UNDER FIVE COMMANDERS

OR

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

BY

JACOB H. COLE

OF THE FIRST NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES AND THE FIFTY-SEVENTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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TO

HUGH C. IRISH CAMP NO. 8

SONS OF VETERANS

WITH THE HOPE THAT IN AFTER YEARS IT MAY RECALL TO THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN THE DEEDS AND SERVICES OF THEIR FATHERS IN DEFENCE OF THE UNION, THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

JACOB H. COLE.

PREFACE.

In sending forth this little volume, the author does so with the full knowledge that many histories of the Civil War have been written, but he does not desire that this book should be looked upon simply as history, but to be read and judged as the experience of one who, when on that memorable day in April, 1861, the news was flashed over the wires that the Stars and Stripes had been fired upon at Fort Sumter, had all the blood in his veins swollen with patriotism and love of country. Although but a mere lad, yet when the call came for volunteers, he was one of the first to heed his country's call. The scenes and incidents here mentioned was what he witnessed himself. Had the author mentioned all the incidents of which he was an eye witness, he could have filled a bookof greater size and magnitude: but such has not been his desire. So many of his friends have asked him to relate his experience while in the army (a service that lasted almost four years), that he came at last to the conclusion to put his experience in book form, and thus give it to the world. It has not been the intention of the author to criticise the acts of any of his comrades, or his superior officers, for where all done so well, it would not be doing them justice to do so at this late day, but of one he wishes to speak, and after the lapse of forty years, he is still under the same impression as regards his merits as he was when serving under him. That officer was General

George B. McClellan, the Organizer and First Commander of that grand body of men—the Army of the Potomac. That, as its Commander, he was the greatest General of the times, and had he received the support of the authorities at Washington when he entered upon the Peninsular Campaign, the same as was afterwards given to General Grant when he became Commander, the war would have ended long before it did. In the following pages the author has only briefly mentioned the names of Generals Richardson, Sumner and Hancock, three of the bravest Generals in the Army of the Potomac. He would have wished to add more to what he has written in reference to those brave and gallant officers under whom he served, but space forbids. And now after the lapse of years, he cannot forget two of his officers—the brave Colonel Chapman, or that grand fatherly officer, Colonel, afterwards General, Zook. Both of these officers treated the author like a son, and when death claimed them none mourned or revered their memory more than your humble servant. To the Sons of Veterans it is hoped that this book may awaken and rekindle their patriotism and love of country, and that should the occasion arise that they, like their fathers, will be willing to rise in defense of the Stars and Stripes, the colors that never yet turned its back to the foe, or ever was trailed in the dust by its enemies. So with the prayer that this book may accomplish all that the writer intended, and with this view in mind, this book is sent forth with the best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

UNDER FIVE COMMANDERS.

CHAPTER I.

Opening of the War.—First Enlistment.—Death of Colonel Elsworth.—Discharge from the Service.—Re-enlistment.—On to Washington.—Foraging and Scouting.—Life in Camp.—President Orders Army Divided into Corps.—McClellan's Address to the Army.—On to Richmond.—Arrive on the Peninsular.—The Beginning of the Peninsular Campaign.

The general election for President and Vice President of the United States that was held in November, 1860, was of the utmost moment to the country at large, as the South declared that the election of Abraham Lincoln would be considered a menace to the South and her institution of slavery, so that the result of the election was looked upon with anxious fears on the one hand and with hope on the other. When the election of Abraham Lincoln, as President, was assured, the South at once commenced to talk secession and claimed the right of any State to secede from the Union at any time, while on the other hand the North, East and West denied such right to any State at this time. I was but a boy, not quite fourteen years of age, having been born in the city of Paterson, New Jersey, February 22d,

1847, and how well do I remember the wave of patriotism that swept over the city when the news came that Lincoln had escaped his enemies in Baltimore and had arrived in Washington in safety. Then, in a few days after his inauguration, came the news that the rebels had fired upon Fort Sumpter, in Charleston Harbor. Then came the call of the President for volunteers to serve for three months. I at once (boy as I was) hastened to obey the call, and enlisted in Company A, First New York Fire Zouaves, under the command of Colonel Ellsworth, and was sworn into the United States Service on April 24th, 1861, and in a few days the regiment marched down Broadway in New York, and left for Washington, D. C. When we arrived in Baltimore we marched through the city in a hollow square, as all the regiment was not armed. The officers were placed in the centre of the square and unarmed men were placed in the inside rank. We marched through Baltimore on May 2nd, 1861, just eleven days after the memorable attack on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. We arrived in Washington May 2nd, 1861, and went into camp in the Capitol. In a few days we changed camp to the White House grounds, where we remained until the 24th day of May. On that morning we were early assembled and marched to the Potomac River, and taking boats, we floated down the river until we were opposite Alexandria, Va., where we made a landing. Shortly after landing, and while marching through the streets of the city, Colonel Ellsworth saw a large Confederate flag flying from the roof of the Marshall House. The colonel, accompanied by some of his regiment, ascended to the roof and hauled down the flag. When coming down the stairs, folding the flag, he was met by Jackson, who, without warning, deliberately shot and killed Colonel Ellsworth. Hardly had he committed the cowardly act when he was shot and killed by Sergeant Brownell.

The regiment remained in camp on the outskirts of Alexandria until July 17th, 1861, when the regiment broke camp and marched to Centreville, and from there to Chubbs Run, and then to Manassas, where, on the 21st of July, we fought the battle of Bull Run, or Manassas. The army, meeting with defeat, retreated to Washington, where we found that the city was filled with stragglers on the retreat. The roads were filled with carriages and baggage wagons. Under the excitement men cut horses and mules loose from the wagons, jumped on their backs,

IN ALEXANDRIA.

and started helter skelter for Washington. The roads were so crowded that it was more like a mob than an army. When we reached the Long Bridge to cross over into Washington there was such a crush that it was impossible to keep any formation, so it became a case of every one for themselves. When we arrived in the city we found it filled with stragglers, and all was excitement. After the regiment got into Washington and the excitement began to cool, the officers found that there was about two hundred men missing. When we reached New York we ascertained the whereabouts of the missing men. Some had

been killed, others were prisoners, and still others had never stopped retreating until they reached home. The regiment left Washington for New York on August 4th, and was mustered out of the service as a regiment August 8th, 1861. On the 11th day of August, 1861, I enlisted at New York City in Company A, Fifty-seventh New York Volunteer Infantry, Colonel Samuel K. Zooks commanding; my captain being Albert Chapman. I was sent to join my company, then in camp at Scarsdale, N. Y. After a few days' stay in that camp, which was known as Camp Scarsdale, we were ordered to move to New Dorp, Staten Island, going by boat from the Battery. Crossing New York Bay, we arrived at Camp Lafayette, and found that for our accommodation that rudely constructed barracks had been built, and in these buildings the regiment was housed and fed. A frightful change from the comforts of home. These barracks, rude as they were, afforded us comfort and protection far beyond what was soon to come in the open field. But the novelty of the situation was interesting, and it took more and longer than this experience to wear away the new born enthusiasm that had been beating in every patriotic breast. A soldier's life had thus far been all romance. A gala day with flags flying, crowds cheering, and women smiling, save, perhaps, the heartache in moments of separation, all had been bustle and excitement. New comrades were comparing notes, showing pictures of mothers, wives or sweethearts, telling of home, business and friends left behind; others talking of positions promised them in their companies—lieutenancies, sergeantcies, and what not—all of which turned out later to be like the morning dew that soon vanishes away. People were constantly coming down from the city to visit the camp, watching the drilling, talking with friends and giving little presents of useful things for the use of the soldiers—mementoes, or things to eat that were not

on the bill of fare at the barracks. When off duty the boys would stroll around, get passes to the city, singing "John Brown's Body," and other songs of the day that were on every tongue. However, our duties became more frequent and laborious, drilling seemed to take all our time, discipline began to be exercised and order to work itself out of confusion. The boys had so many different kinds and colors of uniforms that, when in line together, they looked like a crazy quilt. The awkward squads were numerous.

"Shoulder arms," said the drill master.

"I will," said the recruit, as he laboriously raised his musket to the top of his right shoulder.

"Stand erect!" is the next command, whereupon every man swells out his abdomen to its fullest tension.

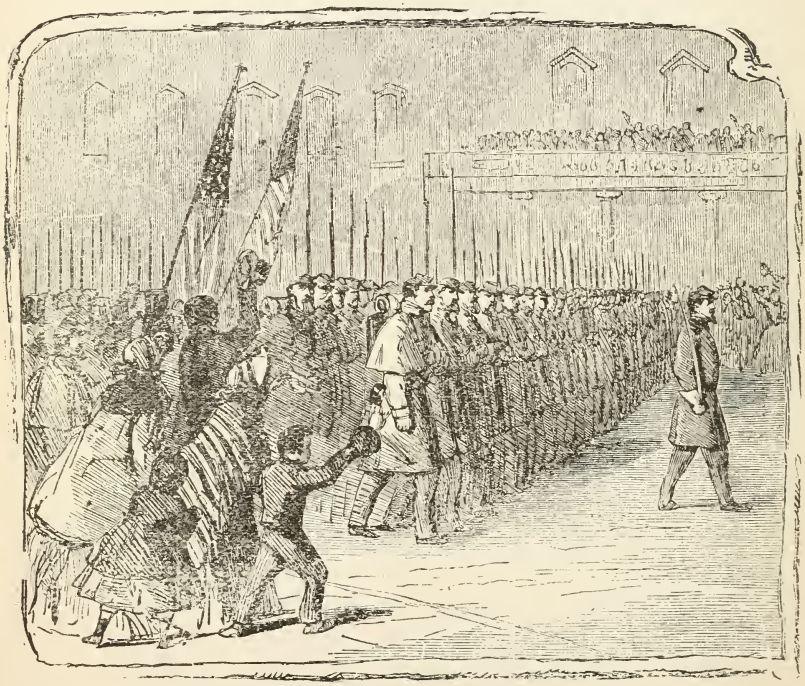
"Mark time, march!"

Hip, hip, long legs, short legs, little feet, big feet; will they ever step together. The hardest man in the regiment to be taught was a short young Irishman, who knew it all, and whose movements were like those of a jack in a box. He had evidently often gone through the manual of arms with a broom stick before an admiring audience in his back alley.

We had been in Camp Lafayette two months or more, when orders came to pack knapsacks and be ready to move at a moment's notice. It was on Tuesday afternoon, November 12th, 1861, that we made our first march as a regiment, a distance of about three miles from camp to the landing, where we embarked on the steamer "Kill von Kull."

A multitude of friends had come down from the city to see the regiment, and there were many sad and tearful good-byes, notwithstanding the heroic attempts at laughter and good cheer. As the steamer left the wharf, about ten o'clock at night, the

white handkerchiefs began to flutter, and not until we were beyond individual recognition did they cease. The clear moonlight made the night almost as bright as day. Now for the first time the face of the Fifty-seventh was set away from home and towards the seat of war. Just a little it began to seem that we were soldiers.



LEAVING CAMP LAFAYETTE FOR WASHINGTON.

Having steamed southerly around Staten Island to the New Jersey shore, we disembarked at Amboy, where we boarded a train of the Camden and Amboy Railway, and at about midnight began to move toward Philadelphia, which place we reached at day dawn.

This first night out had been one of great beauty. The air was full of balm and the moon kept bright until the greater brilliancy of the rising sun put out its light. Everyone was full of good spirits, very few of the men wanted to sleep, and those who did could not for the fun that was going on. The ladies of Philadelphia were up early, and had breakfast ready by the time we had crossed the river from Camden to Philadelphia. Of course all were hungry and ate voraciously, while the mirth and laughter were equal to a first-class picnic. From the dining hall we marched to the railroad depot, and by four in the afternoon were in Baltimore, where supper was served.

Before daylight the next morning—Thursday, November 14th, 1861—the train pulled into Washington, D. C. At seven o'clock the regiment fell into line and marched about a mile and a half in a northeasterly direction from the Capitol, on the Bladensburg road, and went into camp near the toll gate. This was Camp Wilder. The ground was wet and in places muddy from previous rains. A not very inviting bed for the first night out. To make matters worse, there were but three tents to a company, and as darkness came on it began to rain and grow cold. This night was like the last in one respect—it was sleepless, but the cause was misery rather than fun. Now began that development of the law of self preservation, which so distinguished the veteran soldier and made him so superior to the untried recruit. The boys began to shift for themselves. One of them found a large box partially filled with knapsacks, and taking off the cover he crawled inside, replaced the cover and burrowed out a comfortable place and slept for two nights as snug as a bug in a rug. Then a movement to higher ground deprived him of his accommodation at "Hotel de Box," as it was called. But a better supply of tents furnished comfortable quarters for all.

While at Camp Wilder the boys were granted occasional leave of absence to visit the city of Washington, and it was improved in seeing the sights about the Capitol and public buildings. The dome of the Capitol building was yet unfinished, and the mammoth sections of the Goddess of Liberty were lying around, head in one place, shoulders in another, and feet in still another, as though entirely unrelated. Pennsylvania avenue, unpaved and dusty as a country road, was lined with stores and dwellings, many of which could be called shanties. Washington was essentially a southern city, without enterprise and improvements, a by-word and a reproach among nations.

On Thursday, November 28th, 1861, we broke camp and started for Virginia, crossing the Potomac by the Long Bridge, the boys singing, "I Wish I Was in Dixie" as we crossed into Virginia. I could not help thinking of the other time I entered Virginia, and of the death of Colonel Ellsworth. Upon arriving on the Virginia side, we marched slowly westward five or six miles on the Columbia turnpike to Arlington Mills, a station on the Washington and Ohio Railway. Here, near a brick yard, we bivouacked at midnight, having lost our way and also our rations. We had nothing to eat but some sweet corn we pulled off the stalks and roasted in the fire. It had rained all day, our clothes were wet and muddy, the ground was soft and uncertain. Yet we had managed to get some sleep. When the reveille sounded at daybreak in the morning we received our rations, and after breakfast the march was resumed southward five or six miles to what was afterwards known as Camp California.

When it became evident that this spot was to be our home for the winter, streets were laid out in military fashion, each company being assigned to its place. Then began the pitching of tents, the pairing of comrades, the building of bunks, putting up of clothes racks, making tables, and getting to rights for general

WM. H. COLE. JACOB H. COLE.

Photo taken in 1861.

housekeeping. The company cook furnished coffee, bean soup, boiled pork and salt beef. The sutler sold us pies, dried fruits and other delicacies. Some of the boys had sheet iron stoves that served for warming purposes, and, having movable ovens, these stoves gave them an opportunity for fancy cooking, on which some of the men prided themselves. The routine of a soldier' slife that was commenced at Camp Wilder was continued at Camp California throughout the winter.

In addition to the routine of Camp Wilder, there was many additions added to our other duties, such as regimental and brigade drills and picket duty. General French (or rather "Blinkey" as we used to call him, not with any disrespect, but because he always blinked his eyes when giving his commands), seemed to have a passion for brigade drills, and would march the boys all over creation until they were completely exhausted, and then, by way of resting them, would order an extra movement or two.

Edsall Hill on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, five miles from camp, was our place for outpost duty. Standing guard at Edsall Hill furnished illustration of the vividness of the human imagination. A post on the brow of the hill looked down on the clump of trees left bare of leaves by the winter's frost. The sparrows making their nests in these trees are often restless at night, and gave occasion for all kinds of suppositions on the part of the sentinel. More than once the gun was cocked and the trigger about to be pulled because of the supposed approach of the enemy. In the dead stillness of the night, when one is alone on the outer line, the least noise travels far and sounds near. The very atmosphere seems to rustle, the trees and shrubs turn into advancing skirmishers, creeping cautiously upon the unwary sentinel. There is no limit to the power of the imagination under conditions like these.

Men in their quarrels would sometimes threaten to shoot each other, but when their passions cooled they seldom thought of carrying out their threats. Sometimes men would declare their intentions of shooting an officer in the next battle, but when the battle came they would have all they could do to take care of themselves. It is quite improbable that such a thing was ever accomplished in any regiment, but in the Fifty-seventh it certainly never was.

On Monday, March 10th, 1862, at two o'clock in the morning, the call was sounded, and the army of the Potomac roused from sleep with orders to march at daylight. Three days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges were issued to each man. Blankets and shelter tents were rolled together, lengthwise thrown over the right shoulder and the ends joined under the left arm. The haversacks were filled with rations and such articles for the toilet as we had room for. At the appointed time all was ready and the moments of waiting for the word to move were spent in taking a last look at the old camp. It was not unnatural that we were loth to leave a place which had become so much a part of ourselves, a spot where we had become so nearly a part of the soil.

Soon the expected orders came to fall in, and our regiment filed out and took its place in the column. As we started the clouds also started. It not only began to rain, but it continued to rain. The tramping of many feet soon kneaded the soil into dough, and then into slush, and the troops waded sometimes knee deep through mud and mire all day long with laborious steps. The march continued until at sunset, near Fairfax Court House, all lay down upon the soaked earth, weary and wet, for refreshing sleep. At daylight a hurried breakfast was followed by an inspection of arms, and the column pushed on through Fairfax station to Sangster station, where the night of the

eleventh was spent. On the following day Union Mills was reached, and the third night was spent on the Bull Run Hills. March 12th, the next day, we pushed on to Manassas, entering that stronghold of the enemy on March 13th, with flags unfurled and bands playing "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," and other patriotic airs. It was hoped and expected that there would now be a little rest, but it was not to be with our regiment at least, for it was immediately detailed to support the brigade of Stoneman's Cavalry in a reconnoisance to Cedar Run.

Early on the morning of March 14th we commenced to move. Our line of march was along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, but as the bridges over Broad and Kettle Runs had been burned away, detours had to be made down the high embankments, through the streams and into the soft soil of ploughed ground, where with each step we sank to the knees in the mud. Five miles beyond the fires of the retreating pickets were passed, until the enemy was found in force behind Cedar Run. The regiment was divided into four parts, each part taking a separate position, so as to give the appearance of a brigade, and fires were built along the line—a difficult task when every stick of wood was soaked with water—yet accomplished by carrying coals from one fire to another.

Captain Chapman was ordered to take his company and drive off a cavalry picket stationed beyond a hill, which he succeeded in doing. Following them to the run where they crossed, shots were fired by both sides, but perhaps without hurt to any one. During the skirmish firing quite an excited argument arose between William Conklin and George Williams about firing. They both had an idea that in a line of battle they should fire the same as when drilling. After considerable talk between them, Conklin said to Williams, "Why in thunder don't you shoot, so that I can shoot," but Williams was so excited that he could not fire. Dur-

ing the time they were arguing about firing, Daniel Haggerty said to them, "Say, you fellows, why don't you shut up and both of you fire." During the time they were having their argument I was loading and firing as fast as I could. Of course, to a certain extent they were excusable as it was the first time they had been under fire.

Early the next morning, Captain Chapman had the men drawn up in line and he made a short speech to them, among other things he said: "Boys, last night during the time we were engaged in driving back the enemy's pickets, some of you men were arguing about firing. I did not at the time desire to interfere, but I have called you together this morning to say to you, one and all, that I believe you will get over this trouble when you get into a battle. You will then understand that each man must depend upon himself and in loading and firing he will do so without thinking or waiting for the next man to fire first."

On the fifteenth the enemy's cavalry made an advance. The Fifty-seventh was formed in line of battle on the brow of the hill with Stoneman's Cavalry in the rear. They did not attack this line, and soon retreated across the stream. It was here that the regiment fired their first shots at the rebels.

The object of the reconnoisance having been accomplished, the march back to Manassas was begun. Then it began to rain again. Down, down, it came. Sometimes a fine drizzily fall, and then again it would seem as though it was falling in bucketsful. But we were getting used to it, and was learning to protect ourselves from its worst effects. The walking between the rails was not bad, but when we had to turn out for the broken bridges, it did seem as though we would be buried alive in the mud. The third bridge we had to cross on our return hung by a single rail over a chasm fifty feet in depth, and the water below was waist deep and in places up to our arm pits. The boys

looked long at the broken bridge and then at the stream below, trying to decide which route to take. Nearly all waded the stream, but some ventured on the single rail. One man crossing thus missed his footing and scarcely saved himself from death by catching hold of a swinging tie.

On reaching Manassas, we got into the vacant huts, built large fires, stripped and dried our soaked clothes and lay down to a night of solid rest. On the 16th the Third brigade fell back to Bull Run, only to return again to Manassas on the 17th of March. On the 18th of March we again fell back to Bull Run, where the following address was read to us:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
Fairfax Court House, Va.

March 10, 1861.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown and your confidence in your general are worthy of a dozen victories. The preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit—the army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived and I know that I can trust in you to save the country. As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right in whatever direction you may move. However strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle-field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children, and you know that your general loves you

from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care—it has ever been—to gain success with the least possible loss, but I know that if it is necessary you will follow me to your graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us; victory attends us. Yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you that you have brave foes to encounter; foemen well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, great heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats and privations. Perhaps we will share all these together, and when this sad war is over we will all return to our homes and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the army of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

When we first arrived at Manassas we found the ruins of a burnt hospital, and on searching the ruins we found the body of a man which had been burned so that is was not recognizable, and in a creek fifty feet away there were five bodies with their hands tied behind them. As they were entirely nude, it was impossible to say to which side they belonged and from their appearance it was evident that their death was due to violence.

While in camp at Manassas we used the water from a well that was near at hand. After we had been using the water for about three days the bucket got fast, and after considerable trouble we managed to pull it up, when we found fastened to it the body of a dead rebel soldier.

While we lay at Manassas, a number of the boys went to a brook to have a wash. When we were washing we were approached by a man that had every appearance of being an old teamster or a wagon driver. We did not recognize him and he did not tell who he was. He asked one of the boys to lend him his soap so that he could have a wash, when the one he had approached turned to him and said, "You go to h— and get your own soap, you old baggagemaster." Then he came to me and

asked me to lend him a piece of soap that he might wash his hands. I gave it to him. When he had finished he handed it to me, at the same time thanking me for its use. After we were through washing we made a fire, and while standing around it the old farmer, as we supposed, sat down, and began to tell us stories of his experience in the Mexican war. Some of the boys asked him what he was doing down in the army. He said he was working for the government, and that we would all know him better after a while. We will have learned more about war and what it is to share what we have with our comrades, and before we get home again we will all be more willing to assist one another, and if our comrade desires to borrow anything from us we will be only too glad to let them have it.

Shortly after this some colored people, whom we called contrabands, came into our lines, and my brother, William H. Cole, Dad Haggerty and myself were detailed to escort them to General French's headquarters. When we presented them to General French, he ordered us to take them to General Richardson's headquarters. When we arrived at General Richardson's headquarters we saw a lot of well dressed officers. As none of the three had ever seen General Richardson, we were at loss to know which one was the general, so we inquired for General Richardson. One of the officers told us to go to another tent, which he pointed out to us, and as we approached the tent we saw the old teamster, as we thought, sitting alone. So I said to him, "Could you tell me where I can find General Richardson?" and he said, "Well, I guess I can tell you where he is. Sometimes they call me General Richardson and at other times they call me 'Greasy Dick.'" I said, "I hope you will not try to fool me; you're the man I lent the soap to the other day." He replied, "I am not trying to fool you, my boy, but let it rest. You can bring the contrabands here and I will attend to them." So we brought the con-

trabands up to the tent, and after he had looked them over he gave me an order to take them to General Summer's headquarters.

We went with them to General Summer's headquarters, and after saluting the general, I said: "General, I received orders to take these people to General French, and he ordered me to take them to General Richardson's headquarters. We did so, and there saw a man we did not know, who gave us an order to bring these contrabands to your headquarters. Here is the order, but whether it was given to me by General Richardson I do not know. All I know is that whoever the man was he signed his name as General Richardson." So General Sumner took the order, and as soon as he had read it, he said to me, "Yes, that is General Richardson; you will know more of him and will learn to like him the more you see of him." So we left the contrabands with the general and returned to our quarters, and I said to the boys, "Well, I know who General Richardson is now, for I have seen him." And indeed, before we had been with him long the words of General Sumner came true. We did indeed love him because of his kindness to every one, as the following incident will show.

While we were on the march during the Peninsular Campaign, General Richardson was riding along our line when he came to a soldier that was tied to a tree by his thumbs. So he said to the man, "Well, well, who tied you there?" The man replied, "There was some general passing along here and he asked me what command I belonged to, and he winked and blinked with both eyes and drew his mouth in such a shape that I could not help but laugh at him. He asked me two or three times the same question, but as he asked the question he blinked so with his eyes that I could do nothing but laugh, so he ordered me to be tied up by the thumbs." So General Richardson got off his horse

and cut the man loose, and said to him, "You can return to your command as I think I know who the general was, but the next time you see a man commence to wink and blink be sure you get out of his way for he is getting ready to shoot."

Another instance of his thoughts for his men was when we had to wade across the Chicahominey river. He got off his horse and waded the stream with his men. At another time when going into the battle at Antietam he said, "Men, follow me and where I will not go I will not ask you to go." At another time at the battle of Fair Oaks, the rebels brought out a gun mounted on a railroad car that was known as the land Merrimac. One of our batteries was firing on it but without doing any damage. General Richardson noticing this, got off his horse, and after the gun was loaded, sighted the piece and fired it himself, with the result that the car was knocked off the track and the Merrimac was put out of business for the time being.

At the battle of Antietam, General Richardson was killed, and there was not one of the men in our division but regretted his loss, for we had indeed came to love him as a father. There was no fuss or feathers about him, plain in dress, unassuming in manners, so much so that unless you knew him you would never know that he was a general. Had he lived he would have made his mark before the war closed.

While we were laying at Manassas, Andy Wilson, Bill Hardy and myself decided one day to go out on a foraging expedition. To make up our minds was to act; so we started. After traveling a considerable distance we came to a farm house where we saw some chickens. It did not take us long to catch the chickens. Just as we got them ready we saw some rebels coming, and taking the chickens we started back for camp, as the rebels were gaining upon us. For safety we took refuge in a swamp, where we were obliged to remain all night. In the morning we man-

aged to elude the rebels and got back to camp with our chickens. Shortly after we returned to the camp, General Richardson sent for the three to come to his tent. When we arrived at the tent, General Richardson asked Hardy where he had obtained the chickens, and Hardy said, "I got them from Jake." Then I was called up with Wilson and asked where I had got the chickens I gave to Hardy, and I told the general that I had bought them from a farmer. The general saw the joke and laughingly said, "If you boys will fight as you forage I am not afraid of your going to Richmond."

On the 25th of March we advanced to Warrington Junction, which was reached on the 27th, and remained one day, when we fell back to Manassas and Bull Run. The main army about ten days before had begun its return to Alexandria and were embarking for the peninsular, so that on our return we, too, were ordered back, taking the cars at Fairfax station and stopping over night at old Camp California.

The following morning, April 3rd, President Lincoln's order of March 13th, forming the army of the Potomac into army corps, was read to our brigade. Under the above orders the army was divided into army corps and the following generals were designated to command the several corps:

General McDowell was selected to command the first corps. This general was still laboring under the disgrace of his defeat at Bull Run in 1861.

The commander of the second corps was General Edwin V. Sumner, a veteran officer of the regular army. General Sumner was a veteran of the Mexican and of the Black Hawk wars. Of General Sumner much may be said on either side of the question. His record as a soldier and his services as an officer was of the best. As colonel of the First United States Cavalry he led the famous charge at the battle of Cervo Gordo,

in Mexico, under General Scott. On the other hand, it is a question whether with his mental habits and at his advanced age he should have been designated for the command of twenty thousand new troops in the field against a resolute enemy. He was more of a cavalry officer than an infantry officer.

The commanders of the third and fourth corps respectively, General Heintzelman of the third and Keyes of the fourth, it is not necessary to speak, as they were shelved after a short trial.

In appointing the corps commanders, General McClellan should have been consulted, in fact, it would have been far different had he appointed them himself. General McClellan should have been allowed his own choice in the matter. Nothing but disaster could rationally have been expected in thus overriding the judgment and will of the commander of the army. If General McClellan was not capable of appointing the heads of his army corps, he could not have been capable of commanding them when appointed, and in the light of future events, I have often thought that had General McClellan made the appointment himself instead of the President, that the results of the Peninsular Campaign would have been far different. I do not think that General McClellan would have been obliged to fall back to the James river and eventually to Washington. They were most unhappily chosen, and it has often been remarked that politics in one or two instances was at the bottom of them.

Had General McClellan proceeded to divide his army into army corps during the winter of 1861-62, he could have done so without interference by the President or any one else, but the long winter of inaction had so far alienated the President, and Congress had created so many jealousies among the expectant officers of high rank and had kept General McClellan so long upon the defensive in explaining and justifying his position, that when the organization of the army corps became a reality in

March, 1862, President Lincoln was able to impose his will upon the commander of the Army of the Potomac in the matter of the officers to be or that had been selected for those important and responsible positions. General McClellan should have been allowed his own untrammeled choice, and when the army began its movements against Richmond by way of the Peninsular, he should have received an ardent support. As it was he was only supported in a half hearted manner.

After one night at Camp California the regiment marched to Alexandria, and the following morning, April 4th, it embarked on the steamer Ariel for Fortress Monroe.

The daylight ride down the Potomac was another excursion full of pleasure, passing Mount Vernon and other points of historic interest. The scenery was charming with no signs of war to mar its general peace. At night, however, a different state of mind ensued. To find a plank that had a soft side was an unsuccessful search. The usual depressions found in the ground and utilized so readily for the hips and shoulders could not here be made, so there was nothing to do but lie first on one side and then on the other until both sides became sore, and then sit up. No one could walk around without tramping on something sensitive. The second night out the steamer lay off Fortress Monroe, but the next morning moved to Shippen Point.

CHAPTER II.

The Army on the Move.—From Shippen Point to Grapevine Bridge.—Scenes along the Route.—Anecdotes and Incidents.—Playing Base-ball.—The Sounds of Cannonading.—Orders to Fall In.—March to Grapevine Bridge.

When we first landed at Shippen Point, there was no rations for us. I bought some crackers and cheese from a sutler's wagon, which I divided with my comrades. While we were eating a soldier stepped up and said, "I am mighty hungry, too, can you share with me?" and when I looked up I saw it was Thomas Messenger, a cousin of mine and a member of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, who also came from Paterson. When we arrived at Shippen Point we waded ashore from the ship. In the vicinity of Shippen Point the regiment spent ten days or more building corduroy roads and repairing bridges and docks

From Shippen Point we went to Cheesman's Landing April 16th, 1862. After we arrived at Cheesman's Landing we found a barrel of whiskey among some sutler's goods, but as whiskey was contraband of war, the head of the barrel was knocked in and those who wished got into line and dipped their cups into the barrel and taking away what they would hold. Several drunks and some disorderly conduct followed this method of upholding the regulations against the importation of spirituous liquors.

In our company was a private by the name of Joseph Aertz who would never keep himself clean. So one morning Captain

Chapman sent for me to come to his quarters, and when I reported to the captain he ordered me to report to Colonel Zooks at his headquarters, as he had a duty for me to perform, and that I must not refuse to perform it.

When I reported to Colonel Zook, he informed me that I was detailed with Andrew Wilson and William Hardy to take Joseph Aertz down to the river and to strip and scrub him, as he refused to do it himself. I told the colonel that I did not like to do that duty as the man was from New Jersey, but the colonel replied: "That is the reason why I detailed you and Hardy." So there was nothing to do but to obey orders, which we did, and when we got through Joseph was the cleanest man in the company.

But with all our efforts to make a man of Joe he never amounted to anything. Every battle we went into Joe would always manage to get taken as a prisoner until the rebels knew him so well that they let him go as soon as he was caught. Upon our return to Alexandria and at the second battle of Bull Run, he was taken prisoner and did not join us again until just before the battle of Chancellorville, and at that battle he was again taken prisoner, and that was the last of Joe.

A large part of the time was spent in getting wagons out of holes. A road would be almost impassable after a single train had passed over it and whatever followed it had to dig its way through. The nearer they got to the Chickahominy the worse it became, and on the swamp lands corduroy roads had to be made every step of the way. A wagon would get stalled and then came the usual attempt to get the mules to pull together, the snapping of the whip, the yelling of the drivers, the prying of the wheels out of the hole with rails, the hitching on of an extra team, etc., etc., meant that the wagon must move as it stopped the whole train behind it. Sometimes it would take an hour to start that wagon, and sometimes it would not start at all; then a road

must be cut around it through the woods, so that teams could go around. Advice is always cheap and abundant on such occasions, especially if troops are passing and if stragglers are crawling by. The latter would usually sit down (being as usual very tired) and give advice, but they seldom took hold and lifted. During one of the battles Colonel Zooks saw a lot of stragglers coming to the rear and said to them, "Where are you men going?" One of them answered, "We are all cut to pieces." The colonel responded, "There is a big lot of you left for having been all cut to pieces." These men along the road were "powerful weak" as the colored people used to say, but they were never too tired to give advice.

On the march from Shippen Point to Cheesman's Landing, we remained two days at a place we called Camp Scott. During the time we were in this camp a foraging party was sent out by Colonel Zooks, under the command of Sergeant Jeremiah Williams. The detail was composed of Sergeant Williams, Dad Haggerty, John O'Brien, William Hardy, Andrew Miller, George Goodwick, Andrew Wilson and myself. Our orders were to get supplies of any kind that we could, and if the people we saw were willing to give us what we needed, then we were to pay for everything we got, but if on the other hand they refused to supply our wants, we were then at liberty to take by force and no pay to be given. So we left camp with great expectations of coming back with a load of good things.

After we had marched some distance we came to a farm house, and on knocking at the door, the farmer and his son came to the door. Sergeant Williams stated who he was and asked him to sell us something to eat, telling him plainly that we were ready and willing to pay him for everything he gave us. The farmer said he did not have anything to eat, as he had been stripped of everything by the rebel soldiers. We did not believe him and told

him so. Then Sergeant Williams ordered us to search the house.

O'Brien and myself went into the cellar, and after we got there I noticed the floor looked as though it had been recently disturbed, so I remarked to O'Brien that I believed there was something under the floor and that I was going to see what there was. So we got a shovel and commenced to dig. We soon uncovered a lot of smoked hams. We each took two of them and (like every one else we seized the largest ones) went upstairs and told the rest what we had found. Then they went down in the cellar and got some more so that each one had a ham to carry away.

During the time we were in the house we had taken no notice of the absence of the son, much to our regret later. When we had each got a ham, the sergeant said to the farmer, "If you had not lied to us about these hams we would have paid you for them, but as it is we will not give you anything."

We also noticed a tree full of fine large peaches, and we said to him as we are not going to pay for the hams, we will buy the peaches from you. The farmer told us that they were not for sale as he wanted them for himself. His wife intended to use them for preserving. As we could not induce him to sell us some, we gathered a few without his leave and without paying for them.

While we were gathering the peaches, we saw the son coming and with him a lot of rebel soldiers. Then we knew where the son had been. As soon as the rebels saw us they immediately opened fire on us. We managed to retreat to the woods without any loss. Here we were able to defend ourselves for some time. The sound of the firing aroused the Union troops nearest to us, and a number came to our assistance. As soon as they came up the rebels retreated. We then returned to our camp with our hams.

I now began to realize that a soldier's life was not a picnic, for hardships, trials and dangers were to come. So I thought it was time to form comradeship. I chose the following members of my company for comrades and tent mates: William H. Cole, William C. Conklin, Andrew J. Wilson, George I. Williams and Jeremiah Williams.

After forming our comradeship each was given a certain duty to perform, one to carry water, one to carry wood, another to cook the food, the other to put up the tent; thus every one had his work to do. Thus we all kept together until some fell sick or was wounded or killed in battle. Comradeship lasts but a short time in war. Jeremiah Williams died near Richmond, George Williams and William C. Conklin was discharged for disability at Harrison's Landing. They all came from West Milford, New Jersey.

On April 29th we left Cheesman's Landing and moved to Yorktown, which the enemy had evacuated on the 4th of May without a general engagement. When we marched through Yorktown we discovered that the ground had all been mined by placing torpedoes in it, but we did not discover this fact until several of our men had been killed.

On May 5th the battle of Williamsburg was fought by the third and fourth corps, the rebels falling back towards Richmond. Richardson's division, which had been separated from the second corps, marched to Williamsburg and beyond, but was ordered back to Yorktown. From there we took the boat up the James river to a place called Elthan, about five miles above West Point. My regiment, the Fifty-seventh New York, was in Richardson's division, and this division was the first division of the second, or Sumner's corps. By the 20th of May the army of the Potomac had concentrated near the north bank of the Chickahominy river, and on the 25th the Fourth Corps, under General Keyes, had

crossed and taken a position at Seven Pines, within six miles of Richmond. The Third Corps, under General Heintselman, also crossed, and the two corps constituted the left wing of the army. The centre and right wings, consisting of three corps, remained on the north side of the river until the 31st. On that day, at two o'clock, the enemy, having planned to attack the left wing in overwhelming numbers (and to drive it into the swamps before assistance could cross the swollen stream) began to swarm from the woods along the Williamsburg road, and the battle of Fair Oaks was on in dead earnest.

The heavy rains had so raised the river and flooded the swamp that it was very difficult to move men and nearly imposible to move artillery. Everything favored the success of the rebel plan indeed, only a miracle could save the left wing if the Confederate orders were carried out. But, as is usual in battle, the rebel general did not carry out his orders fully as he was expected to do.

Leaving for a moment the scene of battle, we turn to Sumner's Corps, just before the battle above mentioned commenced. Some of the members of the Fifty-seventh New York had challenged the members of the Sixty-ninth New York to a game of baseball. While the game was in progress I was lying on the ground looking at the game when I heard a rumbling noise, and I said to Andy Wilson that there was fighting going on some where near us. When we stood up it could not be heard, but when we put our ears to the ground the sound could be heard very plain. Andy said "I guess you are mistaken Jake." I again put my ear to the ground and said, "Andy, our boys are fighting."

Hardly had I spoken before orders came to report to our regiments at once. So the ball game came to a sudden stop never to be resumed.

Let us see what Sumner was doing. The condition of the atmosphere was not so peculiar that day but that the sounds of

CROSSING THE GRAPEVINE BRIDGE.

battle was borne straight to the ears of the old soldier, whose command lay nearest to the imperilled left.

That sound went straight from his ears to his heart. Anxious about the left, anxious about his swaying bridges, Sumner was at once in the saddle, and summoned his troops to arms. A little later word came from the headquarters of the army that the Second Corps should be prepared to march at a moment's notice. The troops were at once drawn out of camp and moved toward the Chickahominy.

Too strict a disciplinarian to actually begin the crossing of the river, Sumner led his divisions down to the very verge of the stream until the heads of the columns rested on their respective bridges. Here he paused, awaiting the order to march. Both bridges over the raging and fast rising torrent were in a terrible condition. The long corduroy approaches through the swamp had been uplifted from the mud and now floated loosely on the shallow waters. Of the condition of that part of the bridges that crossed the channel of the river it was impossible to ascertain, except by actual trial, but its timbers could be seen rising and falling, swaying to and fro under the impulses of the swollen floods.

CHAPTER III.

The Crossing of the River.—March to Fair Oaks.—First and Second Days' Battles.—Sleeping Between Two Dead Men.—A Night Alarm.—The Enemy Defeated.

"March!" And each division tried to pass over its bridge, Richardson below, Sedgewick above, at the so-called Grape Vine bridge, but with different results. Richardson's bridge, which would have been practicable in the morning, had now so nearly given away that when French's Brigade only had crossed it became impassible. Sedgewick's division had better luck, though even Sumner's stout heart failed for the time, as the bridge swayed and tossed in the river, but the solid column of infantry loaded it with a weight which even the angry Chickahominy could not move, soon pressed and held it down among the stumps of the trees, which in turn prevented its lateral motion, and as Sedgewick's rear passed over, the remaining brigade of Richardson's column coming up from below, entered upon the bridge, and so the Second Corps crossed the Chickahominy to the rescue of the broken left wing by a single submerged bridge, which held together just long enough to allow their passage.

And now the cry is forward. Sedgewick's division is fairly across the treacherous river and turning without a guide, it takes the road that leads most directly towards the thunders of the cannonade and the roar of musketry along the Williamsburg road. There was enough in that sound to stir the blood of a true

soldier. Every man in the ranks understood that the whole fury of the most powerful assault which Johnston could deliver had fallen and was still falling on the imperilled left.

"Step out, men. Swing your long legs to their full compass!" was the order. "You are setting the pace for the whole rescuing column. Your comrades of the Third and Fourth Corps are turning bloodshot eyes down the road to Sumner's bridge, awaiting the gleam of your bayonets."

Well did the boys take and hold their pace that day and at some turn of the road or some clearing on the left brought the sound of battle in vehement bursts nearer and clearer to their ears. Each man clutched his musket tighter and hurried faster along the way to Fair Oaks.

