; also borne as Thuyer.
- THEROUX, PETER.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid pneumonia, Sept. 14, '63, at Gloucester Point, Va.; also borne as Tero.
- THOMAS, EDWIN C.** Age, 17. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Peru; fifer, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; mustered out with company.
- THOMAS, TRUMAN N.** Age, 33. Enrolled, Aug. 10, '62, at Bolton; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; second lieutenant, Nov. 20, '62; discharged, Nov. 20, '63; also borne as Truman H.
- THOMPSON, LA RHETTE L.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Lewis; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 23, '62, at hospital, Relay House, Md.
- THOMPSON, WILBER.** Age, 20. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Jay; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, May 27, '65; mustered out with company.



- THOMPSON, WILLIAM.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 23, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- THORNTON, SERRILL.** Age, 40. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 20, '65; also borne as Thompson.
- TILLOTSON, JAMES R.** Age, 27. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; discharged for disability, May 22, '65, at Norfolk, Va.
- TIMMONS, THOMAS.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. H, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, Aug. 18, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; first sergeant, no date; mustered out with company.
- TITUS, COLLINS H.** Age, 36. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. E, Dec. 23, '63; discharged, May 17, '65, at hospital, West Philadelphia, Pa.
- TORRANCE, HENRY F.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TORRANCE, SIMEON D.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 17, '65, from Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- TORRANCE, WILLIAM H.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died, Dec. 3, '63, at Port Henry, N. Y., while on furlough; also borne as William N.
- TOWN, CHARLES C.** Age, 29. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, May 6, '63; absent on detached service in Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Colored Troops, at muster-out of company.
- TOWN, FRANKLIN E.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Beekmantown; private, Co. C, Dec. 23, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- TRACY, JOSEPH.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; deserted April 15, '63, at Washington; also borne as Tacia and Tacy.
- TREADWAY, JOHN W.** Age, 27. Enrolled, Aug. 5, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; first sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; second lieutenant, Co. B, June 8, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison; first lieutenant, Co. A, Dec. 23, '64; mustered out with company.
- TREDO, EDWARD.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; killed in skirmish, June 2, '64, near Cold Harbor.
- TREDO, SIMEON.** Age, 21. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; mustered out with company.
- TRIPLET, JAMES.** Age, date, place of enlistment, and muster in as private, Co. I, not stated; no record subsequent to June 26, '65.
- TRIPP, GARDNER D.** Age, 39. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TRIPP, LORENZO D.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, July 14, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- TRIPP, MALLERY.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out with company.







- TRIPP, THOMAS H.** Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, Sept. 21, '62; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- TROMBLEE, MITCHELL.** Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 19, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Aug. 23, '62; no further record.
- TROMBLEE, WILLIAM.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- TROMBLY, EDWARD.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, June 9, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe; also borne as Tromblee.
- TROMBLY, GEORGE.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; transferred to Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TROMBLY, ISAAC.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. B, Nov. 30, '63; wounded, July 1, '64, near Petersburg; discharged, May 19, '65, at Albany, N. Y.; also borne as Tromblee.
- TROMBLY, LEWIS.** Age, 34. Enlisted at Saranac; private, Co. I, Dec. 15, '63; discharged for disability, May 10, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- TUCKER, EDWARD.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 15, '63.
- TUCKER, JAMES.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, no date; died of disease, April 6, '65, at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.
- TUNNICLIFF, JOHN R.** Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; wounded, no date; discharged for disability from wounds, March 22, '65, at hospital, as Turnicliiff.
- TURNER, RICHARD H.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- TURNER, ROBERT.** Age, 30. Enlisted, July 18, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 26, '62; sergeant-major, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; absent, sick in hospital at muster-out of company; also borne as Robert W.
- TYLER, ABNER.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- TYREL, OSCAR.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; died of disease, July 8, '64, at Washington, as Oscar Terrill.
- TYRELL, JOHN.** Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Cold Harbor; captured in action at Fair Oaks; died, Jan. 28, '65, at Richmond; also borne as Ferrell and Terrill.
- UNDERWOOD, CHARLES.** Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, March 29, '63; mustered out with company as Charles C.
- VAN BUSKIRK, ALBERT.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, same date; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- VANDENBURGH, GARRY.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Johnsburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; discharged for disability, May 8, '65, at hospital; also borne as Garrett and Guy.



- VAN TASSELL, SAMUEL. Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date mustered out with company.
- VAN WAGNER, JAMES. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks and supposed died in prison.
- VARNO, NOEL. Age, 42. Enlisted, July 24, '62, at Plattsburgh; private Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Aug. 27, '63, at hospital Washington.
- VARNO, REMI. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Remmie Varrus
- VARNO, WILLIAM. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; wounded, no date; mustered out, July 14, '65, at hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- VASSAR, PETER. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 15, '62, at Beekmantown private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; died, no date, at Hampton Hospital, Va.
- VASSER, FREDERICK. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Chazy; private. Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; mustered out with company.
- VAUGHAN, DANIEL B. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; discharged for disability, Sept. 9, '63, at hospital, Albany, N. Y., as Vaughn.
- VAUGHAN, GEORGE. Age, 26. Enrolled, Aug. 7, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Co. K, June 9, '64; mustered out with company.
- VAUGHAN, STEPHEN. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in Hampton Hospital, since Jan. 21, '64, and at muster-out of company.
- VERNUM, MERRITT. Age, 20. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Feb. 9, '63, at Regimental Hospital; also borne as Verrum and Vernam.
- WADE, HORATIO. Age, 26. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Essex; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; transferred to 96th Infantry; also borne as Henry Wade and Waid.
- WAIT, JOSEPH, S. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WAKE, GEORGE. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as George W.
- WAKEFIELD, ALFRED E. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; died Jan. 28, '65, at Richmond.
- WAKEFIELD, JR., IRA. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 15, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- WALDRON, JOSIAH D. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 26, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; died of disease, Jan. 20, '63.
- WALLACE, SIR WILLIAM. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled, Feb. 28, '65; mustered out, June 16, '65, at hospital, Annapolis, Md.





- WALSH, ROSWELL. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Stony Creek; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, March 30, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff; also borne as Walch.
- WALTON, NATHAN. Age, 19. Enlisted, Dec. 28, '63, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Dec. 29, '63; died, Sept. 10, '64, at Beverly Greene Hospital, N. J.; also borne as Nathan S.
- WALTON, ORVIS E. Age, 29. Enlisted, Dec. 14, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. E, Dec. 16, '63; killed at Drury's Bluff.
- WARD, AMOS. Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company.
- WARNER, EDWIN. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- WARNER, JEFFERSON T. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, May 16, '64; wounded at Fort Harrison, Va.; discharged, Sept. 12, '65, at David's Island; also borne as Jefferson F. and H., and Warrener.
- WARNER, TRUMAN H. Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. I, Aug. 23, '62; wagoner, Aug. 29, '62; returned to company as private, no date; discharged for disability, March 26, '63.
- WARRINER, OLIVER. Age, 21. Enlisted, July 23, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; first sergeant, same date; deserted, Sept. 3, '62, at New York city.
- WASHBOND, ABEL S. Age, 39. Enlisted, Dec. 24, '63, at North Elba; private, Co. A, Jan. 2, '64; discharged for disability, May 31, '65, near Manchester, Va.; also borne as Washbone.
- WASHBURN, NATHAN L. Age, 39. Enrolled at Plattsburgh; first lieutenant, Co. C, Aug. 17, '62; discharged, Feb. 7, '63; also borne as Nathan S. Washburne.
- WASHBURN, WILLIAM H. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- WATERMAN, ROBERT S. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 16, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; returned to ranks; mustered out with company.
- WATERS, RICHARD S. Age, 24. Enlisted, July 27, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WATSON, SYLVESTER. Age, 32. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. G, Aug. 31, '64; mustered out with company.
- WEAVER, FRANKLIN L. Age, 34. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, Dec. 12, '62, at Regimental Hospital; also borne as Weever.
- WEEKS, PERCIVAL V. Age, 24. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. G, Sept. 1, '64; mustered out with company; also borne as Wicks.
- WELCH, DAVID A. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, May 7, '63, at Washington.
- WELCH, EDWARD O. Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 20, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; first sergeant, no date; captured at Fair Oaks; paroled; second lieutenant, Co. F, May 11, '65; absent, sick at Annapolis, Md., at muster-out of company.