The end comes at last, as the head of the column emerges from a belt of timber a low ridge appears in front, crossing the road at nearly right angles upon which are massed Couch's four regiments with Brady's battery. Doutbless the men who were in the advance had expected to come upon volleying lines reeling under the shock of furious charges half hidden by the sulphurous clouds of battle. But lo, all before is calm and serene. Are these the men to whose rescue we have been rushing in furious haste? Not even as yet deployed in line of battle, not a puff of smoke visible, not even a cannon shot hurling over their ranks. But Sully's men have short time for speculation regarding the position. The moment Couch sees the advance of Sumner's column, he begins the deployment of his own troops, while one of his staff officers, galloping to the head of Sedgewick's division, detaches the First Minnesota and leads it to the right to the Courtney house, where Sully has been ordered to take position. And not a moment too soon, for as the young staff officer is giving that grim veteran of the regular army some advice as to the disposition of his force (which is received with outward courtesy

and probably with inward amusement) a crowded column in gray bulges out of the woods close in front.

Have you noticed the instinctive recoil which always attends the first emerging from the shade of the forest into the broad glare of day? So this column, the advance of General Smith, for the instant recoiled, and its leading officers, perceiving Sully's men in front, fell back into the woods to form under cover for the coming assault. Meanwhile at the Adams house, Kirby, with his gleaming Napoleons, dashes upon the right of the two parrots of Brady's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Fagan. Three of Couch's regiments—the Sixty-second New York, Eighty-second and Thirty-first Pennsylvania—Sixty-fifth New York and First United States Infantry move toward the right and connect with Sully while the space on the left of the road is rapidly occupied by the eager troops of Carman. Up comes the Fifteenth Massachusetts with a cheer, forms in support of the guns that point up the Fair Oaks road. The Eighty-second and Thirty-fourth New York in place on the left and we are ready.

But not a moment too soon—for in front, out of the woods that hide the railroad from view, emerges a heavy body of the enemy. It is the brigade of Whiting, which cannot pass to attack Keyes' troops along the Williamsburg road until this threatening force upon its left flank shall be driven off.

Between Whiting on the Confederate right and Hampton on the Confederate left, Pettigrew's brigade is filling the woods in our front; Hatton is fast coming up behind to support Hampton, Hood crossing the Nine Mile road has halted to be in readiness to support Whiting. It is too late. Half an hour ago this would have done very well, but Sedgewick is up now and the men are panting with the ardor of battle. Something more than one slim brigade now holds the road to Grapevine bridge. The toll is rising, it will cost Smith more than he has to get through.

There is no delay in setting to work. Scarcely have the four regiments of Sedgewick taken part with Crouch's four when the storm bursts over against one-half our front opposite our left. The ground is open nearly to the railroad, which we left an hour ago. Here are two guns of Brady's battery with three guns of Kirby—all that have as yet come upon the ground—ready to sweep the open field with their fire or to turn to their right and shell the woods in which the enemy are massing. Behind the left of the artillery lies the Fifteenth Massachusetts. Behind the right of the battery lie the Sixty-second New York and Seventh Massachusetts, and on the left of the artillery are the Thirty-fourth and Eighty-second New York. On the right, extending along the inner edge of a dense woods, forming the centre of our position, lie the Eighty-second Pennsylvania and Sixty-fifth New York, both of Couch's divisions stretching along the edge of the tangled woods. They have thrown down a rail fence and piled the rails for cover. It is not high, but it will do. Against that feeble breastwork is to be delivered a most desperate and persistent charge. Beyond the Sixty-fifth New York the right of our line is formed again in the open ground about the Courtney house by the First Minnesota, to the support of which Burn's Pennsylvanians are fast coming up. But for these the enemy is not disposed to wait.

The attack at first took two forms. One, the most persistent, that of seeking to pierce our centre by breaking out from the woods over the line of Williams and Cochrane. Another, intermittent and spasmodic, that of rushing out from the woods, dashing across the Fair Oaks road, swinging around to right, and charging up against Kirby and Fagan's guns. Later the enemy made efforts to carry the position in the open ground on our right about the Courtney house, which was held by Sully, to whom two of Brady's guns were sent, and who was supported by the

Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania of Burn's brigade. Though these regiments were not engaged, the extent from our left around the Adams house to our right around the Courtney house was four or five hundred yards.

With this description of the ground and of the three phases of the fight, let us return to the moment when the ball was opened by Kirby's right piece. One of the Confederate brigades coming across the railroad had been permitted to form line of battle in the open facing the Adams house, under the impression that they were some of Heintzelman's troops which had turned back from the railroad upon finding Fair Oaks station occupied by the enemy. As soon as this impression had been corrected, through close personal inspection by an officer of General Couch's staff, Kirby opened fire. Whereupon that brigade moved rapidly off by its left and sought refuge in the woods, while Hampton, already in position pushed his brigade forward close up to the line held by the Eighty-second Pennsylvania and Sixty-fifth New York with the purpose of breaking out on Kirby's right and taking his guns in flank. Hampton, however, was here met by a fearful fire from the two regiments which lay behind the fence rails along the inner edge of the woods. In this desperate assault, which was continued with only slight intervals for an hour and a half, Hampton was soon joined by Pettigrew, while Hatton came in as soon as he could be brought up to reinforce the attack at that point and to assail Sully across the open ground at the Courtney house. Whiting's own brigade closed into the support of Hampton, Pettigrew and Hatton's brigades losing heavily. Hood remained further back near the railroad. The advance of the enemy was made through the dense and tangled woods with the utmost courage, and the men held their fire until the advancing line was within twenty yards, when they opened with a volley which threw the enemy back, leaving a windrow

of dead and wounded men to mark the line of their farthest advance.

The enemy having all disappeared from the open ground, the charge of Gorman and Dana's five regiments across the front of our main line closed the action of the day. Not because more fighting could not easily have been had out of Smith's column, but because night had now come and the Confederates had indeed retired from our end of the woods. But they still held on to those nearer Fair Oaks station, which they occupied in force, Hood's Texans having been called in from the right and Griffith's Mississippians and Semmes' mixed brigade from the left to support the four roughly handled brigades, which had done the work of the later afternoon.

General Smith, and following him General Johnston himself, have expressed the opinion that if daylight had lasted one hour longer the Confederates, thus reinforced, would have won a decided victory and driven Sumner and Couch into the swamps of the Chickahominy. It is difficult, especially in war, to tell what might have resulted if something had happened or been done totally different from what happened or was done, but I know of no reason for supposing that to have prolonged the day of May 31st by one, two or three hours would have been disastrous to the Union forces on the right. In the fighting up until dark on that end of the line, had Hood's brigade been thrown in on the right it would have been crushed between the brigade of Birney, already in position along the railroad, supported by the column of Hooker rapidly coming up the track, and the troops at the Adams house, resting after their victorious charge. On the other hand, Griffith's and Semmes' brigades attempting our right would have found not only Sully's Minnesotians and Burn's Pennsylvanians on the ground, but Richardson's brigades also coming up the road from Grapevine bridge. People are often

dreadfully mistaken in war, but there was no price which Sumner, Couch, Sedgewick and Richardson would not have jointly and severally paid for two hours more of daylight on May 31st. Hence as seen from our side there was certainly some doubt whether in one hour more General W. Smith would have driven the Union forces into the swamps of the Chickahominy. By eight o'clock Sumner had on the ground, available for action, twenty-three regiments, including Couch's, against nine which had actually encountered the enemy.

During the fighting of the first day, General Johnson, in command of the Confederate forces was wounded and at once turned over the command of all the Confederate forces to General Robert E. Lee, afterwards the Confederate commander-in-chief.

At night we slept with the slain and with the groans of the wounded ringing in our ears. As the ground was wet, I went out to gather brush to sleep on. The first I knew I was in the lines of the enemy. I hurried back and informed General French that the enemy was in force on our front. We expected an attack at any moment. After seeing General French I took the brush I had gathered and threw them down as I supposed between two of my comrades. In the morning when the men were aroused just before daylight I was also aroused, and seeing these comrades, as I supposed still sleeping, I turned to one and given him a shake told him to wake up. Then turning to the other I also gave him a shake and told him to hurry and get up. As they did not move, I felt rather angry at what I supposed was their laziness and gave them another good shaking. As they still lay still, I took a nearer look and found I had been sleeping all night between two dead rebels.

It did not take me long to get up . The first movement on Sunday, June 1st, was by the Fifth New Hampshire regiment, which passed to our left and formed line of battle along the rail-

road. We could not see the enemy in our front crossing the road beyond the station and going into position in the woods. Soon after we also moved to the left, crossed the railroad, advanced into the woods and near a creek, our right resting near the railroad.

Here we were sitting on the ground or standing around. I went to the rear of the regiment and was gathering May apples, when I heard a voice say "They are prisoners," and then suddently came a volley from the Confederate lines. It was like a clap of thunder when the volley came. My body belt dropped to the ground. I picked it up and hurried to my place in the regiment. In my excitement I tried to buckle on my belt, but could not. I then discovered that the buckle had been shot off. When the volley came it threw the regiment into momentary confusion. We knew we were on the line of battle and expected, of course, that something would soon happen, but this was so sudden that some of the men, and even officers, forgot for the moment which way a soldier should face in the presence of an enemy—a little mistake that cost one officer at least his commission. A private in his precipitate retreat fell into the railroad ditch, which on top was covered with brush but underneath was full of water, and with some difficulty was fished out of the water by his comrades.

This was our first battle and it is not strange that it took a little time to get down to business. All kinds of reports were going the rounds. It was said we were within the enemy's line; that we were firing on our own men; and some one gave the order to fall back. However, we held the ground and finally got into fighting trim, so that as line after line of the enemy advanced they were successfully resisted and driven off. General French and Colonel Zooks were directing the movements and encouraging the men. Finally we moved a little to the left and swung

around, took the enemy on the flank, drove him from his position and advanced without opposition. This flank movement seemed to turn the fortunes of the day in our favor, as no other attempt was made by the enemy to renew the conflict.

During this movement our boys witnessed a peculiar sight and which at the time caused much laughter among the Union troops. It seems that when the Confederate forces began to retreat they went across an open field near to a farm house. The farmer owned a lot of bees, having the hives setting a short distance from the house. When the rebels retreated they did not notice the hives of bees until they had upset them. Then they noticed them very quick, as the bees came out and no one but the rebels in sight, the swarms made an attack on them, with the result that the rebels did not stand on their order of going, but it was every one for himself. While they were willing to fight us, yet here was an enemy that they feared worse than they did the Union forces.

The regiment was now moved about, first in a position to support the Irish brigade and then in support of a battery, and finally settled down again near where it had done its fighting. Much of the enemy's firing was wild, perhaps ours was no better. Part of their ammunition was buckshot and a part rifle balls, the former did little execution. During the afternoon and night the troops on both sides were in a fever of excitement. An accidental shot would set off a whole line of musketry. Especially was this true after dark when the men trying to sleep were awakened by the firing, and imagined a night attack. Sleep was very fitful, and sometimes a man would spring to his feet, grasp his gun, and find he was in a dream. Several times in the night orders were given to fall into line and the boys, expecting to advance, would examine their guns, see that everything was in shape for action, and then be ordered to stack arms and lie down again.

From three o'clock in the morning until daylight, everybody stood in line, to prevent a possible surprise.

Whoever began it, the action broke out in a fury between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning. General French's whole line was instantly involved and that veteran officer fought his command with energy and intrepidly. The Fifty-second New York suffered severely, both in front and from an attempt of the enemy to turn its flank, losing one hundred and twenty men, including eight officers. Further to the right Zook—the Zook of Gettysburg—shook off the fiercest attack upon his front, with the Fifty-seventh New York, supported by Pickney of the Sixty-sixth New York. At the head of his own good regiment, the Eighty-first Pennsylvania of Howard's brigade, fell the gallant Miller. On the left Colonel John R. Brooks, leading the Fifty-third Pennsylvania for the first time into a fight, displayed that cool daring, that readiness of resources, that firmness of temper, which were to raise him high among the most illustrious of the young soldiers of the Union army, while his splendid regiment responded to every call with easy courage and prompt maneuvering.

The musketry had continued for an hour without an instant's cessation, extending now toward the left to involve Hooker's division of the Third Corps of which Sickel's brigade and the Fifth and Sixth New Jersey, led by Hooker in person, came enthusiastically into action on Richardson's front. The two lines were at less than half smooth bore range, when Richardson, hearing that the regiments which had been engaged were getting out of ammunition, directed Howard to relieve General French. Howard, putting himself at the head of the Sixty-first New York regiment, Colonel Barlow and the Sixty-fourth New York, Colonel Parker, advanced up the railroad until he reached the position of Brooks, when he moved to the front, Brooks'

men, whose cartridge boxes were empty, lying down to let them pass, coming into action. Howard at once advanced as rapidly as the dense, tangled and swampy woods would permit, until he had pressed the enemy back across the road into Casey's camp of Saturday morning. At this point Howard's horse was killed and the general himself struck down by a blow that cost him his good right arm. Giving to Colonel Barlow (who had already shown in this, his first fight, those qualities which were so soon to render him conspicuous in the sight of the whole army) orders to hold his position until reinforced, Howard went to the rear, there he turned over the command to Colonel Crose of the Fifth New Hampshire, but that officer was soon severely wounded, devolving the command of the brigade upon Colonel Parker of the Sixty-fourth New York, even before taking the Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York to the front. General Howard had learned that Colonel Miller of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania had been killed and that one wing of his regiment was left without a field officer and had become separated from the rest of the regiment, whereupon General Howard directed his aid, Lieutenant Nelson A. Miles, to collect the companies of that wing and with them hold the open field on the right of the railroad against any advance of the enemy from that direction. General Barlow, finding that his advance had carried him beyond his supports, soon called up Brook's who, having replenished his ammunition, took post with Barlow on the borders of Casey's old camp.

There was now a lull in the fighting. The enemy's troops first engaged having apparently had enough and being well disposed to remain quiet and await reinforcements. As it is possible to judge from the Confederate and Union reports, I understand that Armstead's Confederate brigade had given way in great disorder. General L. H. Hill also charged that Mahone withdrew his brigade from action without orders and that Col-

ston when sent forward to take Mahone's place did not go into action, as he was expected. Meanwhile General Richardson took occasion of the lull in the battle to send forward the Fifth New Hampshire, the Sixty-ninth New York, Colonel Robert Nugent and the Eighty-eighth New York, Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Kelly to relieve the Fifty-second and Sixty-first New York and Fifty-third Pennsylvania on the front line. On the left General Hooker made fresh disposition to push his advantage and Birney's brigade, under Colonel J. H. Hobart Ward, was brought up and advanced toward the enemy.

Scarcely were the changes completed when the attack was renewed with considerable vivacity by, it would seem, the brigades of Pickett, Pryor and Wilcox. Two of the three brigades were perfectly fresh, not having been engaged on Saturday, and behaved with extraordinary spirit and gallantry, but the action now was nearly over. General A. H. Hill, disgusted with the behavior of Armstead's brigade and offended by the action of General Mahone and Colston, determined to withdraw his troops. In this diversion Richardson and Hooker co-operated to the utmost of their ability. On the left Sickels' Excelsior brigade and the two New Jersey regiments under Hooker, on the centre Birney's brigade under Ward, on the right the Fifth New Hampshire and the Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York pressed forward together to clear the ground. The Thirty-fourth and Eighty-second New York, of Sedgewick's division, were sent in to reinforce Richardson, while on the extreme flank General French swung around the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York, both under Colonel Pinckney until they were formed most at right angles to the general line, and then forward in person to charge across the front of the other regiments of the division. At the same time Pettit advanced his guns to a point where he

obtained an enfilade on the enemy, who were still resisting the Irish regiments.

That settled it. The Confederates had at break of day scarcely resolved in their divided councils whether to fight or not, but as soon as the first gun was fired the brigades nearest at hand turned, with or without orders, in all the surly courage of their kind, to return the blow, but the lengthening line of the Union forces, as Richardson gave one hand to Sedgewick and the other to Hooker and the increasing weight of our fire were at last bringing into serious jeopardy the brigades of Pickett, Pryor and Wilcox, actually deserted as they had been by some of the troops designated to support them. While on their left Hood had received positive orders to make no movement and only to fight if he himself were attacked. Thus, though Mahone's brigade and two of Colston's regiments have now been brought up, the Confederates withdrew before our advancing lines. The Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York, moving forward without firing a shot, encounter only a single regiment, the Forty-first Virginia, which easily gives way and the battle of June 1st was over.

CHAPTER IV.

From Fair Oaks to Malvern Hill.—The Seven Days' Fight.—Jackson's Sudden Move from the Shenandoah Valley to the Peninsular.—McDowell's Army Bottled Up.—Scenes and Incidents of McClellan's Famous Retreat.

On June 2nd, Andrew Wilson, William Hardy and myself went outside the lines to bury the dead and to carry in the wounded. We came across a wounded rebel officer and were in the act of putting him on a stretcher when we noticed another rebel coming out of the bushes. He carried his gun, but apparently did not suspect we were Yanks until he was very near us. Then he looked scared and I said, "Put down your gun and help this man onto the stretcher." Seeing the wounded man referred to was a rebel officer, the stranger stuck his gun into the ground and I immediately took possession of it. We then secured the new comer and took him into camp a prisoner.

The third day of the battle little was attempted by either side. On the fourth we began to have the feeling that the battle was over. Two regiments, the Second Delaware and the Sixty-fourth New York, were now added to our brigade, making a total of six regiments instead of four as previously. For two weeks it rained incessantly, so that all the bridges over the Chickahominy were carried away and the army for some time was cut in two without possible communication between them, part being on the north side and a part on the south side of the river. The reddish clay soil and quicksands had become a vast

morass, wagons and batteries sinking down to the hubs merely by their own weight. Whenever work was possible ditches and breastworks were dug or corduroy roads were laid, but the principal occupation was an endeavor to keep out of the mud.

It does not fall within the scope of this narrative to describe the miserable causes which led to the failure of the Peninsular campaign. The successful efforts of the Confederate chiefs, so to play upon the fears of the administration at Washington as to prevent the reinforcement of McClellan's army by the powerful corps of McDowell numbering 35,000 men. The great raid of Stonewall Jackson into the Shenandoah Valley and his successive defeats of the petty armies under more petty commanders, which the mischievous meddling of the politicians had caused to be constituted, ostensibly for the defence of the Capitol. Of all this the army of the Potomac was to bear the consequences unaided. About June 18th, Jackson, leaving behind him 60,000 Union troops (who were to be as powerless to intervene in the operations of the next fortnight as if they had never been mustered into the service of the United States or born into the world) turned his fateful footsteps toward the Chickahominy. With such masterly precautions was his advance veiled from view that on the 25th his column reached Ashland on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad without warning having been given of his coming, or even of his having left the valley. (The Seven Days Battle.)

After the rain had ceased and the ground had settled somewhat, General McClellan began to put into execution his plans for advancing. The centre at Seven Pines was pushed forward, and the skirmish at Oak Grove resulted, General Hooker being supported by the division of General Richardson. This movement, however, soon ceased, as Stonewall Jackson had come down from the Shenandoah Valley, and all the troops that could

be spared from the south side of the Chickahominy were massed at Mechanicsville in a grand attempt to destroy the army of the Potomac by crushing its right wing first and then falling upon its left.

On the 26th, Jackson with his Valley troops crossing the Chickahominy high up marched directly for the West Point railway. A. P. Hill, at the head of a column of about equal strength, drawn from Richmond, crossing at Meadow bridge under the eyes of Lee and Davis, pushed back the Union outposts. Jackson had found no one to oppose his movements toward the railroad and divining the situation from the sound of Hill's guns, he had turned toward Cold Harbor. Thirty-three thousand Union troops were soon to be called to resist the united Confederate columns numbering 60,000 men. While across the river seven divisions confronted Richmond, where General Magruder, with barely 25,000 men, was doing his best, with the same audacity he had displayed at Yorktown to keep up the illusion of McClellan that Lee had still in his entrenchments at least 80,000 men.

At last the blow falls. Shortly before six o'clock on June 27th, Jackson hurls his fresh troops into the fight. The Confederate fire extends rapidly around our right. Everywhere the contest rages with rekindled fury. Brigades, already thrice repulsed, renew the assault and after a brief but desperate struggle the Union lines are broken at all points and thrown into retreat. Twenty guns have been captured, 6,000 men have fallen. Only a little space intervenes between the victorious Confederates and the river which runs behind Porter's beaten corps. Duane and Woodbury bridges have been hopelessly lost, but it is a far cry still to Alexanders bridge, for some gallant troops form upon the last crest and face the foe with unfaltering resolution, forty pieces of artillery turn their ugly muzzles north, while cool and

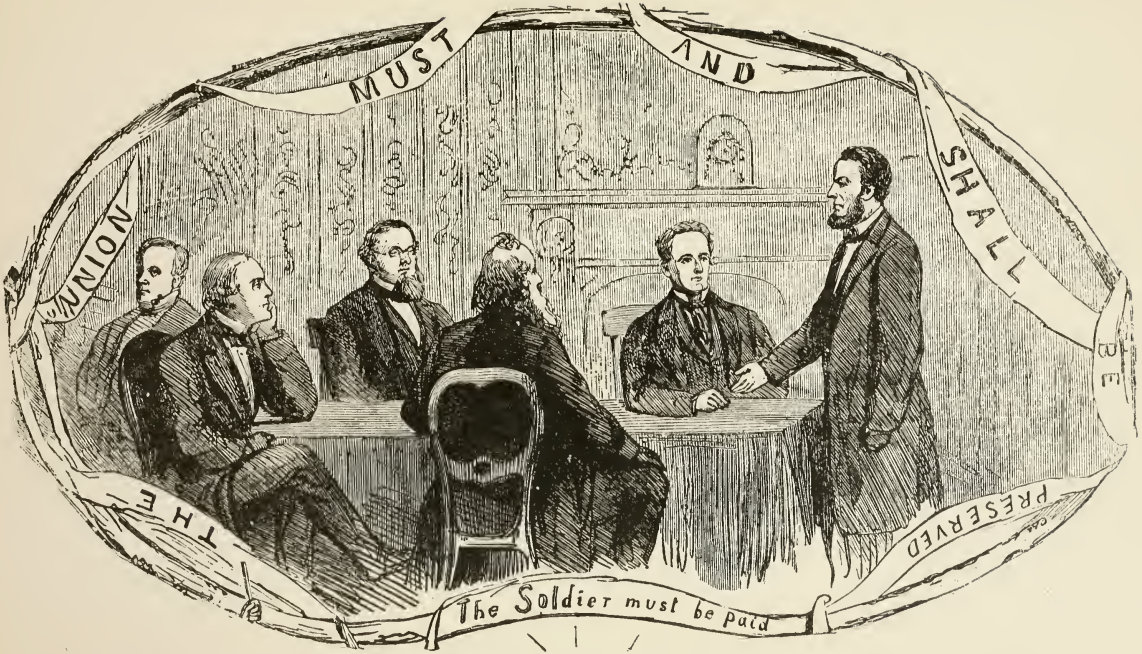
collected as on parade Porter orders everything for a stern resistance to the bitter end. And now cheers rises along the slender Union line. It is the cheer of men (overweighted and worn) when they learn that help is at hand. It is a reinforcement from the Second Corps. Two brigades they are from the first division and are commanded by French and Meagher. These brigades advanced boldly to the front and by their example as well as by the steadiness of their bearing, reanimated our own troops and warned the enemy that fresh troops had arrived.

It was nearly dark when we reached the scene of conflict, and advancing to the very front line, were just in time to check the last charge. Double quick up the hill we went cheering and being cheered, when General Doubleday cried out: "Whose troops are these?" and was answered, "French and the Irish brigade." "To you, then," he responded, "belongs the honor of having saved the army of the Potomac."

This day, during the night, all the troops were withdrawn from the north bank of the river to the south side, the Third brigade covering the rear and protecting the bridge burners. Before daylight on the 28th we were again in our old position at Fair Oaks.

The day of the 28th of June was in general one of quiet and silence. The broken corps of Porter had before dawn of day been withdrawn to the left bank of the river. Slocum's division had rejoined Franklin at Calding. French and Meagher's brigades had returned to their camps near Fair Oaks. McClellan's whole army had been concentrated on one side of the river. Communications with the Pamunkey and the York had been abandoned. The movement to the James had begun so far as the passage of the almost endless trains was concerned.

On the morning of the 29th, McClelland suddenly let go his hold upon Richmond and the several divisions abandoning their



ABRAHAM LINCOLN CALLING HIS CABINET TOGETHER AFTER THE DEFEAT AT SECOND BULL RUN.

entrenchments fell back to their first defensive position of the series that the army of the Potomac was to occupy during this critical movement. The line thus taken up crossed the Williamsburg road about the point where the Confederate advance on May 31st had been stayed.

It is related that after the regiment had taken its advanced position at Gaines Mill, some one from the rebel front came out between the two armies and moved up and down as though looking for something. The man came nearer and nearer to our line, and was finally halted by "Who comes there?" He answered, "A friend on the opposite side." When taken prisoner he said he was the adjutant of the Thirty-eighth Georgia regiment, that his regiment had been in the fight all day and that he was out looking for the body of his colonel. He further said that three lines of the rebels had broken at the advance of our brigades and that there would be bloody work upon the morrow.

The day following the night march from Gaines Mill was comparatively quiet with us, but on the 29th the retreat to the James river commenced. We abandoned our entrenchments at Fair Oaks on Sunday, just four weeks after that battle, and moved down the railroad about two miles and took position in an open field near Orchard Station. When we left our entrenchments at Fair Oaks each man was furnished with a pick and shovel in addition to his arms. This was done so that we would be ready to throw up entrenchments when we arrived at our next camp. I happened to look back after we had left the entrenchments at Fair Oaks and saw that the enemy had occupied them, so I said to some of my comrades that I was not going to carry a pick and shovel as I thought we would need to use our guns instead from the closeness of the rebels and that I intended to throw mine away. The captain heard my remark and he said, "Boys, if you throw your picks and shovels away you will have

to pay for them." But that did not stop me. I threw mine away and so did others.

When we got to Orchard Station we found Regan's battery in position, and were immediately ordered into line to support it. At nine o'clock the next morning the enemy found us and began moving heavy infantry columns against our front and right. Regan's battery at once opened fire upon them with deadly effect.

An hour afterwards the rebels opened fire from the north bank of the stream with every cannon at their command. They could not get across until the bridge was replaced, but they acted as though they would tear us all to pieces with shot and shell. General French called it the severest and most destructive cannonading that had occurred in this campaign, and the yet living members of the Fifty-seventh speak of it to this day as having made a lasting impression on their memory.

At evening the brigade was stationed near the broken bridge with orders to hold it at all hazards until the army had its position at Malvern Hill. Our guns got perfect range on the bridge builders and kept them so warm with bursting shells during the night that slow progress was made with repairs. During the same afternoon there was considerable fighting at Glendale on our left, where Hill and Longstreet determined to break through and cut off our retreat, but their efforts were not successful, though the fighting was very bitter. Just before daylight we started towards the James river and the same morning joined the division.

Daylight of the 30th of June found McClellan's army across the White Oak swamp with the ponderous siege train tenderly cared for by the First Connecticut heavies; the ammunition and provision trains of the army, the long and pitiful procession of the sick and wounded who could walk or crawl to a place of safety, the long and shameful procession of men strayed or stolen

from their regiments with no stomach for fight but vast stomachs for fresh beef, the lowing bellowing herd of 2,500 cattle, all these under the protection of Keyes' corps, were already nearing the James river at Haxall. Yet success still remained to be achieved. Two more days must pass before entire safety is obtained. Meanwhile the moving column must remain exposed to assaults from Jackson, following fiercely on the line of our retreat, and to still more dangerous assaults from Longstreet, Magruder, Huger and A. P. Hill, who, passing north of the White Oak swamp, will press down upon the long flank of the Union columns, stretched from Frazier's farm to Malvern Hill, to retard Jackson's pursuit and to resist the flank attacks of the other Confederate commanders, troops must be posted and bidden to stay in their places whatever odds shall be brought against them. Since a collapse at any one point may be fatal, forty-eight hours must be gained for the interminable trains to find a secure cover on the James river. To earn those forty-eight hours will require the sacrifice of many thousands of brave men.

To check the pursuit of Jackson down the road by which the Union army had retreated, General Franklin was posted at White Oak bridge with General Smith's division of his own corps, Nagle's brigade of Keyes' corps, Richardson's division of General Sumner's corps, and for a while two brigades of Sedgwick's division. The position was a strong one and was stoutly held.

Jackson came up at eleven o'clock with a force of infantry outnumbering Franklin and with greatly superior artillery. The jaded troops had been massed on the ground beyond the swamp without much regard to order or concealment, and had generally fallen asleep where they were halted, fairly numbed with fatigue. Suddenly thirty pieces of Confederate artillery opened upon them from the other side. For a while there was a scene

of dire confusion, and although the loss was small, many a soldier of Smith or Richardson's divisions holds that unexpected shelling at White Oak swamp among his most memorable experiences. Soon, however, order was restored, the dangerously crowded masses were rapidly deployed, and Jackson was confronted by infantry and artillery as steady as his own, in spite of his superiority of force. Even Jackson's splendid soldiership was useless against the natural obstacles which opposed the crossing. The action became largely one of artillery, and although the Confederates had nearly twenty batteries, the cool and steady firing of the Union guns under Captain—afterwards General—R. B. Ayres kept the Confederates' infantry at arms' length until night. Thus on this, the most critical day of the seven, nearly one-half the pursuing army was neutralized by a comparatively small force holding a commanding position at the crossing of the great swamp.

From the first it was too late for Jackson to retrace his steps and follow the other corps of Lee around the northern limit of White Oak swamp with any hope of joining in the conflict of the day at Glendale, and thus he was held in the mortifying position of being completely blocked by a position which he could neither carry nor turn.

Meanwhile the Confederate right wing, having been thrown around the swamp, was engaged in assailing the flank of the retreating army. There were three points at which Lee's divisions, hurrying down from Richmond, might especially have been expected to attack McClellan. The nearest on the Union line of march was Charles City cross roads. Just south of this on the Quaker road, leading thence to Malvern Hill, was Glendale, where a large clearing, offering a field of battle unusually wide for that section of Virginia. From Glendale southward along the Quaker road, the flank of the Union army was more or less

protected by swamps, but as the line of retreat approached the James river it again became open to attack by troops coming down the river road to cover the last named point.

McClellan, on the morning of the 30th, posted the corps of Keyes and Porter, a force as it proved far more than sufficient for the subordinate attack which the enemy designed to make here. The Confederates, under Holmes and Wise, seemingly surprised to find the Union troops in position, were driven off by the brigade of Warren and the fire from Porter's batteries, posted on Malvern Hill, but while thus at one end of the long Union line Holmes and Wise were easily repulsed by a fraction of Porter's corps and at the other end Franklin was enabled, through the strength of his position, to prevent Jackson from crossing the White Oak swamp, the main action of the day was fought at Glendale where Hill and Longstreet attacked the division of McCall, supported by Hooker and Kearney, and later by portions of Sedgwick's and Richardson's division. This was in fact one of the most severely contested action of the campaign. The troops actually brought under fire on the two sides were nearly equal in strength. McCall's division, after its brilliant repulse of Hill on the 26th, and had lost fearfully at Gaines Mill, bore the first onset of the enemy with fortitude, but repeated assaults finally broke the line of Seymour's brigade, which gave way in confusion, and at the same time the division of Hooker, which was on the left of Seymour, though with a considerable interval of uncovered ground, was furiously assailed. To Hooker was sent the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, which here won from that general high praise. In the rear of the gap (between Seymour and Hooker) on the Nelson Farm had lain since morning Burns' brigade, of Sedgewick's division, the other two brigades, those of Dana and Sully, having been detached to support Franklin at the bridge as already described.

Just in the crisis of the fight at Glendale, however, the good troops recalled by Sumner's orders began to arrive upon the ground, having come from the bridge on the double quick. With impetuosity they advance into the space abandoned by Seymour. The fire here was intensely hot, and although some of the regiments, arriving in haste and thrown individually into action, became somewhat disordered, especially with McCall's men breaking through their forming ranks, still the ground was never for an instant yielded to the enemy. Burns and Dana's brigades sustain the brunt of the action, the Seventy-second Pennsylvania of the former and the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments of the latter greatly distinguishing themselves and suffering heavy losses. Hooker's men, too, push forward and the line is re-established.

Finding our force too strong for him here, the enemy turns his efforts against the right brigade of McCall's division, commanded by General Meade, on whose front is the famous Regular battery of Randall. Blow upon blow falls hard and fast, and at length, about six o'clock, Meade's men gave way, and Randall's guns are taken. General Meade is severely wounded and borne from the field. An hour later another desperate charge drives back McCall's centre and captures Cooper's battery. Kearney meanwhile is assailed with no less fury, but his magnificent division, inspired by its peerless leader, and strongly supported by Caldwell's brigade, which has been sent down from Richardson's division at the bridge, throws off every assault. Thus foiled in their attacks upon Hooker and Sedgewick upon Kearney and Caldwell, the enemy, late in the evening, desisted from further efforts. A portion of the field wrested from McCall was indeed held by the Confederates, and they pulled out of the fight eight or ten captured guns, but the troops of the Second and Third corps held their ground with plenty of force to spare for just such another fight.

While at Charles City Cross roads, Slocum, having easily beaten back the detachment that advanced against him, kept two unattached brigades ready for any emergency, having sent one brigade to Kearney in the crisis of the action. The disappointment of the Confederates at this result was extreme. Greatly exaggerating the effect of their victory at Gaines' Mill, in which they believed they had defeated the bulk of the Union army and imagining a scene of general demoralization and panic along the line of McClellan's retreat. They had thought to win an easy victory, and by breaking through at Glendale to turn a flight into a rout, take Franklin in the rear, and destroy the army of the Potomac as a fighting force. Except their triumph over McCall's weakened divisions, they had gained nothing. The divisions of Hooker, Kearney, Sedgewick and Slocum remained intact. Every blow that had been dealt had been returned, swift, strong and sure. And they were only just ready to begin fighting when darkness came.

The distant booming of cannon from the direction of Frazier's farm gave every evidence that Franklin was still keeping Jackson's fourteen brigades at bay. Couch, too, with his fresh divisions of the Fourth corps was drawing near the battlefield, coming up from Haxalls. Under circumstances like these, it was plainly useless to persist and although it was doubly hard for Hill and Longstreet to give up under the very eyes of General Lee, who had brought the President of the Confederacy along with him to see the army of the Potomac cut in two.

The fighting died down and the battle was over. The night of June 30th fell a pall over the hopes of the Confederate commander. McClellan had indeed one day more of battle. This, however, was not for life, but for a more desirable position farther down the river, where supplies could advantageously be landed at Haxalls. The army of the Potomac was already safe,

that safety had been secured by the sturdy stand of Sumner at Savages on the 29th, the prudent judicious disposition of Franklin at the bridge on the 30th, and by the gallantry and devotion displayed at Glendale. It was now possible for McClellan to withdraw Franklin from the crossing of the White Oak swamp and Sumner, Heintzelman and McCall from Glendale. The moment night fell all reason for occupying so long and so exposed a line ceased. The last of the trains had now reached the James river at Haxall and the morning was to see the whole army drawn up in magnificent battle array on the famous battlefield of Malvern Hill.

CHAPTER V.

Battle of Malvern Hill.—Victory of Union Army.—Retreat to Harrison's Landing.—Visit of President Lincoln to the Army.—General McClellan's Address to the Army.—Movement of Troops toward Malvern Hill.—Lee's Advance toward Washington.—Orders to the Army to go to Washington.

In the early morning of July 1st the army of the Potomac was drawn up in battle array, with General Porter on the left of the line, occupying the position from which on the day before he had repulsed the feeble attack of Holmes and Wise. His right, composed of Morrell's division, rested on the James river road. Here he connected with Couch's division, which since June 28th had been detached from the Fourth corps. On the right of Couch's (whose troops were arranged in a single line with but one regiment in support) lay the corps of Heintzelman. Kearney's division first, then Hooker's division next, on Hooker's right lay the corps of Sumner and on Sumner's right the corps of Franklin. The line was several miles in length and formed a huge semi-circle, the two extremities resting on the river; the whole bristled with batteries, while the vast artillery reserve was placed on the broad plateau behind. It is not necessary to repeat the oft told story of the victorious action of Malvern Hill. The infantry attack fell upon the front of Morrell's and Couch's divisions, although the artillery of Heintzelman's further to the right, and that of the fleet from the extreme left, contributed largely to the destruction of the enemy's columns. As the blows fall harder and faster, troops from other parts of the line

were brought up until at last nine infantry brigades were actively engaged. Yet these constituted less than one-third of the army of the Potomac.

The successive assaults, the first of which took place at 3 P. M. were made by the troops of Hugur and Magruder, who appeared here for the first time since the battle of Savage Station. At 4:30 P. M., Couch, crossing the James river road to the front of Morrell, and not finding that officer, assumed control himself, and from that time until the close of the action remained in charge of the whole infantry line, his horse being shot under him as he was marshalling one of Morrell's regiments, which had been momentarily thrown into confusion, and he displayed everywhere the utmost coolness, courage, resolution and a readiness to grasp every situation that came before him. The regular batteries of Kingsbury, Seely and Aimes, and the volunteer battery of Weeden far surpassed the ordinary achievements of artillery which the Confederates sought to bring into action. Battery after battery on that side was driven from the field without being able to fire a single shot out of their guns, while upon the daring infantry lines, which pressed forward in the hope of carrying the crest, they rained a fire which, for destructiveness, has seldom if ever been exceeded in the history of war. The participation of the Second corps, which was stationed far to the right beyond the field of action and actual conflict, was through the brigades of Caldwell and Meagher, of Richardson's division. Caldwell was the first to arrive. After lying in reserve under a severe fire of artillery for about an hour, his brigade was ordered into action. The Fifth New Hampshire was detached and sent to General Howe to support a battery on the extreme right of Couch's line. The Sixty-first New York and the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, both under Colonel Barlow, were put in between Palmer's and Abercrombies' brigades, being

drawn up in the open field, while the enemy occupied the edge of the woods in front. Both these regiments bore themselves with the utmost steadiness under a heavy fire and were handled in the most able manner by their accomplished commander, who had already won a high reputation at Fair Oaks and Glendale. The Seventh New York, a German regiment, commanded by Colonel Van Schack, which had joined the brigade after Fair Oaks, fought on Barlow's left.

A little after nightfall there was a sudden cessation in the teasing fire which the enemy still kept up, though the Sixty-first New York and Eighty-first Pennsylvania had long since ceased firing, and in the lull Barlow heard the ominous clatter, which told that bayonets were being fixed by the enemy. A moment later there was a rapid rush out of the woods. Colonel Barlow having been warned of the enemy's intentions, was not thrown off his guard by the sudden charge, but holding his men firmly in hand waited until the enemy was close upon his line, when he ordered his men to fire. After the first volley the command was given to fire at will, before which the enemy fell back to the woods in the utmost confusion. Riding to the front of his line, Colonel Barlow found the dead and wounded of the enemy close up to his line.

It was a late exegency of the battle which called the Irish brigade to the scene of conflict. About six o'clock a powerful column of the enemy advanced with extraordinary resolution upon the position held by Morrell as if determined to carry it at any cost. General Sumner, who had, at Couch's suggestion, already despatched Caldwell's brigade, now, on hearing the first outburst which greeted this column, without waiting for any further request sent the Irish brigade post haste to report to Couch. The rising storm of battle quickened the steps of the enthusiastic Irishmen hastening to take part in the conflict. Im-

mediately on their arrival at the West house they were ordered to support General Griffin's guns. It was nearly dark and the field of battle had become a scene of the most magnificent pyrotechnics. Jets of flame were darting from thousands of rifles. Hissing fuses marked the flight of enumerable shells crossing the plain from every direction, while the din of battle never for a moment ceased. Moving across the road Meagher formed column of regiments. The Sixty-ninth, under the gallant Nugent, in front, advanced to the position of Martindale's brigade. The two rear regiments were soon detached (as will be explained later) but the Sixty-ninth, supported by the Eighty-eighth under Major Quinlan, pushed forward and encountered the enemy with great spirit. Any one who has ever been in action knows how easy it is to recognize the firing of fresh troops, and the writer has never forgotten the outburst which announced that the Irish men had opened upon the Confederate column, now half way up the slope. As soon as the Sixty-ninth had exhausted its ammunition, the Eighty-eighth took its place, while Nugent's men replenished their cartridge boxes. When the Eighty-eighth had in turn exhausted its sixty rounds of ammunition, the Sixty-ninth was again moved to the front. Scarcely had the Sixty-ninth relieved their comrades when Nugent discovered that a daring body of the enemy had mounted the hill and was bearing down upon his flank. Changing front with his left companies and sending back orders, which brought Quinlan with the Eighty-eighth up on the left of the Sixty-ninth. Nugent charged with both regiments and met the enemy in a hand to hand encounter, which speedily resulted in the complete overthrow of the attacking force and the capture of Lieutenant-Colonel Waggaman, commanding the Tenth Louisiana.

While the Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth were thus engaged the remaining regiments of the brigade had been sent to other

parts of the field. The Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes, had been at first held in reserve, but was later sent to support Robertson's battery of horse artillery, which the terrific outburst of the early evening had caused Porter to bring forward in person with the greatest haste. Upon representations made by an officer of General McClellan's staff, the Sixty-third New York was ordered by General Meagher to accompany that officer and act as a support to a battery which was going into action on another part of the line.

Night fell upon the field of battle, cumbered with the corpses of the slain and the writhing bodies of the wounded. Over an extended front the ground between the Union lines and the woods had been tramped in repeated charges by the troops of Huger, Hill and Magruder, and everywhere prostrate horses and prostrate men bore witness to the gallantry which had carried these divisions of the army of Northern Virginia across the plain and up the fatal slopes of Malvern Hill.

Night fell indeed, but not in quiet. The cannons still boomed at intervals, the shrieking shells could be traced through the darkness by their burning fuses as they crossed the field in angry retaliation, and as they burst lit up some little space with a lurid and baleful glare. Now and then the rattle of small arms broke forth as the uneasy lines of skirmishers pressed too closely on each other and for a moment aroused the expectations of a night attack.

Night fell upon the last hope of Davis and Lee and of their lately jubilant people, as well as their army. They were certain they would crush and destroy the Union forces. Until Glendale hardly a doubt had entered the Confederate mind that this and not less than this must be the outcome of the matchless valor of their soldiers and the daring strategy of their commanders.

The close of that first of July day found McClellan's army

intact. Not a brigade captured or destroyed. Its base safely shifted from the York to the James, with the navy at its back. Its line of battle stern and defiant, its last assailants beaten back to cover, the ground in its front strewn with the killed and wounded of one of the bloodiest battle of the war, in which not one inch of space had for one moment of time been yielded to the most furious assaults. The losses in this battle were: Confederate killed, 2,823; wounded, 13,703; missing, 3,223, or a total of 19,749. The Union losses were as follows: Killed, 1,734; wounded, 8,062; missing, 6,053, or a total of 15,849.

Although the battle of Malvern Hill was in all respects a victory for the Union army, the enemy having been repulsed at every point with great slaughter without gaining so much as a single trophy or occupying any part of the Union position for the briefest space of time. The army of the Potomac that night retreated to Harrison's Landing on the James river as a position better suited for the delivery of supplies and stores.

On the fourth of July General McClellan issued the following address to the Union army:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
Near Harrison's Landing.

July 4, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of re-inforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement—always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains and all your guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led under every disadvantage of numbers and necessarily of position. Also you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you amongst the celebrated armies of history. No one will

now question that each of you may always with pride say "I belonged to the army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any moment attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interest of mankind, that this army shall enter the capitol of the Confederacy; that our national Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure and blood.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The Malvern Hill engagement was the last of the seven days' battle and it was a sorry day for the rebels, as by it we got fairly even for Seven Pines and Gaines' Mill. Unbroken, and when the enemy came we gave them as warm a reception as they could ask. They seemed determined to accomplish their object and hurled their battalians in masses on our lines, but with the only result that they were mowed down like grass before a fire which, for destructiveness, has seldom if ever been exceeded in the history of war. As the day closed, on fields populated with the Southern dead, the enemy seemed disposed to believe that they had found a foeman worthy of their steel.

As night settled again the line of march was taken along the river road to Harrison's Landing and the seven days' retreat had passed into history. When the landing was reached and the long days of fighting and the longer nights of marching were over the men fairly fell in their tracks and slept day and night amid mud and rain, until the water literally ran into their their ears. During these Richmond fights the soldiers got experiences that was severe, but invaluable. Marching all night

and fighting all day tested their strength and courage and gave excellent discipline. For the first time they found what it meant to be forced back by the weight of advancing columns; to receive a charge; to see the lines ploughed with solid shot, raked with double canister and melt away before the withering fire of infantry; to hear the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying and to see the fields of scattered dead. The first sight of so many killed was a shock to the nervous system and caused white lips and trembling limbs, and death was expected by the very next volley. But when volley after volley came, and hours passed amid the rain of lead, those who lived began to be somewhat at home, and even showed signs of pugilism. The first severely wounded man was a little German, shot through the abdomen and sure to die. Sitting on the ground with his hands upon his wound he was crying, "Jesus, Maria; Jesus, Maria," with such plaintive lamentation that it brought the tears to the eyes of those who heard him.

The month of June had made veterans of the Army of the Potomac. And with such the rebels must reckon thereafter. The losses of the Second corps during the seven days' battle reached 2,420. The loss of the Fifty-seventh regiment was 52; 8 killed, 1 officer and 8 men wounded and 35 missing.

President Lincoln came down from Washington to Harrison's Landing and reviewed the army. The Second corps was in line July 4th, and at five o'clock saluted the President of the United States and the commander-in-chief of all its armies.

When on Monday the army began its retreat an amusing incident occurred among the wagons. The drivers were ordered to unhitch and water their horses at a brook nearby, and while watering their teams a rebel battery caught sight of them and at once began to vigorously shell them. Such a skedadleing was seldom or ever seen. Mules and drivers flew in all direction to

the infinite amusement of both armies. It resulted in the abandonment of many ammunition wagons because neither the mules or the drivers could be caught and returned to their places.

It was now the privilege of the army to have a month of solid rest. Indeed no rest was more needed and no month was more enjoyed. The army was here reinforced by a multitude of recruits called "Gray Backs." It is not to be understood that up to this time there was none of these pestilent fellows in camp. The severe marching had long before reduced many of the men to a single suit of underclothing, and as wash day had been much broken up by marching and fighting, the blessed duty of cleanliness had been sadly neglected. This, however, was no great disadvantage to the gray backs. Colonel Zook called the attention of Surgeon Mackin to the fact that the men were infested with these vermin of which fact the doctor expressed his doubts. Whereupon the colonel, in a few emphatic, though perhaps not elegant words, replied: "Why, the whole army is lousey. You are lousey, I am lousey, McClellan is lousey." The colonel was not far from right, though the men at first from very shame would scorn the idea that it was anything but prickly heat that ailed them. As time wore on, however, the disease wore on also and from mere desperation they would go out into some secret place in the woods for self examination. As time wore on shamefacedness disappeared and what could not be cured was made an occasion of mirth. Some of the men, even though a high private, commanded a regiment of their own, had regular morning roll calls and battles in which the slaughter was fearful. It was no uncommon thing to see the edge of a wood or the bank of a stream lined with soldiers, half dressed, engaged in these roll calls. One of the boys, in a moment of delirium, imagined that he was calling the roll of Fifty-seventh and his gray backs that day answered to such immortal names as Zook, Chap-

man, Parisen, Throop and Kirk. It was said of an old garment that was missing that they had moved a little way down the river and were going into winter quarters. Whether this latter statement be truth or fiction, the following incident is an actual fact: An officer of the Fifty-seventh was leading his men into a battle and at a certain point came under a fire of grape and canister. A charge was made and this gallant officer, for such he was, ran out in front of his men, raised his sword high in the air with his strong right arm, cheered and led on his men, but his left hand had unconsciously gotten under his right arm and was there digging away with energy sufficient to divert the attention of his company he led from the hail of grape and canister that greeted them.

On the 12th of July, Jeremiah Williams, a corporal of Company A, Fifty-seventh New York, died. There never was a steadier or truer soldier than he, whom the boys most affectionately mourned. He was never behind on the march or in battle. His body was embalmed (as were hundreds of others) by Dr. Thomas Holmes, who had established an embalming depot in a large barn at the landing, thus making it possible for friends who desired to have the bodies of their dear ones sent home to be buried in the family burying ground.

The 16th of July was a welcome day, for the paymaster had arrived and the troops were paid for the months of March and April. Brigadier-Generals Sumner, Richardson and Sedgwick had been advanced in rank to major-generals, and the order was read on dress parade. These promotions were praised by the entire army, as the additional star had been fairly won by each of these capable officers on the field of battle.

Drinking water was very scarce and poor at Harrison's Landing, and the Fifty-seventh, under great difficulty, dug a well, securing thereby better water. The diet was also improved by

the addition of cabbage, tomatoes and dried apples to the usual army rations. It was on the last day of this month that the following episode occurred, wherein a rebel battery, planting itself on the south side of the James river and began vigorously to shell Harrison's Landing. This battery was not long in getting out of reach after the blue coats started for it, and the position was thereafter occupied by our troops.

Much has been the wonder that the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, in reviewing the Peninsular campaign, did not begin to doubt the ability of General McClellan to fight a large army, but if any did they were few. Throughout the North there was a howl of disappointment at the way the army had been permitted to be beaten in detail and finally driven into a defensive position. It evidently was not the fault of the Union soldier, for at both Fair Oaks and at Gaines' Mill they withstood double their numbers and the seven days of retreat were days of severe punishment for the enemy. It had become a stereotyped declaration South that one Southerner could whip six Yankees, but the Peninsular campaign demonstrated the fact that this proposition would have to be reduced five-sixth at least, so far as the men were concerned. Since all that had been gained thus far by Lee's men was the result of superior generalship, the northern soldier in most unfavorable situations had done as well as the Southern soldier had done in favorable situations. It was not as much credit to the 60,000 gray coats at Gaines' Mill to have driven 30,000 blue coats three miles in one afternoon as it was to the credit of the blue coats that they held their ground so long in the face of such odds and were not totally destroyed.

The army remained at Harrison's Landing until about the seventh of August, when General Hooker advanced with his corps, supported by Sedgwick's division of the Second corps

and Couch's division of the Fourth corps, toward Malvern Hill. By this time there appeared unmistakable signs of a movement by Lee's forces toward Washington by way of Manassas. The whole army of the Potomac was at once ordered to move to the Capitol. We marched down the James river to Charles City, thence to Williamsburg, crossing the Chickahominy river at Barrett's Ferry, thence to Yorktown and then to Newport News.

CHAPTER VI.

From the Peninsular to Antietam.—McClellan Left Without a Command.—Buying Watermelons without Money.—Pope takes Command of the Army.—March to the Second Battle of Bull Run.—Defeat of Pope.—McClelland Again Called to the Command of the Army to Save Washington.—Battle of South Mountain.

On the 25th of August we were aboard the steamer Spaulding and anchored in Hampton Roads. At three o'clock the next morning, weighing anchor, we moved up the Potomac river and on the following morning after breakfast we disembarked at Acquia Creek, but on the same afternoon we re-embarked, and on the following morning, August 28th, we landed at Alexandria and marched as far as old Camp California.

On the trip around from Newport News the company's books were lost. All our baggage, clothing, etc., having been shipped on a transport and in going from Newport News to Alexandria the vessel was lost with all on board, so we never recovered clothing or books.

The afternoon of the 29th found us on the Alexandria road at Arlington Heights and the Acqueduct bridge. While we were lying at the Acqueduct bridge, a lot of farmers came down with watermelons to sell to the boys. As I had no money I went to Captain Chapman and asked him to give me some. He gave me a "twenty-five cent shin-plaster," as we used to call them. It was the first time I had seen one. I took the twenty-five cents and I went to the farmer and offered the money, but he said it was no good. I then went back to the captain and told him what the farmer said, and he told me I

had better see the colonel. So I went to Colonel Zook and told him the circumstances, and he told me to go back and if the man would not take the money to take the watermelon anyway and bring it to him. I went to the farmer and offered him the money, which he refused, but I took the melon, and on my way to camp I dropped and broke it, so the boys got the pieces and ate them up. I went back to the man and got another one, which I took to Colonel Zook, who cut it in half and he took one half and I the other. Shortly after eating the melon we were ordered to move.

We passed the residence of the Lees, whence the view of Washington, Georgetown and the Potomac river enchants the eye of the beholder. Resting overnight, the regiment moved again toward Bull Run, reaching Fairfax Court House the same night and Centreville the next day. But on the following day we fell back with the rest of the army upon Washington. At the court house a slight skirmish occurred, in which the enemy's only part taken by the regiment in what was called the second shells made themselves somewhat offensive. This was the battle of Bull Run.

That both Franklin and Sumner might have participated in the battle of Chantilly on the first of September there is no doubt, for both of these commands were then up within striking distance and a new Malvern Hill might have been fought at Chantilly. The rebel General Jackson had undertaken one of his wild excursions into Pope's rear. Longstreet was far behind and could not come up until long after nightfall. Kearney and Reno's divisions actually sufficed to hold Jackson at bay. Hooker's division, the two divisions of Franklin, the two divisions of Sumner and two brigades of Couch were all available to be thrown upon Jackson's right and left. Such an attack would have been simply fatal to Jackson. He had absolutely no way

of retreat, but it was not to be so. The campaign was destined to end in humiliation. The braggart who had begun his campaign with insolent reflections in general orders upon the army of the Potomac and its commander, and with silly bluster about his policy being attack and not defence, about discarding such ideas as lines of retreat and bases of supplies, about looking before and not behind, about studying the possible lines of retreat of his enemy and leaving his own to take care of themselves. This braggart had been picked, cuffed, hustled about, knocked down, run over and trodden upon as rarely happens in the history of war. His communications had been cut, his headquarters pillaged, a corp had marched into his rear and had encamped at its ease upon the railroad by which he received his supplies. He had been beaten or foiled in every attempt he had made to bag those defiant intruders and in the end he was glad to find a refuge in the intrenchments of Washington. Whence he had sallied forth six weeks before breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of September 1st, from a prominent point we descried in the distance the dome of the Capitol of Washington. We would be there at least in time to defend it. Darkness came upon us and still we marched. As the night wore on we found at each halt that it was more and more difficult to arouse the men from the sleep that they would fall into apparently as soon as they touched the ground. During one of these halts, while the brigade commander was resting a little off the road some distance in advance of the head of the column, it being starlight, two horsemen came down the road towards us. I thought I observed a familiar form and turning to Captain Chapman I said, "If I did not know that General McClellan had been relieved of all command, I should say that he was one of that party;" adding immediately. "I do really

believe it is he." "Nonsense," said the captain, "what would General McClellan be doing out in this lonely place at this time of night without an escort." The two horsemen passed on (to where the column of troops were lying, standing or sitting, as pleased each individual) and were lost in the shadowy gloom. But a few moments had elapsed, however, when Andrew Wilson came running towards Captain Chapman crying out, "Captain, General McClellan is here."

The enlisted men caught the sound and those who were awake aroused his sleeping neighbor. Eyes were rubbed and those tired fellows, as the news passed along down the column, jumped to their feet and sent up such a hurrah as the army of the Potomac had never heard before. Shout after shout went out into the stillness of the night and as it was taken up along the road and repeated by regiment, brigade, division and corps, we could hear the roar dying away in the distance.

The effect of this man's presence upon the army of the Potomac in sunshine or rain, in darkness or in daylight, in victory or defeat, was ever electrical and too wonderful to make it worth while attempting to give a reason for it. Just two weeks from this time this defeated army, under the leadership of General McClellan, won the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and we had to march ten days out of the two weeks in order to do it. From Chantilly we covered the retreat on the Vienna and Langley railroad. On arriving at the Potomac we at first took post on the Virginia side of the river, but on the next day, the third of September, we were ordered to Tennallytown, Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia. The uncertainty of Lee's movements at this time and the necessary disposition of the troops to meet several possible contingencies, kept the whole army on the edge of uncertainty. McClellan was aware that the mass of the rebel army had passed up the south side of the Poto-

mac in the direction of Leesburg and that a portion of their army had crossed into Maryland. But he had no means of determining whether Lee proposed to cross his whole army with a view of turning Washington by a flank movement down the north bank of the Potomac, to move on Baltimore, or to invade Pennsylvania. This uncertainty made it appear to him necessary to march cautiously and to advance the army in such order as to keep Washington and Baltimore continually covered and at the same time to hold the troops well in hand so as to be able to concentrate and follow rapidly if the enemy took the direction of Pennsylvania or to return to the defences of Washington if, as it was generally feared by the authorities, the enemy should be merely making a feint with a small force to draw off our army while with their main army they stood ready to seize the first favorable opportunity to attack the Capitol.

September 1st, 1862, was a dark day for the country. Not only had the attempt to reach Richmond failed, but Pope's following campaign, conducted with such a profusion of boastful and glowing despatches and proclamations, had resulted disastrously. The North was despondent; the South was exultant. Lee had proved his strength to hold the Confederate territory against all invaders. Now he proposed reversing the situation and becoming an invader himself. It is doubtful whether when he set his columns in motion from Richmond he intended to carry the Confederate flag across the river that formed the dividing line between the warring powers. It is certain that his army was wretchedly equipped and poorly provided. Lee himself says that thousands of his troops at this time were destitute of shoes, but whether induced by incorrect representations of the popular feeling in Maryland, which he thought would lead the people to flock into his army as soon as he set foot on northern soil, or for whatever reason, the whole Confederate army crossed the Poto-

mac at Leesburg, by the fords near that place, in three days—between the 4th and 7th of September, 1862—and encamped in the vicinity of Frederick. There the standard of revolt was formally raised and the people of Maryland were invited by a proclamation of General Lee to join the Confederate force.

Lee was disappointed when no recruits came. The ragged and shoeless condition of his troops operated strongly to quench the enthusiasm for service in the cause of the Confederacy. But there he was, across the border, and the moral effect, as well as the military necessities of the campaign, required that he should hold his position. He could not retreat without at least measuring strength with the powerful army which he knew must be sent to repel his invasion. So it was that the Maryland campaign came into existence. When the shattered battalions that survived General Pope's disastrous campaign in Northern Virginia returned to Washington, President Lincoln requested General McClellan to resume command of the Army of the Potomac, which was increased in numbers by the addition of other corps. McClellan's reappearance at the head of the army had the most beneficial effect on the army, whose morale immediately underwent an astonishing change. Heterogeneous mass, made up of the aggregation of the remnants of the two armies and the garrison of Washington, was reorganized into a compact body. A work that had mostly to be done while the army was on the march and as soon as it became known that Lee had crossed the Potomac, McClellan moved toward Frederick to meet him It was Lee's plan to dislodge the Union forces from Harper's Ferry before concentrating his army west of the mountains, and his arrangements and orders were all made for this enterprise, but through a stroke of good fortune a copy of Lee's order for the movement of his troops fell into McClellan's hands on the day of McClellan's arrival at Frederick. This gave McClellan

an inkling of his enemy's plan, of which he was not slow to take advantage, and at once there began a race for Harper's Ferry. The South Mountain had to be passed by the Union, the two principal passes known as Turner's Gap and Crampton Gap, were held by the rebel General McClaw, under orders not to permit the passage even if he lost his last man in doing it, and he held it well, but the forces under General Hancock advanced along the left of the road through the steep and narrow pass, drove back the Confederates from their positions at the base of the mountain, where they were protected by a stone wall. The crest was carried and 400 prisoners taken.

The battle of South Mountain was not won soon enough to save Harpers Ferry. On the 5th of September we moved from Tennallytown to Rockville, Clarksburg and Urbana. All along this route the boys in blue were greeted with cheers and sent forward with a "God speed." The country itself was different from that part of Virginia through which we had previously passed. The fields were highly cultivated, the stacks of hay were many and high, the stalks were full of corn, the homes tidy, the barns large. It was a welcome change also to be greeted with smiles instead of frowns. Probably no soldier who entered Frederick City on the morning of September 13th will ever forget the cordial welcome with which the rescuing army was received by the loyal inhabitants. For five months the Second corps had been upon the soil of Virginia where every native white face was wrinkled with spite as the invaders passed, marching through or encamping in a region which to a northern eye was inconceivably desolate and forlorn, barren fields affording the only relief to the dreary continuity of tangled thickets and swampy bottoms. Here in the rich valley of the Monocacy, shut in by low mountains of surprising grace of outline, all nature was in bloom. The signs of comfort and opulence met the eye

on every side, while as the full brigades of Sumner, in perfect order and with all the pomp of war, with glittering staff and proud commanders, old Sumner at the head, pressed through the quaint and beautiful town, the streets resounded with applause and from balcony and windows fair faces smiled and handkerchiefs and scarfs waved to greet the army of the Union. Whether the ancient and apocryphal Barbara Fritchie had sufficiently recovered from the sentimental shock of a poetical shower of imaginary musket balls to appear again on this occasion may be doubted, but many an honest and many a fair countennce of patriotic men and women looked out upon the brave array of Sumner's corps with smiles and tears of gratitude and joy. Amid all that was desolate and gloomy, amid all that was harsh and terrible in the service, that these soldiers of the Union were called to render that bright day of September 13th, 1862, still that gracious scene of natural beauty and waving crops that quaint and charming southern city, that friendly greeting form a picture which can never pass out of the memory of those whose fortune it was to enter Frederick town that day.

We rested beyond Frederick over Saturday night, and on Sunday morning pushed through Middletown toward South Mountain. All day long we could hear cannonading; indeed, the evening before it was quite distinct. Now, also, was visible the puffs of smoke from booming artillery along the mountain summit. Some of the boys amused themselves by measuring the seconds that intervened between the flash and the report of the cannon, thus calculating the distance between themselves and the battlefield. It was a beautiful landscape that lay off towards Turner's Gap looking south and west along the valley, with its cultivated fields and wooded mountain sides; the view from the mountain tops, whence could be seen beautiful valleys spreading away as far as the eye could reach; of the long rows of towering

peaks of Sugar Loaf and Blue Ridge, of the Middletown and Boonsboro Valley all adding their mite to make a picture of unrivalled beauty and grandeur. We ascended mountains until lost in the clouds, followed forsaken paths and crossed rich green plains that resembled gardens decorated with flowers. Such were the scenes we passed through on our march towards Turner's and Crampton Gaps. There is no doubt that this is the most beautiful part of Maryland, and a spot hardly to be surpassed for natural scenery and cultivation. After leaving Frederick and going west, the ascent of the Catoctin hills is made. From these hills the valley in which Middletown lies is spread out until South Mountain is in view. It was here we got our first view, and saw the smoke of the South Mountain battle.

After passing through Middletown the roads could be traced by their barrenness and also by the dust from the canvas covered wagon trains, while the course of the creeks was told by the long winding streaks of shrubbery. Singular experiences come to a soldier sometimes from what to him is usually ordinary causes, to see men lying around dead in every shape and in every degree of repulsiveness torn to pieces, black and bloated, is nothing to a man of battle. Yet such a sight coming in an unexpected manner or out of time has all the shock natural to such an experience. The soldier will sleep soundly amid the dead and the groans of the wounded and dying companions. It will not keep him awake if it be on a battlefield, but let him lay down among the dead at the hospital and he is likely to feel cold chills creeping over him. He will be restless, will rise and seek companionship. So at South Mountain. A soldier is climbing through the woods with head down, slowly dragging his weary limbs after him, when suddenly his thoughtless sight rests upon the form of a dead oldier with bulging eyes and swollen face lying directly at his feet. The shock stuns him, the blood rushes to

his heart and his lip quivers. When he turns out and goes on, he instinctively looks back to see if the man has moved. Of such stuff are mortals made.

The battle of South Mountain was a victory for our forces, but the Second corps came up too late to have a part in it. At the three gaps—Turner's, Fox and Crampton—the battle raged on the morning of the 14th of September. The enemy held these positions, but were driven at nearly every point, though not without hard fighting and after a determined resistance. The success of Franklin on the left endangered Lee's communications, thwarted his purpose to push into Pennsylvania and compelled him to give battle near the Potomac. It also gave the Union army that espirit de corps which victory always bring. South Mountain was only a forerunner of what followed at Antietam.

At night when we reached South Mountain and just after we had halted a detail of eight men from each company was chosen to guard the outer line against an attack of the enemy. I was one of the eight from my company. Our orders were to let no one enter our lines. Just before daybreak orders were given us to advance, as the enemy had commenced firing on our right. I was in the advance on the skirmish line. It was very dark and could hardly see where we were going, when I suddenly stumbled and fell between two rocks, but found that there was some one ahead of me, as I fell on top of a man. Neither one could recognize the other until we had asked and answered questions. I then found that he was a rebel and he found that I was a Union soldier. The rebel said to me, "Well, Yank, there is no use for us to kill each other; let us make a bargain," to which I agreed. Our agreement was that if the Union troops were successful then he was to be my prisoner; but if on the other hand the Confederate troops were successful then I was to be his prisoner.

But, as it turned out, the Union troops were successful he became my prisoner, and I escorted him to the regimental headquarters, while the boys all cheered me as I passed along the line. I was short in stature, while my prisoner was a man at least six feet tall. It has always been a question with me as to which was the most surprised when daylight came and we could see each other. But as we had made a compact we kept it.

A detail of the regiments that was sent to scour the woods at South Mountain after its evacuation by the enemy, found many stragglers with grey coats, some trying to hide and others trying to get to their regiments. They were taken as prisoners of war and sent to the rear under guard. Their guns were broken over stumps and thrown away. Many rebels were thus picked up later on, others were found hiding in houses along the slope or in the valley and received the same treatment.

From South Mountain to Antietam was a constant running fire between the two armies, the one falling back and the other pursuing. The light artillery would mount a hill and fire at the advancing blue coats, holding its position as long as it dared, and then limbering up, would run to the next eminence and repeat the maneuver. So the day of the 15th passed until the night brought its partial but welcomed rest. Passing down the western side of South Mountain, Richardson's division comes to Boonsboro and Feedysville, and finds the enemy massing his forces behind Antietam Creek. It is now evening twilight and the Fifty-seventh takes a position behind an embankment in support of a battery which is shelling the woods beyond. Before dark one man in Company B is killed by a piece of shell. During the night the men slept well and awaken on the 16th greatly refreshed. It is Tuesday. A very heavy fog covers the ground and everything is quiet. We cook our coffee and toast our pork. After breakfast we fall in line and take our position on the

battle line along the creek, our left resting on the Sharpsburg road.

The 16th of September was spent by General McClellan in getting his army into position, while General Lee was hurrying his scattered forces together. Four divisions being twelve hours away, we had much the larger force present, but little Mac never took the initiative in battle if he could help it, but General Grant always did. General Hooker crossed the creek on our right and found the enemy posted on the Heights near Sharpsburg. He attacked Stonewall Jackson and drove him some distance, holding the advanced position during that night.

CHAPTER VII.

From South Mountain to Warrenton.—Battle of Antietam.—Death of Generals Mansfield and Richardson.—After a Victory, What?—Change of Commanders.—General McClellan Relieved and General Burnside Assumes Command.—McClelland's Farewell to the Army.—Anecdotes and Incidents.

The real battle of Antietam began at daylight on Wednesday, September 17th. General Hooker had crossed all his corps during the night, the Twelfth corps following in support. These attacked the Confederates with headlong impetuosity. The action was furious, the losses monstrous. The advance, however, was met by fresh troops and brought to a stand. From daylight until nine o'clock one corps—the First—had done all the fighting, the centre and left of our line being inactive. General Mansfield had been killed and General Hooker disabled.

The Second corps now crossed the creek in the centre of our line. Sedgwick's division moved across the Hagerstown road and was seeking the enemy near the Dunker church when a rebel brigade came upon his flank and turned it so effectually that it was doubled and broken and got to the rear with great loss. Next came General French's division, and began its attack near the Roulette house, driving the enemy back to the sunken road, taking several colors and 300 prisoners. Our division crossed the creek at about 9:30 A. M., the Irish brigade in the lead, and moved into action. The Irishmen advanced steadily and rapidly under a heavy fire until they had nearly reached the crest of the

hill which overlooks Piper's. Caldwell's brigade formed on the left of Meagher's brigade, and took their place when they fell back for ammunition. Caldwell then pushed ahead and carried the crest of the hill overlooking the Piper house. Just beyond is the famous sunken road in which was a determined force of the enemy, and Caldwell can go no farther, but soon an attempt is made to turn his flank, and Brookes puts in the third brigade. We are lying behind the hill that overlooks the field of action, every moment expecting to be ordered into action. The bullets are whistling over our heads and our hearts are beating as fast as the lead is flying. Whose head will be the first to come off, we are asking each other, when shall we rise and move forward? The worst part of a battle is this waiting to go in.

"Fall in!" The word has come at last. We jump up, get into line and march steadily in battalion front to the brow of the hill. Now we are in it, and the minnies are plenty. As we pass the Sixty-ninth, or what is left of them (about a hundred men) with colors in tatters, they cheer and we return it. Down the side of the hill toward the sunken road the Sixty-seventh and the Sixty-sixth charge together, and over the ditch they go, stepping on the bodies of the rebel dead. Yet another charge and we have taken the Piper house and are in the cornfield beyond. All along the path of this charge our men have fallen killed or wounded, but victory is ours. Earlier in the day several attacks have been made upon the sunken road, but without success. It afforded great protection for the enemy, and to take it was like taking a fort. In charging forward we captured several prisoners and a stand of colors belonging to the Twelfth Alabama. It was said that the words "Captured by the Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers at Antietam, September 17th," would be painted on the flag and that it would be deposited with the

War Department for safe keeping. The position of the regiment in the cornfield was not attacked by the rebel infantry.

In the official reports of the Confederates upon this battle it appears that the rebels fell back to a new line, made necessary by the loss of the ground taken by the First division. A battery, however, stationed on a hill not far in our front, seems to have had no notion of retiring, for it poured into the standing corn-stalks such a pelting storm of grape and canister that each explosion seemed like a rushing mighty wind and a driving hail. It was our office now to hold the position gained, and as no firing was done, the boys protected themselves by hugging the soil. It is surprising how readily they dug their noses into the dirt.

The order now came to correct the line, and the regiment fell back a little out of the cornfield to the brow of the hill in the rear, the same guns helping us up the hill by their grape shot adding now and then a shell. In the corner of a fence was discovered a pile of potatoes which the boys insisted should also fall back. It was only a temporary break in the ranks, a moment of time and this charge also was successful, every potato being captured. We were no better off on the brow of this hill than we were in the cornfield. Here under our eyes battery after battery had been broken into pieces by the perfect range of the rebel guns and we lying on the same spot began to receive similar treatment, it was interesting to watch the waving of the line as the shots came and passed; strong men felt inward tremblings and weak men looked backward as though they would run. One man at least found his legs cowardly, though his heart may have been brave. An officer near, seeing the danger that in such a critical situation if one man were to break all might follow, ordered this waverer to lie down twice. This was done and a third time he arose. Then the officer threatened to shoot him if stirred. As now it was death to run and as he might live if he

stayed, he took the chances and remained. However, he never forgot that incident. It seemed to rankle in his breast, and months after one night he came into his quarters half intoxicated, and as he lay in his bunk kept muttering, first low, and then loud and with bitter accents, "Lie down, lie down, lie down, or I'll shoot you." Poor fellow, he was but mortal, and under such a storm of iron how could any mortal stand it.

Shelling does not last forever, and for some reason this battery ceased firing and left us in peace. This advanced position, including the sunken road and Piper's house, was held by our division through the rest of the battle, no further effort being made by the enemy to retake the lost ground. There was fighting enough on our left where Burnside had crossed the creek and threatened Lee's communications, but in the centre there was quiet the rest of the day.

General Richardson, affectionately called "Fighting Dick," while directing a battery on the hill near us, was struck with a piece of shell and mortally wounded. He was carried to General McClellan's heaquarters at the Pry house, and despite every effort to save his life, died there the following day, November 5th. He was only forty-three years of age. The July before his death he had been promoted to major-general of volunteers. He was a good tactician, was prompt and brave, and well deserved the sobriquet of "Old War Horse," given to him by his men. It was with a feeling of a personal loss that we parted with General Richardson. He was not a fuss and feather soldier. He usually wore a soft hat and fatigue dress, and looked oftenest like a uniformed farmer, but a study of his features revealed intelligence, determination, a quiet force of character and fatherliness, that made his men believe he was one of them. There has always been a halo around his head since Antietam, for the double reason

that he, a general, was killed in battle at our side, and also that he was the first general officer thus lost to us.

F. W. Palfry, a reporter of the New York Herald, gives the following description of the movements of the Second corps on that day:

"Richardson's division of the Second corps, which is known as the First division, comprising the brigades of Meagher, Caldwell and Brooke, crossed Antietam Creek at 9:30 in the morning of the 17th, at the same ford where the other divisions of the corps had crossed it, moved southward on a line nearly parallel to the stream in a ravine behind the high ground overlooking the Roulette house. The command was formed with Meagher's brigade on the right and Caldwell's brigade on the left and Brooke's in support. Meagher's brigade advanced nearly to the crest of the hill overlooking the Piper house, and found the enemy in strong force in the sunken road in its front. After some sharp fighting, with considerable loss on both sides, Caldwell's brigade was marched up behind it and took its place, the two brigades breaking by company, the one to the front, the other to the rear. Meagher's brigade went to the rear to replenish its cartridge boxes, and Brooke's brigade remained as a support to Caldwell's brigade. When the smart push on Kimball's left before referred to was made by the Confederates, Brooke hurried into action three of his regiments, the Fifty-second New York, Second Delaware and Fifty-third Pennsylvania and they, with some troops from the left of French's division, the Seventh Virginia and the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania, dislodged the enemy from the cornfield on their right rear, Brooke moved forward the Fifty-seventh New York and the Sixty-sixth New York. Caldwell and Brooke thus united, pressed forward and gallantly gained possession of the Piper house. This was the end of the serious fighting on this part of the line."

Mr. Palfry, in the same article, makes particular and honorable mention of the Fifty-seventh New York.

The musketry fire ceased at about one o'clock. Richardson, still holding the Piper house, withdrew his line to the crest of a hill, and at about the same time received a mortal wound. Hancock was placed in command of his division. Our losses in this battle were very severe, besides losing Lieutenant-Colonel Parisen, three officers and sixteen men were killed, six officers and sixty-four men were wounded, of which number nine died from their wounds afterwards. Three men being missed, the total loss being 101. This loss of nearly one-third of the effective men of the regiment was about the largest that came to the regiment from any previous or subsequent battle during the war. Yet we may not say that the loss in proportion to our numbers was greater, since the strength of the regiment constantly decreased, and later losses may represent a larger proportionate loss.

General Winfield S. Hancock now comes upon the scene as our commander, a relation in which he is sustain to us until nearly the close of the war. He was called by General McClellan from the command of a brigade in the Second division of the Sixth corps, to be the commander of Richardson's division of the Second corps.

Night closed the long and desperately contested battle of the 17th of September, 1862, nearly 200,000 men and 500 pieces of artillery were for fourteen hours engaged in this memorable battle. We had attacked the enemy in a position selected by the experienced engineer then, in person, directing their operations. We had driven them from their line on one flank, and secured a footing within the other. The army of the Potomac, notwithstanding the moral effect incident to previous reverses, had achieved a victory over an adversary invested with the prestige of recent success. Our soldiers slept that night conquerors on a

HANCOCK, AT ANTIETAM, TAKING COMMAND OF RICHARDSON'S DIVISION

field won by their valor and covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy. Thirteen guns, thirty-nine colors, upwards of 15,000 stands of arms, and more than 6,000 prisoners were the trophies which attested the success of our arms in the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap and Antietam. Not a single gun or color was lost by our army during these battles.

During the night the men wanted water that could only be procured from a spring near where we lay, but unfortunately it was covered by the guns of the enemy's sharpshooters. So a certain number of men was detailed to take all the canteens and go to the spring and get some water. We would start one at a time, and running across the open ground, try and reach the spring before we were noticed. I was one of the men detailed for the service. On one of my trips, as I was returning in company with a couple more men, carrying as many canteens as we could, my hat was knocked off my head. I picked it up and at the same time said to the men behind me in rather forcible language, "What are you doing; knocking my cap off?" He replied, "I did not do it." I picked up the cap and when I got to the camp, I examined the cap and found a bullet hole through the peak of it. So I found out who knocked the cap off my head.

The day after the battle, September 18th, we lay in the immediate presence of the enemy. Couch's division had come up late in the evening of the 17th, and Humphrey's division of the Fifth corps arrived on the morning of the 18th. On that morning men were detailed to go out under a flag of truce to bring in our wounded and bury the dead, but the rebels did not honor our flag of truce, but at every opportunity fired upon our men. To those who do not know how the dead are buried upon a battlefield, I will explain by saying that we would dig a trench about twenty feet in legth, seven feet wide and about six feet deep. In this we laid them, one on top of the other until the trench was

nearly full, and then we would cover them over with the dirt. We buried as many as possible, and brought in all the wounded we could, but as the rebel sharpshooters continued to fire on our flag of truce it was impossible to bury all our dead or get all the wounded. Between the two armies there was hundreds of the slain that lay covered by the rifles of the opposing skirmishers, under the pretence and doubtless in part from a sincere desire to secure the burial of these and the recovery of the more desperately wounded, but in part to alleviate, if possible, all the suffering they could.

Unauthorized arrangements were, during the 18th, made at several points between the Union and the Confederate pickets, arrangements, which caused much embarrassment to the commanding general. In regard to the necessary movements of troops, the Confederates complained of these as in violation of the flag of truce. At last it became necessary to send word through the lines that all such arrangements were unauthorized and must be regarded as abrogated.

When it was found that the Confederate army had retired from the battlefield of Antietam and was making its way into Virginia General McClellan immediately put in pursuit the Fifth corps, following closely upon the advance of the cavalry, towards Harper's Ferry. It was soon discovered that Lee's retreat had been well provided with protection at every available point and for every possible emergency. Confederate batteries crowned the heights west of the river in such a position as to command all the fords. An attempt was made to dislodge the enemy, but it was only partially successful. Lee gradually withdrew his army towards Winchester. The Second corps marched to Harper's Ferry and occupied Bolivar Heights on the west side of the river. Here we arrived October 5th and remained until the 30th of October. We were greatly in need of clothing; our food also had

been scarce and poor. Consolidation among the smaller companies was begun. Colonel Zook was put in charge of the Third brigade and General Sumner, asking leave of absence, was succeeded by General Couch, who assumed temporary command of the Second corps. General Sumner seems to have been in poor health and in need of rest. He was away but a short time, however, and on his return took command, not of his own corps only, but of two corps, the Second and Ninth, and was called the Right Grand division. We remained so long at Bolivar Heights that it seemed that we were to remain all winter. Therefore some of the boys carted bricks from an old house in the neighborhood and began to lay a foundation for winter quarters, but in the midst of the most interesting part of this work, on October 16th, orders came for the Charlestown reconnoissance.

General Hancock marched the division to Charlestown, drove off the rebels after a considerable artillery duel, and pushed on two miles beyond the town, the Fifty-seventh taking a position on the left of the road beyond a patch of woods, with a clear field before them. The gallows on which John Brown was hung were still standing, and the boys on seeing the gallows, struck up the song of John Brown's body, giving particular emphasis to the line "But his soul goes marching on."

General Hancock's instructions were not to bring on a general engagement, but to find the enemy's position. This having been accomplished, orders were given to return to Harper's Ferry. Before leaving our position, a sergeant, without weapons of any kind, who had been strolling along the road beyond our lines, started back through the woods. He met a stranger, who evidently was a spy, dressed in citizen's clothes. It was an embarrassing situation for both of them, as neither was in a position to capture the other. If the spy had captured the sergeant, he could not have taken him far, since he was within our cavalry outposts, and

the sergeant could not take the spy, as he had nothing more dangerous about him than a jack knife. Under the circumstances, they were both of one mind, and concluded to let each other pass with the time of day.

When we got back to Harper's Ferry, we found President Lincoln at General Sumner's headquarters. He honored the Army of the Potomac with a visit and remained several days, during which time he went through the different encampments, reviewed the troops and went over the battlefields of South Mountain and Antietam. On the 30th of October, the Second corps, forming the head of the infantry column, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth and Ninth corps (the Twelfth corps being left to guard the line of the upper Potomac), crossed the Shenandoah, and passing around the base of Loudan Heights into the valley, moved nearly to Hill Grove and along the Blue Ridge Mountains. On our march we were ordered to search the neighboring houses. As the men entered one of these houses, they were accosted by the housewife with the question, "What do you want?"

The officer answered: "We are looking for Johnnies, madam."

"Well, there ain't none in this house, and you had better clear out quick."

"It is our orders to search every house, madam, and we cannot leave until we have searched yours."

"Search my house! I'd like to see Yankees do it."

"You shall have that pleasure," was the reply, as some of the troops went down into the cellar and others examined the ground floor.

"Now we will go upstairs," said the officer in command.