WELCH, HENRY. Age, 32. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Sept. 26, '63, at hospital, Hampton, Va.

WELCH, MARTIN. Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.

WELCH, SAMUEL F. Age, 18. Enlisted, Sept. 21, '64, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. F, Sept. 24, '64; mustered out with company.

WELCH, WILLIAM. Age, 29. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; absent, sick at hospital, Hampton, Va., since May 27, '64, and at muster-out of company.

WELCOME, THEOPHILUS. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Dec. 5, '63; deserted, July 19, '64.

WELDEN, JUDE. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 13, '65, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.; also borne as Weldon and Wilson.

WELLS, ANTOINE. Age, 19. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. E, Feb. 9, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry, June 13, '65.

WELLS, CHARLES W. Age, 21. Enrolled, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; sergeant, Aug. 30, '62; first sergeant in '63; second lieutenant, Oct. 19, '63; first lieutenant, Co. F, June 8, '64; as captain, Co. C, May 22, '65; mustered out with company.

WELLS, GEORGE. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; drummer, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; principal musician, Aug. 29, '62; no further record.

WELLS, GEORGE W. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, to date, June 4, '65, at Petersburg, Va.

WELLS, ISAAC. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company; also borne as Wills.

WELLS, JOHN. Age, 28. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at North Hudson; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; deserted, Oct. 31, '63, at hospital, Washington.

WELLS, JOSEPH. Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. I, Jan. 28, '65; mustered out, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.

WELLS, LEVI. Age, 24. Enlisted, July 25, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; discharged for disability, Aug. 23, '65, at hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

WELLS, MITCHAEI. Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 2, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; mustered out, May 19, '65, at Albany, N. Y.

WELLS, SIR HENRY. Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Ellenburgh; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Oct. 9, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Norfolk, Va.; also borne as Henry S.

WELLS, WILLIAM. Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 22, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.

WEST, BENONI T. Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Jan. 12, '65, at hospital; also borne as Benona T. Wert.

WEST, DARWIN A. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 14, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died, Oct. 31, '63, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.





- WEST, JOSEPH.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Dec. 17, '63, at Willsboro; private, unassigned, Dec. 21, '63; no further record.
- WESTCOTT, CYRUS B.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; died, July 23, '64, at Base Hospital, 18th Army Corps.
- WESTCOTT, GEORGE.** Age, 35. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, July 2, '63, at hospital, Yorktown, Va.
- WESTCOTT, GEORGE.** Age, 22. Enlisted, July 17, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; no further record.
- WESTCOTT, HENRY C.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; captured at Drury's Bluff, and supposed to have died in prison.
- WESTCOTT, THEODORE.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Ticonderoga; private, Co. F, Dec. 30, '63; died of measles, March 1, '64, at Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
- WHALLON, EUGENE W.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Essex; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 21, '63, at hospital, Washington.
- WHEEL, JOSEPH.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; private, Co. I, Sept. 19, '64; mustered out with company.
- WHIPPLE, HOLDRIDGE H.** Age, 18. Enlisted, July 28, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WHITE, ABRAHAM.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; died of quick consumption, March 23, '63, in hospital at camp near Fort Ethan Allen, Va.
- WHITE, CHARLES H.** Age, 28. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, sergeant, first sergeant; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff; died, June 1, '64, at Richmond.
- WHITE, ISAAC W.** Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 4, '62, at Beckmantown; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 28, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Relay House, Md.
- WHITE, JAMES.** Age, 38. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Saranac; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Aug. 5, '64, at Hampton Hospital, Va.
- WHITE, MARSHALL.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Mooers; private; Co. I, Aug. 21, '62; discharged for disability, Aug. 25, '62.
- WHITE, THOMAS.** Age, 45. Enlisted, Dec. 12, '63, at Essex; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; mustered out, June 28, '65, from hospital, Troy, N. Y.
- WHITE, THOMAS H.** Age, 19. Enlisted, Aug. 8, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 27, '63, at Finley Hospital, Washington.
- WHITMAN, GEORGE.** Age, 37. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Sept. 19, '64, at Willett's Point, N. Y.
- WHITNEY, JOSEPH L.** Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Mooers; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; wounded at Fort Harrison; discharged for disability, April 1, '65, at Hospital, Willett's Point, New York Harbor; also borne as Joseph S.