"Well, if you will, you must," said the woman, "but you won't find nobody up there but a poor old sick one."

"Is it a sick man?" was asked.

"No, it ain't. It's my husband's Aunt Betty," was the reply, who has been sick going on ten years."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs, there."

Up they went and there, as the woman said, they found a bed-ridden crone, but the form which the bed clothes outlined was more extended and ample than the shape of an old woman would warrant, and modestly turning down the coverlet, they disclosed an armed Confederate lying at length with his boots on. The boys named him at once "the sleeping beauty," and gathered him in. From him it was learned that the rebels were crossing the mountains. It was then a race between the Union and rebel troops to see who could reach Snicker's Gap first. The race seemed to be with us, as we arrived first, and when they arrived we drove them back and held it until the main army came up.

November 3rd, on the following day, we reached Upperville. On the 6th we arrived at Rectortown; on the 8th we were at Warrenton. The weather was cold and gloomy. The boys had to sleep spoon fashion in order to keep warm, and even then did not succeed particularly well. It was on this march that "sheep mania," as it was called, attacked the army. Orders were issued strictly forbidding the stealing of sheep, but the lambs would follow the army in spite of protests. It is said that a whole flock of sheep disappeared in one night. A special affection for this article of diet had developed in the Irish brigade, and many stories are told of the innocence of these men who, being from the Green Isle, were especially green concerning the presence of sheep's clothing found in their camp. There was a good reason for this epidemic of sheep winning. The rations had been poor and at best the army rations (of the day I am writing) were exceedingly monotonous, while fresh meat was scarce; hence it was the greatest of luxuries.

One day General Hancock, having observed some soldiers of the Irish brigade, after falling out of the ranks upon some pretence, steal around a piece of woods, manifestly bound on plunder, determined to make an example. Accordingly he left the column with his staff, and galloping rapidly around the woods from the opposite side, he came upon the group, gathered around an unfortunate victim, on which one of the number was just proceeding to make an anatomical observation. The less guilty members of the party being less closely engaged, caught a glimpse of the coming doom in time to climb over a high stone wall and escape, but upon the principal offender, taken in flagrant dereliction of orders, Hancock pounced with drawn sword and eyes flashing fire.

Down on his knees went the wretch, scared by the general's aspect. "Arrah, dear General, don't be the death of me. I didn't do it, indade, I didn't."

"You infernal liar," shouted the general, "what do you mean by telling me that? I saw you, you scoundrel. I'll teach you to disobey orders. I'll teach you to kill sheep." And with this, crushing out the last hope of poor Paddy, he flourished his sword as if about to begin execution, when in a most opportune moment, up jumped the innocent subject of the controversy, and giving vent to its feelings in a quavering "baa," ran off, while amid the shouts of his staff the general put up his sabre and rode off.

It cannot be denied that the Fifty-seventh had some touches of this fever for foraging, as will be seen from the following true narrative:

"Two comrades and I started out one evening after a halt with irresistible cravings in our stomachs and blood in our eyes. The cry was "Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of fresh mutton; dead or alive, I will have some." We travelled a long distance before we came to a house. Here we found no sheep, but were satisfied

with a large goose. On the way back we stopped in a secluded spot and undressed the gentleman. Then reaching camp, which we found in midnight slumber, we put on the pot, cut up the goose, and poked up the fire. The boiling continued all night, yet the meat was not tender. At breakfast the comrades enjoyed goose broth with crackers and coffee. The meat was then put in the haversacks and carried to the evening camp. It is a long pathetic story, and must be shortened by saying that the goose was cooked three nights in succession without yielding an inch of ground and then the discovery was made, so the story goes, that on his left leg was discovered a brand which, when it had been deciphered, was found to spell Noah; so it was understood that the goose was one of the birds that went into the ark with a man named Noah, who was supposed to have lived in the time of the flood.

The order from Washington releasing General McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac reached us at Warrenton, and caused great sorrow. Aside from the necessities or merits of the case, the men loved General McClellan. He was their first commander, had just led them through a victorious battle, and now had their fullest confidence. In the grief and indignation with which at Warrenton the soldiers received the news that the commander in whom they delighted was again taken away from them, in this the Second corps fully shared.

The following orders from the War Department was read to us on dress parade, and is as follows:

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 182.—WAR DEPARTMENT.
Adjutant-General's Office.

WASHINGTON, November 5, 1862.

By directions of the President of the United States it is ordered that Major-General McClellan be relieved from the command of the army of

the Potomac, and that Major-General Burnside take the command of that army.

By Order of

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

E. D. Townsend, Asst. Adj.-General.

At the same time as the above was read to us, General McClellan's farewell address was read to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
Camp Near Rectortown, Va.

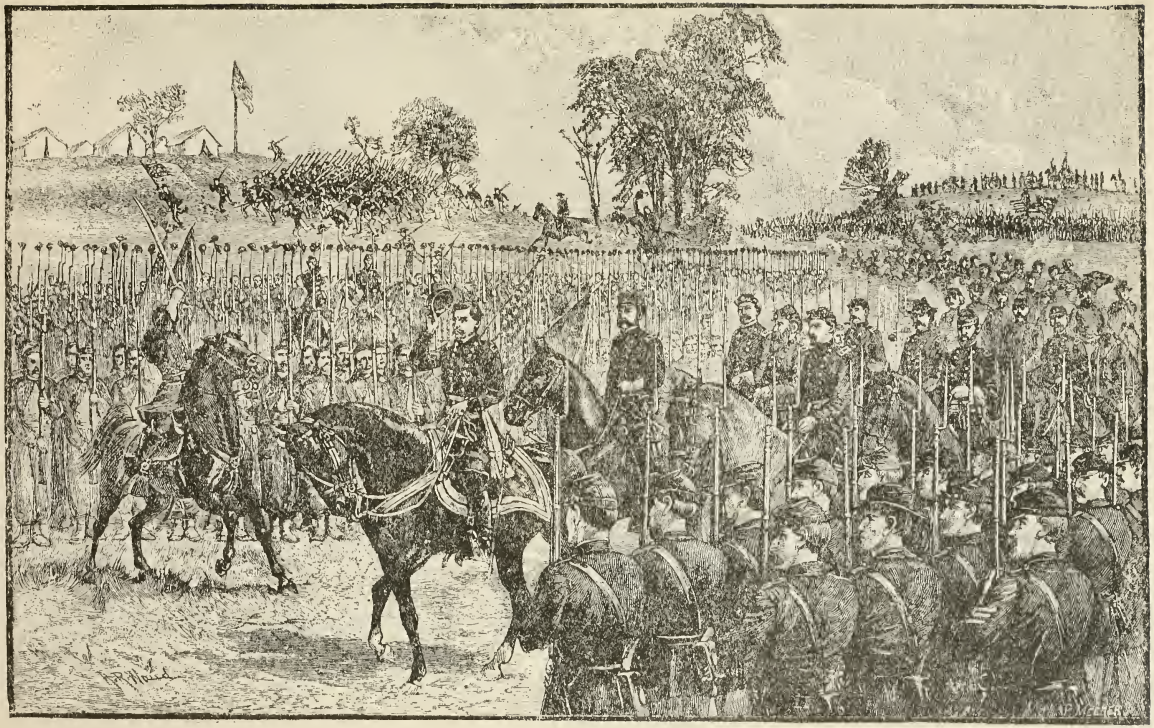
November 7, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up in my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled, the strange associations which can exist among men, unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General United States Army.

On the 10th of November, the three divisions were drawn up on the left side of the Centerville Pike in columns of regiments with intervals sufficient to give place for sections of a battery. On the right of the pike stood the Fifth corps in a similar formation. Between these two gallant corps, so long his comrades, slowly and sadly rode their beloved chief, taking a last farewell of the army who had been with him on many a hard fought battlefield. Every heart of the 30,000 men was filled with love and grief,



GEN. MCCLELLAN'S FAREWELL TO THE ARMY.

every voice was raised in shouts expressing at once sorrow, devotion and indignation, and when the chief had passed out of sight the romance of war was over for the army of the Potomac. No other commander ever aroused the same enthusiasm in the troops. Whether in degree or in kind, the soldiers fairly idolized him and were never tired of looking at him. The sight of him would bring cheers spontaneously from every lip. His voice was music to every ear. Let military critics or political enemies say what they will, he who could so move upon the hearts of a great army as the wind sways along rows of standing corn, was no ordinary man. Nor was he who took such heavy toll of Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee an ordinary soldier. How sweet to him, as he passed up the road in his banishment and unmerited disgrace, were the cheers of those 30,000 comrades, rising and swelling upon the air. Himself the very soul of manly gentleness, courtesy and kindness, the acclamations which drowned even the roar of the artillery, and which followed him far out of sight, it was a farewell which no heart could more fully appreciate or more fondly cherish.

General Burnside was now the commander of this magnificent army. An army that would make a worthy command even for a Napoleon or a Wellington. Thus Burnside, at Warrenton, was deliberating where he should deliver his blow. Two courses lay open to him. The one was to move directly forward, crossing the Rappahannock (as Meade was to do a year later) to fight Lee at Brandy Station, or at Culpepper, should he be found there in force; or failing in that to cross in turn the Rapidan and take the direct route to Richmond.

The other course left open to him was to move to the left and seize Fredericksburg on the right bank of the lower Rappahannock before Lee could apprehend his design. It was the latter course which Burnside resolved to take. Its success required

three good stiff (though not excessive) days' marches on the part of at least the leading corps.

With prompt cooperation from Washington in the way of providing rations, beef, cattle, and above all pontoons at Acquia Creek, of these latter needs General Halleck at Washington was duly notified.

CHAPTER VIII.

From Warrenton to Fredericksburg.—Incidents of the March.—The Battle of Fredericksburg with Incidents of the Same.—Lincoln's Address to the Army.—Anecdotes of the Twenty-fifth New Jersey.—The Mud March.—The Army Again Changes Commanders.—Hooker in Command.

With the Second corps in advance, we left Warrenton on the 15th, and marching steadily, but with all night rests, reached Falmouth (a small town on the left bank of the Rappahannock and nearly opposite Fredericksburg) on the 17th. The few pickets of the enemy who were on the bank of the river, hastily retired as the head of the corps came up. Fredericksburg was at this moment occupied by a regiment of cavalry, four companies of infantry and a light battery. The guns of the latter were to be seen in position on the northern outskirts of the city, the drivers and cannoneers lying idly about in groups, apparently expecting our approach, but also expecting a fair notice. It pleased General Couch, however, to order Captain Pettit to take his guns by a round about way through some deep ravings, well to the rear of Falmouth, and to climb from behind a steep hill of considerable height exactly opposite the Confederate battery. The result of this movement was soon developed. As soon as Pettit's guns were in position he at once opened fire, throwing solid shot and shell in among the enemy's guns and gunners before they had the faintest idea that the ball was about to open. Gallantly they sprang to their guns, but it was of no use. Pettit with his parrotts

had the advantage in elevation. His guns were six to their four, and besides, he had cannoneers who could hardly be matched in any battery of the regular army. Within five minutes every man had been driven from their pieces and had taken refuge behind the adjacent houses and walls.

There stood the four guns abandoned in plain view. It was a tempting sight. Both Couch and Sumner, who had watched the contest from among Pettit's guns, fairly ached to throw across some infantry and secure the prize, but the pontoons had not yet been heard from. The Falmouth ford was unknown and General Sumner conceived that his instructions precluded him from crossing until bridges could be laid.

Meanwhile some of the Confederate artillery men, more braver than the rest, dashed out from cover with a prolange, and attaching it to the nearest piece, dragged it behind the house. In vain did Pettit send one shot after another to save the gun, which he had regarded as his own personal property, but it was useless.

The enemy, under General Longstreet, arriving on the opposite bank, took not a little interest in the change of Union commanders, saluting our pickets along the river with such enquiries as these: "Where is little Mac; wasn't he black enough for you? Hope you'll find some one with long enough heels by and by."

Time passed monotonously during the weeks following. The troops commenced, though without any system, the construction of winter quarters, and fortifications were constructed on our side of the river as if we anticipated an attack from the enemy.

Of the position before us little was known beyond what could be seen, although General Burnside had occupied the city and the country beyond in August with the Ninth corps, coming up from North Carolina. He was without information to build his plan of operations upon; and even regarding the field apparently within our view, even regarding the fatal plain so soon to be

drenched with the best blood of the army. A strange lack of knowledge existed, a remarkable instance of which, out of the writer's personal experience, will shortly be related.

On the night of December 9th, 1862, the army before Fredericksburg slept peacefully under their canvas roofs, as they had done many nights before, and though there was some activity, yet no intimation had been given of the very near approach of the terrible struggle that was so soon to begin.

The organization of the army was now divided into three grand divisions, General Sumner commanding the right grand division, General Hooker commanding the centre grand division, and General Franklin the left grand division. The army was now for the first time to be fought under another commander other than General McClellan.

We were hardly asleep on the night of the 10th of December before orders came to fall in and we marched to the Lacey house, and then down to the shore of the river, where the engineers were laying pontoon bridges. Here we wandered around, or sat in groups discussing the coming battle, while others lay down on the ground to sleep.

Just before the light of day men could be seen running the streets of Fredericksburg. This seemed to be a regiment getting into position for an attack. Soon after, out from the opposite bank, flashed a long line of light, followed by the report of musketry. Nearly every man on the bridge had fallen and many of those on the shore. Immediately the fire was returned by the Fifty-seventh New York and soon the artillery on the Heights above began to beat down the walls and buildings in which the enemy were concealed.

At daylight a mist yet rested over the river and hindered effective shooting, though the fire of the enemy was silenced except as sharpshooters plied their trade from hiding places. From

five to eight o'clock in the morning these men worked their wills with little danger to themselves, but with fearful havoc to us. We were entirely unsheltered and at each report wondered whose turn had come, but did not have long to wait before knowing. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman stood upon his horse, and an orderly said to him, "Colonel, please do not expose yourself unnecessarily." Just then a bullet struck the orderly on the right side, cutting his suspenders and touching the flesh, like as if it had been marked with a hot iron. He turned and said that was a providential escape. "Yes," said the colonel, and the next moment he was struck, fatally it was thought at the time from the location of the wound, but in his breast pocket were a package of letters and a blank book and through these the ball passed before reaching the body, thus breaking its force sufficiently to save his life.

Captain Bell was struck in the head with a piece of shell, Captain Mott was severely wounded in the right arm, Lieutenant Brewster had his right arm fractured, Lieutenant White was severely wounded, two men were killed and twenty-three were wounded. These losses were entirely independent of the battle of Fredericksburg itself, which occurred on the thirteenth, and in which the regiment again lost heavily in officers and men. Our position on the bank of the river was entirely unprotected, and as we could not get near the enemy or they near us, it seemed a useless sacrifice of life, thus to expose men. We could have done some execution perhaps, if we had been stationed higher up, whence we could look down behind the stone walls that hid the sharpshooters of the enemy, as it was, a man did not have half a chance for his life.

At eight o'clock my regiment was relieved by the Seventh Michigan, and we marched back to our camp. Then about 2 P. M. we joined the brigade near the Phillips house and remained there over night. The 11th of December was a day of bombard-

ment such as soldiers rarely see. One hundred and forty pieces of artillery was posted along Stafford Heights and belched forth fire, thunder and shot, while every discharge or bursting shell had its quadruple echo among the dwellings of the city. It was great amusement to us to watch a solid shot tear through a building, beat down a wall, topple over a chimney or rout out a nest of sharpshooters.

In the afternoon troops were sent over in boats to clear the city, that the engineers might finish the bridges, which were about two-thirds across the river. Why this was not done in the first place does not appear. Had it been done, the Fifty-seventh would no doubt have formed part of the crossing party. By night the city of Fredericksburg was in our possession and four pontoon bridges spanned the Rappahannock. The troops, on the morning of the 12th, began to cross, with Franklin on the lower bridge and Sumner opposite the city. It was about noon that the Third brigade passed over and took their position on the west bank of the river near Water street. Here we lay the rest of the day, watching the crossing of the rest of the army, and dodging pieces of bursting shells. That night gave the last natural sleep of life to many a brave soldier.

On Saturday, December 13th, 1862, the fateful battle of Fredericksburg was fought and lost. It seems to have been General Burnside's plan to do the principal fighting on the left, where it was thought was the weakest point in the enemy's line, and when an advantage had been gained there to assault Mary's Heights in the rear of the city. General Franklin began his advance on the left at 9 A. M., and gained some ground by noon. He had taken a portion of the enemy's works and had captured 300 prisoners. The fighting continued here until dark, but the whole attack of Franklin failed, seemingly because he made use of but part of his force. At noon the attack on Mary's Heights was

begun by the division of General French, the old commander of the Third brigade. Hancock's division followed French's, the Third brigade taking the lead. We filed by the right flank along Water street, then by the left flank out one of the streets leading west to the open ground beyond the buildings. As we turned west the fun began. The rebel artillery had exact range of every cross street, and as our troops appeared they opened fire, raking the line from front to rear. A shell would strike in the midst of a body of men and in a moment the air would be filled with pieces of flesh, clothing and accoutrements. One shell struck a man in the back, cut him in two and sent his entrails flying in all directions. When we came within rifle range the boys involuntarily pulled their hats down over their eyes and leaned forward as if breasting a storm. This hail came not from one line of rifle pits, but from one above another, and from fifty pieces of artillery.

Fifteen hundred yards of open plain had to be crossed with intervening ditches, broken bridges and rail fences. At one of these fences the Fifty-seventh halted for a moment and hesitated, as though asking whether it were possible to go farther. It was a momentarily hesitation only, and when some one cried "Forward!" the boys climbed over the fence and advanced to the knoll within thirty yards of the stone wall. This was the farthest point reached during the day. What was left of the regiment held this line and kept up the fire for more than three hours. When their ammunition gave out the boys used cartridges from the boxes of the dead and wounded comrades.

On this knoll occurred many instances of heroism, marking an utter disregard of danger under the very nose of long lines of rebel infantry. At times there were hardly enough blue coats to form a respectable picket line. Yet the line was held and became an objective point for the new battalions constantly coming into the fight. The remark of Captain Alcoke that only one man

PASSING THE 25TH N. J. IN FREDERICKSBURG.

got closer to the stone wall than he and that man was dead, shows how bravely the regiment faced the danger, how persistently it pressed forward, and how manfully it did its duty. The part taken in this battle by the Fifty-seventh is graphically portrayed by General Walker, in his history, which he describes in these words:

"Hardly had French's last brigade risen above the sheltering ridge when Hancock's leading brigade takes its place and awaits the orders to charge. It is the brigade of Zook's. And no man of all the thousands, who from either side watched its advance when at last the word came, will ever forget that peerless example of valor and discipline. Over the crest they swept. Brooke, with his renowned Fifty-third Pennsylvania, Bailey with the Second Delaware, Paul Frank with the Fifty-second New York, the Fifty-seventh New York under Major Throop, the Sixty-sixth under Captain Wehle, and Bostwick with the Twenty-seventh Connecticut. Forward as steadily as when on parade in old camp California, this magnificent brigade moved to its hopeless task. Will they succeed? Success in its true sense is impossible against tier upon tier of blazing musketry. Zook's men bent themselves as men who breast a furious gale. The brigade has struggled forward to the last of the fences; the stone wall less than a hundred yards away; the killed and wounded fall like leaves in autumn, while hundreds of men, brave among the bravest, lie down beneath the storm of lead.

"The attempt to take Mary's Heights in front, with all the conditions so overwhelmingly adverse, was a gigantic folly, and only a miracle as great as the folly could have made this battle any other than it was—the most disastrous and unnecessary disgrace of the war."

If the Fifty-seventh must sacrifice itself in such an ill-planned and ill-starred battle, surely it could ask no higher words of

praise than those given above, especially as they are from the pen of one who, as a historian, knew the regiment only by its deeds.

Three hours after we had made our charge upon the heights, there was only six men of the Fifty-seventh with the regimental colors left on the advanced line. The reasons why there was only six men was this. When it became apparent that we could not advance any nearer to the enemy without sacrificing every man in line, it became a question with the commander how to get the men away with as little loss as possible. To do so in a body would make it appear to the enemy like a retreat, and on the other hand if the regiment fell back in a body the chances was that one-half of the men would be killed while so doing. It was decided to order the men to fall back by twos and threes until all would have retreated, but that the colors and the color guards should remain until the last. This movement was made and the men fell back as ordered, by twos and threes, so the reader will now understand why there was only the six men and the colors left on the line. The names of the six men were: Sergeant G. Fredericks, Corporal George Taylor, Privates William Hughes, William H. Hardy, Andrew J. Wilson and Jacob H. Cole, and with them it became a problem how to get the colors off the field. It was planned that they should go in twos, the first couple to take the colors, and if they fell, then the next couple perhaps would be spared to carry them further, but if the second ones should also fall, then the third couple would be near at hand to carry them back to the regiment. Though the fire was yet fierce, it mercifully happened that the time of starting was opportune and only one of the number, Corporal Taylor, was seriously wounded, and he was carried off by those who followed.

The rest formed in line, and as they marched down Water street cheer after cheer greeted us along the way, and the remarks

made "Is that all that's left of you," told too nearly the truth of the bloody sacrifice of the faithful Fifty-seventh on that fateful thirteenth day of December.

The climax of cheers, however, was reached when the remains of the regiment, scarce forty men, who had gathered on the shore of the river beheld the dear old flag floating aloft, yet in the hands of its defenders. Cheers and tears were mingled together with an earnest thanksgiving for its deliverance from a calamity that no true soldier ever forgets.

Night was a welcome visitor to the broken hosts that lay along the Rappahannock river on the evening of December 13th, 1862. The wounded who were able crawled off the field, and many who were not able were carried off on stretchers. We lay on the shore during the early evening, watching the Confederate shells, with burning fuse, sail through the air above like lighted balloons, until we saw the flash and heard the report that marked their explosion. Sometimes bursting directly over us the pieces would strike the ground uncomfortable near us, or splash into the river, or bury themselves in human flesh. All of the 14th and 15th of December we lay on our arms, expecting a new attack, and when on the latter night, about ten o'clock, we were ordered to front, supposed it was for a night surprise, but found it was to cover the return of the army across the river. Here we stumbled in the darkness over muskets and haversacks, striking now and again a tin cup, whose hollow sound would bring a chance shot from the enemy. Finally we lay down among the dead and remained until about two o'clock, when we were awakened and ordered to the rear. Then came the shocking experience of trying to wake up the man close to whom we had been sleeping only to find that he was a dead one. Silently we stole away to the city and river, crossed the bridge, and soon after daylight, on the

16th, entered again the camp that we had left on the night of the 10th.

After a night of solid rest came the usual muster and accounting for absentees. In addition to those mentioned as having been wounded on the eleventh was: Lieutenant Paul M. Pon was killed; Major Throop, who led the regiment into action, was mortally wounded and died the following 12th day of January; Captain Alcoke lost his left arm. Our total loss on both the 11th and 13th, as corrected by the later returns, was: One officer and seven killed, eight officers and seventy men wounded, and one man missing; making a total of eighty-seven.

Under a flag of truce Colonel Brooks, with a detail of men crossed the river on the morning of the 17th for the purpose of burying the dead. He found and buried 913 dead soldiers and brought across the river the bodies of five officers. Nearly all these had been stripped by the enemy of clothes and valuables and left entirely naked. The bodies that were found nearest the rebel works belonged to the divisions of French and Hancock. A search was made for the body of Lieutenant Pon, but without success.

The regiment on dress parade listened to the following fatherly words from President Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION.
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 22, 1862.

To the Army of the Potomac:

I have just read your commanding general's report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error nor the failure other than accident. The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained a contest against an entrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of

COLONEL DEKROM.

Photo taken 1862.

the country and of popular government. Condoling with the mourners for the dead and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small. I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

A. LINCOLN.

At the time my regiment was at Harper's Ferry, I received a letter from my aunt in Paterson, and among other news that it contained was the information that her son, Louis Messenger, a cousin of mine, had enlisted in the Twenty-fifth New Jersey, and that three of the companies in that regiment were from Paterson. So many events happened after I received my aunt's letter that I had partially forgotten all about my cousin having enlisted, but on the morning of December 11th, 1862, we then lying in front of Fredericksburg, I had the fact recalled to my mind in this wise: On that morning after we had been relieved from duty (we having been guarding the engineers who were laying the pontoon bridges) as we arrived on the bank of the river, some of our boys cried out, "There goes the Twenty-fifth New Jersey," and then I remembered what my aunt had written in her letter. As soon as I was able to do so, I went to General Zook and asked him for a pass that I might go and find the Twenty-fifth New Jersey, which had just passed us, stating that my cousin was a member of said regiment and I would like to see him. The general gave me a pass and I found the regiment lying in the valley to our left.

The first man I met was Colonel Derrom. The question he asked me was "What regiment do you belong to?" I told him that I belonged to the Fifty-seventh New York, and stated that I had been in the fight that morning protecting the engineers, while they were laying the pontoon bridges, so that the army could cross. At the same time I showed him my rifle, which I had not had time to clean. The colonel at the time had on a pair of white

kid gloves, and as he grasped hold of my rifle, the powder left its mark. He smiled and I laughed. He said he was satisfied that I had been in the fight that morning. He also remarked that there was terrible fighting going on now and that he would like to be in it. I replied, "That, Colonel, is only heavy cannonading between the two armies, and I think that tomorrow you will get all the fighting you want. I asked him for permission to see some of his men, as I had heard that three of the companies were from Paterson. He gave me permission, at the same time stating that he was also from Paterson. I then walked over to a lot of men and found a great many whom I knew. Among them were: William H. Hand, Robert Stalter, Jerry Stalter, Abe Shay and Gin Snyder of Long Pond Forge, Louis Messenger, John Struck, J. R. Spittle, James Stone, Louis A. Piaget, Amiza P. Dodd, George Kindall, George Vanderbilt,Cornelius Vanderbilt, Joseph Mosley, James Riley, William Reed, Andrew Doremus, Albert Doremus, George Burton, David C. Bogert, John H. Riker, George Vanatta, Philip Mentnech, John McKiernan, J. T. Hilton, P. H. Van Riper, James J. Inglis, John Reid, A. J. Rogers, S. G. McKiernan, Cornelius Bogert, Henry Kimble, George Preston, David Ackerman, Henry Proll, George M Torbet, and many others whose names I cannot at the present moment recall.

When I first met the boys I found them eating crackers and molasses. I said, "Boys, you will pay for what you are eating." They all laughed and made fun over what I told them, and one made the remark that he had always eaten molasses and it never had ever hurt him yet, and he did not think it would hurt him now. I said "All right, boys, but wait until tomorrow." And it was just as I told them. The next day every man of them had, at various times through the day, very urgent business in the rear, and if the enemy had been after them, they could not have moved any quicker. My time being up, I was obliged to hurry back to my regiment.

On the 12th of December, the army of the Potomac crossed the river. We crossed early in the morning and lay in Water street near the river. The Twenty-fifth crossed with the Ninth corps and lay in the street above us. The boys from the Twenty-fifth New Jersey came down to cook their coffee with us, and while they were cooking their coffee the Confederate artillery commenced to drop shell upon us, which caused the boys of the Twenty-fifth to hurry back to their command. One hour later I went up to see the boys of the Twenty-fifth where they lay in the street. Jerry Stalter told me that they had found a keg of whiskey in a cellar and wanted me to have a drink. I told him that I was temperate, but if they would give me a canteen full I would take it down to the boys when I returned. Before I returned to my regiment I found Colonel Derrom and the officers of the regiment had established their headquarters in a house, and while I was talking to the colonel a shell struck the roof of the house and exploded, which caused a scattering of the officers, and I hurried back to my regiment. Shortly after I returned we were ordered to advance in the line of battle. We were in the battle all that afternoon, and I did not see the boys of the Twenty-fifth until the battle was over, and then I visited the Twenty-fifth again and found that a lot of the boys had been wounded and some of them killed.

I again had an interview with Colonel Derrom, and asked him if he had had all the fighting he wanted, to which he replied that he had. The friendship thus formed between Colonel Derrom and myself at Fredericksburg lasted as long as he lived. The Twenty-fifth New Jersey was a good regiment and Fredericksburg being their first fight they did nobly.

It seems strange, though perhaps it is natural, that when events of a very trying nature and of serious moment are occurring if anything ridiculous happens it is likely to bear the same

extreme, and be as supremely ridiculous. No doubt human nature has provided these vents of mirthfulness to relieve the excessive pressure of serious action, just as volcanoes give outlet to the burning masses at the centre of the earth. So in a battle little things take on the grotesque and many a funny incident is told after the battle, which but for the intensity of the hour would hardly have been noticed.

Amid the death hail of Hazel Dell a soldier trips and creates a laugh. As a ball removes another's hat the boys remark about his politeness. The utter abandon of the situation even makes fun out of the most serious casualties.

On the morning of the 11th, while supporting the bridge layers, some one was shot and immediately began to yell as though he was being murdered. Above the roar of the firing his voice could be heard, crying, "I'm shot, I'm shot, take me off, take me off; I shall die, oh, I shall die." Sympathetic comrades rushed to his assistance, lifted him up and asked where he was hit. "In the arm," he shouted, "take me off, take me off; I shall die."

It would hardly be possible for the skilled artist to reproduce the look of disgust that came over the faces of these would-be helpers. It certainly would not be in place to reproduce their language here, yet leaving out the expletives, and softening the expressions, it might be summarized somewhat as follows: "You crazy fool, if you are only shot in the arm get up and walk. Anybody would think that your head was shot off."

At a dock where the regiment lay while in Fredericksburg, cases of tobacco had been sunk by the inhabitants to save them from falling into our hands. Their presence, however, was somehow discovered, many cases fished up, and the tobacco users got five or six plugs of good navy tobacco.

While moving out of the city to charge the heights, after the railroad had been crossed and the lime kiln passed, a shell struck

Albert Taylor, of Company I, and scattered his body so that a piece of his skull struck Corporal Lawrence Floyd and knocked him senseless for several minutes.

While on the knoll near the stone wall, a little fellow was seen crawling along on his hands and knees and dragging behind him, by a thread of flesh, his broken leg. He seemed unconcerned until spoken to, then, yielding somewhat to the pain, asked the way off the field. "Cheer up, my brave boy," said the stranger comrade, "follow along that fence and you will get off all right." On the boy crawled, leaving a trail of blood behind him, but whether his strength gave out or a new shot took his life is not known. Such instances are a necessary part of war and are too frequent to stir the emotions, yet their impress on one's memory never fades away.

The Fifty-seventh New York and the Fifty-third Pennsylvania were assigned to provost duty at Falmouth, under the command of Colonel Zook. We were quartered in an empty house and barn. Companies B and C, for example, occupied the hay loft of a barn in which bunks were improvised and covered with straw. An old stove was secured and set up, and the boys began light housekeeping. On Christmas day one of them made apple dumplings, using crushed crackers for flour, pork grease for lard and dried apples for stuffing. They were pronounced both elegant and excellent. The ingress to these palatial quarters was by the same route that Jack took to get to the top of the bean stalk.

There was considerable picket duty to do along the river, the usual drills and parades and plenty of fatigue work. A baker kept a store near our quarters, selling what we called "India rubber pies," made of flour, water and dried apples. These he sold for twenty-five and thirty-five cents each. It happened that an army sutler had smuggled some liquor into camp, and some

of the boys, having stolen it, carried it into the baker's shop for concealment, and there, with the baker, they got happy and careless. The baker became so good natured that he told us to help ourselves to anything we wanted. We did not want much, but did succeed in carrying off a barrel of flour, nearly as much sugar and more of dried apples, but not to be too hard on this benevolent lover of his country's protectors, we left him the barrels and some other things we could not use.

About this time boxes of good things began coming to camp from friends at home, but owing to the delay in reaching us, most of their contents was stale and could not be eaten, while that of others were in good condition. One box sent by Washington friends contained a ten pound turkey, stuffed with oysters and packed in sweets. Everybody on the floor got a taste from this box.

While the Fifty-seventh was yet at Falmouth, some officers were seen to go regularly into a certain store, so it was surmised that there must be something in the store worth going for, although what they bought and carried out was not visible to the naked eye. Some of the men became over curious to know what it was and determined to investigate. The most singular part of it was that two different parties, one from the Fifty-seventh New York and the other from the Fifty-third Pennsylvania had decided to investigate (unbeknown to each other) on the same night. One entered by the front door and the other by the back door without meeting or disturbing each other. The Fifty-third boys carried away a stove and the Fifty-seventh a bag of potatoes. In the morning the burglary was discovered and the quarters of the two regiments were searched. The stove was found, but no potatoes were in sight. The saddest of all is that the Fifty-third boys got the credit for both thefts, had to give up the stove, and do extra duty, but had not even a taste of the potatoes.

This provost duty ceased about the last of January, when we moved to a position some two miles distant from the town, and put up log huts for winter quarters. One of these huts is described as eight logs high, covered with canvas, having a fire place and chimney at one end. A bedstead was made as follows: Four crotched sticks were driven into the ground for posts; on these lengthwise were laid two stringers and crossing them were smaller sticks, which formed the spring part of the bed; on top of these several inches thick was laid pine boughs, which took the place of feathers, and the whole was covered with the army blanket. No Dives ever slept sounder or more comfortable on his bed of down than these soldiers slept here.

About this time General Burnside reviewed the army, but there was a great contrast between this review and the last one of McClellan. As the latter was accompanied with incessant cheering, while in this not one cheer was raised.

The mud campaign began on 20th of January, but the Second corps did not leave its camp. This was Burnside's attempt to cross the Rappahannock at the upper fords, and attack Lee on his left flank. It failed on account of the condition of the roads, but it would have been a greater failure had a battle been fought, because of the lack of sympathy with the movement, as it was undertaken against the judgment of most of the generals.

Stonewall Jackson once said, "I can whip any army that is followed by a flock of cattle," meaning that hungry soldiers will fight desperately for food, and judging from the way that the rebels foraged and stripped our dead after a battle, Stonewall Jackson was right.

General Orders No. 8, issued January 23rd, by General Burnside, dismissed General Hooker from the service on account of insubordination, subject to the approval of the President. But the President did not approve. By the same order General

Franklin was relieved of his command in the army of the Potomac. Two days after the following order came from the War Department:

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 25, 1863.

The President of the United States has directed that Major-General Burnside, at his own request, be relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac. That Major-General Sumner, at his own request, be relieved from duty in the army of the Potomac. That Major-General Franklin be relieved from duty in the army of the Potomac. That Major-General Hooker be assigned to the command of the army of the Potomac.

By Order of

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.
Townsend, Ass't. Adj.-General.

It was everywhere known that General Hooker was insubordinate not so much that he would not obey orders, as that he talked openly against his superior officer. It was also believed that General Franklin was luke warm in his attack at Fredericksburg, and this feeling caused his removal. General Sumner was not well, as events proved, as he died two months later, much to the regret of the men whom he had commanded while in the army of the Potomac.

General Couch now became the commander of the Second corps. He came to us from the First division of the Sixth corps, and of him it was said by several writers that our great war had brought out a great wealth of manly valor, but in all the American armies on either side rode no man across the bloody spaces of the battlefield more calm and resolute than did General Couch. Danger never depressed or dulled his faculties. We only knew the man; it was only necessary to hear his voice or to look into

his eyes during a crisis of some terrible fight to at once have our confidence restored. General Couch is to be our commander now until General Hancock succeeds him in June, 1863. He has already been at the head of the corps since October last, though only temporarily assigned to it. He has led us since Antietam, but now assumes the permanent command.

The retirement of General Burnside was not regretted. The men had no confidence in his ability to lead them to victory. They had much more confidence in "Fighting Joe Hooker," who now became commander of the army of the Potomac, for they had fought by his side and knew that he was able and brave. Whether he could command so large an army remained to be seen. One thing we found out, and that was that he was a thorough disciplinarian. Everything had to be done just so and always promptly.

The slaughter of Fredericksburg was followed by the fiasco of the mud march, and then General Burnside, having offered the President the alternative of accepting his resignation or at once removing a number of his corps commanders, was promptly relieved of his command and General Hooker, or "Fighting Joe Hooker," as he was called, was put in his place at the head of the army. General Hooker at once proceeded to straighten out the tangle in which Burnside had left the army, spent the wet months in reorganizing it, and in April had it in good condition to move on to another day of glory or another day of defeat.

CHAPTER IX.

Private Letter from A. Lincoln to Major-General Hooker.—Incidents of Camp Life at Falmouth.—March to Chancellorville and General Hooker's Address.—Battle of Chancellorville.—Death of the Rebel General Stonewall Jackson.—The Retreat from Chancellorville.—Back to the Old Camp at Falmouth.

When General Hooker assumed command of the army of the Potomac, President Lincoln sent him the following letter, which was of a private nature and was dated at Washington, D. C.:

EXECUTIVE MANSION.
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26, 1863.

Major-General Hooker.

GENERAL:—I have placed you at the head of the army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The

government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done or will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon (if he were alive again) could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it, and now beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

Yours Very Truly,

A. LINCOLN.

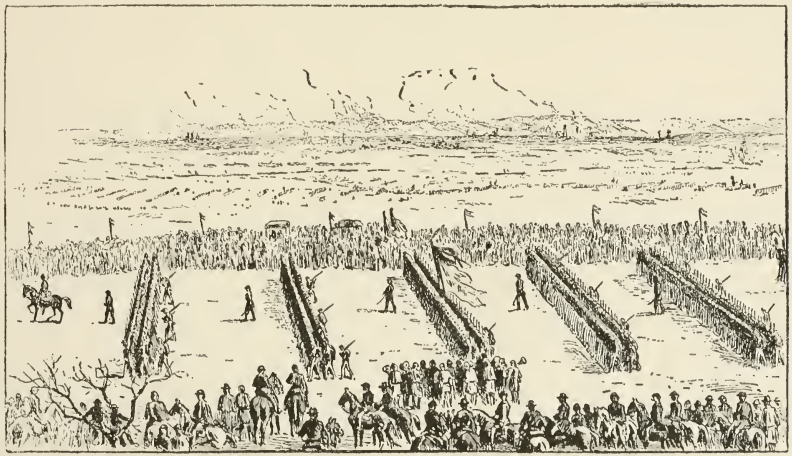
To General Hooker belongs the honor of having introduced the plan of designating the several army corps with distinctive badges. The germ of the idea was the happy thought of the gallant Phil Kearney, who at Fair Oaks ordered the soldiers of his division to sew a piece of red flannel on their caps so that he could recognize them in the tumult of battle. Hooker developed this idea into a system which proved most useful during the war. The honored badge of the Second corps was the trefoil, or clover leaf, and it was about the prettiest badge of them all, and the red was the prettiest of the trefoil. We became quite vain of this badge before we were through with it.

The pickets along the river had become, by this time, quite familiar and used to keep up conversations and joke about matters very freely. It was a long while before the rebels got over twitting us about our little Napoleon (referring to General McClellan) and about our stick in the mud campaign. Little boats with sails and rudders were made, and in these were put newspapers, tobacco, coffee and other exchangeable articles and passed back and forth.

The weather during the winter of 1862 and 1863 was very severe on the army that lay in front of Fredericksburg and none suffered more than those whose duty it was to stand on picket guard along the river front. My regiment was frequently called

upon to do picket duty along the river; about every other week we were called upon for this duty, and when it rained or snowed we would have our clothes frozen on us, as we were not allowed to have any fire on the line. Many nights during the severest weather I would take my musket and turning it upside down, stick the bayonet in the ground, and then slapping my hands would run up and down my beat to keep warm. At such times as these it is that a man's thoughts will go back to the loved ones at home and to scenes of his boyhood days, and it was so with me. Many nights, when solitary and alone on the picket line, I have imagined I could see the folks at home. At other times I would let my mind wander back to my boyhood days, among the mountains around Greenwood Lake, or as it was then known as the long pond, or of the days spent at Sloatsburg.

While we lay at Fredericksburg, the regiment received a large number of recruits. They were divided among the different companies, and to teach them their duties they were placed under the care of the older members of their company. It was the same on picket duty. One of the new men was placed on picket with me. His beat joined mine, and during the early part of the night, I endeavored to instruct him in his duties—among others, how he should act when the grand rounds would come around about midnight. I done this several times until he assured me he understood it perfectly. It was but a short time after my last caution to him and while I was at the other end of my beat, I was startled to hear him challenge some one with the words "Halt! who goes there?" The answer was "The Grand Rounds." Instead of saying "Halt, Grand Rounds! Advance sergeant, and give the countersign," the recruit said "Oh, h—, I thought it was the relief." Fortunately for the recruit it happened that the Grand Rounds that night was the colonel of our regiment, and when he came to me, said: "Jake, what kind of a man is that



REVIEW BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN — FALMOUTH, OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG.

sentry?" I said he is one of the new recruits. The colonel said "I thought so. If it had been an officer of another regiment he would have been court martialed."

At the beginning of April, signs of a new campaign became visible. Supplies of every kind poured into the lines of the army. The hospitals were rapidly discharging their patients, and the ranks of the various regiments were filled up amazingly. Then the grand review, the usual prelude to a general movement, took place.

It was a clear warm morning when our brigade started for rendezvous of the army on the plains of Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg. On our arrival we found the entire command on the ground preparing for the review. The plateau selected sloped gradually to the river with here and there a few slight dips in the ground. On the right the cavalry were in front, ranged in solid masses by regiments and brigades, and as our regiment took up its allotted position, I saw that the infantry to the right and left were rapidly forming in like order. There were four lines, two corps in each, the regiments standing like blocks, with their colors in front, while the batteries of artillery were placed in the spaces between the divisions. Our brigade happened to be stationed on the highest point to the left. I could see the whole army as it stood marshaled in grand array on a plain fully two miles square. The sun was shining bright and warm. As orders came for the men to rest, the slight breeze being just sufficient to stir the heavy silken folds of the regimental colors as they waved in their tattered elegance. It was a scene for the genius of a Vernet, with all its martial glory and wealth of color. The bright rays of the sun flashing on a hundred thousand bayonets and sabers as they were moved at the word of command, the picturesque field batteries, the dashing cavalry, and the long dark lines of infantry, the parti-colored banners of the corps, divisions

and brigade commanders bearing their strange devices of star, crescent and cross, were the salient points in this living, animated picture. It was war in all its pomp and circumstances, and as I watched the sunlight play in dalliance on the burnished steel of gun, barrel and bayonet, or followed with curious eye the passage of the clouds, throwing their soft shadows over the assembled host as the breeze carried them swiftly over our heads, I began to feel all that warm delight and enthusiasm that comes so naturally to a soldier at a time of a holiday or parade. Here was a mighty army ready for combat and campaign, marshaled in all its massive strength and power.

As my eye wandered over the striking scene, my cheek glowed at the brilliancy of the scene and the magic of the hour, though I knew this grand review to be but the prelude to a long summer of fatigue, danger and privations. We had arrived about the hour of noon, as so well timed were all the arrangements that there was no confusion, no hesitation. Regiments, brigades and divisions formed with a precision due to long practice and perfect discipline, so that the several corps fell into line with marvelous rapidity. As we thus prepared for the final ceremony, I could see on the heights beyond Fredericksburg, which a few weeks before we had vainly tried to win, long brown lines. It was the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, gazing at its opponent in the field. There, no doubt, were the eyes of Lee, of Longstreet and of Jackson all fixed upon us.

Seldom has an army moved in review before such spectators. There was no battle threatened, though the two armies were face to face. We were enjoying the brighter side of military life. The darker aspect was to follow in the near future, in a death struggle. Both armies were equally brave, and while the one paraded to receive the President, the other watched with curious eyes the splendors of the pageant unfolded before it.

As I leaned upon my gun, waiting for the signal that was to tell us that the review had commenced, my thoughts wandered back to the happy days in Paterson, and I saw again the old home, the faces of friends. Thus meditating on the past and the change that had taken place since I saw them last, I was rudely awakened from my day dreams and recalled to the present moment by the report of a field piece. It was the signal on the extreme left of the front line. I had noticed a tall flag staff from which fluttered a huge ensign. As the sound of the gun died away the flag fell and rose again. Then we saw the flash and smoke of another cannon, and as its booming came to our ears a third was fired. An aide now went galloping along the front of the cavalry. Next the bugles sounded the "boots and saddle" call, and I saw the 11,000 horsemen mount their steeds. Scarcely had the lines grown steady when a battery, stationed near the river, began firing the "National Salute." On the instant we heard a hoarse command and a broad flash of light swept along the cavalry corps as the men drew their swords from their scabbards, amid the smoke of the saluting battery.

I saw a tall figure on horseback ride toward the centre of the line. It was the President, and at his side rode an officer, we knew to be General Hooker, while behind them galloped his brilliant staff. As the President rode forward, color after color fell in obedience, and now and then a solitary sword dropped as the generals tendered their salutes. On from our right, then the infantry bugles began their clamor, and our lines became rigid. When the President came riding back, there was more flashes of light, as the brigades presented arms and the colors waved tumultuously in the increasing breeze. Up one line and down the other galloped the Chief of the People, and I could distinguish Mr. Lincoln's face as he drew nearer and nearer our line.

To the shrill note of the bugle and the measured roll of the drum, our corps now stood ready to give the salute.

"Present arms!" cries our colonel, hoarsely. And as the men's muskets pass from their shoulders to the front, I lowered my musket for a moment to see a tall form, crowned with a high black hat, and with him an erect soldierly figure. They gallop past side by side, and now the staff go thundering by. "Shoulder arms!" is the order, and then the men remain like so many statues, until I hear the clatter of hoofs behind us. As these sounds die away, the order to rest is again given and we watch the closing scenes. By and by the cavalry get into motion, wheel swiftly into column and begin counter marching to the left. Next the lines of infantry break into column, and an hour after our own turn comes and we are in motion. As we reached the route of marching in review I could see over the heads of the men a long line of troops extending over two miles in the distance, moving toward the reviewing stand.

At length we came to a signal flag. We are now approaching the President as he waits to see the army march by in solid column. "Right Shoulder Arms!" cries our colonel over his shoulder, and a minute after the regiment pushes forward with steady, swinging step, following our colonel's example, and I once more catch a glimpse of the President's face as he raises his hat in honor of our tattered and faded colors. Then came the order to quicken our steps, and as we dash on at a headlong pace we know that the review is at an end for us. Never again would all these men meet in a review again in this world.

Many of the wounded of Fredericksburg were sufficiently recovered to be again in their places, and are ready for another battle and other wounds. It seems strange, nevertheless it is true, that some men could not get near a battle without getting wounded, while others would be in the thickest of every fight and

not get as much as a scratch. The boys used to say often on the eve of an engagement, "I am going to get a comfortable wound through the calf of my leg, just enough to give me a vacation for a month or two." Poor fellows, many of them got a long vacation from the warfare of life, while others, after the most intensest sufferings, lived to be life-long cripples. Another expression frequently heard was that "the bullet is not made yet to hit me"; others again would seem to have a premonition of death, as in the case of Colonel Chapman.

THE MARCH TO CHANCELLORSVILLE.

On the 14th day of April, 1863, orders was received for us to march the next day at noon (this was the commencement of the Chancellorville campaign). There was issued to each man eight days' rations and 160 rounds of ball cartridges. Each man was to carry one shirt, one pair of socks. All our other clothing, except what we had on was to be packed and delivered to the quartermaster. No officers' baggage was allowed. It began to rain the same afternoon that the orders were received and con-

tinued raining through the next day, so no start was made and we continued to lay in camp for twelve days after we received the orders, expecting each day to receive the orders to move. Not until the 26th of April was the Second corps called into line.

General Doubleday had left several days before, taking the road south, and was now across the Rappahannock some miles below the city, in a movement which was a feint to deceive the enemy and draw him in that direction. On the 26th three corps, the Eleventh, Twelfth and Fifth, started up the river to cross at Germania, Ely and Kelly fords, for a descent upon Lee's left flank. The Second corps bivouaced the first night near Banks ford and the second night near the United States ford. It rained again, as usual, as it was the rainy season of the year, and the ground was soon one mass of mud. The 28th of April was spent in cutting a road and laying corduroy that the artillery might pass. The engineers completed the work of laying the pontoon bridges, and the same night the Second corps crossed the river.

The Fifty-seventh began the 29th day of April by leveling the rebel breastworks on the west side of the ford. On the 30th of April we began our march westward through the woods and continued to march until nearly midnight. The first day of May opened very pleasantly, being warm, which was quite a contrast to the weather during the night, which had been cold and disagreeable. The regiment again began its march and moved about a mile or more beyond Chancellorville and then returned to the open space before the Chancellor house, and took position in the woods to the left for the night. It was here that we heard what General Hooker had said to his officers on the eve of the battle: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." He is also said to have declared

in conversation: "The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond."

Had success followed his movement these boasts would have passed into history as the wisdom of a great general, and there is no doubt that at the time they were uttered, General Hooker had every reason to consider himself able to make them good. But, as we shall learn later, he lost the battle of Chancellorville through two mistakes he made at the very commencement—first, by over-confidence; and second, by the position he chose for his line of battle. In fact, it is now generally conceded that General Hooker's loss of the battle of Chancellorville was due very largely to this falling back from the open and higher grounds beyond the woods to the low wooded and cramped position where artillery could not be used to advantage and the free movement of a large force was quite impossible.

Had General Hooker pushed persistently out towards Fredericksburg, as he had begun, he could have secured a commanding position for his cannon and comparatively good ground for fighting a large army effectively against one inferior in numbers. Then he would have uncovered Banks Ford and connected easily with Sedgewick, who was before the city.

Generals Warren, Couch and others protested bitterly against falling back, but Hooker assured them it was all right and repeated the order. The evening and night of May 1st were not restful, as there was heavy artillery firing in our vicinity and much activity among the skirmishers. Waking on the 2nd, the Fifty-seventh found itself on the left centre of our line and near its apex. It was part of the time in the woods, and part in the open or cleared ground. At the time of which I am writing the most of the ground from the several fords across the Rappahannock river consisted of dense woods, which extended for miles

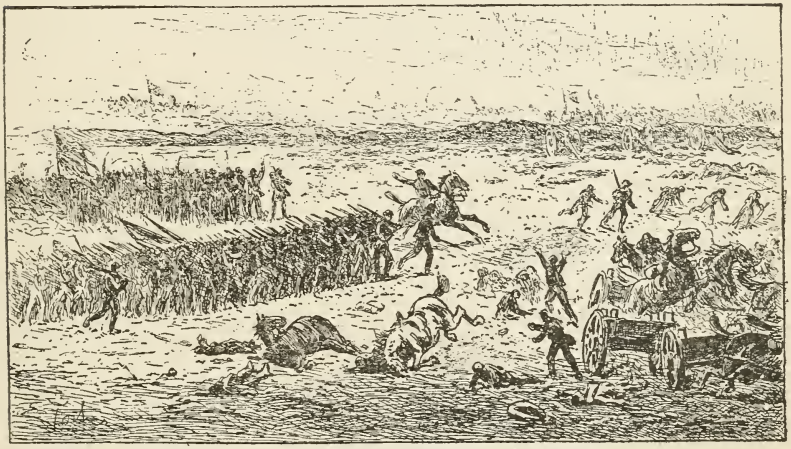
to the south of the Chancellor house, so that where the army was encamped it would be impossible to see the enemy five hundred yards away.

On the morning of Saturday, May 2nd, 1863, the battle of Chancellorville began as soon as day dawned. The position occupied by the Fifty-seventh New York was at a point where the line formed a sharp convex. The battle raged on three sides with intensest fury. The rebel shells crossed each other over our heads, coming from opposite directions, and raked our line from either side, so that one hardly knew on which side of a tree to get as he was as safe on one side as the other. There was a terrible fire of musketry in front, and on the right flank great confusion. After about three or four hours of fierce firing, all at once it became as still as though there was not a soul anywhere around. This continued until about six or seven o'clock in the evening. During this interval of silence and repose various rumors became rife among the men that Lee was on the retreat south, and others that he was trying to get back to his entrenchments at Fredericksburg, but how little did we know the events that were taking place on the extreme right of our army and that before midnight our army would be in danger of either being destroyed or taken prisoners.

Early in the morning Stonewall Jackson, with his magnificent corps of tried veterans, consisting of about 30,000 men, had moved across our front, and marching around to the extreme right flank of the army had, about six o'clock in the evening, attacked the right flank, which was held by the Eleventh corps, and broken it all to pieces. Of this, at the time, we knew nothing, as it was supposed that Lee was retreating south and every moment we expected to receive orders to march in pursuit of the rebel army. At this time, about six in the evening, our extreme right was about three miles from the position we occupied, but

soon the quiet of our position was to be rudely disturbed. The men of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps came streaming down our line in such a way that our artillery could not fire without killing them. At this time I was under the impression that these men were all from the Eleventh corps, but since that time I have learned that only part were from the Eleventh corps.

The men ran like frightened deer, not knowing whither. A battery near us opened fire on them, thinking that the rebels had



THE ROUT OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS, CHANCELLORSVILLE.

broken through. General Morgan seems to have been laboring under the same misconception of the affair as we did, as he said The stampede of the Eleventh corps was something curious and wonderful to behold. I have seen horses and cattle stampeded on the plains, blinded apparently by fright, rush over wagons, rocks, streams or any obstacle in the way, but never before or since have I seen thousands of men actuated seemingly by the same unreasoning fear that takes possession of a herd of cattle. As the crowd of fugitives ran by the Chancellor house, the great-

est effort was made to check them, but only those stopped who were knocked down by the swords of staff officers or the sponge staffs of Kirby's battery, that was drawn up across the road. Many of them ran right on down the turnpike towards Fredericksburg, through our line of battle and picket line, and into the enemy's line, the only reply we could get to our arguments or entreaties were "All ist verloren; veres ist der pontoons?"

The movement of Jackson was successful beyond expectations, and yet in the sight of the various reports of the battle as given by the various officers, it has always been a wonder to the writer that the whole army was not captured or their retreat cut off in such a way that Hooker would have been obliged to surrender. And only for the blunder and stupidity of one of Stonewall Jackson's generals such an event would have occurred.

As I have already remarked the movement of Jackson was successful, but it cost the enemy even more than it cost us, as at this battle Stonewall Jackson had been mortally wounded, and this was a greater loss to the rebel army than the loss of the whole battle was to us. We could fight again if defeated, but one of their best leaders was gone forever.

When the success of Jackson's movement was assured, Lee pressed at every point with all his might, but with little success. About dark of the 2nd our line was moved to the west and beyond the Chancellor house to a point on the edge of the woods. The Fifty-seventh was still farther advanced as a picket line. General Hancock, in his report, says that: "On the night of the 2nd of May the enemy frequently opened with artillery from the heights towards Fredericksburg, and from those on my right, and with infantry assaulted my advanced line of rifle pits, but was always handsomely repulsed by the troops on duty there, consisting of the Fifty-seventh, Sixty-fourth and Sixty-sixth New York Volunteers and detachments from the Fifty-second

New York, the Second Delaware and the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers."

On the night of May 2nd a detail was made from each regiment of the Third brigade of the First division of the Second corps to go on the firing line, with strict orders not to allow any one to pass. The countersign for the night was "Scott." One peculiar thing about the orders for the detail when the men were chosen for this duty was that they must all be American born from American parentage. I happened to be one of those chosen. About midnight an attack was made, but which side commenced firing I never found out. All I know was that I with the rest was shoved back and almost run over, and in trying to get clear I started through the bushes, which were very close together. I took my musket and parted them and thus worked my way through. When I got through I discovered a soldier whom I afterwards found was a member of the Third corps. I then discovered that the Second and Third corps had become mixed. Soon men began to call out this way for the Fifty-seventh, and then other regiments were called for, and so it went. As soon as daylight came, I found that instead of the Fifty-seventh New York it was the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania that had been called for. As soon as possible I hastened to rejoin my regiment. After the fighting was over, on the 3rd of May, I visited the Seventh New Jersey and learned that a man whom I knew, by the name of Jess Huyler, had been killed. I learned about the position of his body, and at night I went out with some of the members of his regiment to find his body. After we had found it, we brought it inside our lines and buried him. Afterwards I wrote to his brother, who was then living at Greenwood Lake, giving him all the particulars of his death.

Colonel Nelson A. Miles, under whose command we were on the night of the 2nd, speaks thus in his report:

"At 3 A. M. I withdrew the picket line to the rear of an abatis, which had been formed during the night by some of the regiments of the division. Here I remained during the day. The force of our line consisted of the Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers, Colonel Chapman, two companies of the Fifty-second New York, four companies of the Second Delaware, and six companies of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, with the Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers. We were constantly engaged skirmishing with the enemy during the day, and about 3 P. M. the enemy commenced massing his troops in two columns, one on each side of the road, flanked by a line of battle about eight hundred yards in our front in the woods, and so near were they to us that we could distinctly hear every order given by their officers while making their formation.

"They soon advanced with a tremendous yell and were met with a sure and deadly fire from our single line. A very sharp engagement then began, which continued for about one hour, when the enemy fell back in disorder. Their charge was impetuous and determined, advancing within twenty yards of our abatis, but we hurled them back with fearful loss. During the night they made no further demonstration."

The part thus taken by the Fifty-seventh regiment made it conspicuous in the entire battle. No less than ten times it is mentioned in the report of the general officers.

There was a continuous falling back from the time we were ordered to retire from the first position, a mile beyond the Chancellor house, on the first day. General Hancock seems to have had a mania for giving up every good position until every hill was crowned with rebel cannon that poured their iron hail into the basin below, where the Union army was huddled together, so that our holding a picket line against a whole brigade of rebels and repulsing them stands out in marked contrast on a black

background to the action of some others in the same position.

As soon as the regiment was relieved from the picket line, it became a part of General Caldwell's provisional brigade. This marched down the road towards the United States ford, about three-quarters of a mile, there faced the woods on the right of the road, and at the word of command advanced under a fire of grape and canister, and came upon the rebel rifle pits. A deadly volley from these at first halted our advance, but we poured back such a weight of lead that they left their pits and ran. Afterwards we fell back a little to correct our line and throw up entrenchments.

General Caldwell, in his report, says: "The Fifty-second and the Fifty-seventh New York of General Zook's brigade, behaved admirably. All the fighting of the third day was for the Chancellorville position, and by night Hooker had lost it."

General Lee ordered forward his entire line, and the space before the Chancellor house was a very pandemonium of hissing shells. The rebel infantry piled out from the woods over our entrenched position in charge after charge, but were repulsed until our ammunition gave out, and no supports arriving (although more than 20,000 men had not had a chance to get at the enemy), a part of the line gave way, followed by another and then another.

And now the moment of defeat approaches resolved to do or die, the decimated divisions of Stuart gather themselves together, close their ranks and advance for the final assault. From every quarter the rebel artillery opens a fearful fire over the plain, which fairly shrieks with the flying, plunging shells. The two wings of the Confederate army, which had been separated since the hour of the morning before when Jackson set out on his great flank movement, had again been reunited. As Perry on the left of Anderson and Archer on the right of Stuart join their

brigades at Hazel Grove, Lee himself rides forward to greet the troops of Stuart's corps and to animate them for the conflict.

All along the line from farthest right to farthest left the Confederate host advances, McClay and Anderson push hard upon Hancock and Geary, while Heth, Rodes and Colstan renew their fierce assaults on Williams, Sickels and French. They will not be denied. French is thrown back upon the left of Meade's Fifth corps, which at this supreme crisis had received no orders to move. Berry's division is assailed on both flanks, many of the regiments have only the bayonet with which to meet the assault. The Third Maryland gives way on the right of Williams' division, and the Confederates rushing in, fire down Berry's line, the heroic commander is killed and General Mott, who should have succeeded him, has himself been wounded, General John M. Revere, of New Jersey, assumes command of the division and orders a retreat.

General Sickels dashes forward to prevent this fatal error, but too late, the Confederates are in possession of the edge of the Chancellorville plateau, the brigades of Whipple and Birney's division, supporting Berry, are driven back and the field was lost.

We now come to a feature in the battle of Chancellorville which has been much misconstrued and misrepresented. During the terrible artillery fire which had preceeded the last general assault of the enemy, General Hooker was thrown down and stunned by a cannon ball striking a pillar of the Chancellor house against which he was leaning. Hooker, recovering from his brief stupor, sent for General Couch and gave him explicit orders to withdraw the troops from the plateau to a new line, and then he rode off to the rear.

After the brigades of Whipple and Birney's division were

driven back all the roads converging at Chancellorville were given up, and the whole army fell back to a new position.

General Sedgwick now crossed at Fredericksburg and captured Mary's Heights, but Lee sent a part of his army and drove him back. Thus Lee with an inferior force first whipped Hancock at Chancellorville and then with part of the same army turned and whipped Sedgwick, while Hancock lay in the woods debating his retreat.

I have previously spoken of Jackson's movements on the morning of May 2nd. Lee with his army lay in our front, but had no ambition, nor was it his desire to bring on an engagement to test the courage and endurance of his men in an assault on the left or centre of Hooker's position, which, at this time, was so placed that it would have cost Lee the most of his army to have taken. But there was one man who had discovered the true point of attack, and that man was Stonewall Jackson. And the point of attack he had decided upon was the right wing of the Eleventh corps, composed of about 8,000 men, and which hung as it was loose in the air, with the dense woods of the wilderness in front and around it to mask the movements of any enemy and with two or three miles of unguarded country between it and the river, and between it and its nearest supports it offered the best point of attack to an enemy, but on the morning of which we write no enemy was in sight.

For Jackson to plan was to attempt, and at an early hour he was on his way with thirty odd thousand men and guns, marching clear across the whole front of the Union army. That the rebels were marching across our front, although seldom in sight, was perfectly clear to every intelligent soldier on the line. The rattling volleys of musketry from the extreme left to the right indicated as plain as words could tell the march of the flanking columns. It is not my task to repeat the story of the utter and

crushing defeat that Jackson inflicted upon the Eleventh corps. When it was known that the rebels were moving from the left to the right in front of the Union forces then it was the time for Hooker to have ordered them to be attacked, or else send some of his 20,000 reserve men to follow and march parallel with the rebel army of Jackson until our lines would have been unbroken from left to right. Instead of defeat we might have had victory on the 2nd of May. But with this the writer has nothing to do, as he simply desires to state what he saw and done as a member of the Union army.

Of Lee's generalship we have no complaint; of Hooker we have little to say. If the same ability with which the battle was planned had controlled the fighting of the second and third days of May, a very different result would have followed.

We had now joined our brigade again and with it lay in the woods through the 4th and 5th of May. Rain fell and the roads, especially those newly made, became perfect quagmires. The retreat over the river began on the night of the Fifth. Up to our knees in slush we sought to find our way to the fords. It frequently happened that men striking their feet against the covered stumps stumbled forward into the slough, covering themselves with mud. It was a horrid night. The men were disheartened and worn out, but could not help laughing, as man after man dove under and came up with his new uniform of soft mother earth. A battery passed, on the caisson of which sat a man covered with a tarpaulin, and lo, he was singing to himself such familiar tunes and melodies as "Home, Sweet Home." It seemed supremely ridiculous that any one should sing under such circumstances, so the boys hooted and jeered at him, crying, "Catch him," "Shoot him," "Stop him" and the like, but still the song under the tarpaulin went on.

So the men consoled themselves after a defeat. "Why did I go for a soldier?" This sentence came later to be an army classic. Its power to soothe one's sorrows and heal one's woes was never failing. It meant that the soldier had voluntarily enlisted, that hardships were a part of his occupation and were therefore not a matter of complaint. Indeed, there was nothing more marked in the entire range of the Union soldier's experience than the recuperative powers by which he arose above discouragements and revived after defeat. Such a soldier will never stay whipped, if ever he can be called whipped. In this respect he was greater than Napoleon, for Napoleon, while a master of strategy and a cyclone in action, was nervous in defeat. Paul Jones was his opposite, for his most signal victories came when he was fairly defeated. There is quite a difference between being whipped and being defeated.

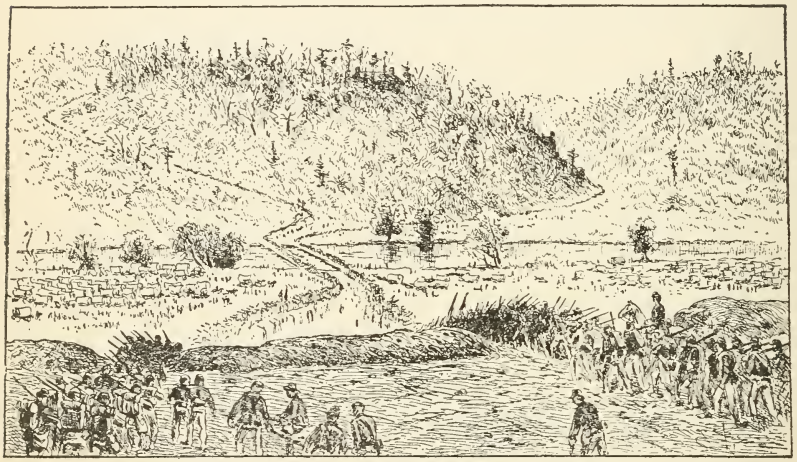
The rain continued its drizzily downpour, and the army tramped through the wilderness toward the promised land beyond. By morning the regiment was over the river and by three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of May we were back in our old camp at Falmouth.

In counting our losses in the regiment during the three days, it was found that two men had been killed, two officers and twenty-six men had been wounded, and one man was missing; making a total loss of thirty-one. A comparatively small loss when we consider the fighting that was done by the Fifty-seventh regiment on May 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

So the days began to draw out in tediousness, the usual routine of camp life continued. The army, as it were, had sat down to watch the enemy, while the Rappahannock flowed on its way to the sea. Every time we went on dress parade, which was every day unless the regiment was on picket duty, there would be quite a contrast between our colors and the colors of some of the regi-

ments that had not as yet seen the service that the Fifty-seventh had seen. Soon it was noised about in the camp that we were to have a new stand of colors in exchange for our old ones, which had been almost shot to pieces. A new stand of beautiful colors came from New York about the 1st of June, and their appearance for the first time on dress parade produced the sensation of the hour.

Speaking of sensations reminds one of how little it took in the



RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK,—UNITED STATES FORD.

monotony of camp life to create a sensation. The burning of a barrel chimney attached to one of the tents was equal—as a camp sensation—to the burning of Moscow. The accidental explosion of a gun with the slight wounding of its owner would start more gossip than the removal of a commander.

At Stephensburg, a comrade heard that a deserter was to be hung. It was within fifteen minutes of the time, and he ran two miles to be on hand at the drop. Anything for a sensation.

When things were dull, as it generally was when we were lying in camp, and nothing could be thought of to break the monotony that was sure to come, the boys would put on some coffee to boil, and then would eat a little. The camp fire was a distinguishing feature of the soldier's life. It was his hearth stone, and how the memories of those camp fires come back to the writer at this late day. At the end of a day's march and we had stacked our arms, thrown off our knapsacks and haversacks, a rush would be made for the nearest rail fence, or the nearest wood, and each mess of four to six men would start its fire. One would take all the canteens and go to the nearest stream for water. Then individual cups were filled and put on the fire to boil, the coffee being put in at the same time as the water. As soon as it was on the fire a stick would be sharpened to a point at one end, and then put into a slice of fat pork, which we would toast over the fire. Crackers, or "hard tack" as they were called, would be treated in the same way. Some times to vary the bill of fare, pieces of pork and broken crackers would be put in the tin and stewed together. This we called lob scouse. If some corn, potatoes or other vegetables could be added it was called a son of a gun. As each man was his own cook, so each man after his meal would wash his own dishes, and for towels and dish cloths we would use grass. After supper the fire would be replenished, the men would sit around it on the ground and talk of the days' march, of where the army is heading, of a possible battle, and of other things suggested by the soldier's daily cares. As the twilight wears away and the shadows deepen, their thoughts become more and more serious, and conversation turns on the distant home with parents, brothers, sisters, friends and sweethearts, perhaps.

Then comes the history of each family, the characteristics of its members, sainted parents or heaven housed children. And

then again the talk may turn to premonitions of death previous to a battle, and then rough sermonizing on Providence and man's trust in heaven. The writer well remembers several instances where the premonition of death came to some one of the members of his regiment when on the eve of a battle. Soon one after another spreads his blanket upon the ground, and with a "good night" is soon wrapped in dreamless slumber.

Every day of the closing days of spring of 1863 was a period of darkest shadow throughout the loyal States of the North, and well does the writer remember the scenes that would ensue when some fortunate comrade received some of the papers from home. How he would be surrounded by an anxious circle of his comrades eager to hear the latest news from home. And of the other armies of the field, and the result of their efforts for the preservation of the Union, no darker period in the country's history had ever been than was that between January 1st and June 1st, 1863.

The cause of human freedom was at stake, and to its friends all the portents of disaster were at hand. Doubt, despair, distraction had held vigorous sway for months. The critical period of the great contest had been reached and the defenders of the Union and Freedom watched with bated breath the march of events. The future of the American continent and of the world lay trembling in the balance.

The statesmen looked forward with deep hearted anxiety, and from the blackness before them took no comfort. The wise, supremely great, yet sad hearted Lincoln saw no shadow of rejoicing save in the grim comfort of the reduced hope. The saying of the old hermit was true in the case of the Union cause, that the darkest hour of the night is just before the dawn. The night of the nation seemed to be interminable, the dawn after long hours of watching was not apparent, no flush of rosy

hope lightened the unbroken blackness of the vista. All was as a shadow.

Let us see what was the cause of all this gloom and doubt. The troops of the North were held everywhere in check by the rebel armies. Sherman's disaster at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, with Grant's unfruitful battle of Murfreesborough and his retreat, and in the east Burnside's disaster in front of Fredericksburg, and later by the defeat of Hooker at Chancellorville. All these events coming as they did, one after the other, was enough to cause the stoutest heart to quail, but it was not so with the rank and file of the several armies.

CHAPTER X.

Before Fredericksburg.—Situation of the Several Corps.—The Army Breaks Camp.—The Race Between Lee and Hooker.—The March to Gettysburg and the First Day's Battle.—The Death of General Reynolds.—Anecdotes of the March.

On June 5th, 1863, the army of the Potomac was commanded by General Joseph Hooker and lay along the north bank of the Rappahannock river, confronting the rebel army of Northern Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee, mainly concentrated about the town of Fredericksburg on the south bank of the river.

The several corps of the army of the Potomac were distributed as follows: The First corps, commanded by General Reynolds, was in the vicinity of the White Oak church; the Second corps, commanded by General Couch, was near Falmouth; the Tihrd corps, commanded temporarily by General Birney, was at Boscobel, near Falmouth; the Fifth corps commanded by General Meade, was in the vicinity of the banks, United States and adjacent fords on the Rappahannock; the Sixth corps, under General Sedgwick, was near White Oak church, with the Second division of General Howe thrown forward to Franklin. Crossing the Rappahannock a little below Fredericksburg, near the mouth of Deep Run, the Eleventh corps, under General O. O. Howard, was near Brooke's Station on the Acquia Creek Railroad, and the Twelfth corps, under

General Slocum, near Stafford Court House and Acquia Landing. The cavalry corps, under General Pleasonton, had two divisions in the vicinity of Warrenton Junction and one division in the neighborhood of Brooke's Station. Having thus described the position of the various corps of the army of the Potomac, we shall now speak of the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by the rebel armies.

On the 10th day of June General Hancock assumed command of the Second corps, General Couch, at his own request, being assigned to duty in Pennsylvania. On the same day General Sickels, who had been absent on leave, assumed command of the Third corps, relieving General Birney, who was temporarily in command.

Before the authorities at Washington began fully to realize the purposes of General Lee, General Milroy had been crushed at Winchester and the invasion had begun, but not, however, without arousing the Army of the Potomac. General Hooker had become conscious of the enemy's movements, and finding that Lee was extending his forces northward over a distance of nearly one hundred miles. He sought permission to attack him in the flank in the hope of either cutting off Hill or compelling the return of the adventurous rebels. Forbidden by the administration to take this step, Hooker had no alternative but to retire from his position at Fredericksburg and move rapidly northward, keeping between the enemy and Washington. The story of that long march and of the desperate battle in which it culminated is too well known to require a detailed recital. It will only be needful to describe the part taken by my regiment and the Second corps.

During the early part of June there was manifest restlessness on the part of the rebels, and this caused a corresponding uneasiness in the Union camp. The guard house clipper was full of

reports of movements; first of the enemy and then of our army. The pickets and cavalry outposts up the Rappahannock reported detachments of troops passing northward. The signal stations were active with rockets and torches at night and signal flags by day. Our signal officers had deciphered a signal of the enemy which ordered a movement of his cavalry across the upper fords of the Rappahannock. It was not long before skirmishing began to be reported from beyond the Blue Ridge, and it then became evident that Lee was on his way for a second invasion.

The troops of A. P. Hill were still on picket at Fredericksburg and our army still in its tents. This, however, was all changed in a day. Camp was broken and the race between the two armies began. Lee had gotten a good start. The rebels knew how to get over the ground and no mercy therefore could be shown to us.

The Second corps, acting as a rear guard, started on the 15th of June. During two days and two nights there was almost no opportunity for sleep and there was very little on the third night. The weather being intensely sultry, many fell out from utter exhaustion and not a few from sunstroke. The march continued by way of Stafford Court House, which was found in flames, having been fired by stragglers from the preceeding column. Resting here only two or three hours, we pushed on to Acquia, Dumfrees and Wolf Run Shoals. On the 17th the regiment was at Sangster Station, having traveled more than forty miles. We remained here over the 19th to keep between Washington and the enemy.

About midnight the bivouac of the division was rudely disturbed by hideous outcries, followed by the noise of men rushing hither and thither among frightened mules and horses. Headquarters turned out in dire alarm and the soldiers awakened suddenly from the deep slumber that follows a painful

march, and seized their arms. The coolest heads among them believed that a band of guerillas, hanging upon the flanks of the column, had taken advantage of the darkness to dash among the sleeping troops. At last it turned out that all the fright came from a soldier having been seized with a nightmare, from which he awoke screaming.

Before daybreak of the 17th of June we were again upon the march, taking the road toward Centreville, which place we reached the same evening. Here we rested for the night. On the morning of the 21st we were again early upon the march, and marched until we reached the Bull Run battlefield at night, or nearly sundown, where we went into camp. After supper I with a number of others were placed on picket with orders that at three o'clock, or as near that time as possible, we should withdraw and rejoin our commands in time to again resume the march. It was the duty of the officer in charge of the picket line to have the men report to him at a given point, and that when all had reported to have marched them back to the encampment. Had the officer done so on this morning I should not have had the experience I did. When in the morning the time (as I thought) had arrived for me to retire, I did so; but instead of taking the road to camp, unfortunately I took the wrong road and after marching for some time and not reaching camp I found I was lost. It was a very dark morning, and in marching kept stumbling, as I supposed, over what I thought was stumps and stones. As the morning wore on it began gradually to grow a little lighter, and my eyes began to get more used to darkness, so that I could discern objects more clearly. I then became aware that what I had been stumbling over in my wanderings were not the stumps of trees nor rocks of stone, but the heads, arms and legs of soldiers who had been killed on this the Bull Run battlefield. The reader can imagine my feelings at the

moment I made this discovery. Here was I all alone with the silent dead, and no matter in what direction I would look I could see the ghastly remain. Some of the heads would be looking at me with their sightless eyes, making me wish that I was with the boys of my company far from the battlefield of Bull Run.

In order that the reader may understand the formation of a picket line, I will endeavor to explain, so that it will be plain to them how it was that I was alone. In front of an army, when an enemy is in front of them, there will be a line of sentinels posted, in some cases two or three miles in advance of an army, and they will be known as the picket line. Each post will be composed of two or three men about two or three hundred yards apart. Then between each one of these picket posts there will at night be stationed one man, who will be in advance of the picket line about two hundred yards. This man is known as the outer picket, or more commonly called the videtT. When on a videtT post the man never challenges any one, but shoots without challenging. This was the kind of post I was on during the night of June 21st, and instead of the officer waiting for me to return to the picket line, he called the men together and marched to camp, while I was left alone.

After considerable tramping around I managed to get to where the regiment had been encamped during the night, but found that they had left to resume the march early in the morning, while I was left alone without any food, and did not know which way to go to find my regiment. After considerable thinking and looking around, trying to get my bearings as it were, I started, as I thought in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, and as events proved I was not wrong. After marching a considerable length of time I came upon a member of the Sixty-sixth New York, who was sitting on a rock by the side of the road singing "Home, Sweet Home." From him I learned the direction the army had

gone, so we concluded to march on together. Towards night I found my regiment encamped at Gainsville, where we spent the 23rd and 24th of June, 1863, guarding the railroad. It was at this place that the brigade was entirely cut off from the rest of the corps by Stuart's cavalry, and several messages from General Hancock to General Zook were intercepted. From Gainesville the march was to Thoroughfare Gap and thence northeast to Edwards Ferry, where we crossed the Potomac on the 23rd. The boys waded the stream, singing "My Maryland, My Maryland." It was a pretty sight to see the lines of troops descend into the river and climb the opposite bank. Neither did they regret the wetting, as the weather was hot and their clothes were soon dry again. From Edward's Ferry on the 27th the route was to Barnesville, and the next day to Monocracy Junction. Here we were sent forward to guard the Monocacy bridge against cavalry scouts, of which the country was now full. It was here we learned that General Hooker had been relieved from command of the army, to be superseded by General George R. Meade. General Meade had done good service with the First corps as a division commander, and was now at the head of the Fifth corps.

It was dangerous to change commanders on the eve of a battle, as President Lincoln once said "never swap horses while crossing a stream." But the authorities at Washington seemed unwilling to trust General Hooker with the enemy so near the Capitol. The immediate cause of his resignation was a difference between him and General Halleck regarding tactical matters alone.

On the night of the 28th I was sent out on the main road to do picket duty with orders to allow no one to pass without the countersign, which on this night was "Scott." The night was very dark; it was impossible to see fifteen feet away. After

being on duty about an hour or so, I heard the tramp of a horse, and as they came nearer I heard the jingle of a saber, and when the horse and rider came in hailing distance as I thought, I hailed him with the cry of "Who goes there", and he answered "a friend without the countersign" and asked at the same time what troops we were. I answered by saying the Second army corps of the Union army, and he replied, "I want to pass as I have important news for General Hancock." I called the sergeant of the guard and a file of men, who escorted him to General Hancock's headquarters. And as it proved, he did indeed bring important news, as we were at once ordered on a forced march. The news that he brought was, as we afterwards learned, that General Lee with his army was in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XI.

From Monocacy Bridge to Taneytown.—Hooker Relieved of the Command.—Meade Appointed to Command Army of the Potomac.—General Orders to Corps Commanders, Incidents, etc.

On this day, June 29th, 1863, important events transpired. General Hooker who had exhibited such consummate skill in handling his army, was succeeded in command by General George G. Mead. The circumstances which led to this change were as follows: On Friday, the 26th of June, 1863, General French was placed in command of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, supposed to be ten or eleven thousand strong, and strongly posted upon Maryland Heights. On the same day that General French assumed command General Hooker sent the Twelfth Corps under General Slocum as far as the mouth of the Monocacy, with the view that the two corps should operate upon the enemy's line of communications by following up his rear, capturing his couriers and trains and intercepting him in case of his defeat. General Hooker therefore inquired of the authorities at Washington by telegraph as follows: "Is there any reasons why Maryland Heights should not be abandoned after the public stores and other property be removed?" This dispatch was forwarded at half past ten o'clock on Saturday, June 27th, 1863, and brought the following reply from General Halleck: "Maryland Heights have always been regarded as an important point to be held by us and much ex-

pense and labor has been incurred in fortifying them. I cannot approve of their being abandoned except in case of absolute necessity." In response to this inquiry General Hooker at once sent the following reply:

I have received your telegram in regard to Harper's Ferry. I find ten thousand men here in condition to take the field. Here they are of no earthly account—they cannot defend a ford of the river, and so far as Harper's Ferry is concerned there is nothing of it. As for the fortifications, they are the work of the troops. They will remain when the troops are withdrawn. No enemy will ever take possession of them. This is my opinion. All the public property could have been secured tonight and the troops marched to where they could have been of some service. Now they are but a bait for the enemy, should he return. I beg that this may be presented to the Secretary of War and his excellency the President.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General.

Before General Hooker had time to receive a reply to this last communication, he sent the following additional one:

SANDY HOOK, June 27, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.

My original instructions require me to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me an enemy in my front of more than my army numbers. I beg to be understood respectfully but firmly that I am unable to comply with this condition with the means at my command, and earnestly request that I may at once be relieved from the position I occupy.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General.

General Halleck had never regarded General Hooker with much favor, and the relations between them were not at all friendly and cordial. He therefore very naturally improved his opportunity to get rid of one whom he did not regard as a suitable person for the command of the army, and using his

influence with President Lincoln, as his military adviser, induced him to accept General Hooker's resignation and place General Meade, who was in command of the Fifth Corps, in the chief command. In accordance with this arrangement at two o'clock on the morning of the day following the interchange of messages between General Hooker and General Halleck. On Sunday, June 28th, 1863, Colonel Hardie of the War Department reached Frederick with the official orders making these changes. General Hooker upon receiving the official acceptance of his resignation, issued the following characteristic order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FREDERICK, MD., June 28, 1863.