- WHITNEY, SAMUEL E. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; musician, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- WHITTLE, CHARLES. Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 13, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- WICKHAM, JOSEPH. Age, 36. Enlisted, July 22, '62, at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died of wounds, June 19, '64, at hospital, Point Lookout, Md.
- WICKHAM, LABAN H. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62; at Schroon; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; died of typhoid fever, Sept. 16, '63, at Hospital, Hampton, Va.
- WICKHAM, WARREN S. Age, 30. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chester; private, Co. D, Aug. 18, '62; sergeant, Aug. 29, '62; returned to ranks, March 20, '63; absent, sick in hospital, at muster-out of company; also borne as Warren B.
- WILCOX, ALANSON K. Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 1, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WILCOX, JR., JOB A. Age, 35. Enlisted, Aug. 21, '62, at Luzerne; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to Co. D; mustered out with company.
- WILCOX, SAMUEL S. Age, 19. Enlisted, Dec. 19, '63, at Jay; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- WILCOX, WILLIAM E. Age, 26. Enlisted at Plattsburgh, to serve one year; mustered in as private, Co. G, Aug. 29, '64; mustered out with company.
- WILKINS, ALBERT. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Wilmington; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WILKINS, GEORGE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; discharged for disability, May 25, '63, at hospital, Washington, as George K.
- WILKINS, LUTHER. Age, 25. Enlisted at Black Brook; private, Co. A, Dec. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- WILKINS, ROBERT. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out, May 22, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- WILLIAMS, ASHER. Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, May 25, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- WILLIAMS, CARLISLE. Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Keene; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WILLIAMS, DUANE. Age, 28. Enlisted, July 31, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 16, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- WILLIAMS, FREDERICK. Age, 18. Enlisted at Black Brook; private Co. I, Dec. 24, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- WILLIAMS, GEORGE. Age, 42. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Johnsbury; private, Co. G, Aug. 30, '62; died, July 17, '64, at hospital.
- WILLIAMS, HENRY. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; supposed to have been captured and died in prison.





- WILLIAMS, JOHN.** Age, 20. Enlisted, Dec. 15, '63, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. F, Dec. 16, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; discharged, May 26, '65, at hospital, Burlington, Vt.
- WILLIAMS, ROBERT.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Black Brook; private, Co. K, Aug. 19, '62; no further record.
- WILLSON, THOMAS.** Age, 23. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Plattsburgh; private, Co. H, Aug. 12, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; sergeant, Oct. 20, '64; mustered out with company.
- WILSON, ALBERT.** Age, 19. Enlisted, July 21, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, mustered out, June 19, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- WILSON, JR., ALLEN.** Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 2, '65, at Richmond.
- WILSON, EDWARD P.** Age, 21. Enrolled, Aug. 27, '63, at Fortress Monroe, Va.; second lieutenant, Co. F, Sept. 18, '63; captain, Dec. 12, '63, Second Colored Cavalry.
- WILSON, ELIHU B.** Age, 44. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Dec. 28, '63; wounded, July 8, '64; discharged for disability, Dec. 14, '64.
- WILSON, HURBURT.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. K, Nov. 28, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- WILSON, JOHN M.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 12, '62, at St. Armand; private, Co. C, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, Feb. 8, '65, at hospital, David's Island, N. Y.; also borne as John W.
- WILSON, JOSEPH.** Age, 33. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Elizabethtown; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out, June 12, '65, at hospital, Fort Monroe.
- WILSON, LEANDER.** Age, 41. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; musician, Aug. 29, '62; died of chronic diarrhea, Aug. 17, '64, at Fort Monroe; also borne as Lysander.
- WILSON, LYSANDER.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; discharged for disability, March 28, '63, at Camp Adirondack, Washington.
- WILSON, MELVIN W.** Age, 33. Enrolled, Oct. 6, '62, at Albany; assistant surgeon, Oct. 15, '62; discharged for disability, Oct. 24, '64; also borne as Melville W.
- WILSON, WILLIAM J.** Age, 18. Enlisted at Chazy; private, Co. I, Jan. 4, '64; mustered out, June 10, '65, at Albany, N. Y.
- WING, EDGAR M.** Age, 21. Enrolled, Aug. 8, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; sergeant, no date; second lieutenant, Co. E, Jan. 29, '64; wounded and captured at Drury's Bluff, Va.; died at Richmond, Va., same date.
- WING, GEORGE H.** Age, 22. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 10, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; discharged, Jan. 22, '64, for promotion to second lieutenant, 14th Artillery.
- WOOD, ASHLEY.** Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Aug. 29, '62; wounded in June, '64; mustered out with company, as Woods.
- WOOD, CALVIN G.** Age, 24. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; musician, Aug. 30, '62; returned to company as private, no date; mustered out with company.