In conformity with the orders of the War Department, dated June 27, 1863, I hereby relinquish command of the Army of the Potomac. It is transferred to Major-General George G. Meade, a brave and accomplished officer, who has nobly earned the confidence and esteem of the army on many a well-fought field. Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as the Commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotions. The sorrow of parting with the comrades of so many battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease nor fail; that it will yield to my successor as it has to me a willing and hearty support, with the earnest prayer that the triumphs of this army may bring success worthy of it and the nation, I bid it farewell.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General.

General Hooker took leave of the principal officers of the army on the afternoon of the day he relinquished command. They were drawn up in line and he passed along shaking hands with each and laboring in vain to stifle his emotions, the tears rolled down his cheeks. The officers were also deeply affected. The scene was similar to the final separation between Washington and his officers at the close of the War of the Revolu-

tion. General Hooker at once set out for Baltimore, according to his instructions, and waited there three days for further orders from the Adjutant General's office, but as none came, he went over to Washington, where he was forthwith arrested by General Halleck for visiting the Capitol without leave and in violation of the rule which forbade officers to do so. General Hooker was undoubtedly right in the course he wished to pursue, and the general voice of history will sustain him in it. He may have acted hastily in tendering his resignation, but whatever faults he may have had, his high position, the distinguished service he had rendered, the masterly manner in which he handled his army, and the hold he had in the confidence and love of that army upon which the destiny of the government hung, should have secured to him better treatment. It was not the first time that patriotism and devotion to duty have been sacrificed to official jealousy and personal spite. The order placing General Meade in command of the army was a complete surprise to him. He had never sought promotion, and was as modest as he was brave. He had entered the war as a Brigadier in the Pennsylvania reserves, and commanded a division at Antietam, and at Fredericksburgh, and the Fifth Corps at Chancellorsville. He was loved and respected by his own soldiers, because he was always ready to endure hardships with them; plain in dress and speech and familiar in conversation, he was accessible to all. He enjoyed in a high degree, especially after the battle of Fredericksburg, the confidence of President Lincoln. General Meade was not elated by his promotion, but on the contrary was evidently deeply impressed with a sense of the great responsibility which rested upon him; the destiny of the Republic was in his hands—one false step and the Union would be lost—and yet he did not shrink from taking the position which unsought and unexpceted had been assigned him, and

he announced to the army his acceptance of the command in the following modest and appropriate words:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

June 28, 1863.

By direction of the President of United States I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier in obeying this order, an order totally unexpected and unsolicited, I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifice we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements, and I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

Such change of commanders of a great army upon the eve of battle in which the destiny not only of the nation but of Republican institutions was at stake, was a fearful experiment. It reflects great harm upon the patriotism of the men composing that army that demoralization to some extent did not result, but they cheerfully accepted the fact of the change and pressed on to meet their foe without as much as an hour's delay. Can history produce anything like it?

General Meade as soon as he entered upon the command, sought an interview with General Hooker, and used every effort to obtain of him information concerning the strength and position of the different corps of the army and the movements of the enemy. In his testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war, he said: "My predecessor, General Hooker,

left the camp in very few hours after I relieved him. I received from him no intimation of any plan or any views that he may have had up to that moment, and I am not aware that he had any, but was waiting for the occasion to govern him, just as I had to do subsequently."

Thrown entirely upon his resources, General Meade summoned his trusted friend General Reynolds to his side, and the two together agreed upon a plan which ended in the victory at Gettysburg. It should be stated here that what was denied General Hooker was granted to General Meade, and he was given the option to do as he pleased with men at Harper's Ferry. He, however, either did not approve of Hooker's project to send these men in conjunction with the Twelfth Corps to operate upon Lee's line of communication, or else he supposed the time for that movement had passed, and he could use these men to better advantage elsewhere. He accordingly ordered General Slocum to rejoin the main army, and the bulk of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, under General French, was directed to take a post as a reserve at Fredericksburg when our forces moved forward. General Cauch, estimated at twenty thousand men at Harrisburg, was also placed under his orders. Among the first official acts of General Meade after assuming command of the army, was to ask the assent of the government at Washington to the appointment of General Kilpatrick to the division of cavalry under General Stahl and the promotion of Custer, Merritt and Farnsworth, the three young captains, to the command of brigades in that division. The request was at once granted, and the subsequent career of the men attested the wisdom of that change.

Shortly after the dispatch from Washington was received granting this request of General Meade, a second message came over the wire announcing that Stuart with his cavalry was

making a raid near the Capitol, and in a short time thereafter the wire was cut and telegraphic communication for a time ceased. Stuart after crossing the Potomac on the day previous pased close to Washington and Baltimore, creating considerable excitement in these cities. At Rockville he came upon a large wagon train filled with supplies on its way from Washington to the army at Frederick. This train with its escort he captured and took with him to Gettysburg, handing it over there to the Confederate quartermaster, Colonel Walter Taylor, of General Lee's staff, in a contribution to the Southern historical papers, says that the capturing of this train was unfortunate for Stuart, for in capturing and bringing it away he was considerably delayed. After the capturing of this train, Stuart kept on his way, in a northerly direction, through Brookville, travelling all night. On Monday, the twenty-ninth, as the army was now approaching that important pass in the mountains called Newman's Gap, where the turnpike leading through Gettysburg to Baltimore crosses, and where if at all south of the Susquehanna, General Lee would concentrate for battle. It became all important to have it well in hand and some well-defined plan laid out, the following was therefore agreed upon. A strong cavalry force was to be thrown out to the left to cover Monterey Pass and thus protect the flank and rear from an attack from that quarter, and to the right to look after Stuart, who was moving around in that direction. The Seventh Corps of Infantry were to radiate from Frederick upon seven different roads, which while diverging from that place all tended northward and converged at Gettysburg. This plan will be best understood by imagining a vast pan with the base of its handle resting upon Frederick, the point of divergence and the seven different corps like the stick of a fan radiating therefrom. This immense force could be pushed northward to the Susquehanna or swung

around to interpose between the enemy and Philadelphia, in case he should go in that direction, or be concentrated at Gettysburg or any other point if necessary. In accordance with the general plan already stated, the First and Second Brigades of Buford's Cavalry commanded respectfully by Gamble and Devin, left Middletown and crossed through Turner's Pass to Boonsborough, west of the South Mountain. Finding no enemy in that vicinity, they turned and marched north and passed through Covetown to Monterey Springs, recrossing the mountain there and encamping over night near Fairfield. This reconnaissance developed the fact that the enemy were all farther down the valley, and that no danger was to be feared from that direction either from the left flank or rear.

Merritt's brigade of the same division proceeded from Middletown to Mechanicstown. Gregg's division marched from New Market and Ridgeville to Westminster, and Kilpatrick's division, formerly Stahl's, went from Frederick to Lettlestown. Stuart after riding all the previous night, reached at the dawn of day the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Sykesville. The bridge at this place was burned and the track about Hood's Mill was torn up. Resting here during the fore part of the day, the command sometime in the afternoon resumed its march and reached Westminster about five o'clock P. M. At this place a spirited engagement took place between this force and the First Delaware Cavalry, which was at length driven off and pursued some distance toward Baltimore, adding much to the panic there. Gregg's division of the Federal cavalry, which was marching in that direction, to intercept Stuart was delayed by the infantry and trains, and did not reach Westminster until some hours after Stuart had passed. At night the head of Stuart's column rested at Union Mills, half way between Westminster and Littlestown. The movements this day were as follows: The army

headquarters were moved from Frederick City to Taneystown, and the artillery reserve from the first named place to Bruceville. The First and Eleventh Corps marched from Frederick to Emmittsburg, the last named by a road parallel to the Emmittsburg road leading through Cregerstown, the Third and Twelfth Corps moved on parallel roads to Taneytown and Bruceville where they encamped. The Second Corps from Monocacy Junction via. Liberty and Johnsonville, to Union Town, still further east. The Fifth Corps from Ballinger's Creek via. Frederick and Mount Pleasant to Liberty, and the Sixth Corps following Gregg's cavalry went from Hyattstown via. New Market and Ridgeville to New Windsor. The outer line of the great fan, it will thus be seen, that the line extended from Emmittsburg on the left to New Windsor on the right. The First Corps, under General Reynolds, forming the left of the army, and the Sixth Corps, under General Sedgwick, its right. This was the position of the army of the Potomac on the evening of Monday, June the 29th. The night before the concentration of Lee's forces began in the direction of Gettysburg, Tuesday, June the 30th, the First Corps started from Emmittsburg for Gettysburg, but hearing that the enemy were reported to be upon the Fairfield road, General Reynolds halted at Marsh Creek. The Third Corps marched from Taneytown in the direction of Emmittsburg, and encamped at Bridgeport. The Twelfth Corps marched from the same place and rested over night at Littlestown. The Fifth Corps from Liberty via. Johnsville Union Bridge, and Union to Union Mills, and the Sixth went from New Windsor to Manchester, and Kilpatrick's division, the artillery reserve, moved from Brachville to Taneytown. Gregg's cavalry division left Westminster and proceeded to Manchester; went from Littlestown to Hanover to intercept Stuart. Stuart, who had bivouacked over night at Union Mills, midway be-

tween Westminster and Littlestown, learning that Kilpatrick was at the last named place waiting for him, attempted to avoid an encounter by going through crossroads to Hanover, but Kilpatrick, who was aware of this change, anticipated him and reached that place first. When Stuart arrived at about ten o'clock in the forenoon a desperate engagement which lasted four hours ensued between Kilpatrick and the Confederate rear, under General Wade Hampton. Both sides claim the victory in this engagement. The Confederates were driven further northward. When at Hanover, Stuart was but twelve miles from Gettysburg and fourteen from York, ignorant of the concentration of the Confederate army at the first named place and expecting to unite with Early at York, as he says General Lee directed, and unaware that Early was then *en route* from that place to Gettysburg, he pressed on further northward, crossing the tracks both of White's battalions of cavalry and Early's whole division, and yet failed to ascertain the departure of these troops or the course they had taken. Had he known of Early's departure from York and the direction he had taken, he could have effected a junction with him before sundown, somewhere about East Berlin, or had he fallen in with White's battalion, which on that day had gone by the York pike toward Gettysburg, he could have joined it and reach the Confederate advance at Marsh Creek that same night, but he was ignorant of the movements of these two commands, and they were equally ignorant of his approach, for no notice such as it is alleged General Lee had promised to send Early had reached him. Had Early known that Stuart had taken the circuitous route around the Federal army, he might have been on the lookout for him, but he was also ignorant of this. Indeed at one time on that day, Stuart was within seven miles of Early's infantry, the latter actually hearing his guns, and yet they were mutually ignorant

of each other's proximity. Surely the people who resided in that neighborhood must have been very loyal to their government, and know how to keep their own counsels, or Stuart failed to interrogate them.

At a late hour this day Stuart learned that Early had left York, but was misinformed as to the direction taken. He was told that he had gone in the direction of Shippensburg. Misled by this report he abandoned his design upon York and turned the head of his column in the direction he supposed Early had gone, encamping over night somewhere west of York, he resumed his march next morning and passing through Chilesburg and Churchtown, reached Carlisle in the evening. Here he was surprised to hear that Rodes had marched in the direction of Gettysburg and the town was in possession of Pennsylvania and New York militia men under General Smith, who had advanced that day from Harrisburg. After demanding the surrender of the town and throwing a few shells into it, and burning the United States barracks, situated outside of the place, he hastily left and hurriedly made his way to Gettysburg, which he reached in the evening of the ensuing day. And this was the bold rider who was to harass and impede the patriot army, in case it should attempt to cross the Potomac, in pursuit of the invaders of its soil, and the would-be destroyers of its government. The cavalry brigades of Gamble and Devin, under the command of General Buford, which had rested over night near Fairfield, after their reconnoissance west of the mountain, on the previous day, marched by the way of Emmittsburg to Gettysburg, and proceeding westwardly on the pike leading to Chambersburg, encamped over night about one mile and a half from the town. Aware of the fact that indications pointed to a probable collision with the Confederate Army in a short time, General Meade soon after assuming command of the army,

directed General Reynolds to proceed to Gettysburg, and report to him the character of the ground there, at the same time ordering General Humphreys to examine the ground in the vicinity of Emmittsburg.

These precautions were taken not with the purpose to halt the army there, and wait for an attack, but to be prepared for any emergency which might arise. The army in the meantime was still pressing forward.

On the night of Tuesday, June the 30th, information reached headquarters that General Lee was concentrating his army east of the mountain in the vicinity of Gettysburg, and General Meade ignorant of the nature of the ground in front of him, at once instructed his engineers to select some ground (having a general reference to the existing position of the army) which he might occupy by rapid movement of concentration and thus give battle on his own terms, in case the enemy should advance across the South Mountain. The general line of Pipe Creek was selected, and a preliminary order of instructions issued to the corps commanders, informing them of the fact, and explaining how they might move their corps and concentrate in a good position along the line. These were but ordinary precautions which any commander who had any reasonable sense of the responsibilities of his position would have taken. And yet they have been made the grounds of an accusation that General Meade contemplated a retreat from Gettysburg to the position selected at Pipe Creek. This accusation does great injustice to General Meade, from the fact that he was not unduly committed to that line, nor unwilling to meet the enemy elsewhere, is proven by General Humphreys, who says that in the instructions issued to the corps commanders, relating to the line of Pipe Creek, it was expressly declared that developments may cause the commanding general to assume the offensive from his

present position. A very few hours after these instructions were issued, circumstances did arise that caused a change. General Meade himself says: "It was my firm determination never for an instant deviated from to give battle wherever and as soon as I could find the enemy."

CHAPTER XII.

From Taneytown to Gettysburg and the First Day's Fight, With Incidents, etc.

Simultaneously with the issuing of the instructions to the corps commanders regarding Pipe Creek General Meade circulated the following timely order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

June 30, 1863.

The commanding general requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers will address their troops, explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy are on our soil. The whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Firesides and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well. Hereafter it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms. Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty this hour. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

As we are now upon the eve of battle, the two great armies having been brought almost face to face, it will be well to recapitulate the positions occupied by the Confederate army on the night of Tuesday, June 30th. The divisions of Heth and

Pending of hill corps were at March Creek four miles west of Gettysburg on the Chambersburg road; and Anderson's division of the same corps was four miles further west on the same road at Cashtown. The divisions of Welcome and Good of Longstreet's corps were about Fayetteville and Greenwood, sixteen miles from Gettysburg on the Chambersburg pike. Pickett's division of the same corps was in the neighborhood of Chambersburg. Early and Rodes of Ewell's corps were at Heidlersburg, ten miles north of Gettysburg, and Johnson's division of this corps was at Greenwood. Jenkin's cavalry was below Carlisle. The brigades of ones and Robertson were about Shippensburg, Imboden, Mercer burg and Stuart somewhere northwest of York.

Position occupied by the Federal army on th enight of Tuesday, June 30th. The First Corps under General Reynolds was at Marsh Creek, between Emmittsburg and Gettysburg, and four miles from the last named place. The Eleventh Corps, General Howard, was at Emmittsburg, ten miles from Gettysburg. The Third Corps, General Sickels, was at Bridgeport, twelve miles from Gettysburg. The Twelfth Corps, General Slocum, was at Littlestown, ten miles, the Second Corps, General Hancock, was at Uniontown, twenty miles; the Fifth Corps, General Sykes, was at Union Mills, sixteen miles, and the Sixth Corps, General Sedgwick, was at Manchester, twenty-seven miles. Gregg's cavalry division was at Manchester, Kilpatrick at Hanover, and the brigades of Gamble and Devin, of Buford's division, were about one mile and a half west of Gettysburg on the Chambersburg road. This vast fan was now about to be closed and as the Confederate army in its concentration was wrung to the right and closed upon its right support, the Federal army was to be swung to the left and close upon its left. The point of contact between the two great opposing forces was Gettysburg, and

the parts which would first come in contact were Reynolds upon Federal left and Heth upon the Confederate right. The reader will do well to watch in the coming details the times and places where the various parts of these two great hosts come into collision.

The first day of the battle at Gettysburg, Wednesday, July 1st, 1863.

In the morning of Wednesday, July 1st, 1863, both divisions, one of hill corps advanced from Marsh Creek upon Gettysburg. General Buford, as stated in the previous chapter, held the ridges west of the town with the cavalry brigades of Generals Gamble and Devin. About half past nine o'clock these men appeared in front of Buford's Videttes and skirmishing commenced on the farm of Hon. Edward McPherson, and thus the series of battles of Gettysburg began. The object of this advance by General Heth is thus stated by Colonel W. H. Taylor, General Lee's adjutant general. General Lee had instructed General Heth to ascertain what force was at Gettysburg, and if he found infantry opposed to him, to report the fact immediately without forcing an engagement. General Buford was aware of the presence of the enemy in his front and had prepared for them by dismounting a large part of his force and placing them in line. His batteries also had been placed at commanding points. As soon as General Heth found himself in the presence of Buford's dismounted cavalry, he formed his men in line of battle, with Archer's and Davis' brigades in front and Pettigrew's and Brockenborough's brigades in the rear. Unaware that any Federal infantry were near, Heth sent word to General Hill at Cashtown that the advance of his division had encountered the enemy's cavalry near Gettysburg. At an early hour in the morn-

ing General Reynolds received a dispatch from General Buford informing him of the proximity of the Confederates. Upon receiving the dispatch General Reynolds at once set out to his assistance with the nearest division, that of General Wadsworth, leaving General Doubleday, his second in command, to draw in the pickets, assemble the artillery and the remainder of the corps and follow after as soon as possible. He also dispatched a courier to General Howard at Emmittsburg, ordering him to advance to the front as rapidly as possible. This order reached General Howard at eight o'clock, and he at once put his corps in motion, Barlow's division taking the most direct route, and the divisions of Generals Schurz and Steinwehr proceeding by way of Harner's Mill, a distance of thirteen miles. Having thus put his corps in motion, General Howard, accompanied by his staff, pushed forward in advance to the scene of strife. At about ten o'clock General Reynolds dashed into Gettysburg in advance of his troops, and pushing on out by the Chambersburg road to Seminary Hill, took a survey of the situation, and seeing that the enemy was there in force and that Buford's dismounted cavalrymen were being badly pressed, he rode rapidly back again into the town and out the Emmittsburg road, for about a mile, and there met the head of his column which he turned directly across the fields toward the seminary. The men hurriedly formed in line under cover of the ridge, when the right moved to the north side of the Chambersburg pike, and across the bed of the abandoned railroad, and the left advanced to the west of the ridge near the seminary.

From the time that the conflict opened until the arrival of Wadsworth's division, Buford's men, though hotly pressed, resisted the approaches of the enemy most stubbornly, and by taking advantage of every favorable point, to protract the struggle, succeeded in holding on until the expected assistance at

length came up, but while the formation of the line was in progress, the heroic Reynolds seeing the pressure which was made upon Buford's slender lines, led Cutler's brigade forward for their relief. Hall's Second Maine Battery was posted in the road, and the Fourteenth of Brooklyn, New York, and the Ninety Fifth New York were advanced a short distance on the left. General Wadsworth was also directed to place the three remaining regiments of his brigade, the One Hundred and Forty-Seventh New York, the Seventy-Sixth New York and the Fifty-Sixth Pennsylvania on the right of the road. When this formation was completed, the cavalry brigade under Gamble, which had been most heavily engaged withdrew and formed a column on the left of the infantry. Between the Fairfield and Chambersburg roads was a piece of woods which both parties were contending for. Archer's brigade, preceded by a line of skirmishers, was crossing Willoughby Run to enter these woods on one side as the Iron brigade was going in on the other. General Reynolds, anxious as to the result, rode forward a short distance to reconnoiter, and raising his field glass to his eyes he sought to take in the full situation, when a ball from a sharpshooter musket struck him on the back of his head, coming out near the eye, and he fell dead. Chief in the full flush of life and health, vigorously leading on the troop in hand and energetically summoning up the rest of his command, watching and even leading the attack of a comparatively small body, a glorious picture of best type of military leader, superbly mounted, and horse and man sharing in the excitement of the battle, Reynolds was of course a shining mark to the enemy's sharpshooters. He had taken his troop into a heavy growth of timber on the slope of a hillside and under the regimental and brigade commanders the men did their work well and promptly. Returning to the expected division he was struck by a minnie ball, fired by a sharp-

shooter hidden in the branches of a tree almost overhead and killed at once. His horse bore him to the little clump of trees, where a cairn of stones and a rude mark on the bark, almost overgrown, still tell the fatal spot.

With the fall of General Reynolds the command devolved upon Major General Abner Doubleday, who had, after executing Reynolds' order and setting the remaining two divisions of the corps in motion, pushed on ahead to the field of battle. General Doubleday at once set to work to meet the advancing enemy and for another hour the work of destruction went on until the Federal line fell back to Seminary Ridge. As Wardsworth fell back with his left and Archer pressed forward on his heels, the right of the division was swung around in the rear of the pursuers, enveloping the Confederate advance and making prisoners of Archer and several hundred of his men.

At length shortly after eleven o'clock the two remaining divisions of Reynolds came upon the field, together with Cooper's, Stuart's, Reynolds' and Stevens' batteries. General Doubleday's own division, then commanded by General Rowley, was at once taken to the front and placed in position. The division of General Robinson was placed in reserve at the seminary. Pender's Confederate division had also by this time come up from Marsh Creek and was formed in the rear of fight. The Confederate batteries too were posted on the ridge west of Willoughby Run, as well as upon even other commanding position, the fire from which swept the field in every direction and proved destructive. At half past eleven o'clock A. M., General Howard, in advance of his troops, came upon the field, and ignorant of the death of Reynolds, sent messengers in search of him and asking for instructions. While waiting the return of his aids he went to the top of the college, which is situated about half a mile little north of east of the theological seminary, to reconnoiter the surround-

ing country. His aide, Major Biddle, soon came back and reported the sad intelligence of the fall of Reynolds and that command now devolved upon himself. He at once assumed command, turning over his corps to General Carl Schurz. It is claimed that while upon the top of the college General Howard saw the advantages of Cemetery Hill, and at once gave orders to halt Steinwehr's division of his corps there, and form a strong line supported by artillery, as a rallying place in case of defeat upon the position they then occupied. For this act he received the thanks of Congress. The claim made for General Howard that he was the first of the Union generals to perceive the advantages of Cemetery Hill, is disputed by some who give this credit to General Reynolds. (Reynolds' claim rests on the following statement made by General Doubleday) : General Buford gave way slowly, taking advantage of every inch of ground to protract the struggle. After an hour's fighting he felt anxious, and went up into the steeple of the theological seminary, from which a wide view could be obtained, to see if the First Corps was in sight. One division of it was close at hand and soon Reynolds, who had preceded it, climbed up into the belfry to confer with him and examine the country around. Although there is no positive testimony to this effect, therefore the credit, if any, must remain with General Howard.

General Howard at once saw that the First Corps was contending against large odds, and sent back for the Eleventh Corps to come forward quickly. He also sent a dispatch to General Meade who was then at Taneytown, thirteen miles distant, informing him of the death of General Reynolds, and of the large Confederate force present, and the probabilities that Lee was concentrating his whole army at that point, as well as the favorable position there for a battle. Dispatches were also sent to General Slocum, who with the Twelfth Corps had left Littles-

town early in the morning, and was then resting at Two Taverns, five miles south of Gettysburg, and to General Sickels, who had marched from Bridgeport to Emmittsburg with the Third Corps, informing them of the perilous position of the First and Eleventh Corps, and urgently calling upon them to hasten to their assistance. Owing to the direction of the wind, the sound of the guns did not reach Taneytown, and General Meade was not aware that a portion of his army had met the enemy, and that General Reynolds had fallen, until one o'clock P. M., when Howard's courier arrived. Upon the reception of this dispatch he sent General Hancock to the front with orders to assume command of all the troops and to report to him concerning the nature of the ground there and the practicability of fighting a successful battle at that place. General Meade has been blamed for sending General Hancock to supersede officers who were his superiors in rank. His justification for doing this is as follows: Congress had passed an act authorizing the President to put any general over any other superior in rank if in his judgment the good of the service demanded it, and General Meade then assumed this power in the name of the President, believing that the exigencies of the situation required it. That there was not the best of feeling existing between some of the general officers then at the front is painfully evident in some of their actions and writing. General Buford was doubtless aware of this when he penned the following dispatch to General Meade:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,
July 1, 1863, 3:20 P. M.

General Reynolds was killed early this morning. In my opinion there seems to be no directing person.

JOHN BUFORD.

General Slocum declined without orders from Meade to go to the assistance of the First and Eleventh Corps. He was

concentrating his whold army at that point, as well as the favor-aware of the commanding general's circular fixing upon Pipe Creek for the field of battle and he probably thought it unwise to bring on a general engagement elsewhere. Not so, however, with Sickles. He too had received Meade's circular and when at two o'clock P. M., Howard's dispatch calling for assistance was received, he was for a time perplexed. From indications on the day previous it was feared that the enemy would attempt to flank the Union line by its left by way of Fairfield and Emmittsburg, and he was under orders from the commander-in-chief to hold the latter place at all hazards. Through General Tremaine, one of his aides, he had received but a short time before a suggestion from Reynolds that he had better come to the front, but no positive order to that effect, and now when Howard's dispatch was received he at once determined to hasten to the rescue, and leaving two brigades and a battery to hold Emmittsburg, he put the balance of his corps in motion for Gettysburg, arriving there just as the broken and shattered survivors of the First and Eleventh Corps were taking their new position upon Cemetery and Culp Hills. A letter was also sent to General Meade, informing him of what he had done and asking his approval of it, which approval was subsequently given.

We turn again to the field of strife to note what was transpiring there. Nearly two hours of desperate fighting had taken place since the two divisions of Reynolds' Corps had reached the field in aid of the First. During this time hundreds were slain and many more wounded, but the patriot troops were holding their own. At length at one o'clock P. M. the head of the Eleventh Corps reached Gettysburg. Schimmelpheming's division led the way, followed by that of Schurz, now temporarily commanded by Barlow, Schurz taking command of the corps while Howard commanded the field. These two divisions were

directed to prolong the line of the First Corps along Seminary Ridge. The remaining division, under Steinwehr, with the reserve artillery, under Major Osborne, were ordered to occupy Cemetery Hill, in the rear or south of Gettysburg, as a reserve. While these newly arrived troops were taking the positions assigned them Buford's scouts reported the approach of a large Confederate force from the north, directly upon the right of the Federal line. It will be remembered that Rode's division from Carlisle and Early from York, had reached Heidlersburg, ten miles north of Gettysburg, the previous evening. These were the troops approaching. Lee's orders to Ewell were to recall these two divisions and have them concentrated about Cashtown. In accordance with this order they left their encampment at Heidlersburg about ten o'clock A. M., Early proceeding upon one road and Rodes by the one diverging to the right and leading by Middletown to Cashtown. While *en route* to that place the sound of cannonading in the direction of Gettysburg was heard, and at Middletown, seven miles northwest of the first named place, General Ewell, who was travelling with Rodes, hearing that Hill's troops were marching towards Gettysburg, in the exercise of discretion which is sometimes allowable, turned the head of his columns in the same direction. The increasing sound of the guns as he approached the town convinced him that the Federals were there in force and caused him to make immediate preparations for the battle.

At half past one P. M. a battery belonging to Rodes' division reached Oak Hill, an eminence about one mile northeast of the Seminary, and having established a line, at once opened fire. At the same time Rodes' infantry moved forward into line. They were formed across Seminary Ridge facing south, with Iverson's brigade on the right, supported by Daniels' and O'Neil's in the centre and Dole on the left. Ramseur was held in reserve.

While these preparations were being hurriedly made by the Confederates, similar preparations were being made by the newly-arrived divisions of the Eleventh Corps, the last of whom only reached the field at forty-five minutes after one o'clock. Colonel Taylor, of Lee's staff, in the same report previously referred to, further says: "On reaching the scene of conflict, General Rodes made his disposition to assail the force with which Hill's troops were engaged, but no sooner were his lines formed, than he perceived fresh troops of the enemy extending their right flank and deploying in his immediate front. He was soon actively engaged, and the contest became sharp and earnest. When it was known that Rodes and Early were approaching the field, General Howard sent another urgent request to General Slocum, who with his magnificent corps was but five miles distant and resting in the fields, to hasten to his assistance, and as these powerful accessions to the Rebel force entered into the engagement, messenger after messenger bore with tremendous speed appeals for help, but it came not. At last when Howard saw that the crisis was approaching, he sent his brother, Major Charles Howard, a member of his staff, to urge General Slocum to come in person if he would not send his troops. To this last appeal General Slocum replied that he declined to go to the front, or take any responsibility, as he understood that General Meade did not wish to bring on a general engagement.

General Slocum had before this proven himself to be a good soldier and on the following two days did excellent service, as well as subsequently to the close of the war. He doubtless felt that he had sufficient reasons for his course that day, but history will record his refusal to hasten to the relief of his imperilled comrades as a grave error. His conduct was in marked contrast to that of General Sickels. The same orders had been issued to all. General Sickels had received Meade's circular indicating

Pipe Creek as the ground chosen for battle, and was at Emmittsburg on his way to Middleburgh to take the position assigned him in the intended line, when he received at that place Howard's dispatch stating the situation at the front, and urgently calling upon him for assistance. Had he, like Slocum, adhered to the letter of his instructions, which were only given to provide for a possible contingency, he too would have paid no attention to the call of his imperilled comrades, but his heroic soul responded to the appeal and he at once set his columns in motion. After the arrival of Rodes and the formation of his troops confronting those of the Eleventh Corps, which had reached the field but a short time before, the battle raged with varied results for over an hour, when at three o'clock P. M., Early came in upon Rodes' left and struck the Union right.

Almost simultaneously with this Pender's division of Hill Corps, which had been in reserve, came in upon the extreme left of the line, and both flanks being turned, retreated, as capture became inevitable. Rodes, observing the effect of Early's attack, ordered his line forward, and the Union lines were broken. The right, which was considerably wearied by their hurried march from Emmittsburg and had borne the fierce onslaught too of Rodes' and Early's division, was the first to yield. It fell back steadily and in tolerable order, covered to some extent by Buford's cavalry, until the town was reached, when it was thrown into inextricable confusion, as the men became intermingled in various cross streets, during which several thousand of them were captured.

In the meantime the sturdy left wing, which had stood like a wall of adamant against the foe since morning, was also compelled to fall back before Pender's tremendous onslaught. In vain the heroic Doubleday and Robinson and Wadsworth attempted to stay the tide. To remain longer under such a wither-

ing fire with their left overlapped by Pender a quarter of a mile, was certain death or capture. The retreat of this part of the force, however, was conducted in a more orderly manner than the right, men firing and falling back and at length reaching Cemetery Hill through the suburb of the town. Some idea of the losses sustained by patriot forces that day may be inferred from the fact that Wadsworth's division entered the fight with four thousand men and came out of it with but sixteen hundred. Rowley's division also suffered almost as severely and Stone reported that two-thirds of his brigade had fallen. Severe and terrible, however, as were the losses of the Union troops, the Confederates suffered as severely in killed and wounded. In prisoners taken the Federals lost most, chiefly in the number taken in Gettysburg, among whom were their wounded who had been taken there from the field.

Deeds of heroism were displayed during the engagement of this day that deserve everlasting remembrance. The following only, related by Colonel Wallow, a Confederate officer and eye-witness, can be given. The colonel says, a little to the left of Hay's command a tattered Federal regiment faced to the right and attempted to make a stand, but in a very few moments, overcome by the hopelessnes if not the folly of their position, the greater part turned and fled. Just at this moment a most gallant young officer, riding bravely forward waving his hat and brandishing his sword, cried out: "Don't run, men. Cowards run." Some of our men cried out, "Don't shoot that man; don't shoot him." Several companies swung around with the intention of capturing him and his little band of heroes, when a volley fired from the right struck him, and he tumbled dead from his horse, to fill up the long sad roll of the unknown. General Hays, who was near at the time, expressed his deep regret when the gallant hero fell. The broken and defeated but not demoralized patriots

who had been compelled to fall back before overwhelming numbers, at length reached the hill of refuge, South Gettysburg, where by the prudent forethought of that Christian soldier, General Howard, rallying place had been repared. Steinwehr's division had been formed in double lines and artillery placed so as to command every approach by the north, and as our wearied men approached they were rallied and placed in position by Howard, Steinwehr, Schurz and Hancock, who had now came up, and as the pursuing Confederates pushed up through the field to the northern slope of hill, Wendrick battery poured grape and canister upon them, compelling them to halt. It was about half past four P. M. when the defeated troops of the First and Eleventh Corps reached Cemetery Hill, and about the same time General Hancock arrived, who, in obedience to Meade's orders directing him to proceed to Gettysburg and examine the position chosen by Howard, and also to take command of all forces there, had hurried to the front and arrived at this most critical period. General Hancock informed Howard of his instructions, and at once set about rallying the men and placing them in position to meet any attack the enemy might make. General Hancock, after a brief survey of the position chosen, was much pleased with it, and reported to the commander-in-chief that it was admirably adapted for fighting a defensive battle, but liable to be turned by way of Emmittsburg, and that he would halt.

Until he could arrive and judge for himself, a dispatch reached General Meade at half past six P. M. Before it arrived, however, General Meade, satisfied from reports brought by officers returning from the field that Lee was concentrating his whole army there, issued orders to the Fifth and Twelfth Corps to proceed to that place and when Hancock's dispatch arrived he sent out orders to all his corps commanders to move to Gettysburg.

At seven o'clock General Slocum reached the field, and being the senior officer, Hancock turned over the command to him, and went back to see General Meade at Taneytown, to inform him of the condition of affairs at the front. Reaching headquarters at nine P. M. he was informed by General Meade that he had decided to fight at Gettysburg and had given orders accordingly. At eleven P. M. both generals with the headquarter's staff left Taneytown, and reached the front at one A. M. of the second of July. During the brief time General Hancock was upon the field he made the best disposition of the forces at his command which he possibly could. In Culp Hill, a commanding position, Wadsworth's division of the First Corps was at once sent. Then to Round Top he at once sent Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps. The Eleventh Corps were placed in the front and right center and the remaining two divisions of the First Corps joined the left of the Eleventh and extended the line down on the left towards Round Top. To this the cavalry were joined. The new position chosen, in the main, for us was one of great strength. Having given the details of the first day's engagement as well as stated the condition, and had the Confederates followed up the advantages gained and stormed Cemetery Hill at once, the result of the next two day's fighting might have been sadly different from what they were. That our position could have been promptly made is asserted by one entirely competent to judge, General Doubleday, who says, both, full and well, had received stunning blows during the day and were disposed to be cautious, they therefore did not press forward and take the height, as they could easily have done at this time. The failure of the Confederates to attack Cemetery and Culp's Hill in the three hours which intervened between the time when the broken and shattered Federals took possession of them and the darkness

of evening, was fraught with consequences of such vast importance that the reasons for it deserve special consideration.

The following, taken from the highest and most important sources, is to the point. General Doubleday, in the same connection above referred to, says: General Lee reached the field before Hancock came and watched the retreat of the First and Eleventh Corps and Hancock's movements and dispositions through his field glass. He was not deceived by the show of force and sent a recommendation, not an order, to Ewell to follow up. Ewell in the exercise of his discretion as a corps commander did not, so he had lost three thousand men and both he and Hill were under orders not to bring on a general engagement. In fact they had all the fighting they desired for the time being. Colonel Campbell Brown of Ewell's staff states that the latter was preparing to move forward against the right, when a false report induced him to send Gordon's brigade to reinforce Smith's brigade on his extreme left, to meet a supposed Union advance in that direction. The advance of these two brigades decided him to wait for the arrival of Johnson's division before taking further action. When the latter came up, Slocum and Sickels were on the ground. General Lee witnessed the flight of the Federals through Gettysburg and up the hills beyond. He then directed his adjutant general to go to General Ewell and say to him that from the position which he occupied, he could see the enemy retreating over those hills, without organization and in great confusion, that it was only necessary to press these people in order to secure possession of the heights, and that if possible he wished him to do this. General Ewell, in his official report, states his reasons for not ordering the attack, which are as follows: The enemy had fallen back to a commanding position that was known to us as Cemetery Hill, south of Gettysburg, and quickly showed a formidable

front there. On entering the town, I received a message from the commanding general to attack the hill if I could do so to advantage. I could not bring artillery to bear on it. All the troops with me were jaded by twelve hours' marching and fighting. General Ewell deemed it unwise to make. The troops were not moved forward and the enemy proceeded to occupy and fortify the position. Opportunity for a successful attack had passed.

Thus the curtain of night fell upon the scene, hiding from view the thousands of dead, wounded and suffering men of both armies, who lay scattered over the field. The telegraph meanwhile carried the news of the sad results to the national cause all over the loyal north, producing gloom, anxiety and fear. Here I close this chapter, preparing to resume the narrative with incidents of the morning of June 29th, 1863.

On the morning of June 29th, the regiment started on what was perhaps the most remarkable day's march during its service. The day was hot throughout and the halts were brief. From early mornig through afternoon to evening and then until midnight the press was forward. There was complaint and grumbling, growling, and worse. The men declared that Hancock would not stop until he got to Harrisburg. Straggling began early and rapidly increased towards evening, and was fearful by midnight, and when the regiment halted for the night there were twenty-seven men present besides the staff. The day began with route march and ended with go as you please. The different regiments became mingled with the stragglers and the stragglers with other regiments than their own.

At the end of the column, when the last regimental staff had passed, there followed an army of the lame, the halt, the sick, and last of all the born tired. The ambulances were full of officers and men. It is said that a thousand men in the Second

corps were physically disabled for weeks thereafter. Even many who went into the battle of Gettysburg and did good service under its stimulating influence, after it was over were sent to the hospitals at Washington and Baltimore for general repairs. The halt was near Uniontown. The route had been by way of Liberty and Johnsonville, a distance of nearly thirty-five miles. On the 30th the corps rested at Uniontown for the day. All day long the stragglers were coming up and one by one joined their regiments. A motley, dirty crowd they were, for having fallen in their tracks and slept, they had made an early start to find their corps, not waiting to wash or clean themselves.

Early on the morning of July 1st we again stretched our weary limbs and about noon we reached Tennallytown. Here we expected to go into camp and remain for some time.

The advance of the army composed of the First and Eleventh corps, under General Reynolds, at this time had passed Gettysburg a mile or more when it encountered the rebel forces, who were concentrating at that point. While we were putting up our tents I saw General Meade ride up to General Hancock's headquarters, and shortly after we were ordered to fall in and we began a forced march, which we found out later was to the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The following is the text of General Meade's order as received by General Hancock just previous to our leaving Tennallytown:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

July 1, 1863. 1:10 P. M.

Commanding Officer, Second Corps:

The major-general commanding has just been informed that General Reynolds has been killed or badly wounded. He directs that you turn over the command of your corps to General Gibbons, that you proceed to the front and by virtue of this order, in case of the truth of General Reynold's death, you assume command of the corps there assembled, viz.,

the Eleventh, First and Third, at Emmittsburg. If you think the ground and position there a better one on which to fight a battle under existing circumstances, you will so advise the general and he will order all the troops up. You know the general's views, and General Warren, who is fully aware of them, has gone out to see General Reynolds.

By Order of

GEO. R. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

After we had commenced our march we began to hear the booming of cannon and at once the men were all excitement, and we marched still faster. Soon dame rumor was busy among the men. First we heard that Reynolds was killed and that Hancock had been ordered to the front and General Gibbons placed in command of the Second corps. For once dame rumor was right, as we afterwards found out.

On our march from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg, strict orders were issued that there should be no foraging under severe penalty for each and every offence. As we were nearing Gettysburg a flock of geese came near the road and, as is usual with geese, they commenced to hiss. As they all looked plump and fat, I could not resist the temptation to run my bayonet through one. As I did so General Zook happened to ride up, and seeing me with the goose on my bayonet, he drew his sabre and spurring towards me, pretended to strike me. I did not wait, but with the goose still on the bayonet started on the double quick to my company. After getting among the boys I took the goose off the bayonet and carried it in my hands until I reached camp. At night General Zook sent for me to come to his quarters. I went and he asked me about the goose, saying at the same time that he was surprised to think that one of his men would disobey orders, and again asked me why I had done so. I said, "General, as we passed that flock of geese they began to hiss at us and I knew at once they were rebels, and thought it my duty to

capture a rebel at any time. I did so and have brought him to your headquarters, and now await your decision." He said, "You may leave your prisoner here and go to your tent."