- WOOD, HENRY A. Age, 18. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Horicon; private, Co. D, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, Dec. 25, '63; mustered out with company.
- WOOD, JOSEPH. Age, 36. Enlisted, Aug. 9, '62, at Ausable; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- WOOD, RICHARD. Age, 20. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; corporal, no date; died of typhoid fever, Dec. 2, '63, at Regimental Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.; also borne as Woods.
- WOOD, THEADORE. Age, 21. Enlisted, Aug. 5, '62, at Peru; private, Co. K, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- WOOD, WILLIAM. Age, 25. Enlisted, Aug. 15, '62, at Newcomb; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; killed, July 9, '64, in front of Petersburg.
- WOODARD, ZEPHANIAH. Age, 35. Enlisted at Moriah; private Co. F, Dec. 16, '63; discharged, May 22, '65, at Norfolk, Va.; also borne as Woodward.
- WOODLEY, GEORGE. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Chazy; private, Co. B, Aug. 29, '62; corporal, no date; sergeant, Dec., '64; mustered out with company.
- WOODRUFF, ALVIN. Age, 24. Enlisted, Dec. 21, '63, at Moriah; private, Co. F, Dec. 22, '63; transferred to 96th Infantry.
- WOODWARD, DAVID M. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 11, '62, at Warrensburgh; private, Co. G, Aug. 20, '62; wagoner, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company, as Woodard.
- WRIGHT, CHARLES C. Age, 27. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company.
- WRIGHT, CHARLES S. Age, 19. Enlisted, July 29, '62, at Crown Point; private, Co. E, Aug. 30, '62; captured at Fair Oaks; died of chronic diarrhea, no date, at Andersonville, Ga.
- WRIGHT, GEORGE E. Age, 23. Enlisted, Aug. 6, '62, at Westport; private, Co. F, Aug. 16, '62; corporal, Aug. 29, '62; died of typhoid fever, Nov. 1, '62, at hospital, Relay House, Md.
- WRIGHT, WATERS W. Age, 20. Enlisted, Aug. 7, '62, at Ticonderoga; private, Co. E, Aug. 19, '62; corporal, Aug. 30, '62; mustered out with company.
- YARTAN, EMERSON. Age, 26. Enlisted, Aug. 10, '62, at Champlain; private, Co. I, Aug. 20, '62; discharged, May 23, '65, at New York city, as Yataw.
- YATAU, LUCIUS. Age, 37. Enlisted at Plattsburgh; private, Co. I, Dec. 5, '63; wounded at Drury's Bluff; died June, '64, at hospital, Hampton, Va.
- YETTO, HIRAM. Age, 18. Enlisted, July 30, '62, at Queensbury; private, Co. A, Aug. 29, '62; mustered out with company, as Yattaw; also borne as Yatto.
- YOUNGS, RICHARD. Age, 42. Enlisted at Albany; private, Co. E, April 7, '65; transferred to 96th Infantry.

F8349.5765

5748





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

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