While on the march we found the trees loaded with cherries and other fruits. Everything was pleasing to the eye and palate, but we could not tarry long enough to enjoy the fruit or flowers. The closer we came to the battlefield the more we saw of wounded, and stragglers and an ambulance passed through our lines bearing the body of General Reynolds. Soon we began to realize that the enemy was making a strong effort to drive back the Union forces. We arrived on the scene of the first day's battle shortly after dark. We then learned that the First and Eleventh corps had been pretty well cut up and defeated, having been driven through the streets of Gettysburg and had assembled on what is now known as Cemetery Ridge. By orders of General Hancock, on the night of July 1st we lay on the left of the Baltimore Pike. As soon as we had halted for the night, the usual detail of men was made—some to get water, others to make the fires, and others to do the cooking. I was one to get water, but lost my supper, as I was so tired I fell asleep while I was waiting for the supper to be cooked and I did not wake up until we were called in the morning to get ready to take our position on the battlefield. As I had lost my supper, I also was unfortunate enough to lose my breakfast.

In order to have a correct understanding of the details of the two days' battle, and that the reader may grasp the positions occupied by the two great armies, we will describe their positions as follows: Approaching Gettysburg from the southeast, by the Baltimore Pike, we ascend by a gradual slope a high ridge which is in the shape of a horse-shoe with its left side or flange longer

than the other. Upon this ridge and conforming to its natural outline the Union line was established. The toe of this horse-shoe reaches the southern outskirt of the town and rests upon what is called Cemetery Hill, so named from the fact that upon it was situated the local cemetery connected with the town. Its right side or flange extends somewhat eastward and then curves sharply to the south, ending with Culp's Hill, a wooded and rocky eminence. Rock Creek, a stream of some considerable size, runs by its eastern base, and passing south at length enters the Monocacy. This flank was well protected by the nature of the slope, which is high and commands the entire country around it. The distance from the toe of the horse-shoe, which was the Federal center, to the termination of the line at Rock Creek, is about three-quarters of a mile. The left side or flange, which was considerably longer than the right, follows the ridge in a southwestward direction and terminates at two high well-defined and rocky-sided hills or cones, known as Little Round Top and Big Round Top. The last-named top was the Federal left. It is high, rocky, rugged and exceedingly rough, and during the battle was a position of the greatest importance, in fact it was the key of the whole battle. The artillery upon its summit commanded the entire country around. Behind these hills the ground gently sloped toward the east and afforded an excellent protection to the reserves and ammunition trains. The superiority of the Federal position commanded the town and the entire country over which the Confederates must pass to attack them, as well as the right or left of their line. Therefore upon a larger triangle the enemy was compelled to operate. This gave the Union troops the incalculable advantage of moving on an interior and shorter line and enabled them to throw their reserves with rapidity to any place along the line, either east or west, where they might be needed. Such then were the positions of the two great armies.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Day's Battle.—Premonition of Death.—General Zook is Killed.—Wounded and Taken Prisoner.—The Third Day's Battle.—Pickett's Charge.—Retreat of the Rebel Army.—Again Among Friends.—Sent to the Hospital.—Life in the Hospital.—Rejoined My Regiment.—Death of Colonel Chapman.—New Faces and New Comrades.

We were hurried to the front and ordered to take a position along the Emmittsburg road. Never shall I forget the day. It was very hot and everything was very quiet until about ten o'clock, when we were ordered to move to the left and fiill up the space that General Sickels had left open in the morning.

On that morning I seemed to have a presentment that I would either be wounded or killed. With this feeling within me, I said to Andrew Wilson that I knew something would happen to me that day, and we there mutually agreed that if I was killed he was to write to my mother and if he was killed I was to do the same for him. As I had quite some money on my person I went to General Zooks and asked him to take charge of it for me. The general said: "My boy, you must not have such feelings, but if you are afraid I will give you a pass to go into the ambulance corps."

I said: "No, General, I have never yet deserted my comrades in battle and I do not intend to desert them now. If I am killed I shall be killed doing my duty." So the general took the money, and soon after I returned to my quarters, the general sent for

me, and when I went to his tent he said to me: "My boy, I have the same sensations you have—that I will be killed—and you had better take the money and give it to some one else." After some further conversation I took the money, and when I got back to my company I went to Captain Mott, and telling him of my feelings, asked him to take the money, telling him that if I was killed what to do with it. So he received the money and gave me a receipt for it.

While we were lying in this position waiting for the battle to open, I was visited by my brother, who was a member of the First United States cavalry. He was on General Kilpatrick's staff and was carrying despatches to General Meade's headquarters. While we were talking a single shot was fired, and at once the battle was on. I said to my brother, "The enemy seems to be moving and I think you had better get back to your quarters." He bid me good-bye and started at once.

I have briefly mentioned the fact that General Hancock had left us at Tennallytown and had gone to the front. Such was the case, and as I have since learned that the Union forces, consisting of the First and Eleventh corps had been driven back with the loss of over 4,000 men by capture besides many dead and wounded.

It was the purpose of General Reynolds to hold Gettysburg, if possible, until the rest of the army arrived. While this was not accomplished, yet Cemetery Ridge was saved and proved the key to the position.

When General Hancock arrived on the ground of the first day's fight, he and General Warren conferred together and selected the stragetic points, such as Cemetery Ridge, Culp's Hill and Little Round Top. They also made a great show of force by moving and placing troops so as to deceive the enemy, and soon brought order out of the general confusion.

The poor fellows who had fought so hard, while looking and praying for the main army, were enspirited by General Hancock's presence, and cheer after cheer went up as they thought reinforcements had arrived. Fortunately no further attack was made upon our lines, and darkness brought its welcomed relief. Before morning the Second, and indeed all except the Sixth corps, were on the ground or near at hand and the danger of an unequal contest had passed. During the night the several corps were assigned positions for the impending struggle, which must begin as we thought, with the earliest light of the coming day.

The Second corps occupied the left centre on Cemetery Ridge, a little to the left of Cemetery Hill. There was a clear field in front, extending down a gradual descent to the bed of a stream called Plum Run, beyond which was the Emmittsburg road. Seminary Ridge, on which the rebels had massed their forces, began to rise just beyond the road, its crest was about a mile from and ran nearly parallel to Cemetery Ridge, along which the Union army was posted. On our left front was the peach orchard, in its rear was the wheatfield, and to the left rear of these was the woods and the two round tops. Far to the right was Gettysburg, at that time, a small town, and to the right rear of the town was Culp's Hill, the extreme right of our line.

The corps were arranged from right to left as follows: The Twelfth on Culp's Hill, the Eleventh on Cemetery Hill, and part of the first in reserve formed the right wing. The second and third divisions of the Second corps, the third division of the First corps, and the first division of the Second corps formed the centre in the order named. The Third and Fifth corps formed the left wing. General Slocum was in command of the right, General Hancock the centre and General Sickels the left.

The Fifty-seventh regiment did its fighting on the 2nd of July not in its own front, but to its left with the Third corps in the

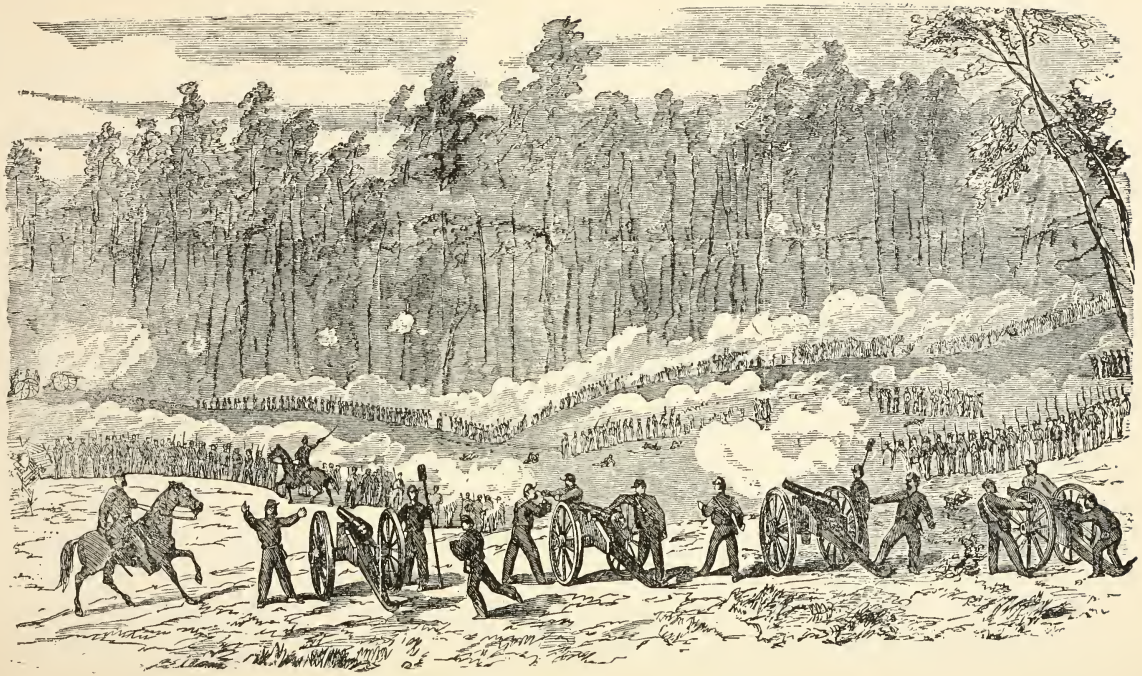
wheatfield and adjoining woods. General Longstreet occupied the rebel right wing, hence our fighting was with Longstreet's corps. Lee had given him orders to attack at daylight, but Longstreet, usually so prompt did not move until about noon, by which time the Fifth corps had arrived on the ground and the Sixth corps was only three hours away. This delay was life to the Union army.

It is not my purpose in this book to give a complete history of the army or even of the Second corps, but only such doings as show our relations to the whole while engaged in a battle. One part of an army knows little about the positions and fighting of another part, but when it is over and one is at liberty to examine the map of the position and hears the account of the struggle, he quickly sees what relation he sustained to the whole.

General Lee thinking the peach orchard was the left of our line, expected by turning it to double our flank and get into our rear, so Longstreet massed his men under cover of the woods and hurled brigade after brigade upon the Third corps in the peach orchard and the wheatfield.

When the attack commenced Round Top was a signal station unoccupied by troops. General Warren saw in it the key to the position and ordered troops to occupy it. Both armies met on its summit and after desperate fighting, the rebels were driven down the hill, defeated. Lee fretted greatly over the loss of Round Top, but could not possess it later. Then it had been fortified against him. The fighting, thus began on the left, continued with great fury. General Sickels had formed the Third corps into a right angle, the ends resting on the main line and the angle in the peach orchard. This, in military tactics, is a weak formation, because each line can be enfiladed by the enemy's troops surrounding its apex, and so it proved in this case.

The fighting was stubborn, but the line gave way. The rebels



IN THE WHEATFIELD AT GETTYSBURG.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

poured into the peach orchard, thence through the opening of the woods into the wheatfield and up to Plum Run. It was at this junction that General Hancock sent the first division of the Second corps into the wheatfield to drive back the victorious enemy.

The morning of July 2d had passed to the amazement of all in the Union rank without any aggressive movement on the part of General Lee, notwithstanding the strong reasons which prompted him to take an early initiative, only one additional brigade, that of McLaw, came upon the confederate side during this day, while on the Union side the fifth corps was already close to the field of the battle and the sixth corps toiling patiently along on its unbroken march of thirty hours might be expected on the ground before sun should set. Yet hour after hour was allowed to go by without a sign of activity among the confederate forces as seen from our lines, at last just at this moment when General Meade learned of the advance of Sickles' command, the divisions of Hood and McLaw of Longstreet's corps began this long meditated attack against the Union left, for it was here and not upon Culps or Cemetery Hill that the confederate commander had determined to deliver his blows.

Lee's plans was by extending his lines to outflank that portion of Sickles' force which might be found to have been drawn backward from the Peach Orchard toward Round Top or else by sheer force to break through that line and thereupon to sweep down the Emmettsburg road, take that portion of Sickles' line and rolling it up until the victorious troops should come opposite the confederate center where Hill corps and Anderson's division could be first, and then Pender should be thrown forward to join in the accumulating assault, either to carry Cemetery Ridge from the south and southwest, or to move directly into the Union's rear, Hood was intrusted the outflanking or breaking in

of that portion of the Union line which might be found drawn back from the Peach Orchard toward Round Top to McLaw's. The attack on the angle at the Peach Orchard and the movement down Emmettsburg road against Humphrey's division, as Hood after the long delay involved in getting so formidable a force into position while moving them out of sight of the Union signal parties came against that portion of the Union line which was refused, he found it in unexpected force. Here were the brigades of Detrobriand and Ward, and though the great length of the line to be held had drawn them out perilously thin, well did the old division of Kearney acquit itself that day, but though the line of Detrobriand and Ward resisted stubbornly it could easily be outflanked since its extreme left extended only to the Devil's den, and soon the brigade of McLaw and two regiments of Robertson's Texans parting from the rest of Hood's division, the Commander of which had already fallen severely wounded, passed around the extreme left of Sickles', around Devil's Den and directed their movement against little Round Top. The position of little Round Top, not less important upon the left than Cemetery Hill upon the center, or Culps Hill upon the right had been strongly neglected ever since Geary sent thither by Hancock upon his first arrival on the field had been withdrawn to join the Twelfth Corps

The vast extension involved in Sickles' advance had left no troops available to occupy the hill, and thousands of confederates, fierce and eager, were advancing to seize it, while defended solely by a signal officer and his two assistants, though not by these alone: one other was there, a slender, graceful young officer, Engineer Warren, who had climbed the slope to scan the western horizon where his prescient mind had described the signs of danger, perceiving the yet distant approach of McLaw's brigade.

Warren commands the signal officers to continue their work to the last moment in order to create the impression that the hill is occupied, and darting northward seeks some casual force that may anticipate the fatal occupation of little Round Top by the enemy. It is the head of columns of the Fifth Corps which he meets hastening to the support of Detrobriand, he takes the responsibility of detaching the foremost troops and hurries them forward to anticipate the arrival of the confederate line of battle. There is not a minute to spare, the opposing forces meet on the crest, the contest is close, fierce and deadly, the rocky slopes and narrow wooded passes resound with infernal clamor. Vincent falls at the head of his men, Weed also is struck down with a mortal wound and as Hazlitt bends over him to catch the last message he too is thrown lifeless upon the body of his friend. But our line is now complete and the valor of the men of Maine, Michigan, New York and Pennsylvania has made it secure.

Well did General Abbott say that but for the wonderful conpedial of Warren and his prompt acceptance of responsibility the name of Gettysburg might only have been known in history as that of the place where the Union cause made its grave. Although the attempt of Hood to outflank the Union left had thus been thwarted, his assaults upon the southwestern part of Sickles' line did not for a moment cease, while McLaw's now coming into action on Hood's left assailed the force holding the Peach Orchard adown.

Both lines which formed that fatal angle, the confederate batteries poured their enfilading fire, Sweitzer and Tiltan brigades had already been sent to assist Birney division and a portion of Humphrey's was brought over to support the left, but the hostile forces are too powerful. Eleven confederate batteries have long been pounding our troops; at last with a supreme effort, Barksdale's Mississippians burst through Graham's feeble line, drive

out McGilvary artillery and pour down into the rear of the Union troops. Sweitzer and Tiltan are overwhelmed and thrown back, and fo r a time all seems lost.

When about four o'clock P. M. the order came to move, the Fifty-seventh fell in, filed left, went into the woods and was soon under fire. As we pushed forward a bullet struck my right arm and passed through it. As we charged into the wheatfield a shell exploded and shattered my right leg and killed two of my com-

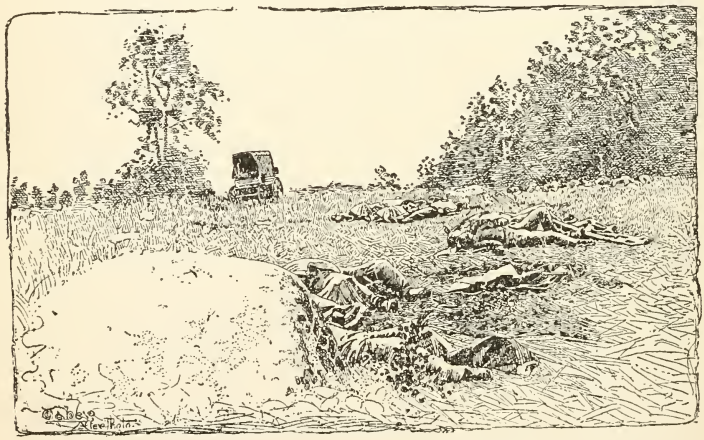


PHOTO OF WHEATFIELD WHERE JACOB H. COLE WAS WOUNDED.
TAKEN JULY 5th, 1863.

rades. When I was shot in the arm, the feeling was the same as though I had been struck on the elbow—a feeling of numbness came into the arm—and I turned to the comrade by my side and asked him why he had hit me. He said: "I did not hit you, but you have been shot and you had better go to the rear." I laughed at him and said I was not hurt bad enough to do so. Shortly after I was injured, as I have mentioned, by the shell. After my leg was shattered I fell down, laying for a few minutes

unconscious, and when I came to my senses I found I was surrounded by the enemy and a rebel officer was standing over me with one foot on my wounded leg. I pleaded with him to step off my wounded leg. He said in answer to my pleadings, drawing his sword, "You d— Yankee, I will cut your heart out," and as he raised his sword a ball came from the direction of Little Round Top and cut him through the throat, and he fell beside me dead. As darkness crept in to cover the scene of blood and death, the musketry fire ceases, the artillery fire languishes, and the pall of smoke drifts away on the rising night breeze.

The second day's battle here is over. Wearied by the long march and heavy fighting and suffering from my wounded leg and arm, and the moans of others suffering from wounds came across the battlefield and could not be shut out even by covering my head.

And it was terrible, on the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left where now graves
Undulate like the living waves,
That all the day unceasing sweep,
Up to the pits the rebels keep—
Round shot ploughed the upland glades
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades.
Shatered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air.
The very trees were stripped and bare.
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain.
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest,
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

But weariness at last asserted itself and I fell asleep until morning. In the morning the rebels carried me from the range of their guns to a small knoll and from where I lay and watched the Confederates moving their artillery along the Emmittsburg road and in the peach orchard to higher ground, for the purpose of obtaining a more commanding position for their artillery and comparatively clear ground for the movement of their infantry. I counted nearly seventy-five pieces of artillery near the peach orchard. I wait for the coming of the strife that is to decide the battle and the life of the Republic. The Union and Confederate soldiers lay within easy reach of each other. Only a short cannon shot separated the two armies. Both were awaiting the orders of their chiefs.

At one o'clock two cannon shots in quick succession gave the signal, and instantly the Confederate position was for three miles wrapped in flame and smoke. Nearly 140 guns opened at once on the Union lines. The air was full of shrieking shells and flying shot. The bursting shells sent their deadly fragments down in showers upon the rocky ridge, and over the plain behind the earth was thrown up in clouds of dust as the monstrous missiles buried themselves in the ground or glanced from the surface to take a new, and perchance, a more dangerous and fatal flight. On every hand caissons exploded, struck by iron balls, which but a half a minute before had lain in the limber chests of the batteries a mile away. As I lay there looking at the shot and shell, these words came to my mind:

A hundred guns; yes, fifty more,
Rained down their shot and shell;
As if from out its yawning door,
Drove the red blast of hell.
The hiss, the crash, the shriek, the groan,
The ceaseless iron hail;
All this, for half the day, I own,
It made the stoutest quail.

After an hour the firing ceased, and for a time the stillness was oppressive. Then I suddenly saw what it all meant. Over the hill came a long line of skirmishers and behind them a line of battle, and behind that line another and then another. I raised on my left elbow and watch eagerly the long lines of the enemy's infantry as they emerged from the woods on Seminary Ridge. It presented one of the finest sights ever witnessed on a field of battle or anywhere else. Its front was nearly a mile in length.

THE FINAL CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG

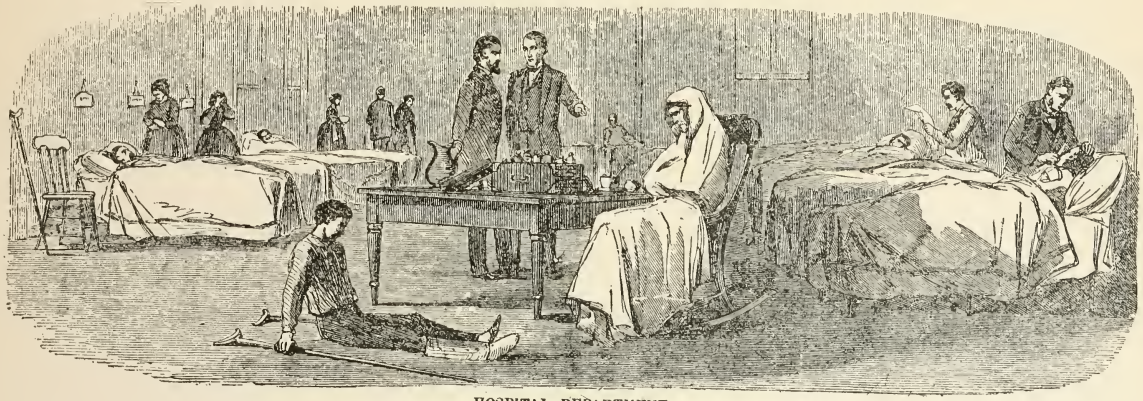
With their rifles carried at a right shoulder shift, they moved steadily onward as if on a grand review, marched across the fields, on across the Emmittsburg road, climbing over the two fences and so towards Cemetery Ridge. Every battery in the Union lines then opened fire. The smoke after a while became so dense that I was unable to see anything further. Just as the smoke began to lift somewhat I was again able to see.

But suddenly, far to left, we heard
The band strike up, and lo,

Full in our front—no breath was stirred—
Came Hancock, riding slow.
As slow as if on dress parade,
All down the line to right
And back again. By my good blade,
Was ever such a sight.
We lay at length, no ranks could stand
Against that tempest wild,
Yet on he rode, with hat in hand,
And looked, and bowed, and smiled.
Whatever fears we had before
Were gone; that sight, you know,
Just made us fifty thousand more
All hot to face the foe.

At last I heard the Union band play the "Star Spangled Banner." Then I knew that Pickett's grand charge at Gettysburg had failed and that the Union troops had won the victory. After the repulse of Pickett's charge the rebel soldiers scattered all over the field like a lot of sheep without a head. Soon after darkness fell upon the scene, while the Confederate troops were momentarily expecting the advance of the Union troops, but no advance came, and thus closed the third day of the battle of Gettysburg. In the early part of the night the moon shone very bright, and as I lay within the rebel lines I ascertained that the rebels were about to retreat. This I learned by overhearing General Lee order General Longstreet to leave a strong picket force and to withdraw the troops under cover of the darkness.

About four o'clock in the morning it commenced to rain. The rebels were retreating; in fact, they had been retreating since midnight. This did not carry out what the rebels had told me on the morning of the 3rd. On that day they very boastingly said to me, "Well, Yank, we expect to eat our Fourth of July dinner in Harrisburg." This was said before Pickett made his charge.



HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT.

The morning of the 4th opened dark and gloomy. It was raining very hard and the rebels that were left felt very much depressed in spirits. Instead of being successful, they had met with defeat, their army was in retreat and all that was left of their army at Gettysburg was their strong picket line, which they could hold as the Union troops made no movement to occupy the field of battle that had been evacuated by the rebels during the previous night. By midnight of the 4th there was not a living rebel left on the battlefield of Gettysburg, as early in the evening their picket line was withdrawn and I was left all alone among the dead.

Early on the morning of the 5th of July the Union army advanced and soon I was again among friends. I was removed to the Second corps hospital, where my wounds were properly dressed. There was such a number of wounded men brought to the hospital that we were obliged to take our turn in being attended to. While I was waiting for my turn to come I became an eye witness of a sight which I shall never forget while I live and one I hope never to witness again. I saw the physicians cutting off an arm from some, legs from another, and piling them in heaps outside the hospital to be afterwards buried. After my wounds were dressed, I was removed to the railroad station and sent to the hospital in Philadelphia, Pa., where I was given the very best of care and attention.

While in the hospital I was obliged to have an operation performed, having a small bone removed from my arm, and also one from the leg, that had been shattered when I was wounded. From the effects of the operations I was taken with wound fever and gangrene set in, so that I was not expected to live, but with the good care I received I recovered. I remained in the hospital from the 12th day of July, 1863, until April, 1864. While in the hospital I received the best of care and many dainties from

the Sisters of Charity and the citizens in general. I shall never forget the Sisters for their kindness, nor shall I forget the dinners they gave us on Christmas and New Years. For our Christmas dinner we had chicken and all the delicacies of the season, and on New Year's they gave us a turkey dinner with all that we could wish for. It was quite a change from hard tack and salt pork to turkey and chicken. While I was in the hospital, and I had almost recovered, the doctors desired me to join the Invalid corp attached to the hospital, but as soon as I was well enough I requested to be sent to my regiment. I liked the hospital and every one connected with it was so kind to the soldiers, but I felt that my duty lay with my regiment and that was my place.

In April the hospital authorities complied with my request, and I was discharged from the hospital and sent to Washington in company with one hundred others. Upon arriving in Washington we were marched across the long bridge to Camp Distribution in Virginia, where I remained about a week. Then upon my request I was sent to my regiment in company with hundreds of other soldiers, who were going to the front to join the various regiments of which they were members. I rejoined my regiment on the second day's battle of the Wilderness while it was in action. It was a great pleasure for me to again meet my comrades, but before the day was over it became a day of sadness. Our colonel was killed during this fight, and to me it was a heavy blow. He was my orderly sergeant in the three months' service, and afterwards, when I enlisted for three years, he became my captain. At the battle of Antietam he was promoted to a major for bravery and afterwards promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and on April 24th was made colonel. It was during the time I was away in the hospital that he was made colonel of the regiment. I also found upon my return that all those who en-

listed when I did that there was only a few left. Some had been taken prisoners, among them being my tent mate, Andrew Wilson, who was taken prisoner at Bristow Station; others had been wounded, and others had been discharged, so that I met with new faces, unknown to them and they unknown to me, excepting that I was a member of Company A, Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers.

CHAPTER XIV.

Battle of the Wilderness.—Return of the Regiment to Fredericksburg.—Burying the Dead.—Return to the Army.—The Siege of Petersburg.—Marching and Fighting.—Ordered Mustered Out.—Return Home.

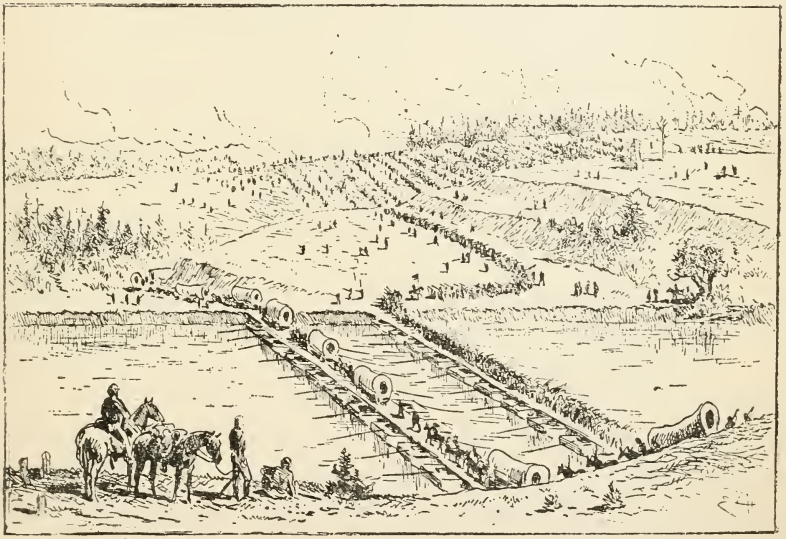
I have previously mentioned the care and attention I received while in the hospital, but I also desire to speak of the cleanliness observed in all its department. The hospital was divided into wards, every patient having a bed to himself with clean white sheets, each bed being supplied with two sheets, pillows and pillow cases and two heavy blankets. The floors were as clean and white as soap and water could possibly make them.

After the battle of the Wilderness we were sent to Fredericksburg to keep the disloyal part of the community in check. There was much guard and fatigue duty, the burial of our dead, we would dig a trench about twenty feet long by seven feet wide, and then would lay the bodies side by side until we had filled its length, then about a foot of dirt was placed on them until all was covered; then we would again lay other bodies in the trench, then more earth until the trench was filled. A head board was placed at their head on which was marked their names and the number of their regiment and company.

The regiment remained at Fredericksburg until May 28th, when with other regiments it formed a provisional brigade under the command of General Cessanola, and started for the main army, which was then at Cold Harbor. Our route was south-

ward down the Rappahannock river to Port Royal, thence to Bowling Green and Hanover Court House, where we joined the right wing of the army. This point was reached on the 3rd of June, but it was not until the following day that we joined the brigade at Cold Harbor.

Some skirmishing was done by the regiment and a detail of thirty men was sent to the left of the Second corps to feel the enemy and uncover his position. This was accomplished and



CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

a lively fire was exchanged, but without loss to us.

At the beginning of the Sumner campaign of 1864, General Grant hoped and expected that he could disable or destroy Lee's army between the Rapidan and Richmond. After the battle of Cold Harbor these expectations vanished and General Grant, contrary to Halleck's suggestions to besiege Richmond on its

east side, decided to cross the James river and strike its communications by the capture of Petersburg.

During the eight days at Cold Harbor, preparations for the movement were going on, by the gathering of transports and pontoons near the proper point on the James river, by the grading of approaches down the banks of the river, and by carefully arranging for the advance of the several corps.

The third brigade at this time was commanded by Colonel Clinton D. Medan Gall, and was composed of six New York regiments in the order named: Thirty-ninth, Fifty-second, Fifty-seventh, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth. General Barlow commanded the division, General Miles the first brigade, Colonel Kelly the second, and Colonel Beaver the third brigade, General Gibbon led the second division and General Birney the third. The movement toward Petersburg commenced on the night of June 12th, the Second corps started about midnight, leaving Colonel Hammil with the Sixty-sixth New York on picket line until it had completely withdrawn. The march continued all night. On the 13th the Chicahominy river was crossed at Long Bridge and Charles City Court House was reached. The third brigade arrived at the James river at 4 P. M. on the 14th. We formed line of battle, threw up breastworks and bivouaced for the night. At dawn of the 15th crossed the James river on transport from Wilcox's Landing to Wind Mill Point, and halted until 10 A. M., waiting for rations that did not come.

Starting for Petersburg at that hour, General Barlow took the wrong road and travelled a long distance towards City Point before he discovered and corrected his mistake; thus making the march longer than necessary and delaying his arrival at the front until midnight. The next day, June 16th, at 4 P. M., the third brigade advanced on the enemy's works at a point near the Hare

house. It was hoped that Lee's men had not yet arrived, but to our sorrow they were found to be on hand. After piling knapsacks, the line of battle was formed, bayonets were fixed, guns put at a right shoulder shift, the command "Forward" was given, and out we marched into a hail of shell, canister and lead sufficient to satisfy the hungriest warrior. The boys greatly dreaded this charge, as it seemed a hopeless one. After forming line we waited quite a while before advancing, and this led to a calculation of chances for life and consequently to a loss of nerve. Many good byes were said and loving messages left for home friends.

The plain over which the attacking party must pass, was swept by a direct and cross fire from the earthworks that crowned the ridge beyond. Over this plain the brigade charged in close column to a fence, behind which were the enemy's advanced rifle pits. Here the men became somewhat huddled and hesitated when the color bearer, Charlie Van Hise, carried the flag unfurled over the fence and into the orchard, followed by the regiment. The rebels gave way and fell back to their main line. The position thus gained by the first division consisted of three redouts and their connected works, was held and fortified, our pickets occupying the orchard beyond. General Barlow led this attack in person with hat in hand.

The losses of the Fifty-seventh were severe. Captain Alcoke was shot through the lungs. Lieutenants Britton and Brower were severely wounded. Captain Middleton, Lieutenant Moore and Adjutant Case were slightly wounded. Three men were killed and thirty-six were wounded. On the 17th, before daybreak, we again charged on the enemy's works and drove him out, capturing a battery and taking some prisoners. One rebel officer who was captured said, "If you had let me know you were coming so early in the morning, I would have tried to give you a warmer reception."

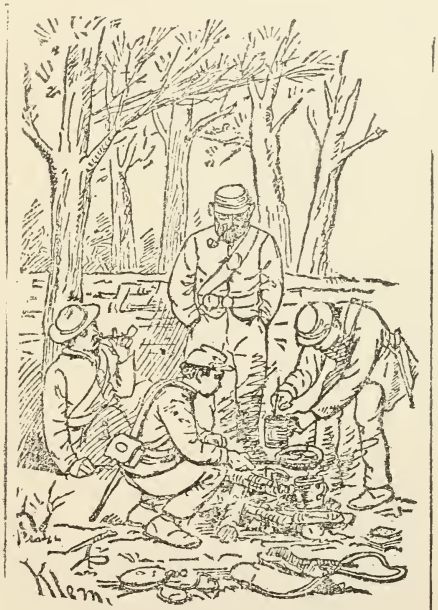
We were soon relieved and fell back to the rifle pits thrown up during the night, which now became our second line. The enemy withdrew from parts of their line. On the night of the 17th and on the 18th, General Birney advanced to the vacated position. On the 20th the Second corps was relieved by the Ninth corps, and went in reserve. Reserve, did I say? Yes, a reserve that gave rise to the name of Hancock's cavalry. A reserve that seldom stopped in one place long enough to get rested from its last tramp to and from the extreme end of the line. A reserve that was in nearly every fight from Deep Bottom to Ream's Station. A reserve for heavy marching and for the support of every charge.

When the Army of the Potomac settled down to the siege of Petersburg, we thought that now at last we would have a chance to rest, and yet at this late day, how well does the writer recall to memory the quick alarms, the midnight marches, the extra fatigue duties and the desperate battles that became our portion, while the rest of the army laid entrenched.

On the 21st of June, the reserve corps found itself on the march by the left flank. General Grant had planned to extend his line to the left, so as to embrace the Weldon Railroad, and thus cut off one highway of supplies to the enemy's capitol. As we filed out of the woods, where our position had been, and took the high and open road that led to the Jerusalem Plank Road, we felt like veterans whose wars were over, and henceforth we would rest from bloodshed for a season at least, far from the din of musketry and the unceasing "pop, pop, pop" of the pickets that through the life-long day and night kept up a Fourth of July racket.

In dead earnest the march of the 21st was south and west between the Jerusalem Plank Road and the Weldon and Petersburg Railroad, the distance between the two roads—three miles—was to be occupied by the Second corps on the right and Sixth corps on the left. The Fifty-seventh marched rapidly at first, then

coming to a place where the road turned into a wood, skirmish firing began to be heard in front, and we moved cautiously step by step, now a little and then a little, until the wounded began to come in, some walking and some on stretchers. We still advanced until within range of the rebel batteries, when a halt was made. A detail was now called for to go out as skirmishers. It was at



EATING SUPPER IN PEACE.

this time that a shell burst over the regiment, killing three men and wounding others. Some of the living claimed miraculous escapes from this disaster.

After a little while the general line of the division was corrected. We took our place in it a little to the rear, threw up entrenchments and rested over night. On the 22nd of June the

division moved to the front and right to connect with Mott's division. In doing so it was making a right wheel, and this threw its left forward beyond the Sixth corps, which was slow in coming up on the left of the Second. General Barlow provided for the possible coming in of the enemy between himself and the Sixth corps by throwing the left of his division in reserve. The Second, Third and Fourth brigades in the order named from right to left were in advance, while the First brigade was in reserve.

General Lee, discovering Grant's movements toward the Weldon Railroad, sent General A. P. Hill to check it. General Hill arrived upon our front just as General Barlow was executing the movement I have just described, and struck the Fourth brigade on the left and rear and simultaneously attacked three columns deep on the right flank. The break seems to have begun on the left, but was quickly followed by the right, when a spontaneous movement of the whole line took place toward the rifle pits in the rear. This retirement was not so bad a thing, had it been carefully done, but many of the recruits threw away their luggage, and by their haste succeeded in breaking up the regimental formation, so that 1,700 men were captured, besides four guns of McKnight's battery. These were the first guns that had been lost by the Second corps since its formation, and was therefore the more greatly regretted. One man of the Fifty-seventh was killed and one was reported missing.

On the 23rd we marched again toward the front until we arrived at a thick woods, where we could hardly see the end of a company, and here we "monkeyed around", as the boys used to say, until we lost our bearings and were attacked by the enemy in three columns. When we think of the many struggles our men had with unseen foes in the woods, and the disasters which often followed, it is easy to account for the distrust we felt as we

entered such places, and a certain backwardness to go forward, and so it resulted here, for when the enemy flanked us on the left, a panic ran along the whole line from left to right, and the whole line broke and skedaddled to the rear. We had taken a position in the woods, connecting with the left of the Irish brigade and keeping close to the ground. Whether there was a line of skirmishers in our front or not, I never could find out, but the battle commenced and bullets came zipping through the woods, invisible shafts of death from unseen hands.

Sergeant Evans had temporary command of the next company, and during a lull told us that one of his men had been killed. The bullets now came fast and our men began to fire, although no foeman could be seen in the hazy woods. I pulled the trigger of my gun, the cap snapped, and as I turned to put on another I saw the line of the left giving way, and the Irish brigade on the right getting ready to go, for they were rising from the ground. A bullet crushed a sapling in front of me, so I hurriedly primed my gun, aimed at the green space in the direction of the foe, fired and fell back. Then I felt solitary enough, the only man to be seen was the dead man on the ground with a handkerchief over his face. I remember how, in my flight, I hopped over many fat haversacks, which had been thrown away, probably by new recruits or conscripts, of whom there were many now in the army, and some of them sadly impaired the moral of the rest. Upon reaching the road, I met the troops, both officers and men, hastening to the point from which we started. I did not stop to count them, but helped to swell their number. Catching sight of the men in gray up a wooded road moving parallel to us, we re-formed the line in the breastworks and waited for the rebels. We did not have long to wait, for they massed in the woods about two hundred yards distant, made two charges, but were quickly and easily repulsed. Our batteries in the breastworks had a chance to get in

their work, and afterwards shelled the woods as a discouragement to their intimacy.

Two or three days after the fighting, some of our men found two wounded rebels in the woods, who were brought into camp and kindly cared for. One was shot through the body and arm and yet had survived. He conversed calmly with the boys when it seemed as though he should have been crazed or dead from his wounds and privations. The only attention they had received for their wounds was from the welcome rain, which, as usual, came down after the battle. How we had watched the skies and the rolling clouds for some promise of a change, but none was given, till the cannon's deadly voice resounded over the parched hills and valleys. Then the heavens relented, and how appropriate, for when men are arrayed to slay each other the angels might indeed weep as well as the sympathizing clouds.

From now on siege operations begin and are pushed forward in earnest, so that most of our time is spent in digging trenches and building forts. The shells from the mortars look very beautiful at night, as they describe long arcs with burning fuses, passing from our lines to the enemy's, and from their position into our works, each one leaving a streaming tail of fire behind it. Sometimes we counted as many as thirty in the air at one time. Our men are protected from them and from other heavy missiles, by strong bomb proofs, so that we did not lose many killed or wounded. We have now immense earthworks with bomb-proof coverings extending for many miles across the Appomattox and James rivers on our right and stretching away towards the South Side Railroad on our left. The redoubts are immense and all connected by curtains for infantry. There is a vast armament of artillery on both sides which thunders away with noise enough to frighten the world, but does very little execution among the men. The fatigue is terrible to the

SLEEPING ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

MARCHING THROUGH SWAMP.

men who are digging the works, making new redoubts, curtain covered ways, etc.

Whole divisions of 10,000 men are detailed for fatigue duty at the same time. The works will soon form such a labyrinth that none but those who are in them daily will be able to find the way to the front or when there to get out again.

On the 26th we broke camp and started at 4 P. M., the First division in the lead, crossed the Appomattox about 9 P. M. at the Point of Rocks, and continued on to the James river, which was reached and crossed on pontoons below Bailey Creek about 3 A. M. on the 27th. General Grant's object in this movement was that the Second corps and two division of the cavalry should secretly get to the north banks of the James river, the cavalry to make a dash into Richmond if the chances seemed favorable, but if not to destroy the two railroads east and north of the city. Grant thought that this movement might draw the enemy from the vicinity of Petersburg and make better the chances of success at the Burnside mine explosion. It was particularly understood that no general assault should be made on the works at Deep Bottom.

As it turned out the main thing accomplished was the drawing of a large part of Lee's army to the north bank of the James river, a result every way worthy of the movement.

After crossing the river we were sent forward to a grove on the edge of Strawberry Plains. We crossed the plains to the Long Bridge road, where we found the enemy entrenched. Upon these entrenchments General Miles charged vigorously, capturing several prisoners and four 20-pound Parrott guns. The troops pushed on to the New Market road, drove the enemy back to their line of forts, then returning to the Long Bridge road, where we remained until the 29th, on which night the return to Petersburg

was begun. The loss of the Fifty-seventh during this march was one officer and two men wounded.

At 3 A. M. the next morning, the Second corps found itself in support of the Ninth corps in time to see the mine explode. This mine affair, so full of promise, turned out to be not only a failure but a disaster. The loss was about 3,500, of whom 450 men were killed and over 2,000 wounded. It was the saddest affair I witnessed during the war.

On the 29th of August, General Hancock was sent with his corps twelve miles south to Ream's Station. Here the First division occupied the line of battle all of the 23rd, while the other divisions were tearing up the railroad tracks, but on the 24th it took its turn in tearing up the railroad tracks while the others held the line of battle. We worked southward all day from Ream's Station to Romany Creek, returning to the station at night. The work of destruction began again on the 25th at daybreak.

About 9 A. M. the work of destruction was interrupted by an assault of the enemy. At that time skirmishing commenced and about two o'clock in the afternoon the first attack in force was made by four brigades of General A. P. Hill. The Third brigade of our force occupied the rifle pits near the line, and the fighting was heaviest on its front. Charge after charge was made with determination by the rebels, but each was repulsed. Finally the rebels charged in two columns deep, and some of the new recruits on the left, belonging to the Seventh New York, broke and the enemy got in on our flank, yet our boys held on, using the bayonet until left alone and outnumbered. Many of them were taken prisoners. Several hand to hand encounters occurred in this struggle. One of our boys, called Pettit by name, got a rebel by the collar and was dragging him over the breastworks when he received a bayonet thrust in the head. Charles Eichorn had a

pitched battle with a rebel. Charley knocked him down and was in turn knocked down, but finally got away alive. But the most heroic conduct was that of a Dane in Company I, who, when the Confederate colors were planted on our works, sprang for and grabbed them. He was instantly shot by a rebel officer, but as he fell, held the colors in his grip, was drawn over the breastwork, and did not release his hold until they had pounded his arms and hands almost to a jelly and fairly wrung the flag from his dying grasp.

In the battle of Ream's Station the regiment lost three killed outright, one who died of his wounds later, six others wounded and twenty-three missing, a total loss of thirty-three. More men of our regiment were taken prisoners in this afternoon engagement than in any other one battle during the entire war. This last pitched battle of the Fifty-seventh was marked, we are happy to say, by much general valor and individual heroism, the boys fighting desperately at close quarters and carrying its imperiled colors triumphantly from the field. When night came on the corps returned returned to its old place near the Williams' house, occupying again its old camp, and for a time had rest.

The illustrious career of the Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers is now nearing its close. Already two companies have filled out their term of enlistment and returned home, and on the 21st day of September, Company A turns its face homeward, and soon I shall be with friends at home again. How I would like to name all my comrades in this book and call the attention of the reader to their brave deeds, but space forbids. I can only mention a few.

CHAPTER XV.

Scenes and Incidents.—Anecdotes of Officers and Men of the Fifty-seventh New York.

I have briefly mentioned in former chapters my captain and colonel, S. K. Zook and A. B. Chapman. I desire to speak more of them and their kindness to me during my service. Shortly after I had enlisted for three years, my mother wrote Captain Chapman a letter, committing me to his care. Shortly after he received this letter he went to Paterson on recruiting service. While in Paterson he visited my parents and at their solicitation he remained all night. During his visit he promised my parents that he would act as a father to me, and I need not say that he was more like a father to me than as my captain. Many times while on our marches he has carried my knapsack for miles at a time, and in many other ways he tried to assist me, and no father could have been kinder to me than he was. He was one of the bravest officers and always kind to his men. At the battle of Antietam he was promoted for bravery, and at the battle of Chancellorville he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and at the battle of Gettysburg he was again promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment. After I was wounded during the second day's battle of Gettysburg, I did not see him again until I rejoined my regiment at the Wilderness, and much to my sorrow and regret he was killed in that battle on the very day I returned, and I shall never forget the sorrow of my old comrades when we realized that our friend and captain was lost to us forever.

I have before me at this time two letters that I wrote to my mother, the first one was written during my three months' service, the other long after I had been in the three years' service; and as I sit and look upon them, my mind wanders back to the days of the Civil War. What memories they bring to me. How well can I see my comrades as I saw them in the days of '61 and '65. The boys of the Fire Zouaves, and then the boys of the Fifty-seventh. Where are they now? I have only the memories of a few. Many sleep in Southern graves; others have passed over the river since we were mustered out in '64; while the remnant of that brave regiment are waiting for the final call to greet the Great Commander of us all. My first letter was written just after the battle of Bull Run and is as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1861.

DEAR MOTHER:

You will understand long before this shall reach you, the fearful events that have occurred during the last few days; which have prevented me writing. On the 21st we fought the battle of Bull Run, in which we were defeated. Our retreat began in an orderly manner, but it was not long before it became a disorderly flight, that did not end until the troops reached Washington. And even now as I write, they are still pouring into and through this place in a state of utter disorganization. Yesterday it rained all day and through the night. Many a panic-stricken soldier is wandering footsore, exhausted and hungry through the streets of the Capitol, not knowing where to go or what to do. My regiment's term of service is about expiring, and we expect to get away from here next week; so you can look for me home soon.

Your Loving Son,

JACOB H. COLE.

The other letter I mentioned was written from Harper's Ferry, and it was also to my mother. How many scenes and incidents had taken place between the time I wrote the first and this one!

How many miles had I traveled and battles we had fought! But here is the letter as written:

HARPERS FERRY, October 18, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:

You will understand before this reaches you the glorious yet fearful events which have prevented me from writing to you. We fought a terrible battle near Sharpsburg called the battle of Antietam. This has been the first time since we left Harrison's Landing until now that I have had the opportunity of writing. We are now in camp at Harpers' Ferry at the foot of the mountain, which is entirely commanded by the hills on the Maryland side. It is quite cold here at night. The first thing we did when we arrived here was to wash our clothes in the Potomac river. Yesterday we marched to Charlestown, the place where John Brown was hung, and advanced about a mile beyond, when we were attacked by a large body of the enemy lying in ambush, and as they were in larger force than ourselves we marched back to camp. We passed the Thirteenth New Jersey on the march through Frederick City. I heard that there was some Paterson boys in the Thirteenth and that the regiment had been with us in the battle of Antietam. We are under orders to be ready to march at any moment.

I have told you all the news out here. I hope this will find you as well as this leaves me at present.

From Your Loving Son,

JACOB H. COLE.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that William has been transferred to the First United States cavalry; so you will learn that we are not together any more.—Your Son, Jacob.

Whatever emotions these words may awaken in others, they bring to me some of the saddest memories of these four years, in which were crowded the experiences of an ordinary lifetime. Standing on picket posts in the dreary darkness and sickening dampness of miasmatic swamps, hurrying to the front through the slush and bogs that bordered it, fighting hip deep in its turbid waters, I can see now the faces of those brave men, who

never faltered at a command, whatever fate obedience to it might involve. During the weary days and nights preceeding these battles, the boys, as they returned from outpost duty, kept the camp in roars of laughter with soldier yarns about their experience at night at the front. How one man relieved temporarily from guard duty by his comrade of the next relief, lay down on a log to match a brief nap and dreaming that he was at home in his bed, turned himself over and fell off the log into the water at its side. From another whose imagination had been impressed by his surroundings, made the outpost hideous with his frog-like snoring. I recall one private who had a genius for drawing in camp. He would represent this or that comrade with a frog-like face and the body and legs of a frog standing in the water with knapsack high up on his back, his gun in one hand and a Johnny cake in the other, the title below it being "Bill," "Bob or "Jake."

When on our marches, if we happened to meet one of the natives and asked him how far it was to a certain place, the answer we would receive would be: "Well, it is a right smart get, I reckon." This at first was amusing, but after a while we would count the miles by the dead mules and horses we saw along the road.

On many of our marches we came in contact with the First New Jersey cavalry, and I cannot forget the kindness I received from its members. Many times they have carried my knapsack for miles, thus placing me under deep obligations to them.

So many incidents come to my mind at this time that it is impossible to write them all, but some I cannot forget.

After the battle of the Wilderness we moved to Cold Harbor, and fighting all day with no apparent success the boys got together and related incidents of the battle that had come under their observations, and also speaking of those who had been

killed, wounded or missing. Then they would say who will be the next when we go into the next battle.

On the second day's battle of Cold Harbor, General Grant ordered General Hancock to take the First division, under General Barlow, and make a bayonet charge upon the rebel position, which was in a dense woods. Owing to the denseness of the brush and trees it was impossible to see the enemy in our front. General Barlow was aware that if the charge was made that it meant a severe loss in men. In fact, he told General Hancock that if he made the charge it meant the annihilation of his division. But as a good soldier he prepared to obey the order, by taking off the sword that had been presented to him by his division, and also all his papers and other articles and marked them, that in case of his death they might be sent home to his wife. Afterwards he rode along the line and told the men that if they had any thing to send home to their families, or a letter, they had better do so at once, as he did not expect that if the charge was made that there would be many left to tell the tale, as the ground over which they expected to charge was all mined. The boys at once prepared to take his advice. In addition to their other preparations, they wrote their name and regiment on a piece of paper and fastened it under their coat collars, but fortunately the order to make the charge never came.

After the army left Harper's Ferry, we marched along the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains. While on the march, General Hancock desired to obtain information as to the position of the enemy, and in order to do so he called for some of the men to volunteer to act as scouts. When the call came I said to some of the boys that I intended to offer my services. They told me that I was foolish to do so, as I was likely to get shot for my pains, or would get into hot water; but this did not deter me. I went to Major Chapman and asked that I might be detailed as

a scout. He consented, and I then went personally to General Zook with my request, telling him that Major Chapman was willing. After some persuasion on my part he granted my request. At the same time he informed me of the information desired by the general, which was the position of the enemy and also as to the way he was marching. I was to go up into the mountains and gather all the information possible. I was also given such informtion as to the position of the enemy as was known to our officers, and also to report as accurate as possible all that I might see or hear. I started on my mission, and after considerable work, reached the top of the mountain, and in order to get a better view of the surrounding country I climbed a tree. Here I had a magnificent view. From my position I could see the whole country for miles around me in every direction, a wonderful sight indeed. Spread out beneath me was the rebel army. The information I was thus able to give General Hancock as to the position of the enemy, and also as regards the roads upon which the enemy was moving, enabled him to be prepared for an attack.

While I was seated in the tree viewing the rebel army I had a peculiar experience. Sitting in the tree, watching the movements of the rebel army, I was suddenly aroused to my position by the firing of a shot, which broke a limb of the tree in which I was sitting. I need not say that it did not take me long to get down to the ground. When I landed on the ground I saw a young lady, who informed me that she had fired the shot to save my life, as the enemy were then coming up the mountain, unknown to me. I thanked her for doing so, and shortly after I saw the enemy coming. The shot had also warned some of our boys, who, coming up at this time, were enabled to meet the enemy and hold the position.

On the evening of May 29, 1862, there was brought to our

camp for the use of the regiment, the first stretchers we had ever seen. We were standing in line, ready to march on to Richmond. Each man appeared to know what they were for. I think there were four to a regiment. They were made as follows: The two poles were about six feet long; to the poles were fastened strong duck cloth. They were intended to carry the wounded off the field. We all know what these things meant. There was no fun poked at each other that evening. I remember that one of the boys came to me and said, "I am sick and not able to march." I replied, "I will speak to Colonel Zook for you, but, you know, I am only a private like yourself." So I went to the colonel and told him about the case, and he asked me how I knew that the man was sick, and I told him that whatever Jeremiah Williams said I knew to be true. So the colonel excused him on my recommendation and indeed the poor fellow told the truth, as he died within thirty days after.

A WAR SONG.

Air—"The Harp that once through Tara's Hall."

By SERGEANT KEEFE

of Paterson Police Department, who enlisted in 1861 in the First New Jersey Cavalry.

PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

Farewell my friends, I now must go,
And leave you here behind,
But in my breast there still shall flow
A heart that beats with thine.
I go, my country calls aloud
For soldiers bold and brave,
Better by far a soldier's shroud
Than live to be a slave.

But still there's pangs in parting, friends,
Which makes my heart recoil,

My poor old father standing bent
By many years of toil;
Though many winters he hath run,
And hoary is his head;
Defend that flag, my son, he said,
For which our fathers bled.

And there is my poor mother dear,
O'ercome by grief and woe,
Her wailing voice comes to my ear,
Impressive, deep and low.
She clasps me fondly to her breast
With anguish, grief and pain,
And said: my son, that flag preserve,
Or number with the slain.

But sisters I have two;
With grief their bursting hearts did swell,
I have no brothers to say farewell,
As I take my fond adieu.
They cling to me with fond despair
And unto me they gave
A motto wove with their own hair:
Die or the Union save.

My loving wife distracted stands,
Which grieves my heart to see.
She takes my children, little ones,
And brings them unto me;
Tears do fill their little eyes,
And from my loving wife:
Defend that flag, she cries,
Yes, with your precious life.

And there is good old Paterson,
Whose pleasures I recall;
Where I have roamed in days by gone
Around the Passaic Falls,
But all these pleasures now I leave
In answer to that call,
Come forth ye soldiers bold and brave
For freedom fight or fall.

At the battle of Malvern Hill I saw a scene I will never forget. A man riding along leisurely in front of my regiment, bare headed, without either coat or jacket, begging the men not to shoot too high, take good aim, make every shot tell. He rode there for probably fifteen minutes. There was blood running from one side of his head down to the flank of his horse. I was never able to find out who he was or what became of him. A large hound was also in the fight and was very much excited, barking and running from one tree to another, as great limbs were cut off by cannon balls, and stopping occasionally to lick the blood as it flowed from the wounded and dead soldiers.

It was here I saw the first cavalry charge of the war. It was made by the Sixth Pennsylvania regiment of cavalry. The boys carried lances about eight feet in length. On the end was a spear and underneath the spear a piece of red flannel, cut like a guide flag and of about the same size. Our men had used all their ammunition, and General Sumner sent the cavalry into action in order to hold the enemy in check until the men could refill their cartridge boxes with fresh ammunition.

Shortly after I joined my company after my enlistment, while laying at Camp Scarsdale, Captain Chapman gave to all the members of his company a certificate of membership. This was done in case any one of his men should be in New York City it would prevent his arrest should any one attempt to arrest him or molest him. The following is a copy of the certificate:

To All Whom These Present Shall Come or May Concern, Know Ye:

That Jacob H. Cole is a private in the company under my command designated as Company A in the Fifty-Seventh Regiment of New York State Volunteers, and as such is entitled to all the privileges and advantages appertaining thereto.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand the Twenty-ninth

day of August in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-One.

A. B. CHAPMAN,
Captain Commanding Company.

Countersigned:—

S. K. ZOOK,
Colonel Commanding Fifty-seventh Regiment.

While we were encamped at Falmouth, Va., I desired to visit the camp of the First United States cavalry, for the purpose of seeing my brother. That I might do so without being arrested, I applied to Captain Chapman for a pass, which, after a few days' delay, I received, a copy of which is below:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE.
Hancock's Division. Camp near Falmouth,

December 28, 1862.

The Provost Guards will pass the bearer, Jacob H. Cole, to and from the camp of the First United States Cavalry. The regiment is probably near General Burnside's headquarters.

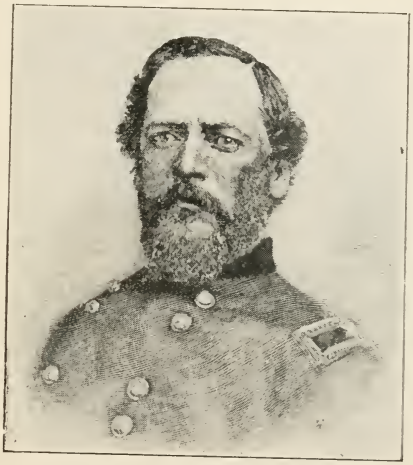
S. K. ZOOK,
Brigadier-General, Commanding Third Brigade.

Countersigned:—

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK,
Commanding First Division, Second Corps.

I have only briefly mentioned Colonel Zook, but I cannot close these memoirs without speaking at greater length of our commander. As colonel of the regiment no one could have been more thoughtful of his men than Colonel Zook. No matter what duty they had to perform, he was always near to encourage. When the regiment lay at Camp Scott, near Yorktown, we were obliged to go out and build corduroy roads. We had been doing this three days and on the fourth day Colonel Zook refused to allow his men to go out on fatigue duty again. General Sumner requested him to reconsider his determination, but as he refused

General Sumner placed him under arrest, with the result that the whole regiment was under arrest for three days, after which he was restored to duty and we were released. After the battle of Fair Oaks, General Sumner sent for Colonel Zook and complimented him for his bravery, at the same time apologized to him for having placed him under arrest at Camp Scott and asking his pardon, which was freely given. And not only at Fair Oaks, but in every other battle up to Gettysburg, he showed the same courage. On the morning of the second day's battle of Gettysburg, General Zook leading, and as we were entering the wheatfield, we came to a stone wall. General Zook did not stop to go around the wall but jumped his horse over it. Just as he did so, he was struck by a rebel bullet and killed. As I saw him fall, I remarked to Andy Wilson, "There goes General Zook. It will be my turn next," and shortly after I was wounded in the arm. Among all the killed on that day no one was more regretted than General Zook. Not only by his old regiment, but by the whole brigade that he commanded. I have ever kept him in remembrance, even at this late day for his kindness to me as a boy.



MAJOR GENERAL ZOOK.

Taken in 1865.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Close of the War.—The Grand Review, with a Sketch of the Corps and their Commanders.—The End of the Army of the Potomac.

Forty years ago, on the 23rd of May, 1865, the Army of the Potomac, having fought a good fight and finished its course with honor, passed in final review before the President of the United States. Prior to its final disbandment, the writer stood on Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, an eye witness of probably the greatest review of an army ever witnessed anywhere in the world. And as he stood in front of the grand stand, on which there was the President, his Cabinet and General Grant, he was filled with sadness. The immortal Lincoln had passed away by the assassin's hand. He who had done so much to bring the strife to an end was not there to witness the grandest sight of the age. And another source of sadness was that the gallant and great hearted Sixth corps, under General Wright, was still detained at the South in the vicinity of its old battlefields, but its pickets were no longer disturbed by the crack of hostile rifles, and no four o'clock in the morning yell broke the well earned sleep of its veteran regiment. Peace reigned where so lately raged furious war.

Let us look upon that mighty host that marched along Pennsylvania avenue that day, with full company front, magnificent cavalry corps, Sheridan's daring raiders, Sheridan's desperate fighters, wheel into view, their great captain is not with them. Today he has gone post haste to the Rio Grande to serve notice

upon the French Invader in Sheridan's place, and no less full of fire and fight, rides his favorite lieutenant-general, Wesley Merrill. Worthy successor to such a chief, worthy leader of such a host, 8,000 sabres strong, the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, as regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade of gallant horsemen, bronzed by Virginia sun, pass up the avenue, we see coming the magnificent cluster, little thinking in that proud moment of an early and hideous death amid the fiendish yells of a horde of naked savages.

There at the head of his division rides Stout. There gallant Thomas Devin. So for an hour and twenty minutes the clatter of sabres and the tramp of horses fill the air, as the heroic cavalry of Gaines' Mill and Chancellorville, of Brandy Station and Aldie, of Gettysburg, Yellow Tavern, Winchester, Fisher Hill, of Toms Brook and Five Forks, of Rice's Station and Sailor's Creek ride proudly by, the cavalry are gone forever.

Comes next the Engineers brigade, with its well known pontoons, under Benham. Oh! what stories those pontoons tell! What recollections they call to mind as they go lumbering by. How many times have our columns streamed over those bridges of boats on the joyous advance or in sullen retreat. Do you remember that dull December day of 1862, when we fought our way across the Rappahannock and up the streets of Fredericksburg, and then the remembrance of the retreat from Chancellorville, amid a fearful downpour of rain and over a rapidly rising river, as we went back in rage and shame from that splendid inititive and those three days of bloody, purposeless, useless fighting, what sight more eloquent of the mingled experiences of the great war, its triumphs and its reverses, its high hopes and its shameful disasters, than those great arks of things at which we used to jeer as they went their toilsome way down the steep and clayey river banks of Virginia.

And now a moment's pause, and then the noble Ninth corps, the men of Burnside's old command, led by General John G. Parke, a soldier scholar and stainless gentleman, bursts into view. These are the men of the North Carolina expedition, the men of Roanoke and Newbern, who came up under Burnside and Reno to reinforce the Army of the Potomac in its dire strait at Manassas and Chantilly, and to share its glories at South Mountain and Antietam. These are the men of Fort Sanders and Fort Stedman, of Spottsylvania and Bethesda Church, the men who, on the 25th of March, 1865, redeemed the day that had been lost, and that in the early morning of the 2nd of April, 1864, leaped over the Confederate entrenchments along the Jerusalem Road, answering Sheridan's despatches from Five Forks with the news of the fall of Petersburg. With Parke, as division commanders, are Orlando B. Wilcox of Michigan, G. Griffin of New Hampshire, and John J. Curtin of Pennsylvania.

Here come the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, that dug the mine at Petersburg. Then we see the famous twin regiments of the North Carolina battles, the Fifty-first New York and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, the veteran regiments of Massachusetts, the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth, and that fine brigade of western troops under Colonel Samuel Harriman, comprising the Seventeenth and Twenty-seventh Michigan and the Thirty-seventh Wisconsin. These were the men who had done so much to teach Western dash and daring to the slower but not less steady soldiers of the Atlantic seaboard. Here, too, are such fine regiments as the Sixth, Ninth and Eleventh New Hampshire, the Seventeenth Vermont and the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, the Seventh-ninth, or Highlanders, who lost more men in battle than what was mustered in when they first went to the war, and the One Hundred and Ninth regiment. Both of the above were from New York. Then comes the Fourteenth regi-

ment of heavy artillery of New York, the Forty-fifth, Fiftieth and One Hundredth Pennsylvania, the First Michigan Sharpshooters, and the Second Michigan Infantry.

With the Ninth corps this day marches a division of troops that are not of the Army of the Potomac, but which in the Shenandoah Valley under Sheridan have vindicated their claim to brotherhood with the bravest and the best. It is General William Dwight's division of the Nineteenth corps, with its three brigades under General Davis and James D. Fessenden, of Maine. The Ninth corps column is appropriately closed by its artillery brigade, under General John C. Tidball, to whom more than any other man was due the repulse of the Confederates on the 25th of March, 1865 and the recapture of Fort Stedman.

Here comes the splendid Fifth corps, fresh from Five Forks. At its head rides not the gifted young officer whose presence saved Gettysburg to the Union arms, and who at Bristol turned his rear guards upon both of the pursuing columns of Lee's army. Why General Warren rides not with the Fifth corps today, it is not the time or place to ask, but surely if he is indeed to stand aside, silent and mournful, while the gallant troops go on to receive the thanks of a grateful country, no worthier man could have been found to take his place than the grim, taciturn, resolute veteran, Charles Griffin.

Here march all that is left of the old First corps, which fought under the accomplished but unsuccessful McDowell at Groveton and Manassas, under John F. Reynolds at Fredericksburg, and again at Gettysburg, where on the 1st of July, 1863, this able and heroic officer laid down his life that Cemetery Ridge might be held for the Union troops, fast coming up to the greatest battle of modern times. Behind Griffin, too, on this day, marched all that was left of the old Fifth corps, which under John Fitz Porter bore the brunt of Confederates' assault through the memorable

seven days' battle on the Peninsular at Gaines Hill, Glendale, and on the heights of Malvern Hill, which at the second battle of Bull Run, upon the 30th of August, 1862, under the same gallant and accomplished leader, made itself an immortal name by the reckless fury of its defence, and at Fredericksburg under Butterfield, and at Gettysburg under General Sykes, added fresh lustre to its ever stainless arms. Such was the body of troops which, under direction of General Warren, led the great campaign of 1864-5, and which all the way from the Wilderness to Five Forks, whether at Spottsylvania or on the North Anna at Bethesda Church, or at Cold Harbor, over the blood stained earthworks of Petersburg, or amid the tangle thickets of Hatcher Run, had borne itself as became the renown of its two constituent corps out of the old Army of the Potomac.

The order of divisions is that of Chamberlain, who led his gallant regiment, the Twentieth Maine, in the fierce hand-to-hand fight that raged along the sides of Little Round Top, and in the closing struggle of 1865 swept with his well appointed brigade over the Confederate entrenchments on the White Oak Road, and who now rides at the head of the old division of Morrell and Griffin. Then comes the division Ayres. Brave Ayres, the soul of honor, courage and duty, ever ready and resolute, stoutest of heart when the hearts of others fell, and finally the divisions of Crawford. Conspicuous among the many gallant regiments which thus form the Fifth corps' column or some which, by reason of their long service sustained heroism and prodigious losses, can never be mentioned without the Sixteenth and Twentieth Maine, the Twenty-second Massachusetts, the Ninety-seventh, One Hundred and Forty, One Hundred and Sixty-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, the Eleventh, Eighty-third, One Hundred and Eighteenth, One Hundred and Twenty-first, One Hundred and Forty-second, and One Hundred and

Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, the First Maryland, one of four fine regiments from that State, at the head of which rides Dennison, with his empty sleeve; and those four noble Western regiments, the First and Sixty-sixth Michigan, the Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin, the two regiments last named belonged to that famous brigade of the old First corps, known as the Iron Brigade from the West, out of whose five regiments there fell during the war not less than 1,131 men killed or mortally wounded. With two of the regiments I have named the deadliest day had been Gaines Mill, with two the second Bull Run, with one Antietam and Shepherdstown Ford, with three the deadliest day had been Fredericksburg, with two the Wilderness, with one Spottsylvania. In the case of most of these regiments there had been some one day of terrible trial, where in the crisis of some desperate battle the configuration of the ground and the formation of opposing lines at just that point, perhaps, also, that the misbehavior of other troops had brought upon its front an intolerable, unimaginable heighth of fire, when men dropped like leaves in autumn gales, and all who stood drank deep of the very bitterness of death, as instance the losses of a single day, perhaps of a brief hour of fighting, made up one-third or even one-half, of all the losses sustained during three or four years of service.

Other regiments there were which had never known one transcendent moment of mortal agony, but had spread their gigantic total of the killed not very unevenly over a half score of battles.

With its main columns closed by Wainwright's brigade of artillery, comes the Fifth corps. It passes swiftly and steadily up the avenue this May morning, amid the plaudits of the spectators, passes the reviewing stand, and then taking the route step, makes its way to Georgetown, where it marches across the Acqueduct Bridge to the well remembered camp at Ball's Cross Roads.

No one leaves his post. For a corps not less renowned than any which had fought out that bloody strife to a triumphant issue, advances to salute the chief under whom it had conquered. At its head, on a snow-white horse, followed by a score of officers similarly mounted, rides that heroic and thrice accomplished soldier and scholar, Andrew A. Humphreys. His serene and noble face is lighted by the joy of triumph and the pride he feels in the troops which follow him—the corps of Sumner, Couch and Hancock. That corps which, in a fair fight with Lee's great army, had taken forty-four Confederate flags ere first it lost a color of its own, which had left more than 40,000 of its members killed or wounded on the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania; the corps which crossed the Chickahominy to the rescue of the beaten left at Fair Oaks; which delivered the great assault on Mary's Heights; on which fell Longstreet's attack at Gettysburg; which stormed the salient at Spottsylvania on the 12th of May, 1864; and at Farmside, on the 7th of April, 1865, fought the last battle of the war.

Out of the hundred regiments sustaining the largest losses in all the armies of the United States, East or West, thirty-five have served under this corps' banners. Some of these, long since wasted to skeletons, have been sent away from the front, but there still remains enough to witness these years of desperate battles.

Here is the First Maine heavy artillery, which leads the roll of regiments, suffering the absolute loss in a single battle of 632 officers and men, who fell in its desperate charge of the 18th of June 1864, at Petersburg of whom two hundred and ten were killed or mortally wounded, just one month before at Spottsylvania it had lost in a brief action one hundred and forty-seven killed or mortally wounded. Its aggregate for the war is four

hundred and twenty-three, or nineteen per cent of its total enrollment.

Here, too, is the Fifth New Hampshire regiment—Gallant Cross, Gallant Men—which leads the roll of all the infantry regiments of the army in the total number of its fatal casualties, 295 men having been killed or mortally wounded in its ranks. There marches the First Minnesota, the regiment suffering the largest proportional casualties in a single action, having lost 224 men killed or wounded out of the 262 it took into action at Gettysburg, or 83 out of every 100. Here, too, are such renowned regiments as the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Maine, the First regiment of heavy artillery of Massachusetts, the Eighth regiment of heavy artillery of New York, the Eleventh, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-eighth, Fortieth, Fifty-second, Fifty-ninth, Sixty-first, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-ninth, Eighty-eighth, Ninety-third, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twentieth, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth and the One Hundred and Seventieth infantry regiments of New York.

The Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh and Twelfth New Jersey, the Fifty-third, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-ninth, Eighty-first, One Hundred and Sixteenth, One Hundred and Fortieth, One Hundred and Forty-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, the First Delaware, Tom Smythe's old regiment, the Seventh West Virginia, Meikel's Twentieth Indiana, the Fifth and Seventh Michigan, Frank Haskell's Thirtieth Wisconsin. Such are some of the regiments which compose the columns of the Second corps in the grand review. Its First division is today commanded by General John Ramsay. Here is all that is left of the old division of Sumner, Richardson and Hancock, including the once famous brigades of Brooks, Caldwell, Zook and

Meagher, together with the survivors of Alexander Hay's brigade, which came up at Gettysburg and helped to hold Cemetery Ridge against Pickett's men. This is the division that lost in the war 2,237 men killed outright and 11,724 men wounded in battle. These are the men of the Sunday morning at Fair Oaks, of the sunken road at Antietam, of the stone wall at Fredericksburg, of the salient at Spottsylvania, of the closing fight at Farmville.

Next comes the division commanded by General Frank Barlow, the old division of Sedgwick. Here are the men of Ball's Bluff, the men who crossed the Chickahominy with Kirby's battery on the 31st of May, 1862, who came up on the right of the Fourth corps at Fair Oaks and who covered the rear of the retreating army at Savage Station. These are the men who came out alive of the frightful charge at the Dunker Church on the 17th of September, 1862; the men who stood on the right and on the left of the clump of trees upon which Longstreet directed his great charge, and who, under Gibbons, Hall and Andy Webb, beat back the furious flood of rampant rebellion at its utmost heighth. With these came all that are left of the Corcoran Legion and of French's old Third division of the Second corps, and now, under Gersham Mott, advances the last division of the great infantry column, consisting of the survivors of that magnificent division of Kearney and Hooker, its three brigades under Detrabriand, Pierce and McAllister, comprised a wealth of courage and discipline never surpassed in the history of war. These are the men of Williamsburg and Seven Pines, of Glendale and Bristow Station, of Manassas and Chantilly, of Chancellorville and the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, who, on the opening of the great campaign of 1864, leaving their old associations with passionate regrets, carried with their new relations the same devoted loyalty, the same fiery but steadfast courage, which had made

the name of the Third corps the synonymous of soldiery virtue.

And now Hazard's artillery brigade brings up the rear, and the great review is over. Oh, that the story would be longer, for then the one I have rudely and hurriedly told would tell of those who were absent from their colors and that could have lengthened the march out to a whole day and night. How greatly, too, would their presence have altered its aspect, of those whose forms had once been most conspicuous in that gallant army. There were some who, after rising to a high command, had, either through accident or fortune, or through popular or administrative impatience, or because of their own confessed limitations, been removed under more or less censure, yet carrying with them for life and forever the love and devotion of their soldiers. Such in the highest place were McClellan, Burnside and Hooker. A few there were who with less of observation had drifted out of the currents of active operations through changes which were perhaps for the benefit of the service, yet without any imputation upon their courage and patriotic devotions. Of these I surely need not speak. Others there were who, in the heighth of their usefulness, had been removed by cruel wounds and had been condemned for the rest of the war, to see younger and more fortunate soldiers occupy their places and lead their troops to battle.

Some, too, there were who, after long and distinguished service in the Army of the Potomac, had carried their swords to other fields. Such were Hancock, Slocum, Couch, Howard, Williams and Geary. But where on the day of that great review were Reynolds, Reno, Kearney, Richardson, Whipple, Berry, Stevens, Bayard, Rice, Wadsworth, Zook, Alexander, Hays, Weed, Vincent, Taylor, Rodman, Stevenson and Smythe? All in honorable soldiers' graves, killed in battle. Sumner, too, that grand old veteran, and David Birney had yielded to the stroke of disease scarcely less fatal in war than the bullet of the

enemy. The Sixth corps was still in the field, but where was Sedgwick and David Russell, and who shall call the roll of the thousands of younger officers and tens of thousands of enlisted men, who had dropped out of the ranks of the gallant army in the three years of almost continuous battles.

Of the wonderful exhibition of civic virtue which characterized the return to the arts of peace of more than 800,000 Union soldiers within the course of a few months it is not necessary to speak of here.

As the men who had so long been gathered under the standard of the Army of the Potomac had not been less distinguished than any others for their discipline in camp, their endurance on the painful and protracted march, and their courage and tenacity in the long, hard and doubtful battle. So the historian of this gallant body of troops may rightfully claim for them honor second to none for their good citizenship since the restoration of peace. May these, together with all the unnamed ones, be star-crowned at last in the Glory Beyond, is the earnest wish of

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The Assassination of President Lincoln

(CONCLUSION.)

There remains to be recorded the crowning act of infamy in this wicked rebellion—an act committed when the confederacy was crumbling to pieces, when Lee's army had surrendered and Johnston's was at the mercy of Gen. Sherman; committed in the capital of the nation, when the loyal people were rejoicing over victories and the hopes of a speedy peace. President Lincoln had been re-elected by a large majority of the popular vote, and a remarkable majority in the electoral college. On the 4th of March he was a second time inaugurated, and from the eastern portico of the Capitol pronounced a brief address, hopeful, but not triumphant, and imbued with religious feeling and solemnity which made it deeply impressive. Its closing words exhibited the spirit with which he would administer the government—"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." After four years of war, and all the toil, care and anxiety which they

had brought to him in the execution of his high office, he entered upon his second term under more auspicious circumstances than he had begun the first, and with hopeful prospects of peace the more congenial labor of pacification. The final blows at the military power of the confederacy were struck; he had himself entered the conquered confederate capital; the end of the rebellion was already in sight, within little more than a month after his inauguration. With the people he was rejoicing over the victories and hopes of the hour, when, on the night of the 14th of April, he was assassinated—on the night of that day, when, by his direction, with appropriate ceremonies and in the presence of a distinguished company, the national flag was raised over the ruin of Fort Sumter, symbolizing, on the spot where the rebellion had achieved its first victory, the final triumph of the Union.

The assassination was the result of a conspiracy, organized during the previous winter and early spring, by a number of traitors, resident in Washington and Maryland, which was intended to cripple the government by the simultaneous murder of its principal officers, and so to disorganize its power and appall the loyal people, that the rapidly waning fortunes of the rebellion might revive and perhaps ultimately triumph. The assassin and apparently chief conspirator was John Wilkes Booth, an actor, and with him were associated ten or twelve others, not the least malignant and active of whom was a woman, Mrs. Surratt, whose son was also a principal coadjutor.

It was alleged, and with some reason, that the plot was known to, and approved by, the confederate government at Richmond, and that Davis and some of his cabinet, and their agents in Canada, were accomplices in the crime. Whether this be so or not, certain it is that propositions to assassinate President Lincoln and other prominent members of the government were

received and entertained by Davis and his associates, and were not rejected at once, and with the scorn which became civilized and Christian men. On the evening of April 14th, when the people were manifesting their joy at the prospects of speedy peace, the President was induced, through the instigation of Booth, to be present at a performance at Ford's Theatre. While seated there, in his private box, with his family and one or two friends, Booth obtained admission to the box, and with fatal precision discharged a pistol at the head of the President, and then leaping upon the stage, and crying with theatrical affectation, "Sic semper tyrannis!" he rushed to the rear of the theatre, through which a free passage was prepared for him, and mounting a horse in waiting, rode away.

The excitement which followed as soon as the act was known was intense, but the assassin had escaped. The President was removed to a house opposite the theatre, where, after lingering in an insensible state for a few hours, he expired. On the same night another of the conspirators gained admission to the house of Mr. Seward, Secretary of State—who was confined to his bed by serious injuries, caused by being thrown from a carriage--and made a murderous assault upon him, stabbing him in several places, and also nearly killing the Secretary's son, who attempted to detain the assailant. Other conspirators who were to dispatch the Vice-President and other members of the cabinet, failed to accomplish their part of the work.

The wounds of Mr. Seward and his son were severe, and their condition for some time was critical, but they ultimately recovered. The assassination of President Lincoln sent a thrill of horror through the nation, and the deep and general feeling of grief which followed can hardly be paralleled in history. Everywhere the people were in tears. For the President, by his fidelity to his country, his honesty of purpose, and his kindness of

heart, had become endeared to them. The country was in mourning, and on the 19th of April, when the remains of the Martyr President were borne to the Capitol with solemn funeral services, in every city and hamlet throughout the Northern States, the tolling bells, minute guns, the sad procession, the insignia of grief, the fervent prayer, and the touching eulogy, told of a sorrow general and unaffected, such as was never before exhibited. And when the remains were borne in solemn funeral state through the chief cities of the east, to his former home in Illinois, their progress was marked by imposing obsequies surpassed only by the real mourning which the people everywhere manifested. The death of Mr. Lincoln was a great loss to the nation, for his entire devotion to the country, his integrity, his firmness in the right, his patience, and his kindness of heart, had inspired the confidence of the people, and in the difficult questions of pacification and reconstruction which were to follow, they felt that he would desire only to attain the right results, and acting in accord with the sentiment of the North, and with the spirit of his immortal emancipation proclamation, would ultimately, though it were by slow and experimental steps, have reached the true solution. Prompt and vigorous measures were taken by the government for the arrest of the assassin and his accomplices, and by the efforts of the detectives the conspiracy was soon discovered, some of the conspirators were arrested, and large rewards were offered for the arrest of others, including in the number Davis and some of his rebel associates.

The direction of Booth's flight was soon ascertained, and he was traced through Maryland, and finally overtaken, with a comrade, at a barn in Virginia, where he showed a desperate resistance, and being mortally wounded by a shot from one of his pursuers he died a painful death. Other conspirators were arrested and tried by a military commission. Nine were found

guilty, and four of them, Harold, Payne, Atzerot and Mrs. Surratt, were hanged; three, Dr. Mudd, Arnold and McLaughlin, were sentenced to inprisonment for life; and one, Spangler, whose guilt was less aggravated, to imprisonment for six years. Others who were supposed to be accessories, were not brought to trial, and the son of Mrs. Surratt, who was one of the most active of the conspirators, escaped from the country; he was subsequently found in the military service of the Pope. He was arrested in November 1866, but escaped, and was again arrested in Alexandria, Egypt. The day that President Lincoln died, Vice-President Johnson took the oath of office in the presence of the cabinet, and succeeded to the presidency.

Mr. Johnson was of humble birth, and a self-educated and self-made man, in a section of the country where the opportunities for such men to rise were more limited than at the North. He had risen, in spite of his early disadvantage, to the highest honors in the gift of the people of his state, and was finally elected by the people of the loyal states to a position from which he succeeded to the chief magistracy of the nation. His origin and social and political position made him more democratic than most of the leading men of the South, and he always entertained for the slaveholding aristocracy feelings of hostility.

Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he gave expression to this hostility in the freest manner, and from the first declared and maintained his loyalty to the Union. Though from education and association he had always defended the institution of slavery, during the war he readily accepted emancipation as the legitimate result of rebellion, and seemed to occupy the same ground as the mass of the Northern people in regard to the negro.

It was this, together with his constant loyalty and his hatred of the confederacy, that led to his election to the Vice-Presi-

dency. Upon his accession to the Presidency, his repeated declaration, at that time and previously, led some of the persons to fear that his hostility to the confederate leaders would lead him to pursue a harsh and vindictive course toward them, and caused others to believe that a wise dispensation of Providence had removed the kind hearted Lincoln at a time when leniency might be fatal to a final pacification of the country.

His administration did not prove as popular as could be desired, the people wished to keep Mr. Lincoln's cabinet intact, but President Johnson removed Mr. Stanton on charges and called Gen. Grant into his cabinet as Secretary of War, in Stanton's place. Johnson further made himself unpopular to a degree which finally led to proceedings to impeach him, but after many weeks' trial he was acquitted.